

Had She Forgotten?

My little cousin, aged eight, was eating dinner one day when some little girls came to play with her, says the Chicago Tribune. They would not come into the house, but said they would play in the swing until she came out

Soon her little brother, aged six, left the room, and she said: "O, Wal-ter can't eat; he wants to go and firt with the girls." Her mother was surprised and asked her what flirting meant. She looked up and said, innocently, "Why, mamma, have you forgotten?"

Exaggerated Clothes.

Some women always dress loudly, always wear the extremes of fashion,

and even exaggerate extremes. If checked cloth, pointed shoes, short coats, or long coats are in style, they insist on broader checks, more pointed shoes, shorter skirts and longer coats than the fashion pre-

In other words, everything is ex ggerated, so that people will think that they are not only right up to

fashion, but also a little ahead.

Women who dress in this manner suffer, because such things indicate certain character qualities—inordin ate vanity, an overestimation of one importance, superficiality, foolish -New Haven Register.

Advice to Wives.

Nothing is so consoling to a worried man of affairs as to know that he can always find a harbor of refuge in his home,

Hence (advises an observant woman) the wife should seek always to make the home an abode of peace. Her troubles and perplexities should be reserved for discussion when he is comfortable and at leisure, and not sprung upon him the moment he enthe house at the close of his

Many men fight their way success fully through years of anxious business toil only to be broken down at last by the frets and jars of ill-man-aged households and the incessant gabble of wives who insist on deluging them with their domestic grieves .- New York Journal.

Telephone Voice.

"Next to knowing how I look," said the busy woman, "I'd like to know how my voice sounds over the telephone. I am quite sure it doesn't he said, sound natural. Nobody else's does. Most people keep their telephone voice packed away with their company manners. It is so different from the tones of ordinary use that it is hardly recognizable. Take our manager's voice for example. In correct less that hardly recognizable. Take our manager's voice, for example. In general conversation his voice is so heavy that it fairly makes the furniture rattle, but when he gets busy at the telephone, especially if there happens to be a woman at the other end of the wire, he assumes so many vocal graces that you would think Caruso himself was at the 'phone Caruso himself was at the 'phone. Even girls—and they talk more nat-urally than men—employ many strange inflections, so it stands to reason that I must do the same."

Miss Cromwell Cooks Rice.

They tell a good story on Miss Dorothea Cromwell. She has not been brought up as a housekeeper, her attention being devoted rather to development of her talents as a musi-cian painter and whip. But a short time ago she visited the bungalow of a young matron in Long Island's ut-termost part, and in the course of her stay both the maids took French leave. Miss Cromwell valiantly essayed to aid her chum, pending the arrival of the new maids ordered from Manhattan by telephone. She found two pounds of rice in the bijou kitchen, and, while her cuits the society girl undertook to make a pudding. Pouring the entire two pounds of rice into a pot, she set it to boil, and she was astonished to see the vast bulk the cereal at- for nice tailored wear. tained. As the boiling continued the rice swelled and swelled until soon Miss Cromwell was ladling it out with both hands. That is to say, she with both hands. That is to say, she had a ladle in each hand, and both were kept busy. She filled all the other vessels in the kitchen, but still the rice swelled. In the end Miss Cromwell and her chum had to throw most of the cereal outdoors to keep it from boiling over. It is said the society girl since then has taken great interest in cooking schools .-New York Press.

When Girls Try to Please Men.

One very often sees in the journals devoted to women a list of rules by which the uninitiated members of the weaker sex may win the affections of the stronger. These usually beof the stronger. These usually begin, "Never be late in keeping an appointment," go on with much good advice about wearing roses and smiles when greeting their lordships, and and end "Be a good listener, but talk little," says the Baltimore News.

Exactly what wiseacre compounds these sage axioms, deponent refuses to state, but sometimes one is in-clined to believe that it is a man.

The writer knows a number of young women who are extremely popwas ever in time for an en- plain gagement in her life. All pride them- readily because removable.

selves on being unpunctual, selfish and somewhat heartless.

A young woman remarked brazenly the other day that men did not like girls who were too prompt. "They prefer to be kept waiting a bit," she said. "They don't like you to seem too anxious. In fact, that old verse about a woman, a spaniel and a walnut tree originally read 'a man, a spaniel and a walnut tree—the more you beat them the better they be.

And then she broke an engagement with an adoring youth by tele-phone and went off to take a walk with a young woman of whom she is

The married woman present protested cynically: "A man may like a woman who makes him wait and flouts him before he is married to her; he doesn't after. Why, when I met John I treated him exactly as met John I treated him exactly as Helen is now treating Robert. I broke engagements with him when-ever it suited me to do so, and it-did very often. If I had an appoint-ment to lunch with him somewhere down town at 1 o'clock I would stroll in at 2 coal and calm to find my in at 2, cool and calm, to find my fiance probably swearing inwardly, but outwardly composed and delighted to see me.

"'At least,' I used to say to my-self, 'he can see I am not running af-ter him.' My treatment of him had been so scurvy during our betrothal that I really believe John was not quite sure the day we were married whether I would be on hand or not. He was at the house at an unseemly hour to know whether I was well, and was up, and would be on time. I was only twenty minutes late at the church, but that was because father made such a row that I had to go

'The first time that I was to meet John to take luncheon with him after the wedding he made the hour 1.30. 'That will give you plenty of time to make a grand toilet and arrive in time,' he said, and then he added, soberly, 'I should advise you to be punctual.'

'I arrived at 2.30 and looked about for John. He was nowhere in sight, but after awhile a bell boy came to me and asked me if I were Mrs. Blank, and when I said I was he informed me that Mr. Blank had waited for me fifteen minutes and then gone back to his office.

"I ate luncheon alone and had it out with John that night. 'My dear,' he said, 'I have spent two years, more or less, waiting for you. Now I have made up my mind I will do it no more. You must be in time for appointments with me or you will not

"That was three years ago, and I am the most punctual person imaginable now. I am telling you this merely as an illustration that though men may be attracted by indiffer-ence and carelessness before they are married, they make all possible haste to mold the girl of their choice into a punctual and thoughtful woman afterward.

'Men like girls who treat them with indifference," persisted one of her listeners, doggedly.

"They may marry such a person, but they marry her to reform her if they do," replied the married woman.



Watermelon pink is a serviceable color for linen and chambray morning gowns

Smart patent leather ties with white kid tops have tiny "collars" of patmarried ent leather.

Bordered t

are quite the up-to-date selection un-Colored Panamas with handsome

wings and ribbon are stunning hats A dress or waist of net, plain or

fancy, is appropriate for any and every season of the year. It requires young and charming

faces to be suited by the odd and un-usual shapes in millinery. The stripes that encircle the waist are less likely to increase its apparent size than the popular Roman

The decoration on so many of the embroidered stiff collars is placed at the very front that the muslin and ace bows almost conceal it.

Striped belts are quite popular with lingerie gowns or waists, in many cases the color of the stripe re-peating that of the gown accessories.

Thick full ruffles of lace between wristband and sleeve cap of cloth give a rounded appearance to the arm that is not quite so full as one

With dressy toilettes glove ribbons the exact shade of the gloves and also of the gown trimmings encircle the arm, tying in a coquettish bow on the outside of the arm just above the elbow.

Plastrons that are simple in themyoung women who are extremely popular with men, and who count their embroidery of dots and buttonholed suitors by the score, but not one of edges, most effectively dress up a linen costume and launder



Subject: The Sabbath Day.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Preaching at the Irving Square Presbyterian Church, on the above theme, the pastor, the Rev. Ira Wemmell Henderson, took as his text, Exodus 20:9-11: "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy." He said:

If Moses had never handed down this law of God for the guidance of Israel and of Christendom the truth would yet remain the same, that the

If Moses had never handed down this law of God for the guidance of Israel and of Christendom the truth would yet remain the same, that the Sabbath day should be kept holy. The Sabbath day is one of the greatest blessings mankind enjoys, whether it be looked upon as the result of a divine decree or of human legislation. Had God never declared His will on this point it is very certain humanity would from sheer force of necessity set one day in seven apart as God's day, or if not as God's day, at least as a day of rest from toil.

The Sabbath day, viewed from whatever stand you may choose, is abundantly justified. It satisfies the needs of men spiritually and physically. It is right, it is necessary, it is sensible. The longings of the human heart for better and fuller communion with the Father above are satisfied in a peculiar manner, when menset aside one day a week for meditation, communion with God and for the cultivation of the soul. However much we may believe that the Christ life should be our practice in all the walks of our busy life, and however well we may put our theory of the Christian life into action, the truth still is this, that we are better fitted for further victory and strengthened in larger measure for continued service when we set this one day aside in a special sense for God and for our own growth in grace through contact with His people. The highest Christian life is the result of the centering and pooling of like spiritual interests. No man has so much enthusiasm as he who is one of a company whose hearts and minds are single unto service and whose lives are dominated by the same ideals. In the crowd, not the cloister, is the place for the Christian. God is attained most, easiest and bost through contact with men of pure life and far vision rather than through personal concentration. This is not to say that meditation has not its place, for it is necessary. But it must not fill our lives to the harm of other interests and duties. Communion with God, contact with God's people, meditation a our lives to the harm of other interests and duties. Communion with God, contact with God's people, meditation and soul culture, all these are necessary to the man who would grow to be like Jesus, who would cultivate his spiritual powers. And the Sabbath is a special day and a glorious means whereby we may strengthen the spiritual powers God has granted to us.

Then, too, mankind needs a day of rest from material toil for the preservation of the physical powers. No man who does a fair day's work six

rest from material toll for the preservation of the physical powers. No man who does a fair day's work six times a week and who earns an honest living by the sweat of his brow or with mental toil, is fit for six more save as he rests a day between. There is no man so foolish as the one who burns the light of life with never a stop to replenish the fuel that the body must receive. To rest is not necessarily to be lazy. There can be no true rest save for the man who has earned it through willing and healthy toil. Rest is the due and the duty of every true workman. And duty of every true workman. A if it be the need and the reward if it be the need and the reward of those who have honorably and sufficiently labored, how much more must it be necessitous for those poor, downtrodden wretches who areforced to work the wine press of modern business life until heart is sick and body wearied almost unto death? Ah, yes, beloved, man needs the Sabbath—the rest day, as the Hebrews called it—for replenishment and recharging with the physical energies that suswith the physical energies that sus

tain life.
The Sabbath day is set apart as The Sabbath day is set apart as a day of rest and worship, not without reason, but because it is right so to do. It is the duty of man to serve God all the time and in a special manner to draw near to Him once a week at least God is worthy of one-seventh of humanity's time and undivided attention for that period. Jehovah can't do much for the soul that spends seven days a week in guest of spends seven days a week in quest of a living, nor can that man who is foolish enough to so spend his time a living, nor can that man who is foolish enough to so spend his time entirely get very near to God. Then, too, the Sabbath is a sensible institution. We are all well aware that were it not the law of human life to quit work at least once a week we would all end soon in an early grave. The Sabbath with its beneficent blessings sets us on anew with recuperated bodies, with rested minds, with fresh hope in our hearts, with inspired souls, upon the days of the week that are to come if we use it rightly. Had God not filled the hearts of men with this truth that the Sabbath is a sensible institution—a business proposition, if you will, for the physical, mental and spiritual man—it is not hard to realize that greed would have us labor all the days of our lives. Then, too, the Sabbath is a necessity. Man gives God but small chance in the six days of hurry and rush of the business life, no matter how conscientious man may be. ter how conscientious man may be Man, on the other hand, cannot stand Man on the other hand, cannot stand seven days of uninterrupted labor for long. For the conservation of human strength, for the upbuilding of the spiritual and religious life in man, for the glory of God and the entrance of the soul into fellowship with Him, the Sabbath is a necessity. Without it we should become aged before our time and blunted in spiritual perception. With it we may know the joy of true rest well earned and may take time to become like Jesus.

In this day and time, and in this

In this day and time, and in this land, the divine authority of the Sab-bath must be emphasized and up-held. The words of Jesus which permitted men to do acts of mercy on the Sabbath and to secure enough to eat to restrain hunger and to sustain the human system, can never, logical-ly or righteously, be made an excuse

for unnecessary labor or for a general holiday. The Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath. for unnecessary labor or for a general holiday. The Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath. But the Sabbath was instituted for the preservation and regeneration of the body and the inspiration and cultivation of the soul of man, and not as a means to idleness and loose living. There is a difference between the Sabbath and the Saturday half-holiday. And the general disregard by our people of the great memorial days that commemorate the birth of the nation, the sacrifice of her martyrs, the advent of her mighty men, is but a reflex of that disregard of the meaning and the obligation of God's day—the Sabbath—which He gave to man. People who will not revere the Lord will not long remember Lincoln. Men who will cast aside the Saviour of the world cannot be expected to spend much time to commemorate the deaths and sacrifices of the saviours of the Union. To put the Sabbath, the rest day, on Monday will not make men go to church; nor will the placing of Memorial Day on Sunday be efficient to turn the hearts of careless men to the contemplation and commemoration of the blood that flowed at Harper's Ferry, Fort Sumter, Vicksburg, and the rest. The man who feels no sympathy for the Christ on Calvary will feel less for those who fell on the bloody field at Gettysburg. What to him are the birth pains of the nations?

The tendency to turn the American Sabbath into a Continental Sunday is as perilous as it is pernicious. It strikes at the religious, the best and the central life of the people. The endeavor to escape Puritanism has led to all sorts of loose living and misspent leisure. As between Puritanism and Continentalism give me the law to the letter, rather than no law at all. The Sabbath should hot be given over to rictous living

he law to the letter, rather than no law at all. The Sabbath should

no law at all. The Sabbath should not be given over to rictous living. On the other-hand, in our endeavor to escape with Christ the killing letter of the law, we have, I think, gone too far. There are many things that are necessary and that must be done on the Sabbath, and contrariwise, there are many things done on the Sabbath that could be as well done on week days, and as many more that could well be left undone altogether. The word of Christ that the Sabbath was made for man can in no wise vas made for man can in no wise xcuse the unnecessary labors that excuse the unnecessary labors that many tradesmen have to perform on Sunday. How many men and women who go to Coney Island or a hundred other places on Sunday can rightly plead necessity as excuse for putting extra labor upon multitudes of men? The Sunday paper tends to become a curse, not because it is unhealthy or unwise to read the news on the Sabbath, but because it puts unnecessary labor, in the majority of cases, upon a host and robs thousands of the common day of rest. The man who can't get shaved on Saturday has no real excuse for making the barber who can't get shaved on Saturday has no real excuse for making the barber, work on the Sabbath. I do not want to descend to trivial things, but you all know, as well as I, that there are a thousand and one things done that have no business to be performed on the Sabbath.

We need a readjustment to-day in our estimate of values. Sunday as the Sabbath is a boon to man. Sunday as a side show to the other six days of the week is a sacrilege.

The Transforming Power of Life.

The Transforming Power of Life.

The Arabs have a saying about the palm tree, that it stands with its feet in salt water and its head in the sun. They often cannot drink the brackish water found in the oasis where the palm grows, but they tap the tree and drink the sweet palm

sap.

The palm tree by the magic of its The palm tree by the magic of its inner life can so change the elements found in the unkindly soil around it that they minister to its growth and strength and fruit-bearing. So we in our earthly life must often have our feet in the mire and bitterness of sin around us; and upon our heads will often beat the fierce heat of temptation. But in spite of these things we shall be able to grow and grow strong, if within there is the making of a new life through Jesus Christ.—Bible Advocate.

The strength of God is very gentle. He does not make a great noise in lifting the tides or in speeding the stars in their courses. The sunshine is one of His greatest treasuries of power. He turns the hearts of stalwart sinners by the touch of infant fingers or by the memory of a pious mother's spiritual beauty and fidelity. By loving invitations, tender encouragements and manifold ministries of patience and sympathy. He encourages the penitence and the faith of sinful and weak human hearts. His children should seek more of His gentleness. We are too easily tempted to bluster and violence. We forget that gentleness is greatness as well as goodness. If we would do brave deeds, let us seek to be filled with divine gentleness.—Northern Christian Advocate. is one of His greatest treasuries of tian Advocate

How Christ Makes Something of Us. An English preacher used the following illustration: "Once there was a brier growing in the ditch, and there came along a gardener with his spade. As he dug round it and lifted it out, the brier said to itself: 'What is he doing that for?' Doesn't he know that I am only an old, worthless brier?' But the gardener took it and planted it amid his flowers, while the brier said: 'What a mistake he has made, planting an old brier like myself among suchrose trees as these!'" self among such rose trees as these

Carrying the Cross.

In the mind of Jesus the cross is not a particular misfortune, but the measure of suffering implied in every act of love and self denial; this is the sense in which it is the very instrument of redemption; Jesus carried His cross, and those who follow Him must imitate Him, and in like manner carry a cross for the salvamanner carry a cross for the salva-tion of the world.—Auguste Saba-

Sing Amid the Shadows.

Anybody can sing in the sunshine; you and I should sing when the sun has gone down, and when clouds pour out their rains, for Christ is with us. -J. R. Miller

By HAYDEN CARRUTH.

Folks have more time to make it pleasant for one another in small towns than they have in cities. I the court requires any expert evidence on this point, a subpoena may be issued for Mr. S----, of Cleveland. Says he

"I made a little visit recently to "I made a little visit recently to the town where I was born. Every body there knows me, and they all call me 'Charlie,' and slap me on the back, and that sort of thing. I got there in the evening, and the first thing next morning dropped around to Judge Pingtree's office. He got up from his desk and paralyzed my hand with his grasp; then without asking me to sit down, he said: 'I'm sorry, Charlie, but I've got a lot of mail to look over, and must attend to it; but Jim Doolittle is in the next room-you remember Jim-and you just walk out with him and see the improvements on the west side of town.' So he called Jim in, and we started out.

"Jim was a good walker, and he took me to the farthest edge of town. I failed to see many improvements, though there was no lack of signs of decay; but I enjoyed the walk, which must have been over two miles in length, out and back. When we en-tered the office the Judge was deep in a confidential talk with a client, but after a moment he looked up and said, 'Oh, hello! back, are you? Then he lowered his voice and continued: 'Sorry, old boy, but a deucedly important case has just come in, and I can't give you a sec-ond now. But it won't make any dif-ference, because you want to see the improvements on the east side of town, of course, and Joe Easy—you remember Joe—was just saying that

he'd like to take you over. At this
Joe came up, and we started out.
"The east side of town seemed to show less improvement than the west; but again, on account of old associations, I enjoyed the walk, though it was somewhat longer than the other, and I was beginning to-feel a bit tired when we got back. met the telegraph operator at the office door, and found the Judge in tently reading a dispatch. 'Hello!' he cried again. 'Well, here it goes once more—important telegram that needs immediate attention. But after that I will be free; and in the meantime you go up and see the im-provements on the north side. Here's provements on the north side. Here's
Tom Dodge(oil—you remember Tom
—and he'll go with you. You know,
I'm interested in the north side. See
you later!' came cheerfully as I went
off with Tom. On this trip I walked three miles, and saw the shabbiest part of town which had yet presented itself. I was beginning to be suspicious, but the Judge had seemed so innocent, and the others had worked so hard to interest me, that I couldn't doubt their sincerity.

"But I was genuinely tired when we got back to the office. This time the Judge met me with radiant face. 'Well, I'm free at last,' he exclaimed. Visions of an easy-chair and a familiar chat came to me; but he went on:
'Now you just come with me and see
the improvements in our best part of town—the south side; you won't know it now.' He took my arm and we started out. On the threshold an excited man met us, seized the Judge by the lapel and led him into a re-After a mote corner of his office. moment the Judge approached me, his face the picture of woe. 'This man's liberty and perhaps his life depend on my giving him half an hour now. It's most unfortunate—but no matter,' he added, hurriedly, as he saw me advancing toward a chair; 'here's Uncle Asa Pokeabout—you remember Uncle Asa-he'll just take ou down and show you the south ide as well as I could do it myself —or better.' Uncle Asa grasped my hand with a cackling laugh, and then hopped away along the sidewalk with his cane, calling on me to come. The Judge rushed back to his client.
There was nothing to do but to follow the old inhabitant, though I was beginning to feel morally certain that the whole thing was a put-up job. I was more than ever convinced of it when I saw that the entire south side You might better have looked Pompeii for improvements. But Uncle Asa toddled resolutely onward, Pompeii talking to me of incidents which hap pened before I was born, as if of course I remembered all about them and I could only follow. Finally we came to the last house, and I paused, expecting he would turn back. No he; he begged of me that I would go a half-mile out into the country, see Hen Podsworthy's new barn. I ture was about fifteen by twenty unpainted, and standing on blocks like a stove in a railroad waiting room. After I had duly gushed over it, we started back; and although Uncle Asa appeared to have been born some time in the century before last, he steamed along at the rate of about five knots an hour, while I struggled behind. I was tired enough to drop when we got back to the office, and somewhat excited, too. That scoundrel of a Judge met me with the blandest smile I ever saw. 'I hope you enjoyed seeing the advances that the old south side has made,' he said Then he went on: 'Now here is Bill Shirker—you remember Bill—I want you to go with Bill up to the northwest side to see the 'You dastardly wretch!' I shout-'I won't do it! You've shot me

You've shot me about this time as if I was a croquet ball as much as you are going to!' There was a roar of laughter which shook the windows, and the whole cumbents of the Anglican Church of male population of the place crowded in from an adjoining room, while the and a half millions.

Seeing the Improvements. Judge collapsed in his chair, and Uncle Asa choked until the doctor had to pound him on the back. The upshot of it was that it cost me four lollars and eighty-five cents to buy cider and cigars for that crowd; but I guess I enjoyed it as much as any of them when, I recovered my equilibrium. After all, it's in these small towns that they enjoy life."—Harper's Magazine.

A BLOW IN THE HEAD

Which Changed a Man's Character and Set Him to Work.

What effect a blow on the head may have upon the one who receives t no man can predict. Stories have been written the turning point of which was the recovery of memory ost by such a blow. In more recent times instances have come to light—through modern psychological treatment—in which personality was apparently quite changed by a blow on the head. Many a backward schoolboy, even when apparently eager to do criminal things, has been found to be suffering from the effect of such a shock received years before and to be curable by surgery.

Seldomeis such a story more thrill-ng than the true one which changed

the life of a young writer who died recently in a Western city.

From his earliest boyhood he had been incorrigible. He began running away from home before he was three years old, and as soon as he was of school age became a terror to his chool age became a terror to his eacher. He stole from his mother, ed other boys astray, and by his misadventures and his habit of going. on long journeys with the roughest of tramps kept his mother on the

verge of nervous prostration.

Every imaginable plea was tried in yain with him. He made promises, only to break them. He seemed unable to resist the mad impulse to vaga-bondage which impelled him. Several times his parents had him examined times his parents had him examined for sanity, and the verdict of the alienists was that there was some-cause of mental disturbance which they could not determine. The police of many States came to know

At last his behavior so wore on his mother that she was driven to Europe in order that she might rest for a time out of hearing of his adventures. Even in Europe, however, she was not free from him, for, tramping through the Continent, he encountered her in a public park. No one could have been more disreputable in appearance than the ramp who thus confronted her, but the mother's heart went out to him, and she persuaded him to remain a little while

'At least," she said, "if you must do this way, let me provide you with money. Let me hear from you once in a while. Let me know you are

safe and well."

All this he promised to do, and

having a desire to see South America went with her consent to England to embark on a sailing vessel for a tramp through that Continent. As they lay at anchor in the harbor mouth waiting for clearer weather, fellow passenger and he stood in he bow, looking out into the fog. Suddenly, without warning, a huge

teamship crashed into them and cut into the sailing ship's wooden 1. Spars fell from aloft, and the hull. fellow passenger was instantly killed. The American was picked up uncon-scious, with a jagged wound in his head where a spar had struck him.

He lay unconscious in the hospital for a long time, tenderly nursed by his mother, and then passed through a siege of brain fever. But when the illness was over and he was rational and conscious again a change had been wrought. Something had been altered in his brain, and all the passion for vagabondage had left him. He cared for tramping no longer.

"I only want to go to work to turn my knowledge of the tramp's world to account," he said, "so that I may prevent as many other boys as posible from going the terrible road I

To that end he long devoted himself. He wrote many stories of tramping days, but through them all an the note of sorrow that so many ears of his life had been lost in diseputable wanderings .- Youth's Companion.

His Apology.

Rather thoughtlessly, writes a corspondent, I had placed my hat on the seat in a somewhat dim corner of a city cafe, with the result that a stout middle-aged man of prosperous appearance, who entered with a friend, sat upon it in a decisive manner and crushed it beyond recogni-tion. He rose hastily, and held the broken article up in the air, with a look of surprise. I awaited his pro-found apologies, only to hear him ry, in a loud, combative voice: "No ability for a hat left on the seat like He said no more.-Manthat, sir chester Guardian.

Snakes Kill 75,000 Yearly.

An inexpensive instrument called the "snake-bite lancet," the inven-tion of Sir Lander Brunton, has been ntroduced in India with splendid results. It is being introduced by the Government in an effort to reduce the fearful loss of life which amounts

to 75,000 persons each year.

A report by one person is to the effect that he had saved the lives of twenty persons bitten by cobras and karaits within the last year by the use of one lancet.

The total income of the 14,117 in-