

"Number Eleven."

BY "UASSAN."

Submitted in The Tribune's Short Story Contest.

NOT VERY many years ago there stood, perched on the very summit of Mount Number Eleven, where the now abandoned Graviton road crossed the ridge, a little group of buildings, perhaps a half dozen in all, clustered about the engine house, the head of the planes. It is probable that of the many who have made the trip from Scranton to Hawley on the little passenger trains of the old road few will remember the tiny hamlet at the end of the long climb from Dunmore, but anyone who has walked to the summit of the mountain over the deserted road knows Number Eleven well enough.

It is a little town no longer. Only a few rambling green houses, the dilapidated frame work above a well, and some yards of chip muck haunted stone wall, shows where once the houses were. This last stage of desolation is of rather recent date, however, for only a very few years since the buildings still stood, infinitely more pathetic in their partial decay than in the entire obliteration which has since come upon them.

The head house, where worked the hoisting engines that dragged the trips of loaded cars up the last two planes to the summit, was a pleasant place to work for any one with an eye for the beautiful. A few steps from its door one looked out over the Lackawanna valley, upon the quiet mountains beyond. The city under a haze of yellow smoke lay a little to the left, far below, surrounded by the planes of steam from scores of breakers and factories. On the right, toward the north, the double cone of Elk Hill showed above the nearer ridges, and still farther to the right stretched away the long perspective of mountain after mountain, disappearing in a mist of blue, so delicate that the line where summit and sky joined was vague and intangible. Life was worth while at any time at the head house.

It was still more worth the living for Harry Waters, the fireman, when Mary Burke ran over from the little house across the line to chat with her father, who was engineer. It happened that these visits were of rather common occurrence, for Harry was a fine young fellow, good looking in a large, rugged way, and steady. All the neighbors—not a very imposing number, it is true—and many of the men whose work brought them often through Number Eleven understood that there was to be a wedding as soon as ever Harry's younger brother, with whom he had kept a kind of rude bachelor's hall since the death of their mother, should be able to support himself. Meanwhile, they waited, and found life pleasant indeed in the little mountain town.

It was on a day when only one of these visits of Mary's had been needed to make her own place hardly to be desired by Harry Waters, when the thing happened that made this tale possible. It came in a very slight concern with the matter there would have been only the old, common place story to tell; very interesting, it is true to the audience. Fate is often a good story maker, for she counts no cost to her victims.

Mary was standing in the doorway of the headhouse, looking down the planes, to where, at the foot of a long train of cars was standing, waiting their turn to be drawn, four at a time to the top, where, after being coupled together again, they would start on their long down hill run to the next plane, miles away to the east. Louke was at his post while the cars being hoisted at the time crept slowly

upward. Waters stood watching Mary, occasionally answering some question of hers. Everything was just as it had been hundreds of times before, with no hint of disaster. Just as the cars slid over the plane, and released rumbled heavily away into the tunnel, Burke called to Harry. He started toward the engine, turned to glance at Mary, slipped and fell, and the crank of the machine, as it gradually stopped struck his head.

With a cry Mary sprang to him and dragged him out of danger as the crank swung over again and stopped completely.

"They carried him to his home, followed by a terror stricken handful of friends, and while Joe dashed recklessly down the mountain to Dunmore for a doctor, Mary and her mother did what all women know how to do for a sufferer. He was not dead, that they were sure of, but it seemed that death must be near.

The next day, and the next. Weeks passed and the visits of the good man to the little house on the mountain still kept on. Harry was gaining, he would answer to the inquiries of the men along the line, when they asked after their friend; but as yet there was no telling what the outcome would be. When a man no matter how strong he might be, had an accident of that sort it was a very dubious question whether he could recover fully or not. And even if he did not die there was great danger of his mind being unbalanced by the shock.

Some gloomy prophesy proved only too true. Though the sick man gained in strength there was something missing in his manner, off was dazed and unable to grasp his condition and whereabouts. He even seemed to look on his brother and Mary as strangers. As he grew stronger enough to get about the place it became evident to all that his memory was completely gone. Not that he could not remember things that happened to him daily; but his recollection of his past, before the accident, had left him. He was bewildered and amazed, for a grown man to be obliged to start life as a child would, is an experience likely to confuse anyone. It was touching to see his efforts to remake his acquaintances with his life long friends particularly with Mary. He was shyest with her. She used to look so sadly at him, that it made him most uncomfortable, though he could not have told why.

It was six months after the accident, in the early fall, when Harry was quite strong again, physically, that once more fate took charge. Without any idea of doing so, without any reason for it he achieved that which many men with the best of reasons, backed by the most ingenious minds have failed to do. He disappeared utterly and completely.

The search, which was of course organized, was absolutely without a clue to follow. The nearby woods and mountains were hunted through with no success. Telegrams were sent to the towns along every railroad heading out of Scranton, but all to no purpose. It was a topic of conversation for days in the city, but city like in a week the people had turned to discussing the elections and religion, and forgotten the mystery. But Number Eleven did not forget.

There were almost as many theories held in that small place as there were inhabitants. One superstitious old body held to the belief that gold had been made away with Harry. Mary's father took the more practical view, but equally impossible of proof that that he had wandered off into the wild region to the north, farther than the searchers had penetrated, and had

there fallen into some ravine, where his bones would finally be found. And at least two people—a large and influential party—boldly asserted that "Harry Waters had been none so cracked as he had made out, and that hold girl of Burke's, forever clinging herself at his head. And a wise lad he was too."

The holders of these various theories spent many an evening arguing over them at great length, with no result as far as coming to an agreement was concerned. At the end of winter, when Harry had been missing six months and more, each was more positive than ever that there was but one possible explanation and that was the one he held. Particularly of the old lady of the supernatural ideas.

Then came rumors of the abandonment of the Graviton Road, and for a while the little settlement had a new and all absorbing topic, which indeed lasted until the end of all things at Number Eleven.

The new railroad which was to supplant the old Graviton was completed, now, and the dismantling of the old line was carried out at once. The engines were removed, the headhouse stripped of every thing of value; rails and ties were taken away, and the destruction was complete. The towns along the line set about adjusting themselves to the new conditions of life.

Some became stations of the new road and flourished more under new names with the new regime than they had under the old. Others, left on one side in farming districts, passed into a sort of vegetable existence, and lived a no more vigorous life than did ancient Sleepy Hollow. And Number Eleven died outright. Difficult of access as it was, it would not have been a practical place for farming, even if the soil had not been largely composed of sandstone and great sheets of rock. Once the railroad was taken away its excuse for existence vanished with the dismantled head house. So its inhabitants drifted away to one place, or another, and its houses gradually fell into decay.

The Burke's moved to the city, where John Burke found work on the new road. Mary was employed in one of the stores of the place and time passed more briskly, now that she had good employment to keep her thoughts busy. Not only was there the constant novelty of her new work to occupy her, but new friends to make and new things to learn. There were plenty of young men too, who tried to make the town pleasant to her, but though she was always pleasant and cheerful she gave more than one to understand that she was not for any of them. She could not marry the man of her choice, it was true, but it was not necessary to marry any one, so it seemed to her, in spite of her mother's urging.

So one can leave her, living her quiet life, faithful to her ideal, cherishing the memory of her loss, but not repining over it, during the years that intervened between the first and the last parts of this tale.

Harry's flight from Number Eleven had been the result of one of those strange impulses which sometimes come to persons in his dazed condition. In his complete loss of memory the town and its people had become new and strange to him. The friends, with whom he was becoming acquainted once more, even his brother and Mary, in spite of their kindness were all strangers. There was an unaccountable desire always present, to find some one who had been in that place that seemed really familiar, in a word, to find himself.

The days following his escape as it always seemed to him to have been—were never very clear to Harry. How many years passed, he knew not, in what direction he had come, when one evening he found himself in Albany, were all beyond his comprehension. One thing only was clear. He must find some employment or starve.

He remembered the name of Number Eleven; it had been the answer to the first question he had asked, and he followed his return to consciousness. But his own name he did not know, for beyond the remembrance of his being called Harry when he first began to move about out of doors there was no clue to go on. He had never asked "who am I?"

Of the location of Number Eleven he was equally ignorant. It was too small a place to be in even the most complete gazetteer. Of course, his eagerness to get on in the valley below would lead him to the development of one of the thousands of new towns scattered over the west, where a strong intelligent man cannot fail to make his way. Parker was not long in becoming one of the leading citizens of the town of Number Eleven, and he became undoubtedly well to do.

About this time Harry began to be troubled by half memories, as of some former existence, vague glimpses of events that he could not connect with each other. The vision could be of a grimy building with a girl in a blue dress, standing in the doorway, a girl whom he called Mary and whom he loved was the most persistent of these. Gradually he began to realize that it was his own past, before the house that he remembered that was coming back to him.

A last came the conviction that "Mary" and the girl who had followed him about with her eyes, before he ran away from Number Eleven, were one and the same. He felt the old love for her swell up in his heart,

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 - 6c For a Corset Cover made of cambric, nicely finished, two styles, high and square neck. Two only to each customer.
 - 25c For a fine quality Corset Cover, made of muslin, in the French style, nicely trimmed, with deep embroidery.
 - 1.25 For a French style Corset Cover, extra fine quality, finished with lace and ribbon.
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He would go back to her at once. But perhaps he would not find her waiting faithfully for him. That thought hurt. But no matter, he would go back and see.

But that was much more easily said than done. A search of the maps of the Eastern States showed no Number Eleven. It was too small for that. Oh! if only he could remember the name of the city at the foot of the mountain. Strange that that should be all that held him back. But Mary's last name, too, was not to be recalled. No matter about that thought; let him find the town and Mary would be found, too.

As the months went by Harry's memories became clearer and clearer, until one night as he sat thinking it over, he recalled the name, "Scranton it was," said he to himself quietly, though he wanted to shout it.

Four days later, on Saturday, he was in Scranton. Without stopping to do more than buy a meal he started for Number Eleven. His memory was coming back in waves now. "The road to Dunmore," he remembered. "No need to ask his way. From Dunmore he must walk the rest of the way. It seemed to him that he had never walked so slowly, though he was panting heavily as he climbed the last short hill to where the rail road had crossed the turnpike in the town. He had never walked so slowly; now he realized how familiar every foot of the road was. In an hour he would be at his destination.

When he came to the crossing Harry stopped, agitated. The bridge was gone. The rails were missing from the embankment. "The railroad had been abandoned," he thought. He got on up the planes, past the runs of the headhouses. Everything was desolate. At the incline that leads to the foot of the last two planes, he broke into a run, fearing what the next turn might reveal, not hoping against hope. The sun was sinking behind him as he turned the last bit of the curve, and full in his face burst a glare of reflected glory from a window on the height. It was all right after all.

The steep grade Harry pushed, hardly feeling the fatigue, such as it was, and up to the door of the first house. It was deserted. From one to another he ran only to find the same dismal emptiness. The disappointment was terrible. He sat down on a bench, and he started back toward Dunmore, through the gathering dusk.

How to find Mary, when the still existing gaps in his memory had robbed him of her very name was a tremendous task. But even as it was he was not hopeless. By the time Harry had reached the point where he should leave the old railroad track for the turnpike a plan was completed in his mind.

Just at this place stands a solitary house, now occupied by the old watchman whose duty it is to warn trespassers off the property still owned by the company that operated the Graviton road. It was quite dark when Harry came to this, and the elderly man, who had been waiting for him, said it might be possible to find out here what had become of the people of Number Eleven.

The old man's answer to Harry's questions came from despair to happiness. "Yes, I knew them all well up there. What had become of them?" Oh, they had gone to different places. Who was it you might be asking after, may be? A young girl named Mary, is it? Oh, that would be Burke's girl, to be sure; her that that scamp of a Harry Waters ran away from. And a great pity, that such a fine girl should be wastin' herself for such a fellow. Where does she live now? Sure, you needn't be so short with a man. Somewhere in Scranton, but I dunno where. Sure, I never saw a man in such a mood as you are, full of already and the old man went in grumbling.

Harry was past Dunmore hurrying toward the city where he had staid himself down. He was Harry Waters then, not Harry Parker, and it was Mary Burke he was searching for. And she was living in Scranton, waiting for him. He wanted to shout. They believed he had deserted her, did they? everyone but Mary. Ah that was a grand thought. She knew. And when the watchman left, Harry let him but get a directory and his task would be done. How slowly the street car moved.

Mary had been sitting with her father that evening talking with her neighbor who had dropped in for a chat. When the watchman left, old Mr. Burke went with him to look at the wonderful litter of puppies they had

been discussing. A moment later Mary heard steps on the porch.

"It's father come back for some thing," said she, as she went to open the door for him. But instead of her father, a stranger stood there, a stranger who looked at her silently a moment, and then, stretching out his hands to her, said simply "Mary."

"Oh Harry," she cried. That was all, but it was enough and more than enough.

ISLAND OF MONTE CRISTO.
History of the Spot Made Famous by Dumas.
From the Detroit Free Press.

The submarine cable connecting the mainland of Italy with the island of Monte Cristo is now completed. No changes have been made in the island, and the small, but pretty villa, surrounded by its picturesque grounds and park, has not been enlarged, as when the King and Queen stay there they will disapprove the attacks of the admiralty and live the life of private people of bourgeois rank.

The history of this island rendered so famous by the most popular of all the novels of Alexandre Dumas, writes the Marquis de Fontenay, is an interesting one, which doubtless those who have read the book will like to hear. From the eighth to the sixteenth century it was inhabited by monks, the ruins of whose monastery perched on the loftiest peak of the highlands, are still to be seen, as are likewise the ruins of the fort on the seashore, which they built in the thirteenth century, to defend themselves against the attacks of the Barbary pirates. The latter, however, invaded the island in force in the sixteenth century, sacked the monastery and carried the monks off into slavery in Tunis and Algeria. For the next two hundred years the island remained absolutely uninhabited, and it was not until the end of the eighteenth century that the Grand Duke of Tuscany established a penal colony there, with a small garrison of soldiers to keep watch over the convicts.

This was in turn abandoned after a time, and again the island remained uninhabited until a very wealthy and eccentric Englishman of the name of Taylor took a fancy to these places, and, yielding to a number of years, his island monarchy and his eccentric isolation undoubtedly giving to Alexandre Dumas the idea of his novel of "Monte Cristo." At length Taylor sold the island and disappeared, thereupon first of all the Tuscan authorities, and after 1890 the Italian government, made vain efforts to colonize it, ultimately selling it to the well known Florentine Marquis Grimaldi, who used it as a game preserve.

MOST COSTLY OF DRUGS.
Some Sell at Retail for More Than Their Weight in Gold.
From the Kansas City Journal.

"The price of many drugs used in medicine is astonishing to those who are not acquainted with the subject," remarked a druggist. "There are several that are worth their weight in gold, about \$30 an ounce, while \$2, \$5 or \$5 an ounce are quite common in pharmacy. I filled a prescription the other day that cost \$25, but there is one drug that I can recall which is worth more than its weight in gold. That is pseudo-phosphorus. I don't think that it has a regular name. It is too rich for the pharmacist's list it is quoted at \$1 a grain, or \$437.50 an ounce. The seed from which the drug is made grows in India and Brazil, as well as in parts of South Africa. This seed, tradition says, was once used by native chiefs as an ordeal. The ordeal generally resulted in the death of the man upon whom it was tried and so was considered as a great truth finding. The prepared drug is sometimes used now in prescriptions for the treatment of heart disease.

"Another drug which takes the pain for costliness is, curiously enough, the one which is perhaps the most widely known by name of them all to the general public—namely, musk. Its retail price at the present moment is about \$50 an ounce, \$600 a pound or thereabout, or two and a half times the value of pure gold, 24 carats fine. It is obtained from the musk deer, a very rare animal, and is contained in

a follicle, of which there is only one in each animal, so that an ounce of the drug represents approximately one of those precious animals. As it is largely used for scents, the demand constantly exceeds the supply, and the price has been steadily advancing. There is no reason why it should not go to \$250 or \$300 an ounce during the next few years, as the musk deer is gradually vanishing from the face of the earth."

PHOTOGRAPHING HORSES.
Little Tricks of the Camera to Get the Best Effects.
From the New York Tribune.

Photographs of horse show prize winners and of beasts whose owners aspire to honors are in good demand during show times, and photographers who make that branch of their business a specialty have a large time.

"It makes no easy matter to make a good horse picture," said one photographer, "although every amateur thinks himself equal to the task. A horse must be taken from the proper point or his owner will not recognize the picture. If the camera is too near the subject certain points will be exaggerated in the photograph.

"The best results are obtained by placing the horse on a slight incline, so that the forefeet are a trifle higher than the hind feet. This position throws the head up. Then snapping the fingers or making any slight noise will cause the animal to prick up his ears, and at the moment when he is in this position of attention the photographer makes the picture.

"When horses in harness are to be photographed they must be posed on level ground or on a slight incline. To make them look alive a hat or a card is sometimes sealed in front of them, and at the moment when they look up the snap shot is made.

"When pictures of horses in action are made we usually place the camera near the ground, and by that means we get the best hoof positions, which cannot be secured when the camera is held or placed at the ordinary height.

"To make pictures of jumping horses the same method is employed, and the height of the jump is sometimes exaggerated by placing the camera low to the ground level. An excavation is made in the ground for that purpose, and pictures made from there increase the apparent height of horses and make a small jump look something remarkable."

TRAGIC CHRISTMAS DAYS.
World's Greatest Holiday Has Often Been Reddened by Blood.
From the London Mail.

Christmas, which should be and usually is the merriest day of all the year, has sometimes been reddened by bloodshed and blackened by tragedy.

One of the most barbarous of the persecutions against the Christians was begun by Diocletian on Christmas day. A. D. 303, a church in Nicomedia, filled with Christians, was ordered by him to be set on fire. EVERY WAY of egress was barred, and not a single worshipper escaped the flames.

Multiple in 1696 was a melancholy scene in England, which is now always celebrated with the utmost eagerness, for Harold, the last of the Saxons, had fallen before the Norman conqueror, and on December 25 of that year William the Conqueror was crowned in Westminster abbey. The occasion was signalized by the slaughter of a huge crowd of Anglo-Saxons outside of the church through a mistaken idea that they had risen in revolt.

Exactly two years later there was an uprising of the mountaineers in the northern counties who had to throw off the Norman yoke. William marched in person against the rebels and directed a universal slaughter. His men surprised several garisons, and put them to the sword. Neither age nor sex was spared, and every house in the disaffected regions was razed to the ground. It is said that over 100,000 men, women and children perished on December 25, 1068.

It was on Christmas day in the year 1159 that Thomas Becket, the greatest English cleric of his day, ascended the cathedral pulpit at Canterbury and preached what may be considered his own funeral sermon. The words he made use of so angered Henry II that he let fall those fatal words, "If anybody loved me, he would hit me of this turbulent priest."

Four knights took him at his word, and on December 29 they slew the prelate before the altar of St. Dunstons.

The Tribune's Prize Stories.

THOSE stories which were awarded prizes in The Tribune's recent "Story Contest" have all been published and we are pleased to announce that nearly all the contestants have consented to have their stories printed. A very few have failed to reply to our letter of inquiry, and from this we conclude that "silence gives consent."

This means that The Tribune will be able to publish a very interesting series of stories, nearly all of which are based on local fact or tradition, the scenes being laid in the Lackawanna valley. The stories, with but very few exceptions, are woven about mine incidents, making them of still greater interest.

The Tribune will publish these stories in the order named below, and those wishing extra copies of any particular issue should place their orders in advance to avoid disappointment, as there is always an extra demand for the paper on these days.

- Saturday, June 8.—"Brave Lada," by A. Edna Maloue.
- Wednesday, June 12.—"The Avon Strike," by Irving Sidney Dix.
- Saturday, June 15.—"A Romance of the Clear Spring," by Agnes Joyce.
- Wednesday, June 19.—"Archer Trevford, J., Editor," by Ernest L. Bovard.

Other stories that will follow, the dates for which will be announced later, are:

- "A Christian Man," by Howard Le Grande.
- "The Sceptre of the Coal Chute," by Martin Joyce.
- "Little Dick, the Driver Boy," by Duane R. Dills.
- "Avenged," by Beatrice.
- "The Little Silk Weaver," by George Harvey.
- "The Miner's Pride," by Regina Hetherton.
- "Dick, the Driver Boy," by L. Pauline Megargel.
- "A Summer Holiday," by Abigail Greenough.
- "And a Little Child Shall Lead Them," by Dora Rowe.
- "The Haunted Sprigley," by Mary Nealon.
- "Misunderstood," by Rose Van B. Speece.
- "Cousin Bill," by F. R. Ovid.
- "The Hero of the Grange Disaster," by James Watkess.
- "A Peep Behind the Curtain," by William S. Hoskins.
- "A Timely Rescue," by Myrtle Reed.
- "Won His Bride in a Coal Mine," by Mrs. L. E. Hammond.

New York Announcement.

Horner's Furniture is the subject of this announcement. The term stands for everything that is reliable and fashionable in Furniture, in both the simple and ornate lines, whether wanted for town or country homes. Two other important features are the moderate prices at which the goods are marked, and their unequalled assortments.

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On December 25, 1861, John Weyll failed to show about to preach his Christmas sermon.

One of the saddest Christmas knowers in London was that of the year 1662. The great plague had stricken the city and the people were dying at the rate of 1,000 a day.

MADE A LOAN TO A ROBBER.

Lord Stanhope Gave Highwayman Start in Honorable Career.
From the Chicago Chronicle.

The Duchess of Cleveland, the mother of Lord Roebuck, although 80 years old, is a charming conversationalist and can tell a story as well as her son. One of her favorite stories is about her father, Earl Stanhope, one night when the earl was walking alone in the Kentish town, a man jumped out of the hedge, levelled a pistol and demanded his purse.

"My good man, I have no money with me," said Lord Stanhope in his remarkably slow tone. The other laid hands on his watch.

"No," Lord Stanhope went on, "what watch you must not have; it was given to me by my father. I have it worth \$100. If you will trust me I will go back to Cheevering and bring a \$100 note and place it in the hollow of your tree. I cannot lose my watch."

The man did trust him. The earl did bring the note. Years after Lord Stanhope was at a robbery, and next to him sat a London highwayman of great wealth, a man who reported, "He and the earl talked of many things and found each other mutually entertaining. Next day Lord Stanhope received a letter, out of which dropped a silver note. The highwayman's kind heart was melted by this note. "What started me in the line and enabled me to have the house of standing next to your lordship at dinner?" A strange story. The highwayman was a strange case, and things happen to show that never did so good come to other people.

No Danger from Parasites.

There seems little danger from parasitism of parasites. With parasite and protoplasmic insects the food habits are minute and food. They can live on nothing but their natural food, and in the absence of the diet the parasite subsists occasionally imported. For example, will feed upon nothing but wide leaves of a particular genus, such as a mulberry leaf, or even as the third stage larvae of the European silk moth. The greatest difficulty in keeping the little house flies, and even actually obliged to cultivate them. The only way to keep them is to keep them in a certain scale insects, and in with all the rest. Everybody's Magazine.