

Hearts Courageous

HALLIE
By...
ERMINIE
RIVES

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Up the craggy way a flicker of light stabbed down through the drab-lace tree tracers, and the chariot, turning in to the creaking amid clamorous cogs, woke the cloisteral silence of Greenway Court. A negro came out, beat back the dogs and let down the step, and the old man descended, leaning on Joe's arm.

Joe brought my lord his supper of venison and bordeaux, standing behind his chair till his master was done. This was not long tonight.

My lord took up a book, but threw it down again. Then he lit his pipe and sat long silent till the fire domed blackening. Joe came in, piled pine knots on it and went shuffling out again. The hounds yawned about the hearth or whimpered softly in their dreams.

Crackling steps roused them, and they scrambled out to bay and sniff and yelp, when the negro clubbed them back.

A heavy tread stumbled up the steps. An aged mastiff, curled under the old man's chair, hunched shoulders, growling, and the baron, sitting by the dead hearth, with the ashes fallen from his pipe, turned his head.

Henry stood on the threshold, carrying Armand in his arms.

As his bearer stood, rocking, the young man stirred, opened his eyes wide on the baron and thrust down his legs. "My lord," he cried, gasping, "I come early to a keep—my—appointment." He took a step and lurched forward on to the floor.

Lord Fairfax stood up like a blasted tree with two dead boughs left swinging. "Great heaven! The lad! Has Foy killed him?"

"Not yet," Henry answered. "No fault of his, my lord."

The baron shouted for his servants and for cloths, hot water and lily vinegar. "He must have a leech," he said. "I will ride myself for the doctor at Ashby's Gap," Henry answered. "But I will dress the wound first." With Joe's help skins were spread on one of the couches and Armand laid thereon. Then, with a woodsman's knowledge of wounds, Henry drew his knife and cut away the clothing.

"It is not mortal?" asked the old man anxiously.

"No. But 'twas a foul lunge. Think not he was the poorest swordsman. Never was such a skill seen in the Virginias as he showed this night."

"Is it so?"

"Sir, he held that rat's life on the point of his steel. I swear to you he could have run him through a score of times an he would. They stopped the duel—soldiers from the fort—and that red devil of Dunmore's attacked him when he had thrown his weapon by and was empty handed."

"Ah!" cried the baron.

At length Henry stood up. "I am off to the Gap now. I shall not return with the doctor, since I must go on to Williamsburg tomorrow. But for safety's sake I shall pray him speed."

A struggle showed in the baron's face. No one had ever gone uncheered from his door. He kept open table at the Winchester courts, fed the poorer settlers with his own produce and would have filled the ragged hat of a beggar with guineas. One passionate hatred he had—hatred against the enemies of his king. All were alike to him, high or low. The times, growing beyond him, had put forward patriots. But, all alike, he deemed them vipers that bit the hand that fed them.

As Henry approached the door my lord was fidgeting in his chair. The hand was upon the latch when he could restrain himself no longer.

"Joe," he thundered, "fetch a stirrup cup! You may be a rebel, sir, but blast my whips and spurs, you shall drink before you go! I could wish you were not an enemy of the king."

"Not of the king," said Henry, and smiled. "Not of the king, but of the king's rule."

A gleam of fierceness, of the uncompromising principle of his life, shot from under the old man's brows. "I hold with no disloyalty."

"I hold," said Henry in a low voice, "with my friend Colonel Washington."

"I abet no treasons," flamed the old man.

Henry's eyes hid a sudden gleam of satiric humor. He stretched out the glass the negro had brought him and proffered it to his host.

"I must decline," he said, "to accept hospitality from any man on earth who has ought to say against the character of Colonel Washington."

The baron stood for a moment with his jaw dropped, then coughed. "God knows," he said, his voice shaking like a child's—"God knows I—"

But he got no further. "My dear Lord Fairfax!" exclaimed Henry, and drank the glass at a draft.

CHAPTER IX.

IN the gray wretched dawn Lord Dunmore, at the head of his Virginia troops, marched off with file and drum for Fort Pitt, and the buff and scarlet passed the King's Arms, where Anne peered from the window to see them off. In one of the scarlet groups she distinguished Francis Byrd. Drawing the curtains close under her chin, she put out a hand and waved to him, smiling, and he saluted her face with a flash of

his sword and a wistful look as he rode by. Immediately behind the governor, near Jarrat, rode Foy, and a sting of resentment made her clench her hands, with the steel in her eyes.

When they had gone she crept back into the warm bed and lay smilingly thinking. She should see Armand soon again, and he should never know what she had done. So thinking, she dropped to sleep and did not wake till the sun was high.

She breakfasted with gay spirits, insisted on riding horseback and, followed by John the Baptist, galloped off a half hour in advance of her aunt's chariot along the way to Greenway Court.

She entered. No one was in the hall, and her feet fell noiselessly in the thick buffalo robe on the floor.

She pushed open the door of the living room and then stopped, started.

She saw a settle strewn with skins, a wave of curling brown hair pillowed on it, and under this a glimpse of a pale face turned away. There was a shaded window opposite, and light came through it whitely. A hand and wrist hung over to the floor. There was something desolate in the silence, something appealing in the droop of that hand that brought a smart to Anne's eyes as she looked.

Suddenly she caught her breath and took quick steps forward into the room, gazing searchingly at the figure on the couch—the strong hair, setting all the

pale-ness of the face in a shadowy frame; the blue circles under the closed lids, the young mouth, the upward sweep of the rounded chin. She began to tremble exceedingly, her lips unsteady, her great blue eyes misting, her whole face caught in a quaking terror. She had gone whiter than a moon flower.

"They were too late!" she whispered. "You fought, then? Ah, while I was so glad!"

She crouched down by the settle, her hand pressed tight against her heart, full of a joyful anguish she had never known. Something she had fought down hitherto rose in her throat and choked her at sight of this hurt, this helplessness.

At last, yielding all at once, with a little sob and a gesture of pride and longing and surrender, she bent slowly, like a swaying lily, and kissed him on the forehead.

He stirred and opened his eyes with wonder in them to see her face so near. "Mademoiselle!"

"You have been wounded!" she breathed.

He tried to rise and, failing, smiled at her. "It is a little thing. The doc-



She bent slowly, like a swaying lily. Her face told me that. And you care! Then it is nothing—less than nothing."

"You make light of it."

He lifted himself on one elbow and stretched out an uncertain hand toward her. "Mademoiselle," he said, "was I dreaming when you came or did—"

"She was on her feet now, and her eyes turned her gaze away.

"No, no," she answered; "you were asleep."

"As I opened my eyes just now it seemed—as if you had—kissed me on the forehead. Was that a dream, mademoiselle?"

"It was a dream," she said hurriedly, her voice wavering.

"You kissed me?" Joy was in his look.

"No."

"Ah, mademoiselle!" He fell back on the skins.

With suddenly rosy cheeks she ran toward the door to meet the old baron entering from the hall.

grapevine, set where the round spur on which the lodge was built fell steeply down. A book lay on her knee.

Far away against the long sashes of sapphire light the sweep of ragged Blue Ridge stood listlessly. The river bottom was a violet gray reach of stain soaked grasses, hung with wreaths of trailing Virginia creeper, dabbled in the summer's blood, or as if the peaks ran down with red wine wasting.

Anne pointed where just below the river wavered like a sheet of spun silver, edged with soaked velvet.

"The Indians call it Shennando," she said, "Daughter of the Stars."

He leaned forward and lifted the little book, its binding of parchment, pale yellow, like antique ivory. "It is a tale of my own land," he said softly, "of Normandy, in the old days when the troubadours sang."

"I have not yet read it," she answered. "Tell me the story."

"It is of the son of a poor woodcutter. Telling once by his hut in the forest, he saw by chance the daughter of a king as she rode past with her cavalade. He brought her a cup of water, and she smiled on him. So fair she was that he loved her to desperation and could not rest nor sleep from thinking of her face. He traveled far and came by night beneath her window and sang songs to her, songs delicate and beautiful, in phrases that only his great love had taught him, and when he sang he touched the strings of his own harp. The lady listened, and her tears fell down from the window in the palace wall. She was a great lady and he the lowest of the land, and in the hopelessness of his passion he sang that he was a prince of a hostile country, wooing in attire of rags the darling to whose presence he might not rightly come. His were not like the songs of the gilded courtiers that flocked her father's gate. They were more noble and true, and his love climbed upon them as if on stairs of gold and drew his heart out to him over the sill. One night she slipped out to his arms in the darkness. Then he knelt on the yellow forest leaves and told her the truth and pleaded as excuse his great love. And he would have gone from her and left her to go back alone."

"What then?" demanded Anne.

"She took his hand and kissed him and went away with him to his hut in the forest."

Both were silent a moment.

The vivid tints in the sky were paling. The river's silver dulled to mauve. The gloom, all luminous, seemed an impatient suitor stealing amorously upon the drowsy day. The day stirred, glowed again and spread out ravening flood as a woman drops her hair under some golden lamp to please a lover's whim.

"Think you," he asked then very low, "that such a love might be?"

"'Twas for love of her," she said softly.

When he spoke again she felt a thrill in his voice.

"Mademoiselle, suppose a man loves with a love that fills all the sky; that for him there was but the one woman in the world. Suppose she found that he was not what she had thought him when she first loved him; that the idol she had worshiped was just clay. If he stood mean and small before her, adoring her! If it were not a princess, going to a hut in the forest, but a woman proud and—and ashamed! Could she still love him as before? Could she? Could she?"

Her eyes could not meet his burning ones.

"Monsieur," she said, quivering, "when a woman loves, she will forgive anything—everything—in the man she loves save—"

She stopped. There was a muffled sound of horse hoofs from the climbing road.

"Save what?"

"Save lack of love for her."

The hoof beats were coming nearer. She made a desperate effort to compose herself. He had bent toward her, so near she could smell the fragrance of hazel bushes in his hair.

"When it would not matter, she would not care!" he cried joyously. "He might be either the prince or the woodcutter, mademoiselle!"

The last shaft of the sunlight stumbled and tangled on her brow. Dark loomed near. Only a gold brush was laid lightly upon the middle distance.

"If a woman loved and was loved so naught else would count, not even—over if he were despised by all the world—even"—Her lips were tremulous. She felt his hand on the bench beside her suddenly touch her own.

There was a trampling behind them. Both turned to the porch, where Lord Fairfax stood leaning on Joe's arm to welcome the two riders who had just dismounted. The young man made an exclamation.

"Why," exclaimed Anne, "'tis the governor himself, returned from Fort Pitt!"

As they approached, the girl crimsoning with the memory of her night errand to the Winchester fort, the earl was bending bulky over the hand of Mrs. Tillotson in the doorway.

"You honor my poor house with this visit," said the old man, beaming. "Anne, you know his excellency."

The governor bowed to her courtesy and set his eyes on the paler face of the figure at his side. First a low chuckle began in his throat; then he slapped his thigh.

"So that was how the land lay!" he guffawed. "Not content with quarreling with my soldiers, eh? And incognito, yet, I'll be bound!"

The baron stood staring, and Anne looked a little frightened.

The governor reached a thick arm and prodded the young man genially in the ribs.

"Sly dog, eh?" he winked. "Tut, tut! Would you still deny us poor Virginians? Heigh, then, come here! Ladies, my Lord Fairfax, it pleases me to present to you M. le Marquis de la Trou-ozie."

Old Sol Changing Shape, Science Says. Recent Observations Reveal a Strange Jekyll and Hyde Tendency.

Professor Frank H. Bigelow, a weather observer for the bureau of meteorology, Washington, has recently been making a study of the atmosphere, and presents a mass of data and observations, showing that "the sun should be regarded as an incipient binary star." Recent scientific work in investigating the circulation of the solar atmosphere in accordance with the laws governing that convective and radiative action of a large mass of matter contracting by its own gravitation have led Prof. Bigelow to this hypothesis, that "the single fiery envelope conceals two discs."

A series of observations extending over many years on the period of solar rotation at various points on the surface shows that the "same meridian of the sun is seen twice in a single rotation of the entire mass; first at the eastern limb, and second thirteen days later at the western limb. Whatever may be the intrinsic activity of the sun at a given zone and on a given meridian, that display becomes visible twice, first to the east and second to the west."

The tables prepared by Prof. Bigelow giving the rate of angular rotation of various zones of the sun's surface show that it is far from uniform, being increased in proportion to the distance from the equator. As a little has been done regarding "the fundamental problem of the mode of the internal solar circulation."

HAS TWO SYSTEMS.

This difference of external activity of the sun "on two opposite sides of its mass as if a certain diameter had greater energy than the one at right angles to it" is similar to a recent discovery of Prof. Bigelow in regard to the earth's atmosphere, and leads him to the conclusion already stated, that "this persistent excess of outflowing energy on two opposite sides of the sun suggests the possibility that the sun should be regarded as an incipient binary star where the dumb bell figure of rotation prevails instead of the spheroidal. If this is really the case, and the evidence suggests it, then there would be a reason for the existence of the two primary centres of activity of the sun instead of its having a single one."

From this we should expect to find that the sun has two magnetic and two meteorological systems, and indeed some double-acting system appears to impress itself generally upon the solar cosmical relations. This view is quite in harmony with the well-known fact of the existence of numerous rows of sun spots, more or less widely separated, and it cannot be regarded as unlikely that the sun is developing in the same way. The enormous mass of the sun would seem to entice its constituents to group themselves preferably about two centres for the physical processes involved in circulation and radiation rather than about one, and I suspect that this is the correct explanation of several well-known phenomena."

Ants and Plant Lice.

During the early part of the spring and summer one can often see curled leaves within which are a great many small plant lice. These are attended by ants which feed upon sweet juice or "honey dew" secreted by the plant lice or Aphids. One will often see rows of ants going up and down the trees, and we frequently meet the question, "What shall I do for ants on trees?" The ants are not damaging the trees. It is the plant lice that are accomplishing the injury, and the ants are secondary, doing no real damage. It is very easy to put bands of sticky fly paper, wool, or other impassable barriers around the trees, so that the ants cannot ascend them, but this will not give the necessary relief from the destruction. The proper course is to destroy the plant lice, and this can not be done after the leaves become large and the insects are concealed within their folds. At the present time the plant lice are in the egg stage on the twig. About the time the first green color is commencing to show in the buds, the eggs hatch, and the young Aphids crawl to the leaves, and commence to suck out their juices. This is the time, while they are young and tender and also exposed, to apply soap and water, one pound of common soap in about five gallons of water, or one pound of Whale Oil soap in eight gallons of water, or kerosene emulsion diluted ten times, or tobacco decoction, one pound in one gallon of hot water. Make the spraying thorough at this time, and no future trouble will be experienced. There is no satisfactory remedy for such pests after the leaves become large enough to curl and protect them.

Crown Gall.

In planting young trees if there be found a mass of fine, fibrous roots at the crown of the trunk and root, reject the tree as being seriously diseased and unfit for planting. The more advanced stage of crown gall is marked by a knotty growth looking like hulled walnuts near the top of the main root. Since this is the more advanced stage of warty gall it is, of course, a more emphatic indication for the destruction of the diseased trees.

Thousands Idle Daily.

Figures show 17,000 printers without work every day.

Statistics on the number of workmen idle each day in the year in the United States were computed recently. It is shown that—

Twenty-two thousand cigarmakers are out of work every day in the year.

Fifty-one thousand brick and tileworkers are out of work every day in the year.

Thirteen thousand mill workers are out of work every day in the year.

Seventeen thousand boot and shoemakers are out of work every day in the year.

Ten thousand leather workers are out of work every day in the year.

Two hundred and sixty-eight thousand lumber workers are out of work every day in the year.

One hundred and eighty thousand workers in the industries controlled by 183 industrial combinations are out of work every day in the year.

Seventeen thousand printers are out of work every day in the year.

Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

Highest Railway in Europe Through the Bernina Alps.

Fertile Meadows at an Altitude of 7,000 Feet.—Follows Course of the Rhine.

During the past year a new railroad system has been opened to the public in Rhaetia, Canton Grison, Switzerland, which reaches at one point an altitude of 5,980 feet, the highest point on any railway on the European continent. The entire system is 107 miles long, the gauge being uniformly one meter.

Among all the Alpine regions the Canton Grison stands in many ways pre-eminent. Although but sparsely inhabited it is probably the most extensive and the most fertile of Switzerland. At 7,000 feet above sea level we find fertile meadows, from which rise snow-capped mountains with innumerable brooks rushing on to the rivers below. The village of Coira is surrounded by these high peaks and picturesque valleys, whose shelter are located many large hotels and sanitariums known to the entire civilized world. And of all the valleys of Grison the Engadine is the most beautiful and the most important. In fact, owing to its large extent, its admirable climatic conditions, its fertility, its entrancing scenery, and all that man's handiwork has added to these, it may be counted among the most enchanting of Europe.

BERNINA RANGE TO ST. MORITZ.

Although of little interest to the engineer, the tourist will find this run one of the most attractive along the route, as it offers many beautiful glimpses of the mountains and of the valley which they encompass. Just before reaching Samaden the entire range of the Bernina comes into view. Directly beyond the train emerges from the "Charquarona-Schnee" into open country, and here the charming village of St. Moritz, with its lake, its many hotels and baths may be seen to the best advantage against a background of snow-capped mountains.

It is but natural that the great beauty of the valley, combined with the healing qualities of the many springs of the locality, should every year attract numberless tourists to the Engadine, and especially to St. Moritz, which is particularly in favor, owing to its great altitude of 6,070 feet. During three months of the year, indeed, the valley swarms with visitors from all parts of the globe. Here, at the side of eternal snow, a large town, equipped with all the comforts of modern civilization, has been founded and has flourished. While ordinarily at an altitude of 6,500 feet there is profound solitude, where even the shepherd and his flock and an occasional cabin, imposing hostelry and countless villas scattered over the hills and the plains.

St. Moritz is further blessed in that the proximity of the rivers Inn and Julier furnishes ready sources of electric power. During the period from 1886 to 1891 two electric light stations were erected. A little later a system of electric street railways was installed, the operating current being taken from one of these stations.

Two months before the Albulia railway was completed the "Societe du Reseau de la Rherie" opened the line Reichenau-Ilanz to the public. This line is 11.8 miles long, its maximum grade is 1.4 per cent, and its minimum radius of curvature 328 feet. Beginning where the line Reichenau-Ilanz ends, which extends the town on a bridge across the Upper Rhine, the road under consideration crosses the Lower Rhine on a steel bridge 279 feet long, and follows the gorge of the latter river until a deep cut carries it through the old Plimser Bergstrasse. Above the mouth of the Rabiosa the Rhine is recrossed, the road running on the right side of the river from there to Ilanz.

JUNCTION WITH ST. GOTHARD.

Just below Kaestris the gorge opens out, forming the broad valley Grub. The formation of the ground is more favorable, so that, with the exception of a steel bridge of 121 feet span across the river Glener, nothing of special interest is to be noted. The station Ilanz is the present terminal; it is proposed, however, to extend the line up the valley of the Rhine to a junction with the St. Gothard railway.

A feature of the railway from Reichenau to Ilanz is that along the greater part of its route it does not actually touch any of the places on which it draws for its traffic. The topography of the country has made this impossible, as it has also precluded laying the track directly along the banks of the Rhine, on the left as well as on the right hand side of the river. Neither the one nor the other could be accomplished without introducing excessive grades and largely increasing the costs of construction. At the same time the railroad touches both banks alternately, and in this way constitutes a connecting link.

At the present time the conversion of the motive power of the lines to electricity is under consideration.

Excursion Tickets to Philadelphia and New York via Pennsylvania Railroad.

Beginning May 1st, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will place on a thirty-day excursion tickets to Philadelphia and sixteen-day excursion tickets to New York from the following stations at the rates quoted:—

FROM	30-day Ex. Tickets to Phila.	16-day Ex. Tickets to N. Y.
Williamsport	\$8.00	\$11.05
Lock Haven	9.00	12.20
Berovo	11.65	15.85
Mt. Air	9.15	13.85
Beech Creek	9.40	12.60
Millsburg (via Lock Haven or L. & T. Branch)	9.40	13.40
Bellefonte (via Tyrone)	11.00	15.00
L. & T. Branch	9.40	13.40
Lemont (via Tyrone)	11.00	15.00
Carversville	10.00	14.80
Strawfield	10.50	14.50
Phillipsburg	9.80	13.80
Houtzdale	9.85	13.85
Ocoche	9.80	13.80

Sixteen-day excursion tickets will be sold from New York and Philadelphia to the points named above at the same rates.

If your uncle has an aunt who has a nephew whose wife has a cousin that is married to an old friend of your wife's sister, whose grandfather used to live in the same town with an old schoolmate of yours, whose son-in-law is now in St. Louis, you should at once renew acquaintance with a view of saving hotel bills while attending the World's Fair. This scheme can be worked successfully in many instances.

After 10 years' incessant labor Mrs. Lizzie Hoffman, of Anthony, N. J., has finished what is probably the oldest bed quilt in the country. It is a patch quilt made of 14,800 pieces of silk of all kinds and colors, and every piece of silk came from a different bride's piece.

Russians Have Lost Sixteen Warships.

Thirteen of their Fleet of 23 Larger Vessels Have Been Rendered Useless. Torpedo Boats Sunk. Effective Fighting Force at Port Arthur Reduced to Four Big Ships.

When war between Japan and Russia broke out in early February the Russian fleet in eastern waters was reported to consist of the battleships Cesarevitch, Retzian, Peresviet, Poltava, Pobieda, Sevastopol, Petropavlovsk and the cruisers Boyarin, Rossia, Gromobol, Rurik, Novik, Bogatyr, Variag, Pallada, Diana, Askold and Navarin, and gunboats Coreetz, Mandjur and Razboynik and the torpedo transport Yenesel, with an indefinite fleet of torpedo boats.

Of these the Gromobol, Bogatyr and Rossia were icebound in Vladivostok harbor, the Variag and Coreetz were at Chemulpo, the Razboynik at Masampo, the Mandjur at Shanghai and the remainder at Port Arthur.

RUSSIANS HAVE LOST 16 SHIPS.

The war has been in progress but a trifle more than two months, during which time thirteen of the twenty-three ships named, or more than one-half of the fleet have been destroyed, captured or seriously damaged and the commander-in-chief, Vice-Admiral Makaroff, drowned, leaving the balance of the fleet pitifully weakened and without a competent commander. In addition, three torpedo boat destroyers have been sunk.

Hostilities began on the night of February 8-9, when the battleships Cesarevitch and Retzian and the cruiser Pallada were seriously damaged by Japanese torpedo boats in the harbor of Port Arthur. The Japanese attack was renewed the next day, and the cruisers Novik and Diana were disabled by shots which penetrated them below the water line.

Simultaneously with this second engagement at Port Arthur on February 9th a portion of the Japanese fleet attacked and sunk the cruiser Variag and the gunboat Coreetz of Chemulpo. On February 10th the Razboynik was captured, and on February 11th the torpedo transport Yenesel, with three officers and ninety-three men, was sunk by the explosion of one of its own mines.

The next Russian disaster befell the projected cruiser Boyarin, which was sunk with 184 officers and men on board by a mine explosion February 14th.

A little more than a month elapsed before a third disaster from this source occurred in Port Arthur harbor, when, on March 16th, the torpedo boat Storozh went down, and finally, on April 15th, the great battleship Petropavlovsk and the cruiser Admiral Makaroff and a crew of 700 officers and men, and the battleship Pobieda was injured, but was able to reach her anchorage before sinking.

POLTAVA ALSO DAMAGED.

It is now reported that the battleship Poltava had a hole rammed in its side recently by the Sevastopol while the latter was manoeuvring in Port Arthur harbor.

The Bezstrashny, which was sunk on Wednesday by the Japs, is the second torpedo boat destroyer to suffer that fate, the Steregushchi having sunk after having been captured by the Japs in a fight before Port Arthur.

This summary would indicate that the effective Russian vessels in the Far East had been reduced to the battleships Peresviet and Sevastopol, and the cruisers Gromobol, Rossia, Rurik, Bogatyr, Bana and Navarin, the four cruisers first named being still at Vladivostok. It would appear from this that the Russian fleet in the East is now almost helpless.

Sea Water Source of Animal Life.

Ten years ago the injection of salt water as a restorative to patients dying from loss of blood aroused general interest. The discovery of this quality salt water probably suggested to the French savant, M. Quinon, a long and patient research concerning sea water, the conclusion of which throws unexpected light on and adds support to the Darwinian theory of evolution.

M. Quinon maintains that sea water is the natural source from which, as Professor Haeckel believes, elementary bodies rise, which develop into all the species, including the human. The environment, where in the anatomical elements of living creatures exist is neither more nor less than a marine one. Our tissues and cells continue to exert their functions in fluid where their composition bears the closest resemblance to that of sea water.

Hibbert the number of elements entering into the composition of the living body was considered about 15. M. Quinon has shown the existence of traces of at least 14 others, which are also found in sea water, such as copper, lead, silver and gold. Further, if an animal is bled to the point of exhaustion and the place of the blood supplied with sea water, the animal regains its strength in one day and there is complete recovery in five days.

M. Quinon injected animals with a quantity of sea water greater than their own body weight without toxic effect. The injection of pure water rapidly causes death. This sea water appears to be the true nutriment fluid for animals; in fact, the natural plasma.

The Fruit is Safe 'Tis Said.

Weather has been so chilly that buds are undeveloped.

The cherries and apples, the peaches and plums, even the grapes are safe as the man who annually kills off the fruit crop, frost bites the apples and works havoc in every department of the vegetable kingdom. This man has stepped to the front within the past few days, saying that the recent cold wave had killed off everything and that there would be practically no fruit this summer.

But the fruit killer is wrong