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BRETA'S DOUBLE

By HELEN V. GREYSON.

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CHAPTER XXXI.

CONTINUED.

"Well, sir," said Doniphan. "I have grounds for my suspicions. I have seen her in close conversation more than once with a man she calls George Bertram, and who, if I am any judge, is not the proper sort of man for a lady to be intimate with. Once I followed him, after one of their interviews, and I traced him to an old haunted house, which he entered, locking the door behind him. Shortly afterward the old place was burned to the ground. And the very night that it occurred I saw Breta Danton creeping into the house like a cat, and if she did not have something to do with it then I am very much mistaken. Several days later I witnessed a meeting between her and the man Bertram, and an idiot could tell that she was shocked to see him before her. From that I thought that perhaps she had set fire to the house, knowing that the fellow was in there, and that she had some object in getting him out of her path."

"But, Mr. Doniphan, what is your idea concerning the dagger which you have just shown me?"

"That is a mystery to be solved. Whenever the dagger belonged to, it would take a good deal to convince me that the girl upstairs is innocent."

"In spite of what you say, Mr. Doniphan, I find it very hard to believe that Breta Danton had a hand in this. I had a good opportunity to study the child, and I cannot but believe that she is innocent of the charge. I would like to see her. I cannot believe that she is the sort of girl you describe. If so, she has changed greatly from the pure, confiding child that I attended through a long illness."

"I shall send her to you, Doctor Montford, and you can judge for yourself. But your belief in her has not shaken my belief that she is guilty."

CHAPTER XXXII

THE MEETING THAT THEY HAD.

"In reason's absence fancy wakes
To matching words and deeds long past or late."

Cecil Doniphan sent word to Breta Danton (?) that she was wanted below.

Arranging here hair and putting a touch of rouge on her pale cheeks, she descended, wondering what they wanted of her. That was the first time she had been sent for since the tragedy. Was it possible that they had learned anything? Mechanically she entered the drawing-room.

Glancing up as she came into the dimly lighted room, she saw that there was a stranger seated near one of the windows, while Cecil Doniphan arose, saying.

"Breta, here is an old friend come to see you."

As he spoke, Dr. Montford arose and went forward with outstretched hand; but in an instant fell back with a smothered explanation, while she stood there, bewildered, the color coming and going in her face. Had it not been for the rouge she would have looked looked like a corpse.

Cecil Doniphan looked on amazed.

Surely, this was a turn in the game he had not looked for. For there was no recognition in either face.

Recovering himself somewhat, Doctor Montford turned to Cecil Doniphan.

"Did you say this was Breta Danton?" he asked, in incredulous tones.

"Yes," replied Cecil.

"Well, my dear sir, you are mistaken. This is not Breta Danton—the girl that was an inmate of the hospital where I attend."

"Doctor Montford!" unconsciously dropped from the trembling girl's lips, and with the look of a hunted animal she turned and was about to make her escape from the room, when Cecil Doniphan intercepted her and, locking the door, put the key in his pocket.

"Not so fast," he said. "Doctor Montford says you are not Breta Danton, and now, my fair impostor, I want to know who and what you are."

Stricken almost dumb with fear, she stood there, knowing not which way to turn.

Ah, heaven! Was she found out at last?

"Answer, girl! Who are you, that you come here telling us that you are Breta Danton?"

"I am Breta Danton!" she replied, defiantly. "That old man is mad when he says that I am not. Let him produce the girl he calls Breta Danton, and it can easily be proven that she, and not I, was practicing a fraud. Where is the girl you say I am personating?"

"That I do not know," replied Doctor Montford. "I dare say that you could tell us that, since you have put yourself in her place."

"I can tell you where she is," said a voice, as Eric Brentwood, who stood outside the window, made known his presence.

When she looked up and saw who it was that stood there she fell back with a hopeless cry, and would have fallen had not Cecil Doniphan caught her.

"Where is she?" asked Doctor Montford, eagerly, turning to Eric, who had been admitted to the room.

"She is safe with her friends at last. At present she is with my mother, Mrs. Brentwood, of Brentwood Park."

As Eric spoke the girl uttered a piercing shriek.

"Did she escape, after all? Did she not burn to death in the old haunted house? Oh, I mean that she should burn—burn, and be with her."

She uttered scream after scream and fell back in a fit.

Carrying her from the room, Doctor Montford did what he could; but they soon realized that the shock to her nerves had been so great that she was hopelessly insane. It took three of the servants to hold her until they could secure her to prevent her injuring herself.

Eric Brentwood was shocked to learn of the tragedy that had been enacted at Ravensmere, and as soon as the raving girl had been removed from the room he told the story of the impostor as Breta Danton had related it to him, and as Cecil Doniphan related the particulars of the murder of his uncle, stating his suspicion that the girl who had stolen Breta Danton's name had killed her grandfather.

While they were conversing Detective Ingram entered, with a triumph and look on his countenance.

"I have it at last!" he exclaimed. "I have traced the murderer!"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE END.

"What! You have found the murderer?" exclaimed Cecil Doniphan.

"Yes," returned the detective, taking a package from his pocket. "You were right when you said that his granddaughter was not an innocent girl. This letter explains everything."

"Read it," said Cecil. "Let us all hear."

Whereupon the detective unfolded the sheet and began:

"MY DEAR INEZ: When you receive this I shall be far away. I write a word to some of your dishonest friends to bring me to the gallows in the old country, and I expect to have a release. But I'll be even with you. I will be satisfied with the punishment the law will inflict if you carry out your designs in murdering Gerald Danton. You have a terrible power, Inez, and I have a terrible power over you. Be sure to remember my parting words, my miserable wife. Don't attempt to place the crime on my shoulders, for it will be useless, since I shall be beyond the reach of you and the law. You will be known at last in your true colors as Inez Pelazzi, the divorced wife of Carlos Monteri. My only regret is that Breta Danton does not live to rejoice with you over your downfall. Farewell!

"CARLOS MONTERI."

"That explains it all," added the detective. "And it only remains now to place her under arrest. Where is she?"

"You are too late. Inez is—a raving maniac."

"Great heavens! Doniphan, what are you saying?"

"The truth. Finding herself at our mercy, her mind gave way, and I fear the case is hopeless. She will have to be removed to an asylum instead of a prison."

"Do you really believe, sir," put in Eric Brentwood, "that the fellow, Carlos Monteri, had no hand in the foul murder?"

"I believe that he had," returned Cecil Doniphan, "but all search for him has proved fruitless, and only the girl upstairs could have told whether he committed the crime with her assistance, or whether she did it, unaided. That I fear will be forever locked in a maniac's brain."

"But how about the dagger?" asked Doctor Montford.

"That, I believe, was placed there by that fellow. I have no doubt that it is the one used to kill my uncle, but I cannot think that the girl would have been idiot enough to throw it there herself. It was placed there as a part of his revenge on her. Her fate, however, is a worse punishment than any the law could inflict."

* * * * *

As soon as it could be arranged, the person of her whose name originally was Inez Pelazzi was removed to an asylum for the insane. The following day the remains of Gerald Danton were placed in their last resting-place.

Eric Brentwood thought it unadvisable to send word of the tragedy that had occurred at Ravensmere to Breta Danton. She had never known her grandfather, and as she was not over strong, he decided that he would send them no message; he would not tell them anything until he returned.

He remained until after the funeral, and when the will of the deceased was read, it bequeathed Ravensmere and other real estate to his granddaughter, Breta Danton, while Cecil Doniphan was generously remembered. The will had been made after Inez had taken up her residence at Ravensmere, and Gerald Danton did not know that he was making it in favor of the granddaughter he had never seen.

He had repented of his harshness to his son, and endeavored to make reparation by doing justice to his son's child, little dreaming that the girl whom he believed to be her was an impostor.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

AND LAST.

"Our meeting heart
Consented soon, and marriage made us one."

When Eric Brentwood returned to Brentwood Park, Doctor Montford accompanied him.

He old face lighted up with pleasure as he beheld the little girl to whom he had taken such a fancy, and he could not resist taking her in his arms and planting an affectionate kiss on her brow.

"Ah, Doctor Montford, how can you forgive me for not letting you hear from me? When you know all, however, you will not blame me."

"I've had no blame for you, my dear; besides, Mr. Brentwood has told me of all your troubles since I saw you last."

They told her of her grandfather's death, and that she was heiress to the larger part of his wealth.

A shudder passed over her when they told her that he had been murdered, and that they believed her false friend Inez had committed the crime. But when they told her she was hopelessly insane, she exclaimed

"How terrible! To think that he must spend the rest of his days in a madhouse!"

Eric accompanied Doctor Montford to stay at the park, for awhile, which he was not loth to do, since he found so much pleasure in Mrs. Brentwood's society.

One day, Eric, looking all over the house for Breta, without success, turned his steps toward the rose-garden. It seemed as if he could not rest content when she was out of his sight.

There he found her in all her fair, young beauty. The roses had begun to come back to her cheeks, and each day seemed to add some new charm to her laughing face. She looked so lovely that it was all that Eric could do to keep from catching her in his arms and kissing her.

"Ah, I have found you at last, Breta!" he said, as he bent over her.

"Were you searching for me?" she asked, in a low tone.

"Yes. Am I not always looking for you?" he returned. Then noticing the shy drooping of her eyes, he could control himself no longer. "Breta, darling, don't you know that I love you?" he asked, taking her hands in his. Getting no repulse from her, he continued: "Little girl, I have loved you ever since I first saw you in the arms of the gypsy who found you by the roadside. You wondered what prompted me to trace you and rescue you from your enemies. It was love, Breta—pure, true, honest love, such as is seldom given so fully as I give mine to you. Can you care for me, dear? Will you be my wife?"

"Yes, Eric, for I love you, even as you love me," she returned, while tears of thankfulness stood in her eyes.

Half an hour later, coming upon Doctor Montford and Mrs. Brentwood, Eric led Breta forward and told them that she had promised to be his wife.

"As secrets are in order," said Doctor Montford, "I suppose I may as well tell you one. Your mother has promised to honor me with her hand, and I expect congratulations for congratulations."

"You are heartily welcome," said Eric, who, although taken by surprise, was so happy himself that he wished all the world God-speed.

* * * * *

Breta rented Ravensmere. She could not think of living there herself, so she and Eric were to live at Brentwood Park, while his mother was to accompany Doctor Montford to New York, where he had an old-established practice. They promised, however, to spend a large portion of their time at the park.

Cecil Doniphan left for Europe upon receiving his share of his uncle's estate, and very little was heard of him afterward.

There was soon a double wedding at Brentwood Park, when Breta Danton became Eric Brentwood's wife, and his mother promised to devote the remainder of her life to good Doctor Montford.

When for a few moments they were alone, Eric said:

"My wife, are you happy?"

"So happy, dear Eric, that I have forgiven everybody that has treated me badly—even Inez, to whom I have made over a sum sufficient to keep her comfortable for the remainder of her miserable life."

"My darling!" was all that he said, as he took her in his arms.

THE END.

Klondike Auroras.

William Bailey, who left Cincinnati for the Klondike in the spring of 1896, writes home: "The weather some days is nice; the sun comes out gloriously strong, and it is a delight to be out when the wind is not blowing.

"Strawberries, potatoes and turnips can be raised here and grow fast, because we about two months of perpetual day. The sun shines twenty-two hours out of every twenty-four.

"We have the northern lights three or four times a year. They are gorgeous. They lay in a long streak across the sky, and whirl in all manner of circles, having a green and reddish color. It is said here that in the winter they hang low, and are more brilliant, and, at times, popping like fireworks can be heard."

Practical Use of Water.

In certain portions of the West, where water is used for purposes of irrigation, experiments have been tried in first utilizing the water for power. Suitable pumps carry it to high reservoirs, where it is used to generate electricity. It acquires an enormous power by its weight and is in no wise injured for irrigating purposes. An ordinary spring constantly drawn from furnishes a very valuable power in this way, and after the water has done its work either in the electrical plant or in the turning of wheels, it goes on its way to refresh vegetation and make the ground productive. In this way it performs more than a double office without detriment to itself or its original mission.

AGRICULTURAL.

To Protect Trees.

The Texan way of protecting trees from rabbits and insects is to stir a teaspoonful of Paris green into a gallon of white lead paint. Scrape the dirt away from around the trunk down an inch or two and apply the paint with a brush and up to about a foot and a half. Scrape back the dirt to the trunk and press it close. Young trees should be painted before setting. This prevents attacks but does not destroy insects already in the tree.

Storing Potatoes.

Dig potatoes as soon as the skin will not slip, as this gives them a bad appearance. The only precaution necessary when digging is to take care not to cut or bruise them. Have a good digger. There are several on the market. I prefer an elevator digger, which leaves the potatoes all on top, free from vines. When the potatoes are taken from the field they should be assorted by running them through a potato screen having holes 1½ inches square, which obviates extra handling. The small ones can be used for seed. Do not allow potatoes to be exposed to the sun long after they are dug, as it will injure the quality. Potatoes keep best at a low temperature, a little above freezing. Many are spoiled by keeping them in a temperature that is too high. I keep mine in cellars which are built with building tiles, thus providing air spaces. The bin should not be too large. A bin that will hold 200 bushels is large enough. When I store them in the cellar I sprinkle them freely with air-slacked lime, which prevents them from rotting.—Ira Graber, in The Epitomist.

Securing Haystacks.

Where animals are allowed to feed at the stack there is danger that they may undermine and become suddenly buried under it. To avoid danger,

KEEPING THE HAYSTACK FROM FALLING.

put a stout pole in the center of the stack, allowing the top to project. To this attach three ropes or small chains and carry them out to stout stakes driven in the ground, as shown in the accompanying illustration.

Test Your Cows.

A method for determining the milk value of each cow is now within the reach of all farmers. They have learned to demand that the Babcock test shall be used to determine how much butter fat there is in the milk they send to the factory in order that they may be justly paid for it. This same desire for fair play should be extended to the cows. Each one of them should be given an equal chance to demonstrate her butter-producing capacity and to have it measured by the same method of weighing and testing her milk that the farmer requires of the factory.

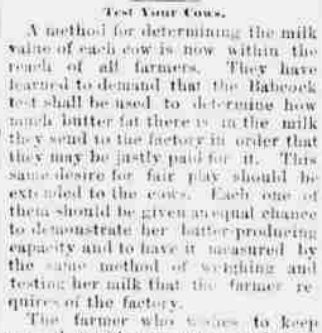
The farmer who wishes to keep cows that will support him and does not intend to work for the purpose of supporting his cows needs to understand that:

First—If 150 pounds of butter only pays for the yearly feed and care of a cow, then one producing only this amount or less is not paying a profit.

Second—One cow is often worth twice as much as another, or more than two cows, although there may not be a very marked difference between the total annual production of two cows. This may be illustrated by comparing the record of a cow that produces 125 pounds of butter with one producing 150 pounds. The former yields twice as much profit as the latter, provided 150 pounds represents the amount necessary to pay for feed and care, and a 250-pound cow makes twice as much above expenses as one with an annual production of 200 pounds of butter.—Wisconsin Experiment Station Bulletin.

A Winter Gate.

A gate that must be used in winter is often opened and shut with difficulty when the snows become deep. If the hinges are made according to the plan shown in the accompanying illustration the gate can be raised continually as the snows become



HINGE FOR A GATE THAT MUST BE OPENED IN WINTER SNOW.

deeper and deeper. The long part of the hinge is made of a rod of iron that will turn easily in the eye of the other part of the hinge. In the lower hinge have three or four holes drilled through the iron rod, as shown. When the gate is to be raised slip a twenty-penny wire nail through the required hole beneath the part containing the eye, and the gate will stand at the elevation required. When the snow is gone the gate can be returned to its natural position.

Diseases of Poultry.

The following remedies for poultry diseases are given by Home and Farm, and may prove valuable to those who keep chickens:

ROUP.

Roup is unquestionably the most dreaded of all the diseases to which poultry is subject. It is caused from a neglected cold, and when once it has gained a foothold it is well nigh impossible to subdue it. There are many methods of treatment, but that which is most generally adopted is as follows: Confine all afflicted fowls in dry, warm coops, free from draughts and dampness, and feed on hot mashes. Treat the throat, mouth and nostrils with a solution of common salt, prepared as follows: Into two gallons of warm water put one teaspoonful of salt and thoroughly dissolve it; with this carefully wash the mouth and nostrils, being sure that all mucus is removed. After this inject kerosene into the nostrils and put a teaspoonful of kerosene in each gallon of drinking water. Do not let such fowls return to the flocks for two weeks after treatment.

CHOLERA.

Cholera is contagious and extremely fatal when it attacks a flock of fowls. It is caused from overcrowding, bad sanitary arrangements, unwholesome food, and from various other causes. It is a disease about which very little is known, and one which is often mistaken for some other. The first symptoms are drowsiness, accompanied by thirst; the fowl, in moving about, having a slow, unsteady gait, with heavy and laborred breathing. The comb and wattles lose their natural color, usually becoming pale, though sometimes turning almost black. The fowls have diarrhea and the crop fills with mucus, thus preventing the food from digesting.

On first appearance the coops and yards should be given a thorough cleaning, and every part sprayed with crude carbolic acid. Separate the afflicted fowls and burn the bodies of any that may have died. One of the most successful remedies, and one which at the same time involves but little expense, is kerosene. To one gallon of cornmeal put one gill of kerosene, and mix thoroughly with warm water. This should be sufficient for fifty hens and should be given every other day to those that show the least symptoms.

CANKER.

Canker is caused from filthy quarters and unwholesome food, and is readily distinguished by small ulcers in mouth and on head, and a watery discharge from the eyes. Wash the head and mouth with warm water and castile soap, after which anoint with carbolized vaseline, repeating the operation daily until a cure is effected.

CROP BOUND.

Crop bound can hardly be termed a disease, it being simply an obstruction of the channel through which the food passes from the crop to the gizzard, and may be variously caused—a bone, hard, dry grass—in fact many things will produce the trouble. A teaspoonful of castor oil will often afford relief, or an opening may be made in the upper part of the crop and the foreign substance removed. After treatment feed lightly for a few days.

GAPES.

Gapes are undoubtedly caused from filthy surroundings, and are nothing more or less than small worms which establish themselves in the windpipe and strangle the chicks.

They are always found in chicks at from two to six weeks of age, and the best remedy is prevention. Chicks that have a nice grass plot to run over never have gapes, but should any symptom appear give each chick a small piece of camphor the size of a grain of wheat, daily for four days, and put a few drops of turpentine in drinking water.

LEG WEAKNESS.

Leg weakness, unless hereditary, is caused from overfeeding, always attacking the large breeds.

A pill, made of one grain of sulphate of lime and half a grain of quinine, given three times a day, will afford relief, unless the fowl is totally unable to walk, in which case there is scarcely any medicine that will result in a cure.

SCALY LEGS.

When scaly leg makes its appearance the whole flock will be attacked, unless prompt remedies are applied. The trouble is caused by a small parasite, which burrows under the scales on the legs. An application of sulphur, lard and kerosene in equal parts daily for three days will promptly arrest the trouble. Kerosene should be poured over roosting perches at least weekly, and there will be no need of other remedies. Remember that all diseases have their origin in neglect, either as to food or care of surroundings. Few of us will admit that such is the case as applied to us, but facts are stubborn, and if we will go carefully over our work we will surely find that we have in some way failed to comply with the laws of health as required in poultry-dom. Lime is cheap, and is one of the very best disinfectants and purifiers of foul surroundings that we can find. Its free use is indispensable in the poultry yard, both as a whitewash and to be used dry, sprinkled over the floor and ground. Guard against neglect in every form and there will be little use for remedies, and a sick fowl will rarely ever be seen.

GOOD ROADS NOTES.

A Bulletin by State Engineer Bond.

State Engineer Bond, of New York, is paying great attention to the matter of construction of good roads and has just issued a bulletin calling attention to the necessity of care after the roads are constructed. He says:

Roads in the country are continually subjected to the action of the elements, the wear of the wheels and hoofs of feet, and the continual pounding it receives from passing loads. Therefore after a road has been accepted by the State Engineer as completed, and turned over to the officers of the county, it is then that the duties of the officers really commence, and it depends on their efforts as to what the life of the road will be whether they spend the money wisely or extravagantly, or will allow the road to deteriorate and make expensive repairs necessary. As no provision has been made in the Highway Law for such maintenance, aside from the provision in section 13, "All persons driving properly adjoining on such road so improved, or residing thereon, shall thereafter pay all highway taxes assessed against them in money, in the manner now provided by law," it may be well to consider the various methods in vogue by which roads can be kept from deteriorating. This subject is so well understood in European countries that we need look no further for the cause of the excellence of their roads.

Three systems exist:

(1.) By contract with private parties.

(2.) By the aid of the road population, and

(3.) By the men employed for that purpose by the community.

Of these three, only the third proposition is the proper one. This is the system used by France and Germany, the objection to No. 1 being that it has been tried and found wanting; to No. 2 the aid given by the rural population is not applicable to the maintenance of an improved road, as such a road needs the supervision of a man perfectly familiar with this class of work, and such a man can only gain this familiarity by being constantly and permanently employed. Men who have been given charge of a piece of road soon become interested in it, and will strive energetically and intelligently to make their portion of the road the best. It would seem advisable, therefore, that the third proposition should be adopted by the supervisors of the county in which the improved road is situated. That is, a man should be appointed and employed permanently, who should have the care of a certain portion of it in his charge, and who, under the supervision of the officers of the county, should be responsible for its maintenance.

The bulletin then gives detailed instructions as to the methods which should be employed to keep roads in good condition.

Cost of a New York Road.

The speakers at the recent farmers' congress illustrated the working of the New York law by citing one road in Oneida County. The total cost was $14,000. Of this the State pays $7413, the county $3140 and the property benefited $2292. The fifty per cent. paid by the State comes out of the $50,000 raised by the law and amounts to one cent on $1000 of assessed valuation for each taxpayer throughout the State. On the assessed valuation of Oneida County each taxpayer paid 6½ cents on each $1000 to raise the thirty-five per cent. paid by the county. So that each taxpayer in the county of Oneida paid 7½ cents on each $1000 of assessed valuation for the road in question, in addition to to which the remaining $2292 will be paid by the owners of the property benefited by the improvement. The class of work contemplated by the New York law consists of grading the road to established grades, constructing drains and culverts and laying a six-inch macadam surface.

Benefits of New Jersey's System.

As most of the wealth of the State is to be found in the cities, the New Jersey system successfully brings about the construction of improved gravel or stone roads without laying their entire cost upon the farmers, and without requiring them to contribute more than an equitable share of expense according to the wealth of each individual taxpayer. The State aid system successfully answers the objection still made by many; that we cannot have good roads without overloading the farmer with taxes, of which he is already paying more than his share.

The Anti-Rut Agitation in Brief.

In Berlin all street repairing is done at night.

There are 664 good roads organizations in Pennsylvania.

It is the narrow tire that is destroying our roads. As soon as the rains soften them the narrow tires cut like a knife.

If the farmer wants good roads, and we know that he wants them, he should insist upon State aid in their construction.

Other things being equal, the nation possessing the best facilities for transportation and distribution of its product will take the lead. The bicycle has been instrumental in bringing before the public the vast importance of better highways.

"I doubt if believe," says an expert, "that there is, or ever will be, a country road constructed that will stand the narrow tire. A five-inch tire, however, will press and make the surface still more solid, especially when the road is softened by rain, instead of cutting as a narrow tire does."

POPULAR SCIENCE.

Contrary to popular belief, excitement causes much less insanity than monotony.

According to Liebig, the alkali in asparagus develops form in the human brain.

Professor Dewar has succeeded in solidifying hydrogen into a glassy, transparent mass.

Lord Kelvin in a lecture stated that as a result of recent investigation it was estimated that the earth had been the abode of life about thirty million years.

Italian physicians have satisfied themselves that the mosquitoes which abound in Venice never convey the poison of malaria because it is not found in the marshes of the vicinity.

An expedition consisting entirely of women has been formed in Australia to explore the Solomon Islands, the home of the fiercest cannibals known. Hitherto white men have been able to penetrate only a few miles inland.

Increasing experience, according to Dr. Hutchinson, confirms the view that cancer begins as a strictly local disease, and that complete removal at an early stage will cure eighty per cent. of all cases. Time for all search for a drug has failed.

A series of experiments made by Benno Erdmann and Raymond Dodge show that in normal reading the letters are not spelled out separately and one after the other, but that a short word of not more than four letters can be read off in less time than a single letter.

In the summer the Northern Hemisphere is turned more perpendicularly toward the sun, hence it is warmer in summer than in winter, when that hemisphere is turned more sideways to the sun. In the summer the earth is more distant from the sun than in winter.

Some incense burners, now in full leaf, are a unique treasure of the Botanical Garden of the Vienna University. The secret of where these plants grow is carefully guarded by the Arabs, but Dr. Oskar Simony succeeded last winter in getting these live specimens in Southern Arabia.

A house in Italy that was struck by lightning last April has yielded Dr. Folgheraiter some interesting facts. The lightning produced a large number of magnetic points and zones in the masonry, amply proving that lightning may independently yield marked magnetization, and that magnetic patterns may be so formed in infa.

The light which comes to us from the sun in eight minutes might journey ten thousand billion years and not reach the borderland of the universe. It has no limits. It can have none. Yet the same laws rule it throughout. And every force, all power within it, all the laws that govern it, work for harmony and happiness.

The English Not a Cleanly Race.

A correspondent of the London Times who is studying the plague at Oporto has something to say on the comparative cleanliness of different nations which will probably be little relished in England. After showing that the general conditions in the Portuguese city are favorable to the spread of the disease because the people suffer from a lack of nourishment and the health authorities are deficient in system, he adds that the lower classes have their advantages, nevertheless, over the corresponding classes of the British isles, since they wear cleaner clothes and are cleaner and neater in their housework.

As if this were not enough, he extends the comparison so as to include other countries, and puts the Britons way in the rear. Testifying from an experience in all the European States with the exception of those in the Balkan region he says: "When we are clean, no people are so clean, but when we are dirty we are dirtier than anybody else. That dreadful smell of humanity, which is caused by the retention of bodily refuse on the surface of the skin, is almost peculiar to our country, and it pervades the persons and still more the homes of the great mass of our urban population."

Clean clothes, he thinks, are of more importance than clean bodies. Therefore the Portuguese, who wash their linen religiously every week, have a better protection against the plague than the Russians, who bathe frequently but wear filthy garments. Both nationalities, however, are superior to a majority of the British, who wash neither clothes nor skin.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Eats Bread For His Horses.

A delivery wagon of one of the big bread-baking factories of Yorkville stopped in front of an uptown livery and boarding stable the other morning, and two men at once unloaded barrels of bread and carried them into the stable. The bread looked good, and was good. There were all sorts and sizes of loaves in the barrels—"home-made," "rye," "Vienna," "potato," "graham" and "cottage."

The curiosity of a man who saw the bread being delivered to the stable was aroused, and he ventured to ask the proprietor of the stable what it meant.

"There's nothing remarkable about it," said the proprietor, with a laugh. "I simply buy it for horse feed. We grind the bread up and mix it with other feeds, and it makes first-class food for horses. It is stale bread, and contracts favor with a barrel and there are fifty cents left loaves to the barrel, so you see it comes pretty cheap. Sometimes the bread is only a day old, and is good enough for everybody to eat, but the bread factory people will sell it. When you see horses returned loaves from the groceries I'll believe there is enough odd jobs who would like to have had a good horse on the side."—New York Press.