

MYNHEER JOE.

BY ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE.

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CHAPTER XIX.

(Continued.)

"Kassee fortunately had had his eyes open and been able to discover what was going on. Only for that we might have been taken unawares, and serious consequences have resulted." Sandy pricks up his ears, and his itching hand makes a movement in the direction of the pocket where he keeps his note-book, as though this may be some news that concerns the general public; but he remembers in time, and forbears. With a smile at his action, the traveler continues: "He has had men in sympathy with him right here under the noses of the British officials in Bombay, strange though it may appear to you. Perhaps there is something rotten in the state of Denmark, and England may awake some day to find a wonderful uprising in the heart of her rich Indian possessions, or I'm no prophet, unless—"

"Well," remarks Sandy, solemnly, when his friend comes to this pause, significant in itself, "unless what, friend Josephus?"

"The conspiracy is nipped in the bud. This can be done by the overthrow of Baron Popoff now."

"By Jove, what a pity you were not a subject of the Queen, Joe!" grunts Sandy.

"Why so, old man?" "Under such circumstances you would have seen your duty clearly; at the time you fought that duel with the baron, your sword could and would have nipped this Russian conspiracy in the bud, by ending the baron on the banks of the Nile. If his body were resting in one of those ancient tombs among the hills of Mokkatam, Popoff would not be able to arouse the people of this benighted country to rise against their British masters and throw off the yoke of England in order to assume one much more galling—that of the White Czar."

Mynheer Joe thoughtfully rubs the end of his nose, as though by that operation he might arouse his thinking faculties. Then he turns with a smile upon his friend.

"I begin to see you were right, my dear boy. That mistake may cause me no end of trouble, and yet something held my hand when I had the chance to finish the baron. It is beyond me to explain the feeling that came over me. I only know it existed. You've seen such periods in your own life, when a power controlled your actions. Let that go. What I want to tell you now concerns us both, since you appear to be in the same ship as myself. In ten hours the Russian has formed a plan of action to bring about our destruction. We are in the web!" He says this as coolly as though asking for fire on account of a neglected cigar; not the least trace of emotion can be detected in his voice. One would not imagine that he refers to their lives being in jeopardy through this plot of the baron's.

As for Sandy, he shows that he can take the matter just as coolly. Even if the enemy be near, advancing on the double-quick, so to speak, that is no reason a man of nerve should be rattled and lose his presence of mind. "Ah! Couple of foolish flies, oh? The bloated old spider has managed to spin a web around us while we've been taking in the sights of Bombay. Is that the trick, Joe?" he remarks.

"Something in that strain, you'll find, friend Sandy. I haven't been quite able to make it out myself yet; but, all the same, it's as plain as the nose on your face that this shrewd old chap has been working while we were playing, and in that way has stolen a march on us nicely. Listen now, and you shall have some particulars."

Mynheer Joe casts a glance around as though he would use at least an ordinary caution. Then he gives the eager war correspondent the benefit of his late interview with faithful Kassee.

Sandy's manner is something of a thermometer, indicating his feelings. When the story grows warm, he restlessly fingers his cigar, twirling it as sweetly his thumb and finger. As a quiet portion of the recital is reached, he puffs unconcernedly at the weed or else idly tips the ashes from the end. All the while he imbibes the fact which fall from the lips of Mynheer Joe. Sandy is much of the nature of a sponge. He greedily sucks in all he can reach, but means to give it out again upon the least pressure. That is his business in life—to take and give, retaining nothing. If what issues from his pen is garbed in a new dress, so that it can hardly be recognized as the same impression that he received, that is in the nature of things and only to be expected; for Sandy himself is the wonderful machine that grasps the rough material, and with its magic breath transforms it into the lustrous fabric.

It can be readily set down, therefore, that the active little newspaper man is a good listener. His memory is astonishingly tenacious for one so accustomed to making notes, and he will not soon forget a word of what has been said.

It is a thrilling narrative Joe gives him, and would even be so were it other than themselves thus placed in danger. At the same time, Joe makes no rhetorical flourishes in his narrative, but gives it in a plain, every-day style, such as appears to be a part of his nature.

Perhaps their unique surroundings have something to do with lending the story color and making it appear more romantic. This is clearly possible, because the bright costumes, the strange language, the bizarre contents of the shelf-like shops where the proprietors sit cross-legged, smoking calmly and

awaiting the advent of customers. All these things, seen and heard under the numerous colored lights that make Bhandy Bazar Road seem like a glimpse of fairyland, must have their effect upon the sensitive nerves, and cause one to look upon the affair in quite another humor than might be the case were it all done under the garish light of day and amid other less perilous surroundings.

What the full text of Mynheer Joe's narrative may be does not concern us at present. In good time its nature must be laid bare, and all its details discussed, as the anticipated thunder-bolt falls upon our friends.

Sandy feels that the situation is grave and realizes his position in the matter. Before he can give an expression to his feelings, however, the traveler steps on his foot. It is no accident but an intentional dig that carries a warning with it, and quick to heed these things the little man bubbles out with a laugh, that causes the last of the serious look to fly from his face.

"Capital joke, that of yours, Joe. Ah, you sly dog, always working in your little pug! It's a beastly shame to impose on an unsophisticated Yankee like myself. Never mind, I'll have my eye-teeth cut if I remain long in such disreputable company, I'll warrant you."

While thus delivering himself Sandy is casting his eyes around in the hope of discovering the cause of Joe's sudden new departure. What enemy has approached near enough to give the wary explorer alarm?

The first discovery that Sandy makes, is that Kassee, faithful Kassee, no longer stands near the elbows of his master, but has vanished as completely as though the earth has opened and swallowed him. Of course, it is not a very difficult task for a native to mingle in the crowd and lose himself, but a white man would have much trouble, as he must be one among dozens, and his identity can be detected even some distance away.

Looking further Sandy believes he can place the threatening danger. As if by mere accident, several ugly-looking Hindoos are near them. They do not move on with the crowd but linger in that one spot, which in itself seems to indicate an intention to do mischief.

Sandy has not had any actual experience with the dreaded society of Thugs in India, but he knows much of their past history and has imbibed numerous stories concerning their evil deeds. He is also aware of the fact that although Great Britain has dealt very severely with all members of this dreaded society, whenever their guilt could be proven, her strict laws have had little effect in intimidating the bravos of cord and crescent. As a general rule, their work is carried on among the people of their own nationality, but there have been times when foreigners have come under the ban, although the secret order is chary of indulging in such pastime as it always results in additional energy on the part of the Government to stamp out the Curse of India.

It strikes Sandy very broadly, as he notes the presence of these fellows, that they are standing upon the brink of a precipice, where it will not require much of an effort to hurl them over. At such a critical time, it is wonderful what confidence he has in the magnetic man beside him. With Mynheer Joe to hold up the other end of the log, it does not seem as though he need fear all the combination of evil that can be brought to bear against them. Joe is a natural-born leader, and needs nothing beyond the occasion to develop his powers.

"Keep close at my side, Sandy; I've here an enemy somewhat different from any you may have met—certainly as unlike the cowardly Arabi who tackled you in the dark streets of Cairo, as day is from night. Of course, you are armed—don't answer, simply nod. That's good. I feared you might have overlooked the little gun. If the worst comes, remember we are marked men, and let every bullet find its billet. In plain words, Sandy, shoot to kill. Savvy?"

The other grunts a response that seems to satisfy Joe, who continues in the same low voice:

"I am in hopes that I may be able to ward off this threatened attack. Much depends upon the branch of the secret order these Thugs belong to. At any rate, be ready to do your duty. I must fire the first shot, and, when that sounds, let go all. When these fellows get ready for business, you will hear a peculiar call, loud and shrill. That cry is known to every

Hindoo, and means that if they know what it good for themselves and families, they will keep shy of the spot and leave the worthy Thugs to carry out their own sweet will. Hence, you see, Sandy," removing his cigar for a moment in a nonchalant way, "we need expect no assistance from this crowd." "Juckly, I hadn't counted on it," Joe," remarks the other, in something of the same humor.

"It will be a sight worth looking at when the signal is given. Keep your eyes open, friend. You will receive a sensation—that of being perhaps the first man for whose benefit the signal has been given and who lives to tell the tale."

This is enough in itself to arouse Sandy's hopes. Wide-awake he generally is, but just now his eyes seem popping out of his head with eager-ness.

They saunter slowly on, while their body-guard—for such the ugly-looking squad of Thugs appears to be—keeps them company. At the same time, their number increases. Sandy can, with only a casual glance, count a dozen men wearing the same peculiar style of turban. There is something

old and even grotesque about it to him, now that he notes the fact that every one of the Thugs wears one. Other turbans he has noticed, but there seems to be a peculiar significance about this one, which can only be explained by the fact that he knows the nature of the society that appears to have adopted it.

Why does not the critical moment come? Are the Thugs waiting for a certain spot to be reached where the blood of the foreigners shall quench the soil?

It is a sensation to remember this walk along the bustling Bhandy Bazar Road, with its peculiar sights and sounds and odors, all the while attended by a select body-guard from the picked members of a secret society of assassins, the ramifications of which extend even beyond the limits of India's wide borders.

The most interesting part of the business comes in just here; this body-guard has not their god at heart and does not thus convey them in order to ward off danger. On the contrary, each and every individual member of it has been bound by his oath to effect the death of the two Americans. Their orders come from headquarters, and they obey with the blindness that generally marks the actions of these children of destiny. How are they to know that it is the Russian's gold that bought their leaders? Little they care, since their oath binds them to blindly obey.

It is coming soon, Sandy notes that numbers of the people have already edged away. When their eyes note the strange turbans worn by these men and count the number, the fatal thirteen, they exhibit all the signs of sudden fear, and, turning, hasten from an open undisguised alarm.

Still Mynheer Joe shows no alarm himself, strangle man that he is. What can be made of to thus calmly face a death that most men shudder to contemplate? Really the fellow must have been born without nerves, he has such remarkable control over himself.

They have by slow stages reached a point on the road where the bazars are thickest, and ordinarily here can be seen the most interesting of all the sights Bombay offers to the curiosity-seeker.

"Listen," says Joe, suddenly, "it is coming!" He tosses the remnant of his cigar away, as if tired of smoking. Sandy hastens to follow suit, for he wants his vision to be as clear as his other faculties are at this moment.

Mynheer Joe has not made a blunder in the matter of time. At the very moment Sandy relieves himself of his cigar there rises above the babel of voices, a startling sound. Sandy has never heard anything like it before and, please Heaven, he does not want to again, since he knows what it signifies.

The effect is astounding. A dead silence reigns where before all was bustling confusion. People appear to shrink away, so quickly do they get their bodies out of sight. This is part of the business that amazes Sandy. He sees the eager tradesman stop in the midst of a sentence and no longer attempt to sell his wares. It would be useless anyway, since his late customer has apparently merged into space, the spot that once knew him knowing him no longer. Thus it is with all—they melt away as does the snow on an April morning when the sun rises.

Perhaps Sandy can count thirty while this change is taking place around them, or it might be as he will be able to cover only half of that number, so speedily is the metamorphosis accomplished.

In one particular there is no change. The fatal thirteen Thugs still surround them. Not an avenue of escape has been left open. Plainly, if they live through this night it must be because they are able to meet the assaults of the enemy with not only a bold front but weapons that lessen the number of the odds against them at every discharge.

Sandy has produced his revolver, but he clearly remembers his companion's explicit instructions, and will not fire until Mynheer Joe gives the word, even though these fierce bravos of Bombay advance to the attack and smite them hip and thigh.

[To be Continued.]

In German cities merchants are not allowed to put up "selling out" signs unless they are honest. In Mainz a fine of 500 marks is inflicted for every transgression of this law.

Point of a Lightning Rod. Everybody knows in a general way that a lightning rod gives protection to a house, but many persons do not know why the rod has a sharp point, and why it is usually made of metal that does not easily corrode.

The object of the rod is to empty a cloud of its electricity noiselessly and harmlessly, and it must be pointed because a fine point offers no resistance to the discharge. The degree of resistance is in proportion to the surface of the object, and a point has the least possible surface. If the rod were topped by a ball or a knob the discharge would be violent.

The difference between a point and a ball is shown in discharging a battery; perhaps some of our boys and girls have seen their teacher of physics make the experiment. The full charge from a large battery may be received quietly on a metal point, but a moderate charge from a small battery will explode with violence on a ball. It is said that a full charge may be passed harmlessly through a person's body if received on the point of a sewing needle, whereas the same charge, received on a ball tipped discharge, would cause instant death.

Non-corrosive metal is used for the point of the rod because corrosion makes resistance and must therefore be provided against. Many a lightning rod has received an electrical discharge when the occupant of the house knew nothing about it.

Grape Vine Has Grown Large. There is a grape vine on the Erasmus Peck farm in New Haven, Vt., said to be 50 years old, that is 159 feet long and 22 inches in circumference at the base.

The Farm

Many of the agricultural papers are urging farmers to raise beef for market, claiming that the demand exceeds the supply. This may be so to a certain extent, but there are several other conditions to be met before this industry can be made profitable to farmers generally. As a matter of fact, the farm and its adaptability has everything to do with success. There are many farms, even in dairying sections not at all suited to raising cattle for beef, and with such a farm and a proper knowledge of the work the results would probably be successful. The question is but one of many which should be decided entirely on local conditions and by each man for himself. It is folly to generalize on some things, and this is one of them.

Look Out For This. In several sections of the country agents are offering what they claim to be trees budded on four-year-old seedlings. If they deliver what they claim, the trees are likely to be nearly worthless, declares the Indianapolis News, for a seedling four years old is too old to bud and make a good tree. It could be grafted, of course, but even then would not be superior in any way to the regular root-grafted trees generally sold by nurseries. There are so many reliable nurseries in the country that it seems incredible any one should be victimized by any such absurd claims, much less a farmer who is more or less familiar with fruit-growing. Be on the safe side, and if an agent comes to you with an offer of trees grown in some manner out of the ordinary, refer the offer to your State experiment station before closing it. Nine times out of ten you will find you have saved money by doing this.



A Lehigh "Egg Machine."

The above illustration, taken from the Feather, shows a proud and precocious pullet of the true egg producing type of conformation.

Poultry Notes. An elevated site is desirable for a poultry house. See that the poultry house is well ventilated. Leg weakness comes from high feeding and forced growth. Sprinkle the places most frequented by the fowls with slaked lime. A sole diet of corn produces too much fat, when given to laying hens. Mix a little powdered charcoal with the soft feed and it will assist digestion.

With poultry, as with other products, it is a safe rule to market as soon as ready. The turkey is one of the best paying fowls the farmer can keep, when the surroundings are favorable.

The egg shell is porous and any dirt on it soon affects the meat. Eggs should be cleaned as soon as gathered. The breed of fowls to select from is the one you like the best. This has a great deal to do with which is the best fowl.

Fresh eggs are more transparent at the centre, old ones at the top. Very old ones are not transparent in either place.

The Bee Colony. It should be as far away from public highways as possible, and, if convenient, in a quiet place, sheltered from high winds, where the bees are not likely to be interfered with by men or animals. The hives must be securely fenced off, if situated on land where cattle are accustomed to feed. They should also be not so far away as to prevent those engaged about the dwelling house from seeing when swarms are in the air. If the hives can be so placed as to afford a free flight toward the open country, while the beekeeper has room to them and is not interfered with by them, it is mutually advantageous to them and to the beekeeper.

One of the most reliable arguments in favor of combining agriculture with small farming lies in the fact that the beekeeper can time his work so as not to interfere unduly with the attention needed for harvesting his ordinary agricultural produce. Moreover, much valuable help can be rendered by a farmer's wife who is so disposed, and many instances are recorded in which women make most successful beekeepers.—Massachusetts Ploughman.

One Farmer's Method. One of the best farmers we ever knew kept a slate hanging up in the barn and on this slate made entries something like these: Weak place in the west field fence; Joe repairs it at once. Take cultivator shovels to shop next time buggy goes. Repair Jack's harness and Bob's bridle first wet day. Frank, see Smith and tell him to bring log chain home. Two sows due to farrow May 16; keep sharp lookout. Bunch of red sorrel in south field near shade; for self. Wood pile must be watched; haul some first chance.

When any job like the one noted was done, the rule was to erase the memorandum about it, and the man who kept the slate told us that there was always a friendly rivalry between himself, his son and the hired man in the way of keeping the slate clean. The rule was to scan the slate whenever any one came to the barn, and

if he was called away and there was some work of his own to be done, instead of telling his wife "to tell the boy," a simple entry was made covering the work to be done and all went well.

Forcing Fowls to Moul. Many poultrymen have tried the so-called Van Dresser plan of forcing fowls to moult early and have met with varying degrees of success. The plan consists of placing the fowls in a run of rather limited dimensions and giving them as little food as possible, and yet sustaining life for two weeks. The writer tried the plan for the second season last in the case of Leghorns, but only fair results with Plymouth Rocks. The plan of feeding was to scatter in the runs some small grain like wheat, mixing it with a small quantity of oil meal. The quantity was sufficient to give each fowl about the equivalent of a teaspoonful of grain, provided she got her share.

At the end of two weeks the hens were again fed liberally and on the usual variety of rations. The experiment was made in August and in four weeks most of the Leghorns had their new stock of feathers and were beginning to lay. The Plymouth Rocks dragged along for from six to ten weeks before all of them were laying again. There is enough in the plan to warrant trying it, and if the results obtained with the Leghorns could be generally brought about it would give poultrymen eggs much earlier in the fall than now.

Good Milking. Tests at the Storrs Experiment Station show conclusively that the amount of milk given by the cows and the purity of the product both depend greatly upon the method adopted by the milker. One young man, who said he could milk, was given charge of the milking of six cows. At the end of a week the quantity given showed a shrinkage of twelve per cent. In another experiment, in which five boys, previously taught as to proper methods, were tested as milkers, four increased the flow seven, ten and five per cent, respectively. The following instructions in regard to milking are in use at the station.

The milker should milk regularly, thoroughly and quietly. He should wear clean clothes, wash his hands before beginning to milk, and never wet them while milking. The cow should be brushed before being milked, and her flank and udder wiped with a damp cloth in order to minimize, as far as possible, the number of bacteria floating about in the vicinity of the pail, and likely to get into the milk. To the same end the foremilk should be rejected, and the milking done in covered pails, with strainers arranged for the milk to pass through. Rejecting the first few spurts of milk from the teat removes the milk containing objectionable germs. The cleaner the milking is done, the fewer the germs.—American Cultivator.

Care of the Horse. Our farm horses should have the very best of care that the farmer can give them. They are faithful animals and deserve to be kept right. They should have plenty of good hay, corn, oats, bran, etc., the year around. We should strive to give them a variety of food, as they like it better and will thrive better upon it. In beginning the spring work do not work the team too much at the start. Their muscles are soft and will blister easily, for they have been idle much of the time during the winter. Go a trifle slow at the start, and then, after getting used to it gradually, the farmer will have a team with tough, hard shoulders, capable of standing the heavy work of the entire season. The team should be thoroughly brushed and cleaned every day. This will help in keeping them in the proper condition. Give them a good dry stable in the winter and do not be afraid of turning them out at night during the summer when the pasture is good.

Our driving horses should be treated with the same consideration as the work team. Give him good care and do not overwork him by driving him too fast. Be kind to all the animals, and quiet when working with them. Make their duties as light as possible, never requiring them to do more than their strength will admit. Horses well cared for and treated in a humane manner will prove themselves the best servants a man can have about the farm.—Cor. Farmers' Guide.

Carry Life to the Soil. A recent observation of importance to the agriculturist would seem to indicate that the enrichment of soil which is observed in forest-covered lands is not altogether due to a conservation of the moisture and the addition to the soil of needed elements by the decomposition of the fallen leaves. Of probable greater importance is the fixation of atmospheric nitrogen by dead forest leaves when these rest on a moist substratum of soil. In effect this phenomenon is similar to that which is produced by the tubercle growths on the roots of the legumes and allied plant families.

A similar observation has been made in regard to the mountain pine, which, if verified, will account for the hardness of this tree and the ease with which it maintains itself in soils that contain comparatively few nutrients. It has been found by the Danish Heather Improvement Society, which is interested in planting trees on barren sandy stretches on the western coast of Jutland, that spruce and mountain pine, when planted together in pairs, mutually help each other to thrive, the valuable nitrogen-fixing functions of the pine serving to provide nourishment for both trees. It has been repeatedly observed that where such trees are planted in proximity on barren lands, if the pine is cut down while the spruce is still young, the latter will die, or else make a sickly growth. On the contrary, curiously enough, if the pine is not cut down until after the spruce gets a good start, the latter will make better progress than if the pine had been allowed to live.—Indianapolis News.

MARKETING SMALL FRUITS.

These fruits are seldom seen in our markets, except in the quart strawberry basket, shipped in the thirty-two quart crate. The red raspberry is in some cases sold in the large pint basket, in which it keeps in a good condition longer than in the quart basket, yet the latter is almost universally used in New England. The currant in some markets is sold in the ten or twelve-pound "diamond" market basket and is then sold by the pound, but the quart basket in thirty-two quart crates is much the more satisfactory.

ABOUT FRUIT TREES. The presence of borers in fruit trees is always a source of great annoyance. An old farmer rubs hard soap into every place in the tree that seems wounded by them. His grandfather always did it before him and he claims that it is an effectual remedy. Strong fire made of potash and swabbed on, in the proportion of one pound to a gallon of water, is also very beneficial. This same old farmer prunes the decayed limbs of his apple trees, and rubs the trunks with a mixture of soft soap and sulphur, five gallons of soap to one of sulphur. He also strews lime under the trees and around the trunks. This destroys the worms and improves the quality of the fruit and grass, and will prevent the trees from decaying. He has always been successful in the cultivation of the pear trees. To prevent the disease called fire-blight, which in summer causes the leaves on the extremities of the branches for two or more feet to appear as if scorched, he cuts off a foot or more from the diseased part and immediately burns it. If this is faithfully practiced the evil is arrested. When plum trees become affected by the disease called the "black gum," which is caused by an insect, if the diseased part be immediately cut off and burned, the tree may be preserved.—Helen M. Richardson, in The Epitome.

PACKAGE FOR APPLES. The relative advantages of barrels and boxes as packages for fruit were given a thorough discussion at the recent meeting of the Western Horticultural Society. The advantages of the boxes are chiefly, that they can be made and obtained more easily and cheaply, and that fancy fruit generally sells for a higher price in them, as it can be packed solid, in nice even rows, like oranges; also the export trade is accustomed to this kind of package and it sells more readily and for a higher price abroad. The principal disadvantage is that it requires an expert packer to put in fruit in this way. It is also true that there is practically no opportunity to work in uneven or poor fruit in a box. Whether this is to be classed as an advantage or a disadvantage.

As to barrels, they are increasingly expensive and difficult to get, and they require skilled labor to make them. Their principal advantage seems to be that it does not require skilled labor to move because they can be rolled. There seems to be a good deal of conservative clinging to an old-fashioned custom in this respect, despite the fact that barrels tend to bruise and injure fruit. West of the Rocky Mountains, however, barrels are no longer used, partly because they cannot be easily obtained and partly because only the choicest fruit is shipped, and boxes are preferable for this grade.—Prairie Farmer.

BORDEAUX MIXTURE. Where a large orchard is to be sprayed the mixture should be made up in large quantities, so that there will be no delay at spraying time. It is somewhat difficult to estimate the amount of material needed on a certain number of trees, but a safe basis of calculation for trees of moderate size is fifty gallons of mixture to fifty trees, or one gallon to each tree, writes Professor E. E. Little, in Wallace's Farmer. After an approximate amount required has been determined upon, the mixture should be prepared. A quantity of fifty gallons is most easily made up, as a common barrel will hold this amount.

Prepare a stock solution of Bordeaux, the common mixture, by placing fifty pounds of copper sulphate in a gunny sack and suspending it in a barrel holding fifty gallons of water. Cold water will dissolve it providing the lumps have been crushed; if not, it will be necessary to use hot water. The fifty pounds of lime should be carefully slacked in a large box, and when it has assumed a creamy condition place it in a barrel holding fifty gallons, and stir thoroughly. Now you have a stock solution of Bordeaux mixture. When ready to use, stir the contents of both barrels. Take five gallons of lime water and place it in the spray barrel; add twenty-five gallons of water, then add five gallons of copper sulphate solution, filling the barrel with water. Stir thoroughly and apply. For spraying plums and cherries this should be diluted more, using only four gallons of each mixture. Never mix the copper sulphate and lime mixture together, but put each in the spray barrel separately and dilute with water.

Factory Workers' Children in France. The French Academie de Medicine discussed recently the rights of children and their working mothers against those of the employers. Nearly one-half of the children who die under the age of one year are victims of diseases of the digestive tract, the great cause of which is artificial feeding. It should be made possible, therefore, for working mothers to nurse their children.

In Italy, a speaker declared, a law required a nursery in every factory employing as many as fifty workers; and he urged that a similar law be enacted in France. The Academie de Medicine approved his suggestions and sent them to the Minister of the Interior.

POPULAR SCIENCE. The windmill has been put to work in Germany driving dynamos.

Argon, the recently discovered element of air, is, as was expected from its existence in the chromosphere, very light and apparently monatomic.

A Swiss scientist has made a discovery of prehistoric remains in the Jura Mountains which is so important that extensive excavations are being made.

For several years a record has been kept of the wear of locomotive wheels on the Danish State railways. The single drivers are found to wear better than four coupled, the latter better than six coupled, and in all cases wear is increased by flimsiness of road.

A remarkable luminous meteor trail seen at Madrid has been reported by J. A. Perez. It continued visible from about 10 p. m. until midnight, and the shape gradually changing from an almost closed curve with a loop in it to an enlarged loop with a very faint detached portion of the primary curve.

A local study of rural depopulation near Paris has been made by Dr. A. P. Pique. He finds that the causes include sanitary ignorance leading to high infant mortality, migration of young people to towns, effects of conscription, and alcoholism. His suggested remedy—one that promises success in Belgium—is improved primary and technical education, with special efforts to cultivate a love for farm life.

Old age is an infectious disease, which we may expect soon to be treated by a preventive serum, prolonging life. Such was the view expressed in the late Paris lecture of Dr. Menckhoff. Senility, he explained, is produced by certain physiological states, which cause the "macrophages," which are a beneficial species of microbes, to increase too rapidly, when they become injurious. These parasites flourish in the large intestine, which is possessed by mammals, but is almost lacking in birds. The result was illustrated by the doctor's own dog and parrot, the former being decrepit at eighteen, while the latter was hale and lively at seventy. While the serum is being awaited, we are advised to eat curried milk.

"SENSATION" IN VILLA ART. Wonderful Effect Gained by a Caged Mountain Torrent.

Just across the lake, in the deep shade of the wooded cliffs beneath the Pizzo di Torno, lies another villa still more steeped in the Italian garden magic. This is the Villa Piniola, built in 1570 by the Count Anguissola, of Piacenza, and now the property of the Trotti family, of Milan. The place takes its name from an intermittent spring in the court, which is supposed to be the one described by Pliny in one of his letters, and it is further celebrated as being the coolest villa on Como. It lies on a small bay on the east side of the lake, and faces due north, so that, while the villas of Cornebello are bathed in sunlight a deep green shade envelops it. The house stands on a narrow ledge, its foundations projecting into the lake, and its back built against the almost vertical wooded cliff which protects it from the southern sun. Down this cliff pours a foaming mountain torrent from the Val di Calore, just beneath the peak of Torno, and this torrent the architect of the Villa Piniola has captured in its descent to the lake and carried through the central apartment of the villa.

The effect produced is unlike anything else, even in the wonderful of Italian gardens. The two wings of the house, a plain and somewhat melancholy looking structure, are joined by an open arched room, against the back wall of which the torrent pours down, over stone work tremulous with moss and ferns, gushing out again beneath the balustrade of the loggia, where it makes a great semicircle of glittering whiteness in the dark green waters of the lake. The old house is saturated with the freshness and enlivened with the flying spray of the enaged torrent. The bare vaulted rooms reverberate with it, the stone floors are green with its dampness, the air quivers with its cool incessant rush. The contrast of this dusky dripping loggia, on its perpetually shaded bay, with the blazing, blue waters of the lake and their sun-steeped western shores, is one of the most wonderful effects in sensation that the Italian villa art has ever devised.

The architect, not satisfied with diverting a part of the torrent to cool his house, has led the rest in a fall down the cliff immediately adjoining the villa, and has designed winding paths through the woods from which one may look down on the bright rush of the waters. On the other side of the house lies a long balustraded terrace, between the lake and the hanging woods, and here, on the only bit of open and level ground near the house, are the old formal gardens, now much neglected, but still full of a melancholy charm.—From Edith Wharton's "Lombard Villas," in The Century.

All Read Newspapers. "The newspaper which circulates among the people, all the people, in the medium in which I advertise my most expensive carpets and rugs," said a high class dealer. "Rich people do not have papers of their own, but read the most enterprising. Some of the people who buy costly goods make you wonder where they get the money to do it. Anyhow, they do not read the magazines, but do read the newspapers. In short, everybody reads the newspapers."—Philadelphia Record.

A Royal Athlete. King Carlos of Portugal has the reputation of being a great athlete. His skill at tennis was recently demonstrated when he defeated Lieutenant E. W. McIntyre, of the battleship Iowa, during the visit of the United States North Atlantic fleet. The King also gave an exhibition of his ability as a pistol shot for the entertainment of his American visitors, who were astonished with his accuracy of fire.