

## A POET'S MUSINGS.

SHALL I? SHALL I?  
Shall I delight in wealth,  
And strive to win and store  
Stake and body, time and health  
On this—on nothing more?  
Or shall I this with fame unite,  
Then hazard o'er and o'er  
In dress and time and delight—  
In these—no more and more?  
Or shall I pleasure add thereto,  
And risk, as said before,  
Enjoy the fleeting hours through—  
With these—and nothing more?  
Or shall I also comfort choose,  
Thus gaining more and more,  
Believing thus I'll else to lose,  
For these—and nothing more?  
When this I've done, what then will buy  
The hope that once I bore?  
What then will buy the soul that I  
Lose with all these and more?

GRIEF.  
Grief has many faces, if seen without reason—  
If analyzed has many more;  
If drawn to the heart with temper and season  
The soul and the heart till they're sore.  
But if left to shed its own tears for its sorrow,  
As laughing you let it go,  
You'll find by the time you have welcomed the  
morrow,  
Its sadness has nearly all flown.

You'll find where it seemed to loom up in the  
gloom;  
Full many bright threads in the web;  
You'll find where it sat much of cheerfulness  
roaming,  
And track its thence wandering hoof;  
And there in its stead, you will find what  
seemed causing  
The grief, with its gall and its woe,  
Was much of imagining's fearfullest swing,  
Yet doubting, unready to go.

Then laugh once again till the echoes go ringing  
Among the old tremblings of doubt,  
And try once again at some cheerful song sing-  
ing.  
'Twill threaten your fears with a rout,  
But if you resist and persist in remaining,  
Then know you stand with your good,  
For pure honest grief purifies with its paining,  
Ennobles as nothing else could.

EVERLASTING.  
The one that loves  
Is like the dove  
Alert for danger viewing,  
The liking one  
Is soon undone,  
To bickings turned its cooing.  
They who don't care,  
Beware, beware,  
They're worthless, what their price is;  
They who hate own  
Let well alone,  
Avoid the dangerous crisis,  
Let "chase" abide  
And "liking" glide,  
With "don't care" for its leisure,  
But cling to love,  
All things above,  
'Tis good whatever its measure,  
'Twill never fail,  
And never grieves,  
But cling and joy forever;  
'Twill comfort more  
Than o'er before,  
Thus ever, ever, ever.

CHICAGO, ILL. OLIVAS MIDSUMMER.

## BERENICE ST. CYR.

A Story of Love, Intrigue,  
and Crime.

BY DWIGHT BALDWIN.

### CHAPTER X—Continued.

"In that view of the case, I may venture to make him a proposition."  
"Let us hear it."  
"If he will promise upon this honor of his, in which you have such confidence, that he will at once reveal the hiding place of the bonds, I'll permit you to go."  
"With whom?" asked Cole, eagerly.  
"In the carriage, and unattended. The hackman will drive her home."  
"I'll do it!"  
"But what is to become of Cole?" queried the anxious girl.  
"If his information turns out to be correct, he will be set free."  
"When?"  
"As soon as we have an opportunity to cash the bonds and find a place of safety outside Chicago."  
"Very well," replied Cole, after exchanging a look with the young lady.  
"You promise, on your honor, to locate them?"  
"I promise, on my honor, to tell you where I placed them."  
"And where they still remain?"  
"For aught I have done to remove them?"  
"Good enough. Remember, though, that any treachery will cause you to forfeit your life!"  
"I understand."  
"Take the young lady to her carriage, Mart, and tell the coachman to drive her home."  
"All right, this way, miss."  
"Could our young friends have seen the look that passed between the two desperate men who were plotting for a fortune, they would have placed no confidence in their promises."  
"Good-by," said Cole, extending his hand.

"Good-by," returned the girl, returning the pressure of his hand with a fervor that bespoke plainer than words her love and devotion.  
The situation of our hero was desperate in the extreme, yet his heart beat joyfully as he saw the fair girl disappear from the room.  
Not only had he secured her escape from perils greater than death itself, but he knew now with what feelings she regarded him.  
"Now for your part," said Almon, imperatively.  
"Wait a moment."  
"For what?"  
"Until your partner returns."  
"And why?"  
"He may be detaining her outside."  
"Why couldn't he deliver her to a confederate?" sneered Sears.  
"I'm not afraid of that. You're playing too desperate a game to have many confederates."

The entrance of Bloom put a stop to the discussion.  
"Now, then," said the younger villain, "the bonds!"  
"I placed them in my right boot-leg."  
The two men sprang forward together, and in an instant the article in question was removed from the foot of the helpless prisoner.

A howl of rage went up from the two desperate schemers when they found the boot to be empty.  
"Duped!" shouted Bloom.  
"He shall die for it!" cried Sears, snatching a revolver from the table and raising it threateningly.  
"Hold on!" warned Bloom.  
"What now?"  
"Look at these."  
The burglar handed his accomplice two fragments of paper that he had picked up from the floor.

"The corners of two of the bonds," cried the latter a moment later.  
"Then he's told the truth?"  
"Beyond a doubt!"  
"And the bonds?"  
"Were pulled out and lost while we were drawing and carrying him about."  
"That's it. We may find them in the old building on Clark street."

"Perhaps, but it's not likely. But one thing remains."  
"What's that?"  
"The remainder of the St. Cyr estate. We can secure that."  
"And the—mur—mur—"  
"I understand. It will be blamed on Winters here, as we planned all the time. The chloroform!"  
"Well, make a sure thing of it this time," said Bloom, as he handed the other a bottle.  
"Hold on! What's the matter?"  
This from behind them caused the two to start and turn in sudden alarm.  
It proceeded from the late occupant of the sofa, who was advancing toward them with rather unsteady steps.  
"What are you going to do?" he demanded, thickly.

"Put him out of the way," answered Sears, producing a handkerchief and removing the stopper from the bottle.  
"Don't do that!"  
The speaker lurched forward and well-nigh knocked the bottle from the young man's hand.

"What do you mean?"  
But there was no reply. At that instant Martin Bloom dealt the reeling man a blow which brought him heavily to the floor.  
"Fool!" shouted Sears.  
"I have been, but I've dropped the role."

As he spoke, Martin Bloom bent over the prostrate form and snatched off a full false beard.  
"Mat Hyland!" cried the young villain.  
"The detective!" echoed our hero, in tones of wild excitement.

### CHAPTER XI. STIRRING EVENTS.

It was, indeed, Mat Hyland, the detective.  
He had seen Morris leave the house, and had shadowed him to a drug store in the adjoining street.

As the money-lender was returning after having secured the restoratives, Hyland had come upon him unawares, and at once made him a prisoner.

Then from the nearest patrol-box he had called a wagon and turned Morris over to the officers in charge of it, telling them to look him up on general principles and he would appear in the morning and lodge a substantial charge against him.

Then he had withdrawn to a place he knew of in the neighborhood, where, by the aid of a case of cosmetics and a false beard which he carried with him, he succeeded in so changing his appearance as to readily pass for the money-lender, with whom he agreed generally as to size and form.

This done, he had swallowed a mouthful of brandy to impregnate his breath, and, with the package of restoratives in his hand, had boldly entered the midst of the enemies of the law.

He had speedily discovered that all his preconceived theories were entirely false, and that the young man he had been so relentlessly pursuing, was as guileless as himself. In an effort to save Cole Winters from what appeared to be impending death, he had been detected by Bloom, under whose powerful hand he had fallen senseless to the floor.

"We're just a little bit clever ourselves," laughed Bloom, as he took a pair of steel handcuffs from the pocket of the detective and snapped them over his wrists. "I'm not going to steal 'em. I'll leave 'em in your possession, or rather you in theirs."  
"We won't quarrel about a technical point," put in Sears, "but what induced you to come here, Hyland, disguised as Max Morris?"  
"Disguised with liquor," added the burglar.

"My duty," rejoined Hyland, who had now regained his feet.  
"I'm sorry you took that view of it," the younger man proceeded. "I've known you some little time, and always liked you, Mat. Your anxiety for promotion has led you into a position that has placed a duty—a sad and serious one—on Mat Bloom and myself."  
"You mean to kill me?"  
"No, on no account. We must, however, conceal, or, more exactly, sequester, you for a time. Our safety depends upon it, so you really can't object, old man."

There was a cruel sneer about the speaker's mouth, and a cold, snaky gleam in his eyes.

The detective noted both, and realized that they boded him no good.

He was a shrewd man and an able detective, who had run down many a dark crime and brought the perpetrators to justice.

He had failed now and fallen into the hands of his enemies, not from any professional fault, but because humanity had induced him to come forward to the relief of our imperiled hero.

Cole Winters appreciated this, and evidenced it by a look of gratitude.

"You have been frank with me," said Hyland, after a momentary pause, "and I will be equally so with you."  
"That's kind of you," remarked Sears, with a bow.

"I'm acting in my own interest. Any move on your part to harm either Mr. Winters or myself will prove in the nature of a boomerang."  
"How so?"  
"You know me for a detective?"  
"I should have thought so from anything you've done in this case."

"No pleasantness, please. As a detective I have taken every precaution for my protection. I am in your power. You may kill me, but your escape is impossible."  
"Why so?"  
"Because this house is guarded by officers on every side."

"That for you and your officers," Almon Sears snapped his fingers, while Bloom laughed.

"What do you mean?"  
"That there are ways of killing a pig besides choking him with butter. We can quit this house when we please, and your officers be none the wiser."

"Nonsense!" cried Hyland, though our hero well knew from his manner, that the bold stand of the villains had somewhat disconcerted him.

"Besides," Almon went on, speaking with great deliberation, "what you say is not true."  
"The officer likely to go, without backing or support of any kind into a gang of armed and desperate murderers?"

"In the first place we are not the bad characters you represent, except Winters, there, who has turned traitor and stolen the plunder; and again, you are a detective seeking promotion."

"Well."  
"You had Cole Winters in your hands this evening, and permitted him to escape. This is, no doubt, already generally known, and nothing save his recapture by you, entirely unassisted by others, would give you a clear record again. I'm not a detective, but I've had occasion to study them, and I know the nature of the beast."  
"Besides," added Bloom, "Dick Harper, the backman, told me when I went out with the girl that there hadn't been a soul around. Dick's been out with me many a time, and I can count on what he says."

"You're folly be on your own heads, then!" cried Hyland.

"In for a penny, in for a pound," responded Sears.

The detective realized that the scound-

rels designed to take his life and suddenly resolved upon a bold course.

Raising his manacled hands above his head he sprang forward.

But the wily villain was too quick for him, and leveling his revolver, fired full in the face of the would-be assailant.

As the report reverberated through the house, Mat Hyland fell heavily to the floor.

Rendered desperate by the act, Sears turned the weapon upon our hero.

"Hold on!" warned Bloom.  
"What for?"

"There may be policemen outside, and if there aren't, that shot will attract attention."

"What's to be done?" asked the other, lowering his revolver.

"We must escape by the cellar passage."

"Good! But Hyland?"  
"Dead as a door nail," replied the burglar after bending for a moment over the detective, who was bleeding profusely from a wound in the forehead.

"And Winters?"  
"Let him keep the other one company," Sears chuckled at this suggestion and recoiled a step.

"We've done enough of that," said he. "I wouldn't have shot Hyland only I had to."

"What then?"  
"Have a plan."

"Out with it! They may be here any minute!"

Instead of wasting words to unfold his plan the youthful assassin seized a knife and sprang toward our hero.

Despite the recent protestations of his enemy, Cole Winters gave himself up for lost.

But instead of burying the knife in the prisoner's body, Almon Sears used it to cut the rope which bound his arms and legs.

"There!" he muttered, as he threw the fragments of cord in the open grate where a fire was burning.

At that instant a loud noise was heard in the front of the house.

"Quick!" cried Sears, as he sprang forward and threw open a door, beneath which a flight of stairs was visible.

"But the—"  
"He'll be caught red-handed and go to the galavies!"

With the apparent purpose of furnishing evidence to still further incriminate Cole Winters, the scoundrel threw the revolver on the floor, pushed Martin Bloom forward, and quickly followed him, closing the door with a slam.

The brain of our hero was literally in a whirl.

He realized that the words of the villain were but too true, and that in the absence of all corroborative evidence his protestations of innocence would go for nothing.

In desperation he looked about for means of escape.

His eye fell upon the revolver, and, acting upon a sudden prompting of the feeling of self-preservation, he seized and raised it in his hand.

Just then the front door was thrown open and a police officer in uniform appeared.

"Surrender!" he shouted.  
"Fire! He's got a gun!" cried a second officer, who stood further back.

A sudden thought struck our hero, and he instantly acted upon it.

He would imitate the action of the two villains.

In a twinkling he had reached and thrown open the door through which they had just disappeared.

Bang! Ping!

The foremost officer had fired, and the bullet had crashed into the wood only a few inches to his right.

A moment more and he was on the landing, with only a fair barrier of wood between him and the officers.

Even then, desperate as was his situation, his coolness did not desert him.

Realizing that he had but a few seconds the start of his pursuers, he turned and felt for a bolt.

To his great joy he found a large one, and succeeded in shooting it into its socket.

He was none too soon, for almost immediately the officer reached the door and began shaking and trying to force it open.

In the brief respite thus afforded him, Cole Winters reviewed his situation like lightning.

As a result, instead of running down the stairs, where his ignorance of the secret exits would render his death or capture almost a matter of certainty, he adopted an entirely different course.

He had noticed that overhead, directly in front of the door, was what appeared to be a wide shelf, common enough in the approaches to cellars.

Cole placed his hand upon it and leaped upward.

A moment more and he had drawn himself up, and was several feet back from the door.

He had barely accomplished this, when the bolt gave way, the door flew open and two shots were fired into the cellar.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### HISTORICAL.

The Lincoln medal, struck in honor of Abraham Lincoln, is described in a catalogue by A. C. Zabriskie of New York, a celebrated student of numismatics. There have been 189 of the Lincoln medals struck, and no other American except Washington has received the honor.

The two houses of the Massachusetts Legislature were first established in 1844. Previous to that time the general assembly had constituted one body, but an arrangement was now made for the magistrates and the deputies to assemble separately, and the measures agreed upon by one sent to the other, and the passage of any act depend upon the concurrence of both. From that date the present parliamentary conduct was established.

The first Boston woman to devote herself to literary study was Miss Hannah Adams. In 1784 she published a learned, but it must be said, rather stupid book, called the "View of Religions." Later she published a "History of New England" and a "History of the Jews." The former involved her in a vigorous controversy. Rev. Jedediah Morse also published a New England history, which Miss Adams claimed to be an infringement of an abridgment of her own work, which she had arranged as a text book. It is said that the controversy was a lively one, and extended over a period of ten years. The place *aux dames* was not especially recognized, and the lady was compelled to assert her own right of way, a task to which she appears to have been fully equal.

### A Strong Resemblance.

A cyclops resembles a Western man, because it is some on the bow. It is like a woman, because when it makes up its mind to go somewhere nothing on earth can stop it.—*The Ram's Horn.*

## RURAL TOPICS.

### INFORMATION FOR THE HUSBANDMAN AND HOUSEWIFE.

Some Practical Suggestions for the Farmer, Stock-Breeder, Poultryman, Nurseryman, and Housekeeper.

#### THE FARM.

##### Sprouts Around Apple Tree Trunks.

Wherever the body of an apple tree has been injured, sprouts start out which are hard to get rid of. Cutting them while they are in full leaf is the best remedy. A few may appear next summer, but should be cut again. If the tree is checked in vigor by this, it will do all the better for its fruitfulness next year. Cutting sap sprouts while the tree is dormant makes large growth of wood and little fruit.

##### How Much Seed?

With all crops a good, even stand is an important item in securing a good yield. At the same time it is easily possible with all crops to have the plants too thin or too thick, either of which conditions will affect the growth or yield. The condition and the fertility of the soil should largely determine the amount of seed and the number of plants that should stand.

With fall-seeded crops, if the seeding can be done in good season and the soil is in good tilth, less seed will be needed than where the soil is rough or cloddy and the seeding delayed.

In the fall it is usually considered best to use less seed in a rich soil than in a poor one for the reason that in a rich soil the plants will have a better opportunity of starting. But in sowing all kinds of seed, more than is really necessary is used, because more or less of the seed will fall to germinate, and the vitality of the seed and the conditions of germination must be considered.

With wheat sown in good season, say the middle of September, with a soil well prepared and in good condition, and with sufficient moisture to induce a good germination, and an average soil, at least as regards fertility, five pecks of seed will be sufficient. The later the seeding is done, or if the land is rough and cloddy, a larger quantity of seed should be used.

Generally it is better to use too much seed rather than too little. Moisture heat and air are the three essentials to germination, but it is possible to have too much or little of either, and in sowing the seed the condition of the soil should always be considered.

Generally in using a drill or seeder the seed is distributed more evenly than can be done by hand. It is best to take all reasonable precautions to secure a good, even stand at the start, as the cost is but very little more, while the growth and yield will often be affected considerably.—*N. J. Shepherd, in Farm, Field and Stockman.*

#### Agricultural Notes.

Don't let anyone fool you out of your potatoes. They are good property, and the probabilities are they will be till another crop.

If you have any manure lying around, get it onto the land. It is better there, even if not plowed under, than lying in the yard through the fall rains.

Tex acres of clover hay, cured as every farmer can and ought to cure it, is worth more than twenty acres of the coarse, woody, unwholesome stuff we find everywhere in abundance.

"ALFALFA is especially adapted to dry climates, and withstands drought much better than ordinary clovers." For this reason it is largely relied on in Colorado and California, especially where irrigation is used.

While a southern climate is more favorable to alfalfa, numerous experiments have shown that it will do well in many localities in the Northern States, and when established will produce from three to five crops each season.

The most neglected part of the majority of farms is the pasture. Once seeded, the usual rule is to leave it to shift for itself. This should not be so. No part of the farm will respond more generously to good care than the pasture. Cut out the brush and weeds, sow grass seed in their places, and give it a good top-dressing of manure in the fall, being careful to spread it well, and the growth of grass next season will be wonderfully increased.

If you have much land you wish to renovate or make productive, the quantity of lime required depends on its caustic nature and on the acidity of the land. Try ten barrels of fresh slacked, or twice that quantity of air-slacked lime at first; note the result and repeat as needed. Wood ashes contain not only a mild form of lime (carbonate), but also a caustic potash, and a quantity of phosphoric acid, and heavy applications of them are good treatment for muck soil.

#### THE PIGGERY.

##### Feed for Growing Pigs.

A very good substitute for milk may be found for young animals of all kinds in fine wheat middlings, with a small proportion of boiled, flaxseed mixed with the mess. The last gives the pigs enough oil to keep them sleek, and it is more easily digested than the starchy nutriment in corn which is difficult of digestion. Still we advise using all the skimmed milk that can be got in addition. If there be only enough to color the swirl before the fine food is mixed in, the bone and flesh-forming elements in the milk will not be lost. If the hot dish water is mixed with it in the pail just before feeding, the mess will be all the quicker digested. It is the warmth of the dish water rather than its nutritive elements that gives it value.

##### Ups and Downs with Pigs.

Owing to the rapidity with which pigs can be increased, the price of pork often varies greatly within a year or two. It depends partly also on the abundance or scarcity of grain, especially of corn. When the corn crop is poor, as it is in many places this year, farmers easily get over-stocked, and either kill or sell off their surplus. Yet this is usually the best time to begin breeding. Good shapely sows are always profitable stock to keep. If crossed with a thoroughbred boar their pigs will make as much pork as if they were thoroughbred. If bred this fall the pigs will be dropped in the spring, and may be fattened on next year's grain, by which time the country will probably grow an extra large corn crop to make up the present deficiency. No other country in the world can compete with this in corn and its products. A short crop here is always sure to be followed by greatly in-

creased acreage and crop the following season.

##### Concentrated Food for Pigs.

The stomach of a hog is not large enough to adapt it to bulky, unnutritious food. As it does not chew the cud it can not make use of grass or hay in such large amounts as do cattle and sheep. Pigs will eat a little clover, but if left without other food will not grow much if at all. Knowing this, as most farmers do, it must seem a waste of effort by the New York Experimental Station to make a trial of ensilage and comfrey as food for growing pigs. The result was what might have been expected. The pigs merely rooted over the ensilage enough to secure what bits of corn were scattered through it. Then they, when driven by hunger, chewed as much of the ensilage as they could. Prickly comfrey was eaten in a very similar manner. The pigs fed on bran and corn meal with a small amount of ensilage, did better; but neither they nor those fed on corn alone produced pork at a profit. The experiment, in short, decided nothing not already well known by farmers. The cost of the ensilage and of the prickly comfrey was estimated at \$1 per ton, while rather curiously the manure from this same ton is estimated at \$1.48. According to this the ensilage-fed pigs, though gaining nothing themselves, were really a source of profit as machines for making manure. It is even suggested in the bulletin recording this experiment, that breeding animals, both boars and sows, may be kept on ensilage, as no increase in their weight is expected. But how is the sow to nourish the young she is bearing, or the boar to be kept in proper vigor for breeding, on such food as this? The experiment was made with improved breeds, the Cheshire and Duro-Jersey. A wild, long-nosed Southern pig would have been better adapted to this style of feeding, and with such specimens this unfortunate experiment might have succeeded better.

#### THE DAIRY.

##### Milking Cows by Machinery.

The difficulty with all attempts to milk by machine power is that the attempt is made to imitate the sucking of a calf. The motion of the hand in milking is very different, and it cannot well be reproduced in any machine. Cows allowed to suck their calves quickly go dry. The whole secret of modern dairy success is in prolonging the natural flow of milk much beyond what it would last if the calf did the milking.

##### Keep Cows Clean.

Sometimes milk has a "cowy" odor and the cause is little understood. Cows drink large quantities of water and not half of it passes through the kidneys. When in health and the skin clean, by far the largest part finds an outlet through the pores of the skin and takes along with it effete matter and offensive odors which are thrown off through the fine capillaries with the perspiration. Proper action of the skin is as necessary for the purification of the blood as is the healthy action of the lungs. When milk has a cowny odor, it is certain that the skin is not working right, allowing the impurities to be thrown back into the blood, whence some of them find their way into the milk, making it smell of cow. This suggests that to have pure milk and sweet butter, the skin must be clean and free from scurf which fills up the pores; frequent grooming is the easiest way. Clean cows do not give "cowy" milk. For the same reason most people afflicted with diabetes are those who neglect personal cleanliness. Incipient cases of this malady can sometimes be remedied by judicious bathing; and so can offensive odors of the person.—*G. W. in Country Gentleman.*

##### Dairy Notes.

Good butter contains ten to twelve per cent of water, but it should show no trace of buttermilk.

BUTTER should be kept cool during the working, and also during the few hours it may be left for the salt to dissolve.

TO MAKE a fine quality of butter, either dairy or creamery, requires healthy cows, good feed and judicious handling of cows, feed and the milk.

TO KILL the future of creameries have poor cows, poor milk, poor machinery, poor buildings, poor maker, poor butter, poor consumption, poor price.

AS SOON as the salt is dissolved, butter may be worked the second time in order to correct any streakiness which the first mixing of salt may have caused.

CHEERFUL, active labor is a blessing. An old philosopher says: "The firefly only shines when on the wing; so it is with the mind; when once we rest, we darken."

THREE-QUARTERS of an ounce of salt to the pound will be the right quantity for most markets for immediate consumption, and one ounce to the pound for packed butter.

MILK cans should be washed in cold or tepid water first, and then rinsed in boiling water before they are exposed to be aired. The addition of a little soda and borax to the hot water will increase its cleansing properties.

It has taken the farmers forty years to be convinced of the advantage in co-operative dairying. How many years will it take them to be convinced of the advantage in extending this co-operation? How many years will it take them to see that they should co-operate to secure better dairy education, to secure better results from their present scattered co-operation in the shape of creameries and cheese factories?—*Farm, Field and Stockman.*

#### THE POULTRY-YARD.

##### Enemies to the Poultry.

Minks, skunks, weazels, and similar depredators are great nuisances to the poultry raiser, and in some places it is necessary to wage continual war against them. They will find some way to get into the most ingeniously contrived house, and feast on the best eggs or the fattest hens. Poultry-houses constructed near water enables the sly enemies to sneak up and do considerable damage to the flock in the day time, but as a rule the greatest damage is done at night. A pair of mink in a poultry-house over night would do more damage than all the chicken diseases put together. Where these nuisances are especially active and numerous it would be well to set traps for them—the common steel-trap being the best—and at the same time to put some protective wire around the poultry-house. This can be done very easily and cheaply. Securely enclose the hen-house, either inside or outside, with a strong, close wire-netting. Even the floor inside should be covered with it so that no mice can enter. If a ventilator is used cover that also with the wire.

The little red and large lice are also prolific and active enemies to the poultry at this season of the year. Some-

times the young chicks are covered with lice, and no outward manifestations of them are to be observed. This should not be allowed to continue long, or disease will inevitably follow. By searching close on the skin of the head and neck even the very small mites may be discovered. The heads and neck