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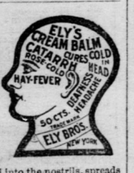

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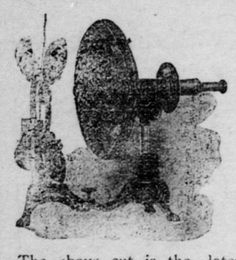

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EQUAL PARTNERS

By HOWARD FIELDING

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CHAPTER XVII.

THE RUNAWAY.

BRENDA sat down by the bed, and she looked very beautiful, a circumstance upon which Elsie did not fail to comment with great satisfaction.

"You will be very happy," she said. And then she heaved a little sigh, presumably for herself.

"My dear child," replied Brenda, "this is altogether too sudden and incomprehensible to suit a conventional person like myself. This weird flirtation of the madhouse which Dr. Kendall and I seem to have begun in a manner shamelessly public may be only the temporary aberration of our minds and have nothing to do with our hearts. I hope it will strike in; I do most devoutly. Then you and Clarence could arrange your agreeable romance without remorse"—

"That is ended," said Elsie. "In fact, it never began. Brenda, you opened your heart to me; let me open mine to you. I want some one in the world, some one whom I care for, to know the whole truth."

"Are you sure you really wish to trust me with this confidence?" asked Brenda earnestly. "You do not really know me. Your mother may soon be with you."

"I would never tell my mother," said Elsie sadly. "She has had trouble enough. As for trusting you, knowing you—why, it seems to me that we have been here together since the dawn of recorded history and you were my friend the first minute. I'm afraid you may not care to be after you have heard the story, but I don't want to hold you by false pretenses. So hear me, Brenda."

"It will not excite you? It will not make you ill again?"

"It would excite and worry me if I should stop now after I have made up my mind," said Elsie. "Listen. You shall know everything but a name. I can't tell you that."

Brenda was silent. She was saying to herself: "I am afraid. My heart is trembling for this girl."

"It doesn't matter when, it doesn't matter where," continued Elsie, "but when and where fate pleased I met a man who took a great liking to me. I know little now, and I knew far less then, though it wasn't so long ago. He was an educated man, and I was not an educated girl, but I wished that I was. We met in a merry party, and I expected him to talk frivolity. He didn't. His conversation was very improving. Oh, he took a deep interest in my mind.

"What idiots girls are! Why, this man read me like a book. He saw that I was full of yellow covered ambitions and ten cent aspirations. He had probably seen a great many girls equally deserving of encouragement. I thought he was splendid. I put my hand in his and prepared to ascend the hill of learning.

"It was a supper after the theater, and we rode to my house together in a hansom afterward at 2 o'clock in the morning, and the chaperon of our supper party rode in another direction in another hansom with another man. My escort talked about the 'Rubaiyat' of Omar Khayyam, and I then first appreciated the beauties of that sublime composition. Afterward he spoke of my work in a very earnest and encouraging way. He let me know that he had been quite a student of the drama and that his criticism and advice would be of the greatest assistance. That, at least, was the inference. Finally he bade me good night on the doorsteps, with a gentle sadness in his manner which let me know that there was a romance in his life. That made me feel safe, for at that time I surely did not want him to fall in love with me, and I still retained the delusion of my earlier years that romances in a person's life acted like vaccination.

"The gentleman called upon me the next afternoon, and he was very entertaining as well as instructive. He brought me a large book. I forget what it was about. The next day he took me out to dinner, and I remember that he gave me some very shrewd and helpful criticism about my work. Then I didn't see him for two whole days, and I began to miss him very much. At that time I was lonely. My girl friends in the profession were all out of town, and some of the men in the company who wished to be kind to me were rough in their ways—not at all like the cultured gentleman whose acquaintance I had been so fortunate as to make."

"But didn't you ask about him?" said Brenda. "Didn't you find out how he stood socially?"

Elsie laughed.

"How was I to find out any of those things?" she said. "The world is a big place, in the midst of which is society as you know it, a little mutual insurance company for the purpose of protecting its members, especially the younger ones, against accidents. I only knew that I liked this man and that he seemed to be a true friend to me. What other guide was I to have except my own beautiful ignorance?"

"I don't know," said Brenda aloud, but to herself she was saying: "The more wrong she has suffered the more I want to help her. I won't let anything take her away from me."

"Presently I heard the story of the romance in his life," continued Elsie. "It appeared that the gentleman was married—most unhappily. Where was his wife? He had permitted her to obtain a divorce. This was pure generosity on his part. He would rather suffer an injustice than attack in the courts the woman he had sworn to love and cherish. He mentioned several high society precedents for this conduct. In fact, he convinced me that divorce was, upon the whole, a mark of distinction in these days. It appeared that his was a sort of limited divorce which did not permit him to remarry, but after this aspect of it had been presented to me on several occasions he discovered that he could marry under certain conditions with the full sanction of the law and heaven.

"Well, Brenda, let's be fair. I wanted to marry the man. I persuaded myself that I was in love with him. I wasn't. I can see that now. I wasn't within a million miles of loving him, but I was ready to be loved, Brenda; that's the truth about it. My heart was full of tenderness, and I saw the whole world rose tinted in the light of the dawn of love. That's poetical. But wait a minute. I am coming to something very unromantic. I wrote this story, Brenda—wrote it all down for a great heart thrilling novel—and then had sense enough to burn it. But that helps me to tell it straight, and you'll catch fine phrases now and then, but you won't laugh at me.

"Well, we were engaged, of course. My fiance presented me with a diamond ring, and diamonds are my soul's delight. After I got this one I used to keep a little light burning in my room at night so that I might see it sparkle if I happened to be wakeful. I subsequently learned that there was a financial irregularity involved in the obtaining of the glittering gem, but I did not learn that until after it had passed out of my possession."

"Where did fate find this precious rascal?" whispered Brenda. "And why did fate send him to you?"

"Why did fate send a good man afterward?" said Elsie. "Why not before? Well, 'the moving finger writes and having writ, moves on'— It was to be. Finally the gentleman announced that a marriage under the laws of the state of Pennsylvania would meet the requirements of the situation. I was a good deal startled by this definite suggestion, and I wrote to my mother on the subject for the first time. The gentleman took the letter to post, and it has not been delivered yet, thank heaven!

"Before it was time to get an answer sudden business of great importance called my fiance to Philadelphia. How opportune! Well, Brenda, I packed a little hand bag and went. What must you think of me?"

Brenda bent down gently and kissed Elsie's hand and held it against her face.

"I don't know the story yet," she said, "but you have portrayed a thorough scoundrel. And you have also shown me a trusting and true hearted girl who went to be married with an innocent heart. Blessed heaven! Think of a man for whom a young and pure girl will go out into the world like that, as if to walk in the fields! Should not every fiber of my soul be thrilled to loyalty for all his life?"

"The gentleman in question had no soul," said Elsie. "I think he will be spared all punishment hereafter, as the brutes are. Let us proceed, Brenda, dear. The remainder of the story is not long. We took the 11 o'clock train and reached Philadelphia in time for luncheon. Our marriage was to be kept secret for awhile, and there seemed to be some slight objection to the public dining room of the hotel where our hansom set us down. However, we lunched there quite hastily, for I had no appetite. Then we re-entered the hansom and went to look for a minister. We had remarkable difficulty in finding one, considering that Philadelphia is a large city full of churches, but we finally succeeded. Then it appeared that we had neglected to comply with certain formalities, but the clergyman was able to rectify the matter, and so we were married pitifully, as I see it now, with stupid old servants and a chance laborer who happened to be at work in the house as our witnesses.

"When we got back to the hotel, it was 6 o'clock, and I was nearly famished. We hurried right into the dining room, and my husband ordered a great spread, with champagne, for our miserable celebration, and now I will tell you the unromantic part. In the midst of that dinner, and while I fancied that I was eating with a splendid appetite, I was suddenly seized with the most awful pain that ever devastated my poor little stomach. Yes, Brenda, it was a regular, terrible stomach ache—just pain, without a bit of nausea. I felt as if some one had my stomach in his hand—a hand about the size of Captain Neale's—and was crushing it to pieces.

"My husband said he guessed it would soon pass away, but it didn't, and so he left his dinner and ran out to a drug store to get me something to take. When he came back, I took it, and I didn't feel any worse, because that wasn't possible, but I certainly felt no better. In a few minutes I began to realize that I was going out of my wits. I talked insanely and saw things that weren't there. The next thing I knew we were riding up in an elevator, and it seemed to go up for a week. Then there was a woman leading me along a hall and into a room, and she began to take off my clothes in the bedroom of a little suit. I stared at her and asked her who she was.

"'I'm the assistant housekeeper,' she said. 'I belong to the hotel.'

"As if she had been a piece of furniture. Then I asked where my husband was, and she said he had gone out for a doctor. So she made me lie down. Probably I seemed to be there on that bed, but in reality—my own reality—I was playing in that old barnstorming company and studying, studying, studying on long parts that were always changing, but sometimes I was a little girl again in a town way out in Michigan, running through the streets, with my long legs flying and my heels touching the back of my head, as my mother used to say. I stole the neighbors' flowers in the scented June evenings and staid out under the little whispering stars till my mother came, weeping with anxiety, to bring me home. And, strangely enough, right in the midst of it all there stood the doctor, a tall, gaunt young man, asking me how I felt. But where was my husband?

"'He has not got back,' said the woman. 'I was afraid to wait any longer, so I got this gentleman, who is a New York doctor stopping in the hotel.'

"Then I felt something sharp pricking my arm and afterward the pain was easier, and my mind suddenly became as clear as it is now. I heard the doctor say that I would be all right when I had had some sleep, and then my husband appeared, looking in between the curtains that hung by the bedroom door. It seems that he had not brought a doctor, but had left word for one to come.

"My husband remained there, between the curtains, perfectly rigid, staring, pale as a ghost. He was looking at the doctor beside my bed, and glancing up I saw that the doctor was staring at him.

"'You!' said the doctor, and he took three strides out of the room, my husband backing away as the other advanced.

"They whispered together; they thought I could not hear. But, Brenda, I would have heard them if they had been in New York.

"'She says you were married this afternoon,' said the doctor. 'How is that?'

"'Who in the devil's name called you in?' demanded my husband. 'Where did you come from?'

"'This is state prison business,' said the doctor, without minding the questions. 'You are living legally separated from your wife, but you are not divorced, and you never will be by your own consent, for her father is paying you to behave yourself.'

"'There has been no marriage here,' said my husband. 'Don't say anything. This is a mere freak of mine. I'll make it right with you if you'll keep quiet.'

"'You lie,' said the doctor, and then, 'Am I too late to save her?'

"My husband answered 'Yes.' Brenda, how is it possible for a human being to utter a falsehood like that? I was no more to him than you are except that I had promised before God to be his wife. And the doctor looked him in the eyes a moment and then struck him across the face with the back of his open hand and went out of the room.

"My husband came to the curtains and looked in; then he approached the bed, and I groaned as loud as I could. At that he seemed to lose his wits. He ran around the room aimlessly and at last snatched his hat from the floor and rushed out. I suppose he was going for another doctor.

"When he was gone, I invented an errand and sent the woman away. Then I got up and dressed. I don't know how it was possible for me to do it, but I seemed to be as light as a feather. I got out of the hotel easily enough and took a cab to the railroad station. I had not money enough for a sleeper, so I rode in a day coach all the way to New York, but my mind was in a thousand places, and some of them were beautiful, and I was happy there, and again I was in terror and pain.

"When I left the train at Jersey City, my head was bursting upon my shoulders and the air was fire. Honestly, Brenda, when the ferryboat ran into the slip on this side, I thought it was the mouth of the infernal regions. It looked like a great cave full of flames and it seemed that I was being crushed and thrust into it. Yet I must have had some part of my senses, for I found a cab and gave the driver my address. And so I came home from my wedding journey, Brenda. I let myself in with my key, and the people in the house never knew that I had been away that night. They found me ill and got a doctor for me, and before the day was over I was nearly well. The doctor said I must have eaten some sort of a thing—what do they call it—I always think of tomatoes."

"Ptomaines," said Brenda. "Oh, you poor child; you poor, wretched, lucky little Elsie! I am so glad, so glad!"

"Would you believe," said Elsie, "that that man tried to get my heart back again, to plead his cause with me? Well, he did, and, though I had peace for quite a long time, of late I have been much annoyed by him. You can understand now why Clarence Alden's love was torture to me, why—well, why I bought the picture of Tantalus to look at, Brenda. Oh, I love him, I love him so much! The feast of the heart that I can never have! He is everything I want, Brenda."

"But why in the name of all martyrdom should you hesitate to tell this story to him?" exclaimed Brenda. "What bar can it be to your marriage?"

"One day," said Elsie slowly, "when I was beginning to love Clarence so that my heart sang of him all the time, I was walking on Broadway and had stopped to look in at a jeweler's window. And I glanced up, and Clarence was coming down the street with that doctor!"

"The one who attended you in Philadelphia?"

"Yes," said Elsie. "They were laughing and talking together, and I shrank into a doorway and died of shame as they passed. Suppose they had seen me?"

"I think no harm would have come of it," said Brenda.

"Suppose I married Clarence and we should meet him then?"

"But, my dear," exclaimed Brenda, "take the wildest possible supposition. Say that this doctor believed the worst and told it to Clarence and lived to finish the story, which unless he is Samson reincarnated is not possible, it would make no difference. Unless Clarence can believe you absolutely against every other voice in the world, you don't want to marry him anyway."

"You don't know men," said Elsie, shaking her head. "One little doubt, and there is misery for a lifetime. I heard Clarence speak once of a woman who had gone wrong. It frightened my bones until they turned to dust in my body."

"But, Elsie, you haven't done any wrong," pleaded Brenda. "You were cruelly deceived"—

"I no more than the others," replied Elsie. "Every woman who goes wrong is deceived, or there would be no wrong. The point is, Brenda, that that is not the way to get married. No really good girl ever does such a thing. I should have had my mother and my friends to see me make my vow. That is the only right way; your way, Brenda, the way of your world. And, besides, I haven't told you all. I am really his wife."

"What do you mean?"

"His wife from whom he was separated was abroad at the time," said Elsie. "She died two days before my marriage. That's why I called him my husband all the way through the story."

Brenda was speechless for some seconds before the spectacle of this fatality.

"I don't see that that makes it any worse," she said at last. "Better, I should say. Such a marriage can be easily annulled. It does not even require a divorce."

"It requires legal proceedings," said Elsie. "It means publicity and branding. It means that Clarence Alden's wife will be marked as a woman with a past, with a romantic scandal attached to her name. It would be bad enough, Brenda, for him to marry me anyway, but an actress, with that story fastened to her! Well, you know what all the world would say. No; I would rather die. I would rather he should never know. I'd lie to him, Brenda, if necessary—I have lied to him, as you are aware—rather than he should think me the sort of girl who, on a hasty acquaintance with a man about whom she knows nothing, would run away to a strange city, trusting to luck to be married there."

Brenda kissed Elsie's hand again very tenderly.

"I'll tell you what, my dear," said she; "the fact is that you have brooded over this matter until you are not quite sane about it. I really mean what I say. Now, this is my advice to you: Tell Mr. Alden this story just as soon as you're strong enough to do it and"—

Elsie gripped her hand hard.

"I have told you this in confidence," she said. "Give me your solemn word that you will never breathe one syllable of it; that you will help me in every way to conceal it! Promise!"

"The word and honor of one who loves you, Elsie," Brenda answered. "Whatever you wish I will do."

"You are so good to me!" said Elsie, letting her head sink back into the pillows.

"There is one thing more," said Brenda. "Did he, your husband, strike this blow?"

"Don't ask me that," cried Elsie. "I can never tell you how I got this wound. Think what a frightful burden that knowledge would be to you if I should die."

CHAPTER XVIII.

BRENDA OFFERS A BRIBE AND A CAUTION.

ALDEN looked in at St. Winifred's about 6 o'clock, as was his custom before going to dinner. He had always left word where he should dine and had never gone far from the hospital.

On this occasion he met Mr. Elmendorf at the head of the stairs by which one ascends from the street level within the structure. The most unobservant and preoccupied person could not have failed to note that Elmendorf was possessed by an unusual excitement. Alden's greeting was simply, "What's the matter?" and the words were spoken in great anxiety.

"Nothing—nothing at all," replied Elmendorf. "Miss Miller is better than

"We'll begin with A."

ever. She ought to be dead after what she's been through, but she isn't. She's fine, I assure you."

"What has she been through?" demanded Alden, and the detective became singularly embarrassed. He would say nothing except that Elsie had had a hard day.

"But I've struck a little clew in the case," he continued, brightening. "It looks to me like a sure thing. But don't ask what it is just yet. All I want is the names of all the doctors you know in New York."

"All the doctors I know!" echoed Alden in surprise. "Isn't that rather a large order? How am I going to remember them all?"

"We shan't need absolutely all," said the detective. "You can skip the old ones and the fat ones and the short ones. In fact, I want a tall, thin, gaunt man, and if you could remember walking down Broadway with him awhile ago, perhaps two months"—

Alden laughed gently.

"I say, Brother Elmendorf," said he, "you're rattled, aren't you?"

"Perhaps I am," the detective admitted. "This new clew absolutely stands my case on its head. It seems to prove squarely and fairly that everything I had figured on was not only wrong; it was upside down. However, let us not be hasty. Let us think about the doctors. I'll take a list of them."

And he produced pencil and paper for that purpose.

"Now," said he, "we'll begin with A."

"Tall, thin, young doctor, whose name begins with 'A?'" said Alden. "I don't know any; but, passing to B, there's Blair."

Elmendorf leaned back against the wall and put the pencil and paper into his pockets.

"Do you mean to tell me that you knew Dr. A. G. Blair before this case came up?" he asked in a sort of hopeless tone almost laughable.

"Why, certainly," replied Alden. "I'd met him."

"You showed no sign of it over at Mrs. Simmons'," said Elmendorf.

"Didn't I? Well, the Lord knows what I did there. Blair certainly bowed to me."

"I was watching you," said Elmendorf. "However, this simplifies matters. You didn't know Blair well?"

"Not intimately. I'd met him several times, and," he added, with a smile, "I may have walked down Broadway with him but I don't remember."

"It's only a small matter," said the detective, with a resumption of his usual demeanor. "I want to ask Blair a question; that's all."

"I'll go over with you," said Alden. "Wait till I have seen Kendall."

He walked toward the doctor's room and at the first turn of the hall encountered Brenda.

"You were going to see Dr. Kendall?" she asked. "Please wait in his room."

She hurried by him and reached the spot where Alden and the detective had stood, just as the latter was upon the stairs, for it had not suited Elmendorf's purpose to wait for Alden.

"I must speak with you privately at once," she said. "Come."

There was a sort of bay window opening from one of the corridors, and she led Elmendorf there. They were partially shielded from observation and could speak in guarded tones without much risk of being overheard.

"Mr. Elmendorf," she said, "how could you do this thing? I have a serious wish to know."

"I can do anything," he answered, the picture of shame and woe. "There's absolutely no good in me. What made you think there was?"

"Do you remember that you rose when you saw that I was not seated," said she, "in Elsie's room that first terrible day? That's not much, but your manner was fully that of a gentleman."

"I was trained in a gentleman's home in Massachusetts," said Elmendorf. "So was the gentleman's dog, and we both remained brutes."

"You arranged a place to listen," said Brenda, "in that unused room next Elsie's. The nurse who helped you has confessed to Dr. Kendall. It was she and not you who overheard the story told this afternoon."

"She and not I?" echoed Elmendorf in a voice of the dead. "Do you think I ever listened there? Miss Maclane, there's some limit even to what I will do. No, no; I took the chance; that's all. This nurse, whom I seem to have got into a lot of trouble, as I always get everybody sooner or later—this nurse listened when her duties would let her. I knew Miss Miller would some day tell her story to you."

"Now that you have heard the story, what shall you do?" asked Brenda.

"It seems evident," replied Elmendorf, "that Dr. Blair is the physician referred to in that story. He has known her secret from the beginning. That was why she had him here, to plead with him. Well, I've no faith in Blair. He's crooked, or I'm no judge. But he seems to have played a fairly creditable part toward Elsie Miller."

"Dr. Blair!" exclaimed Brenda. "Think of his being called to dress her wound! Think of his standing there in that room with Neale and ourselves and keeping his own counsel so quietly! I begin to have an admiration for him."

"Well, I wouldn't go so far as that," said Elmendorf. "He has had his selfish ends to serve. However, that is neither here nor there now. I am going to him and I shall make him tell me who that man is."

"Her husband?"

"Yes."

"Then what will you do?" she added.

"Find him," said Elmendorf, "and see that he gets what he deserves. This will afford me many different kinds of satisfaction, Miss Maclane. I shall have credit for it in the newspapers, and they're the only friends I've got. My job will be safe for another year at least; I shall beat Joe Neale, whom I hate devoutly, and, lastly, I shall get square with the coward who struck down that little girl. I have longed for him ever since I first saw her. It's a poor thing to do for her, but it's all I ever can do, I'm afraid."

"It is no service to her," said Brenda; "far from it. You will reveal her secret."

"Nothing can save that," he replied. "It is a mere dream to think it can be done."

"It is not a dream," rejoined Brenda. "It shall be kept a secret if possible. She is wise to wish it, though of course she should tell Mr. Alden, and that she will do as soon as her mind gets back to its proper balance after its long strain with his wretched story. But she is right in thinking that publication of it will leave a stain upon her and perhaps bring many sorrows to herself and Mr. Alden. It will be distorted and redistorted in the telling until the poor girl's name can never be clear of it. And in any case I have given my word. Mr. Elmendorf, will money help?"

Elmendorf was silent.

"I think you are not a man to take a bribe," she began.

"Yes, I am," said Elmendorf decisively, "but not just here. If the circumstances were different, why, I could be bought and sold like my associates. But this isn't the time nor the place."

"You would like to get out of this life into a better one," said Brenda.

"I suppose most of us would," replied Elmendorf, "except that dying is disagreeable."

Brenda laughed, as one sometimes will at a funeral, from the effect of contrast.

"I didn't mean that," she said. "I meant that you would like another way of earning your bread. And I think you might have very high ambitions in another career. My father will put you in the way of profitable business, but don't fancy I would tempt you with an empty promise. I am rich in my own right by inheritance from my mother, and I will be glad to help you. We will give this a color of perfectly honorable dealing, and it shall be so indeed. Take $50,000 of my money and select whatever business pleases you, and I will be a silent partner, an equal partner, in the enterprise."

"Fifty thousand dollars," said Elmendorf, with awe in his tones. "Why, Miss Maclane, this is what I have prayed for. The idea of a tenth of it is the explanation of my going on the force. And to think that it should come at last in a way that I can't touch it! 'Billy Elmendorf's luck,' as the boys say."

At this moment Kendall, passing through the corridor hastily, glanced in toward the window.

"Brenda! Come!" he said. "The nurse you left there has sent for me."

Brenda turned as white as paper.

"It is I who let her talk and excite herself!" she said huskily. "I may have killed her."

She turned and seized Elmendorf's arm.

"One thing more," she said almost in a whisper. "Remember my promise and also remember this—that Elsie has not said it was her husband who struck the blow. Do not make an error now for your own sake and for—for all of us."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A HUMAN FOREST.

How Indian Tribesmen Succeed In Escaping the Police.

Some of the Indian tribes over which we rule give us a great deal of trouble, notably the Mahsuds. The Mahsuds, however, are not by any means the worst of the Indian robber tribes, the unenviable distinction probably falling to the Bhils, who are the cleverest scoundrels in the world, both in their methods of acquiring other people's property and in evading pursuit.

They are very proud of their skill in pilfering and openly boast of it. One of them once told a British officer that he could steal the blanket from under him and was promptly challenged to show his ability. That night when the officer was fast asleep the Bhil robber cut a hole in his tent, crept noiselessly in and gently tickled the hands and feet of the sleeping man. The officer stirred uneasily and turned over. In this way the Bhil was able to pull the blanket out a little way. By repeating his performance he finally succeeded in "coaxing" the blanket completely from under the sleeper.

When engaged in his nefarious little games, the Bhil wears hardly any clothing, and his lithe body is rubbed with oil to facilitate escape from any would be captors. When hotly pursued by the British troops, the robbers make use of a very clever device. They conceal their scant clothing under their small round shields and scatter them about to resemble stones or bowlders; then, picking up a few twigs—if there are any to be had—they assume all sorts of grotesque attitudes, their almost fleshless limbs silhouetted against the dark night sky closely resembling the charred limbs of a tree. Absolutely motionless, they hold their positions till the enemy has passed them.

In this way a British subaltern in charge of a party sent to capture some Bhils was considerably startled one evening. The pursuit had completely lost sight of the robbers, and finally the party drew rein by a clump of gnarled and bent tree trunks, tired and hot from their hard exertions. The officer in charge took off his hat and placed it on the end of a broken limb, when instantly there was a wild scream of laughter, and the tree trunks suddenly came to life and vanished in the darkness.—London Express.

FARM AND GARDEN

AN ITEM IN SPRAYING.

Pure Paris Green and Simple Tests For Adulterants.

While much has been written and said on the subject of spraying, there are some details necessary to the success of the operation that may well bear further exposition. The Illinois station has treated of these small technicalities in a recent bulletin, which includes some clear and practical talk on paris green, as follows:

Perhaps the simplest test to determine whether a green has been extensively adulterated is the color test. Pure paris green has a bright green color a shade or two lighter than emerald. Any samples which have a dull or a pale, washed out appearance should at once be discarded without further question. By placing a small quantity in, say, a homeopathic vial and tapping the latter gently on the bottom or side adulterants can be made to separate from the green and can then be seen as white streaks or patches against the glass sides of the vial. The pure green remains bright green against the glass.

HIGH AND LOW GRADE PARIS GREEN AS SEEN UNDER THE MICROSCOPE.

In connection with the color test Professor Woodworth of the California station has devised the following simple test, which can be made by any one and which will show immediately if the sample is worthy of any further consideration: Place upon a clean glass plate a small quantity of green—what one can easily pick up on the point of a penknife. Tilt the plate at a slight angle and gently tap the edge just enough to cause the green to flow down, leaving a streak across the plate. If the green is of good quality, the streak will be a bright, light emerald green; if adulterated, a whitish or a sickly dull green. Any samples which exhibit the latter are either adulterated or of low grade and as such are not worthy of further consideration.

Another very simple way to show the presence of adulterants is the ammonia test. Pure paris green is wholly soluble in ammonia, while some of its common adulterants are not. Therefore if after dissolving a small quantity in ammonia any residue remains undissolved the sample has been adulterated and should be discarded. Unfortunately this test does not show the presence of any free or uncombined arsenious oxide, which, although it has not been considered strictly an adulterant on the ground of its poisoning qualities, is nevertheless objectionable on account of its injurious action on the foliage.

One of the quickest and surest means of determining the presence of any adulterant or objectionable ingredient is the compound microscope. Placed under an objective of medium

BOGUS PARIS GREEN AS SEEN UNDER THE MICROSCOPE.

power, say one-quarter inch, paris green is seen to consist wholly of clean green spheres, and in a pure sample this is all that can be seen.

The upper figure of the first cut is the reproduction of a photomicrograph of a high grade sample. A low grade green will have something of the appearance shown in the lower figure. In addition to the clean green balls a number of crystals are seen which are almost wholly those of free arsenious oxide put in to make up the strength of a low grade article. When the arsenic is added in the process of manufacture or results from careless manipulation, it is more difficult to detect it. In that case it is usually found sticking to the green balls themselves, giving them an irregular outline and causing them on the whole to aggregate into masses.

Umbrella Inconsistencies.

"There's something remarkable about this umbrella," said Jawleigh, exhibiting the antique handle.

"I suppose," remarked his friend, "you refer to the fact that while your name is John Anderson Jawleigh the monogram is F. L. T.? Nothing peculiar about that at all, sir."—Baltimore News.

Declining.

The Friend—Is the editor enjoying good health?

The Poet (sadly)—No; from what I've seen of him he has been declining for the last five years.—Philadelphia Record.

Pretty Slow.

When a girl pins a flower on a man's coat, she always tilts her chin up and looks at it sideways, and the man who doesn't tumble is slow enough to get run over by a hearse.

The specter of unpaid bills never haunts those who buy only what they can afford.

The greatest of all pleasures is to give pleasure to one we love.