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BRETA'S DOUBLE

By HELEN V. GREYSON.

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CHAPTER V.

CONTINUED.

"You have that which belonged to Breta Danton. Oh, my lady, you cannot deceive me! I have known you too long. Take your choice, however, as it matters little to me. Either bring me the five hundred that you took from that girl, or go with me to these Brentwoods and let me introduce you."

"I have no money, I tell you again!" she cried in anger.

"And I tell you again that I know better. I give you two minutes to choose your course."

She stood silent, thinking what she should do, when his voice interrupted her.

"Time's up!" he said. "Come, we will go to the house together."

"No, no! I will give you the money! But I have not got five hundred. There were only four hundred!" she cried in alarm.

The mere thought of facing Eric Brentwood with this man was enough to make her decide. She must keep the truth from him at any price.

"Well, that'll do. To-morrow night, at this hour, I shall expect to find you here with the money."

"You leave me no choice but to obey," she replied, in tones of anger and hatred.

"You can return to your friends now, my dear," he said, in a sarcastic voice. "I shall take a run up to New York in the morning, but I'll be back in time to keep our appointment, never fear."

"I wish you would never come back!" she cried, in passionate tones.

"I do not doubt it, my dear. However, I will come back, and who knows but you will be glad to see me, after all!" he said, with a light laugh, as he moved away.

He spoke the last words in a jesting manner. But was he a prophet?

CHAPTER VI.

IN THE EAGLE'S CLAWS.

"By a divine instinct, our minds mistrust ensuing danger."

We will go back to the experiences of the real Breta Danton, as, alone, she took her seat in the train for Brentwood Park.

As the face of the good-hearted old doctor faded from her view, a feeling of loneliness stole over her. After gazing out of the car-window for awhile, she settled back in her seat and opened a newspaper which Doctor Montford had been kind enough to furnish her, and for the next fifteen minutes she perused its contents, undisturbed.

Presently, the opening and shutting of the door at the rear end of the car caused her to start; and, turning her head, she saw a man coming up the aisle—the very handsomest man she had ever seen.

But had she not seen him before? If not him, certainly some one very like him.

"Where and when," she asked herself, "have I seen eyes like his?"

He seated himself nearly opposite her, and once, when he turned his eyes in her direction, she noticed him start. She turned her face from his gaze, and pretended to be viewing the landscape from the window, while all the while her thoughts were occupied with the stranger. As his gaze rested upon her an uncanny feeling stole over her, and she sank back further into the cushioned seat. Turning her face in his direction again, as if some subtle fascination urged her to do so, she met those piercing black eyes still fixed upon her in half recognition.

She was about to take up her paper again, when she was alarmed to see him rise from his seat and come toward her.

"Excuse me," he said in pleasant tones, "but may I ask you a question?"

"Certainly," she replied, not knowing what else to say, so startled was she by this unexpected move on his part.

"Are you not Miss Breta Danton?" he asked, seating himself in the vacant seat beside her.

"Yes, that is my name. But how did you know? I cannot place you, yet I seem to remember your face. Somewhere we have met. Where?"

"Can you not remember? Don't you recollect the man who caught your runaway horse one day in sunny Italy?" he asked in a polite tone.

As he mentioned the fact, memory at once returned.

"Ah, I knew I had seen you before. You are Mr. Martinni, whom I never can thank enough for saving my life." And she held out her hand to him.

"How come you to be in America, Miss Danton, and alone?"

"Mamma died, and I am going to friends. But, sir, I am surprised to see you over here."

"I, like you, have friends on this side of the ocean. At present I am going to Brentwood Park to see an old friend, Eric Brentwood."

"You going to Brentwood Park!" she exclaimed. "Why, that is the very place to which I am going. How strange that we both are bound for the same place and that you should know the Brentwoods!"

"At any rate, it is a happy coincidence, for we can go there together and give them a double surprise. By the way, we get off at the next station."

"Why, I did not know that we were there," she said, as the train slackened speed and her companion, taking hold of her arm, assisted her from the car.

"Are you sure, Mr. Martinni, that he called out 'Brentwood?' I thought he said something else. I didn't quite understand him."

"Why, certainly, I am sure. I know this country around here well. Most of my life was spent in America," he returned, as he stepped with her into the station.

"Wait here until I get some sort of conveyance. I saw several standing over there, although they were not very inviting looking. However, I suppose they will do in lieu of something better."

Seating herself on the bench that surrrounded the waiting-room, Breta was filled with misgivings. Although the man she knew as Martinni had saved her life while she and her mother lived in Italy, she knew very little about him, save that he was then stopping at the one small inn the small town boasted. Shortly after he had done her that service he had left the place, and she had neither seen nor heard of him until she met him on the train bound for Brentwood.

The waiting-room was deserted, and a feeling of desolation took possession of her as she looked about her.

Presently her companion returned with a close carriage, or rather, what had once been worthy of the name of carriage, but which was now so old and mud-covered that it hardly deserved the name at all. A vicious-looking driver jumped from his seat and held open the door for them to enter.

"Come!" said Martinni. "This is the best of the lot," indicating the old vehicle.

Mechanically she allowed him to assist her into the carriage.

"Did you tell the driver where to take us?" she asked, as she noticed that he gave no directions in her presence.

"Yes, I told him when I hired this old 'get-up.' Hope I did not keep you waiting long. We've got about an hour's ride ahead of us yet, so just lean back and make yourself as comfortable as this old rig will allow." After about five minutes' ride Martinni exclaimed: "Look out of that window, Miss Danton! Did you ever see anything like that before?"

Breta turned to gaze in the direction indicated, but suddenly she was held in a vise-like grasp, while a cloth saturated with chloroform was pressed to her nostrils. She was conscious of a choking sensation, and then she knew no more.

CHAPTER VII.

A PRISONER.

"His sword ne'er fell but on the guilty head."

When Breta Danton regained consciousness she found herself lying on a couch, in a room poorly furnished, but neat in every particular.

Gazing about her in a dazed manner it was several minutes before she fully remembered what had happened to her. She gave a suppressed cry as she remembered that the man Martinni who pretended to be her friend had chloroformed her. After that she knew nothing, until she awoke and found herself in that room which instinct told her was not one at Brentwood Park.

"Where am I?" she cried. "Why did that man bring me here?"

Hastening to the door she turned the knob, but to her surprise and alarm she found it locked.

"He has locked me in! Why did he do it?"

Whereupon she rapped loudly upon the panel, thinking that if any one were around he would surely come to see what was wanted.

And she was not mistaken, for she heard the heavy tramp of feet upon the carpetless stairs, and presently the door opened, and a large, dark-haired woman entered the room and planted her back against the door.

"Well, miss, so you've come to, eh? Had quite a long sleep," remarked the woman in coarse tones.

"Whose house is this?" asked Breta.

"Why did that man Martinni bring me here?"

"This is my house, miss. As to why he brought you here, you'll have to ask him that yourself. He doesn't tell me his motives. He just came in and said: 'See that this young lady is kept where she can't get out,' and, of course, I had to oblige him, as he is an old friend of mine," replied the woman.

"But, madam, you'll not keep me confined here?" asked Breta, in beseeching tones.

"Am obliged to. Can't disobey orders," she returned. "But," she added, "no harm will come to you, rest assured, miss. Whatever his object in confining you here, he means you no personal harm."

"How do you know?" put in Breta. "Did he not chloroform me while pretending that he was taking me to Brentwood Park to my friends? I think that is harm enough."

"Oh, well; you see he had to do that in order to get you here quietly," returned the woman.

"How far am I from Brentwood?" inquired Breta, with a white face.

"Oh, quite a distance. About ten miles, I judge."

"The villain! To take advantage of my ignorance of this country to lead me into a trap like this! But you have a heart, madam, and I appeal to you to let me out of this house that I may go to my friends."

"Sorry, miss, but I can't do it until I have orders from Carlos."

"From whom?" inquired Breta.

"From Carlos—the man you know as Martinni," replied she.

"Is not that his name?" asked Breta, in surprise.

"That's one of them, I suppose. He has various ones," returned the woman, with a short laugh.

"Who is he? What is he?" asked Breta. "No man would have so many different names unless he were a criminal, eluding justice. Have I been in the company of such a man? He might have killed me!" she exclaimed, with a shudder.

"Carlos never harms any one unless he or she injures him in some way. You have never done him wrong; besides, I heard him say that he saved your life once."

"Yes, he did. But why did he treat me thus?" asked Breta.

"It must have been a case of necessity," returned the woman. "He would not have done it unless he had a strong motive. Just have patience, miss, and he'll see you through all right. You'll get to your friends in good time, never fear."

The woman was not so bad at heart, and the beauty and innocence of Breta's face took her fancy; and although she was compelled to keep her in confinement, she determined to treat her kindly.

"I must go now and bring up your supper. Take my advice and take things quietly, for no harm will come to you. Don't be too harsh with Carlos if he happens to come here, and I'm sure you'll get your liberty all the sooner. I'm sorry to be obliged to lock the door after me, but it can't be helped."

So saying, she passed out, closing and locking the door behind her, leaving Breta standing in the middle of the floor with a perplexed and half-frightened look in her large, blue eyes.

Sinking into a chair, she leaned back in a weary, half-resigned manner, saying:

"I wonder if any other young girl has had such strange experiences? And," she continued, half-aloud, "I wonder if that wicked Inez reached America? I thought that she, too, was my friend. But if she is a friend, save me from my enemies! To think that, after I paid her passage across, she should stain her soul with guilt! And it must have all been for the sake of the few hundred dollars that were in my valise. I have told no one that it was the work of treachery—my being in the water. But if ever Inez and I meet, I will bring it home to her. Had she been the friend she pretended to be, I would not be here now. Ah, here comes that woman again!" as she heard steps outside the door.

The key turned in the lock, and in stepped the woman with her supper.

CHAPTER VIII.

A FRUITLESS ATTEMPT.

After Carlos Monteri, or Martinni, as he was known to Breta Danton, had succeeded in reducing her to a state of unconsciousness, he ordered the driver to go directly to a certain house not over half a mile from the station, but hidden from view by a dense woodland which surrounded it.

Having placed Breta in charge of the woman, with whom he appeared on good terms of intimacy, and to whom he gave strict orders to guard his prisoner, he immediately proceeded to the station and waited until the next train came along. He had not long to wait, for it soon came to a halt as it reached the station, and Carlos Monteri proceeded on his journey to the vicinity of Brentwood Park.

Having reached his destination, which happened to be a farm-house about a mile from the park, he spent the remainder of the evening in writing letters. At nine o'clock he sallied forth to keep his appointment.

It was a bright, moonlight night, and as it wanted an hour of the appointed time, Carlos did not hurry himself, but gave himself up to thoughts of his day's work.

"By jove!" he murmured. "Who would have thought that I would stumble over that girl here, and Inez thinks that she is at the bottom of the sea. She failed in her attempt to drown Breta Danton, after all; and but for the odd working of fate that threw her in my path, she would have reached Brentwood Park, made herself known, and the jig would have been up. Aha!" he chuckled. "I have got an additional hold on my lady! Won't she be surprised when she hears the news?"

Reaching the appointed place of meeting, he consulted his watch, and found that he still lacked ten minutes of the time. Seating himself on the trunk of a falling tree, he waited for the girl and the four hundred dollars which he had demanded.

"She is not in any hurry," he murmured.

Just then he thought he heard a rustle somewhere behind him, but as he saw nothing, he gave the matter no more thought and started to whistle a favorite Italian air, while he reclined on the trunk of the tree, with his face turned toward the park.

He had not finished whistling the the tune he had begun, when a voice cried out in a suppressed but passionate tone:

"Die, you villain!"

And before he could collect his thoughts he felt a thrust from behind, and knew that he had been stabbed. But the dagger had missed its mark, for it merely grazed his shoulder-blade.

[To be continued.]

In Zululand when the moon is at the full objects are visible at a distance of seven miles. By starlight one can read with ease.

GOOD ROADS NOTES.

The Cost of Bad Highways.

Maurice E. Eldridge, of the Department of Agriculture, who has special charge of the office of Public Road Inquiries, has been collecting data as to the cost of hauling farm and other products over American roads.

The conclusion which he draws from the replies to 10,000 letters of inquiry sent to reliable farmers and teamsters in the United States is that the average cost of hauling one ton a distance of one mile is twenty-five cents. For the same amount of money a ton can be carried 200 miles by steamer and fifty miles by rail. Evidently horse power or mule power is expensive.

But while it costs the farmers of this country a quarter of a dollar to team a ton of produce one mile, it costs European farmers only 6.8 cents. The latter have hard, smooth and comparatively level roads, which can be traveled in all kinds of weather.

It is impossible to figure out the cost of the bad roads bills which the farmers pay yearly needlessly and without complaint. One road reformer says that these bills foot up $250,000,000 annually. That is a mere guess, but it may be near the truth. Whatever the sum may be, it falls on the farmers exclusively, and thus cuts down their net receipts from their corn, wheat and other crops.

It would not be difficult for the farmers of an Illinois township to ascertain the weight of all the produce they take to and from the nearest market during a year, and thus find out what bad roads are costing them. When they have the information it may be they will vote for a higher road tax. Every year about $30,000,000 is spent in this country in the repairing of mud roads. The money is expended to no purpose, but the farmers keep on paying it out, while refusing to contribute a larger sum which, if judiciously expended, would give them permanent roads, which it would cost but a trifle to keep in perfect condition.

Then they would not have to keep as many horses as they do now. There would be less wear and tear of horses, harness and wagons. The farmers would be able to get their products to market at all times, while it happens now often that they cannot market their products when prices are highest, because of impassable roads. The taxes which bear hardest on the farmers are those they unthinkingly impose upon themselves.—Chicago Tribune.

The Money System.

The number of towns in New York State changing from the old system of day's work in road improvement to what is known as "the money system," is growing with encouraging rapidity. Four towns in Onondaga County recently made the change, and the Supervisors of the county hope to effect a like reform in many other towns by circulating a statement of the benefits to be derived. The law authorizing the change is an amendment to the highway act. It provides that towns adopting the money system of highway taxation shall benefit by the distribution from the State Treasurer of a sum equal to twenty-five per cent. of the amount raised by them for road improvement, this distribution being limited to one-tenth of one per cent. of the valuation of the town. It is further provided that the money tax shall equal fifty per cent. or more of the labor rate. Reports from thirty towns which adopted the new method show that vastly better results were obtained under the money system at one-half the cost.

Convicts as Roadmakers.

It is probable that the utilization of prisoners in the way proposed in New York State would prove a blessing to the community. It would not involve convict competition with honest industrial labor and the American people are slowly beginning to learn the value of decent roads. They are by no means as common as they should be. But the time appears to be coming when the demand for respectable highways will be strong enough to secure them in one way or another, and as far as it will serve the convict plan is entitled to consideration and a trial.—Washington Times.

A Future Undertaking.

It is too plain for dispute that the improvement of American highways must be one of the great undertakings of the near future. The country is disgraced and badly handicapped by its poor roads, and it is too intelligent, rich and energetic to endure much longer the annoyance, waste and economic injury which can be traced directly to the lamentable condition of most of the highways in all sections.—Cleveland Leader.

The Anti-Rut Agitation.

New Jersey is building more and better roads than any other State in the Union.

At the spring "gravel-road" election, the vote in favor of gravel roads was two to one in Rockville, Ind.

The roads throughout India are so good that you can ride a bicycle from one end of the country to the other.

Mr. and Mrs. Davis have abandoned their automobile trip from New York to San Francisco on account of bad roads.

The good-road convention of Albermarle, Md., favors issuing bonds for $150,000, to run forty or fifty years, for road improvement purposes.

The county turnpike commission have decided to expend $18,000 this season on the roads leading out of Knoxville, Tenn., to the adjoining counties.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

To Mend Broken China.

Make a strong solution of gum arabic and water and stir into it sufficient plaster of Paris to make a thick paste. Apply with a soft brush to the broken edges, holding them in place for a minute or two. This cement is satisfactory.—Ladies' Home Journal.

"Antique" Treatment For Furniture.

The "antique" appearance is given to new varnished furniture by means of the fumes of liquid ammonia. The ammonia is poured into a saucer or plate, and the piece to be colored is then covered—a packing box overturned will do. It may be necessary to renew the ammonia. A piece too large to be so treated will gain the required tone if kept for some time in a stable. The venders of modern "antique" furniture use this method.—Art Amateur.

To Remove Fruit Stains.

With the frequent service of fruits, the table linen is apt to suffer. Before sending to the laundry the tablecloths and napkins should be carefully examined and the spots removed, as soap sets the stains. Most fruit stains, taken in season, can be easily removed from the linen by putting the stained portion over a bowl and pouring a stream of boiling hot water through it. Oxalic acid, allowing three ounces of the crystals to one pint of water, will be found useful to be kept on hand for this especial purpose. Wet the stain with the solution and hold over hot water or in the sun. The instant the spot disappears rinse well. Wet the stain with ammonia, then rinse again. This will many times save linen.

Tempting an Invalid's Appetite.

The tray for the invalid must be carefully laid; the tray must be spotless, and the dishes nice and fresh. Then do not put on so much food that it takes away the appetite to look at it; it is easy to replenish if more is wanted. What you are to do is to coax the unwilling appetite, by literally making things look "good enough to eat." Take care in carrying that nothing spills from cup, bowl or glass. If hot food is to be served, cover it so that it may not be cooled while on its way from the kitchen to the sick-room. A little heed will enable you to do all this, and you may be as adept at serving your invalid as you are in cooking for her. For a cool drink which is especially nice in bowel trouble, take slices of toast, nicely browned, and enough boiling water to cover them, cover closely, and let them steep until cold; strain the toast-water, sweeten to taste, and put a piece of ice in each glassful.—Woman's Home Companion.

To Make Good Coffee.

The Dieteric and Hygienic Gazette says: "A cup of good coffee in the morning (best without sugar) makes the heart glow with strength, and is in itself a good beginning of any day. Poor coffee is inexcusable." It advises, as an indispensable adjunct to the making of good coffee, the earthen drip coffee-pot, saying the metal pot is objectionable on account of the chemical products made by the coffee with the iron, lead, tin, etc., of the receptacle.

The facility with which roasted and finely ground coffee parts with its virtues by displacement to hot water is something wonderful. Each drop of water acts like a bucket in a wheat elevator, only it carries the soluble part of the coffee down in place of up. As each drop becomes saturated, with inconceivable rapidity, it settles by its own weight and is followed by other drops which saturate with like celerity and descend to join other drops, so that in the space of thirty seconds a good cup of coffee can be had every time. There is no uncertainty about the result.

Recipes.

Bean Salad—String the beans and cut them in halves lengthwise. Boil in salted water until tender, or they may be cooked in butter, German style; if the latter method is used let them stand until cold, then rinse off the butter with plenty of boiling water. Drain thoroughly, marinate with a French dressing, and let them stand for an hour before serving. Garnish with finely chopped parsley.

Spaghetti and Chicken—Put a cup and a half of thin cream into a stewpan; when hot, add one cup of boiled spaghetti cut into pieces and one cup of cooked chicken cut into dice. Mix three tablespoonfuls of cream with the yolks of three eggs, stir into the contents of the stewpan; add half a teaspoonful of salt and one-fourth teaspoonful paprika; stir till the mixture thickens, then serve in a hot dish.

Toast Relish—Brown pieces of bread in the oven until very crisp; break into inch pieces, and to two cupfuls pour over the following: Heat one cupful of milk to the boiling point; when it boils stir into it a piece of butter the size of a walnut, carefully mixed with one teaspoonful of flour; stir until smooth; season with a saltspoon of salt and a dash of pepper. Cover all and let stand one moment. This is a very good way to utilize scraps of stale bread.

Creamy Omelet—Beat four eggs slightly with a spoon till you can take up a spoonful. Add half a saltspoonful of pepper, four tablespoonfuls of milk or cream, and mix well. Butter a hot omelet pan, and before the butter browns turn in the mixture. Then with the point of a fork pick or lift up the cooked egg from the centre and let the uncooked egg run under. This leaves the butter on the pan, and is better than stirring. Continue the lifting until the whole is of a soft, creamy consistency; then add half a teaspoon salt, place it over a hotter part of the fire to brown slightly; fold and turn out on a hot oval dish.

OUR BUDGET OF HUMOR.

LAUGHTER-PROVOKING STORIES FOR LOVERS OF FUN.

Beware of the Smiler—Both Are Difficult—Not at All—A Case in Rebuttal—The Usual Query—A Ready Retort—Fact in Physiology—Like Days of Yore, Etc.

Beware of him who runs to meet
You with a pleasant smile;
Shake hands with him and treat him well,
But keep your head the while,
Because the chances are that he
Will have a little note
He wants you to indorse, or that
He's fishing for your vote.
—Chicago Times-Herald.

Both Are Difficult.

"It's hard to settle down after a trip."

"Any harder than to settle up?"—Chicago Record.

Not at All.

"And was her marriage a failure?"

"Oh, no, indeed. You see, they had three rehearsals, so there wasn't a bit of trouble."

A Case in Rebuttal.

"Women have no continuity of purpose."

"Haven't they? My cousin Laura bought a $75 diamond ring and paid for it $1 at a time.

The Usual Query.

She—"A man called to-day who said he had just got back from the Klondike."

He—"What did he want—to buy the place or beg some old clothes."—Indianapolis Journal.

A Ready Retort.

The Landlady—"It's hardly polite to read your paper at table, Mr. Hallroom."

The Victim—"I know, Mrs. Skinnem, but it takes my mind off what I'm eating."—What-to-Eat.

Fact in Physiology.

"They say a man who turns pale when he gets mad is the most dangerous."

"I guess that is so. A man who is scared nearly out of his boots will put up an awful fight."—Indianapolis Journal.

Like Days of Yore.

Grandma—"What time did Mr. Lippincott leave last night, Gracie?"

Gracie—"Why, grandma, he started home at——"

Grandma (mildly)—"Never mind when he started; I asked you when he left."—Brooklyn Life.

Up Against It.

"The young man's face was against him."—Life.

Scant Encouragement.

Mr. Slimpurse (hankering for a suit of clothes on tick)—"I—aw—presume you are acquainted with my friend, Nocash. He has a running account here, I believe?"

Tailor—"Yes. We do the running."—New York Weekly.

The Proud Father.

Father—"James, you know I disapprove very much of your fighting, but I cannot help feeling proud of you for whipping such a big boy as that. What did you whip him for?"

Son (indignantly)—"Why, he said I looked like you."—Harlem Life.

Sanguine.

"How do you expect to get on with the United States?"

"Fine," answered the Sultan of Sulu. "Even if I have to abdicate, I think my harem is big enough to entitle me a seat in Congress at the hands of the Mormon vote."—Washington Star."

Her Supposition.

Mr. Stubb—"Maria, what was that tramp after that was preaching so loud out in the yard?"

Mrs. Stubb—"He was after dinner."

Mr. Stubb—"Hm! one of those after-dinner speakers, I suppose."—Chicago News.

Her Irresistible Way.

"Yes," he said, "I love the sublime and beautiful."

"Oh, Mr. Bumbleton," she replied through her blushes, "I had no idea when we started that you wished to get me out here for the purpose of making a confession."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Half Minute Romance.

The little boy sat on the park bench and swung his feet.

"I'll tell you my name if you'll tell me yours," he said.

"Well, what is it?" said the little girl.

"Lemme Kishew. What's yours?"

"Ollie Wright."

And she dug her fairy little toes in the sand and waited.—Chicago Tribune.

Saved From Ruin.

Nodd—"Blinker had a hard time the other day. His head clerk is in the habit of giving him checks to sign, and Blinker, who has every confidence in him, always does so without question. This day his wife filled out one and the clerk took it in. Blinker signed it."

Todd—"Ruin him?"

Nodd—"No. It was for such a large amount the bank wouldn't cash it."—Detroit Free Press.

MALARIA AND MOSQUITOES.

Only in Certain Places Do the Pests Prove Infective Agents.

In his address at Portsmouth Dr. Thin gave an account of the present position of the malaria problem and the mosquito theory. The feature of the year in regard to these questions had been the discovery of the exact means by which man becomes infected. The life history of the parasite within the blood of man and within the body of the mosquito had already been traced, and it was obvious that the mosquito became infected by sucking malarious blood. But how the parasite was carried back again to a fresh host, that is, how man became infected, remained a question. Dr. Manson had thought it probable that the water in which the infected mosquitoes died became contaminated with the spores of the malaria parasite, which thus might be taken into the human body, or they might be breathed in the dust of dried-up pools. During the past year, however, it had been proved by actual experiment that infected mosquitoes—and all kinds of mosquitoes do not seem to be capable of carrying the disease—when allowed to feed on susceptible persons are capable of conveying the infection to them. Thus we now have plainly displayed the complete life-cycle of the malaria parasite, together with the mechanism of its transit from man to mosquito and from mosquito to man.

What we now want to know is the particular sort of mosquito by which each form of fever is carried, and this is what Major Ross has gone out to Africa to discover. We may add, however, that even then we shall not know the complete history of the parasite as it exists in nature, for we can hardly look upon man as its natural host. It cannot be doubted that the natural cycle of the life of the organism lies between the mosquito and the creature whose blood the mosquito naturally sucks, and this is certainly not man. On his first entry into virgin forests, where human feet have never before trodden, man may be attacked by the disease complete in every detail, and we may be quite sure that when the disease is thus endemic man has taken no part in its development. When he is attacked he does but take the place of some other creature who had before served as the host of the parasite alternately with the mosquito, and thus the life history of the organism will not be complete until we know what is this other creature in whose blood the parasite normally has its being. When we know this, perhaps we shall be able to understand more clearly than we do at present why it is that only in certain places do mosquitos prove infective agents. It is not, then, in regard to the mosquito alone that we want information, but as to the creature on which it naturally feeds.—London Hospital.

India's Remarkable Tree.

Among the numerous things considered sacred in India is the banyan tree, one of the fig genus, remarkable for its vast rooting branches. The horizontal branches send down shoots which take root when they reach the ground and enlarge into trunks, which in their turn send out branches. In one of the districts of the Central Provinces is a celebrated banyan tree with about 350 stems, each equal to a fair-sized trunk, and about 3000 smaller ones. It has been said that a regiment of soldiers could encamp under it. It has, in fact, the appearance of a grove of trees.

In the fruiting season the banyan is an arbor for the feathered creation, and a rude temple is often set up under or close to its shade, at which the wayfarer stops to cook a meal more frequently than to offer a prayer. These sacred trees, with their grateful shade, are common in every part of India and are, I believe, confined to the tropical zone. As timber they are of no value, but gumlac is obtained from their juice and the bark is used by the Hindus medicinally.

The phrase "banian-days," which is still applied to days of fasting, more or less, has no connection with this tree. It originated from English sailors in former times having had no flesh-meat served out to them on one day in the week, and giving this day the name of "Banian"—a corruption of the Hindustani word baniya, which signifies a banker or trader, the class best known to them as abstaining from a flesh diet.—The Sketch of London.

Horse Tied With a Piece of Twine.

"I saw the other day," said Mr. Glimley, "and I have seen just the same thing before, a horse tied to a post with a piece of twine; tied not with a chain, you understand, nor a rope, nor even a halter strap, but just a piece of twine, that the horse could have broken as easily as he could a thread. But he didn't break it, he stood there; the twine to all appearances serving the purpose of a halter as well as a cable would have done. I don't exactly understand this. It may be that the horse was simply deluded by the twine, that his training had led him to regard a halter as a halter, whatever it might be made of, and that a piece of twine would do to hold him until he made the discovery of how easily he could break it."—New York Sun.

Sweetheart Died, He Returned to the War

From the little town of Augusta comes a pathetic story of a volunteer's home-coming. Private Radcliff, of Company F, had a sweetheart there before the war broke out, and they were to have been married when he came home. When he arrived at the little town he found the girl had just died of heart disease. The soldier was prostrated. He left at once for San Francisco, where he enlisted again.—Cincinnati Enquirer.