



CHAPTER XXIII.

Fortune smiled upon Mrs. Hardcastle. She had got Tom Pembroke into her hands, which was a great matter. The designing old lady invited the young soldier to her house when Vanity was attacked with smallpox, and he accepted the invitation. Maud in her excitement offering no objection. The Nevilles took refuge in a furnished house near to their own, which by good luck was vacant for a few weeks. Each day they dined with Mrs. Hardcastle, and in this way that dame was supplied with a variety of engines for forcing a way into Tom Pembroke's heart. This was the smile of Fortune.

But Fortune frowned even while she smiled. Mrs. Hardcastle perceived that Tom Pembroke was grown cautious. He politely shunned too frequent intercourse with Arabella. Mrs. Hardcastle, feeling positive that Maud had warmed him, was excessively irate; but, with worldly prudence, she repressed her anger, and was not more disagreeable with Maud Neville than usual. She saw that the advantage lay on her side, and doubted not but that Tom Pembroke would be her son-in-law before the year was out.

On the 1st of December the Nevilles were back in their home. They had a family luncheon party, and the weather was so mild that they strolled out upon the lawn. Mrs. Hardcastle and Arabella, and Tom Pembroke were there, and the old lady hoped that at last her grand scheme was about to be crowned with success. It was pleasant strolling on that well-kept lawn.

Suddenly two figures rounded the evergreen shrubbery; one was Sister Catherine, the other, though closely veiled, she immediately knew to be Vanity. Hardcastle, Tom Pembroke turned quite pale, and trembled; old Mrs. Hardcastle bustled off another way, and Maud Neville went to meet her visitor.

"I have brought a child to see you," the sister said. "She is going away with me next week."

Maud Neville came up to Vanity and caught her hands; so full was she of what the girl had done, and what she had lost, that her tears flowed too fast for speech. "Oh, Vanity, what can I say to you, my brave child? What can I say to you? If it were one's own loss, one might say: 'God's will be done!' How can I say it for you?"

"Maud," Sister Catherine said, "God's ways are not our ways. Look here." Gently as a mother lifts a new-born infant's veil she raised the covering from Vanity's face, and there was all the beauty untouched, enhanced, it seemed, by the lingering pallor of her illness, and still more by the tears with which her eyes had filled in reply to Maud Neville's sympathy. She looked so lovely, so sweet, so chastened, that she might have sat for a picture of the Madonna.

"Oh, thank God!" warm-hearted Maud Neville called out, hardly knowing what she said. "Why did you not tell me before? But you were right; the surprise is best. Oh, Vanity, I must be the first to kiss you!"

Which she did, then gently holding Vanity back a little, she looked at her. "Not a trace," she cried, exulting, "not a trace!"

"There you are wrong," Vanity replied, a gleam of the old vivacity playing over her features. "There is one mark!"

She showed the place on her left cheek—one tiny pit; and with yet another glimpse of her old self, said:

"Look here!"

And when she smiled the mark melted away into the dawn of time in the world, and she looked prettier than ever.

CHAPTER XXIV.

After this Tom Pembroke fell in love with Vanity. Hardcastle, head over ears, as plain folk say. Augustus Neville knew it. He was a man of the world, and the redoubtable Mrs. Hardcastle knew it. And thus, to make what was in action a long story appear in narrative as a very short story indeed, Tom Pembroke made up his mind to ask Vanity to marry him. He consulted Maud, and she, being the one of the two advised together, as husband and wife will. What motives led them to so surprising a decision we need not inquire. Both said, Ask her.

As Vanity was a guest in the house of the Nevilles, and an orphan without a protector, they all agreed that to take her by surprise would be improper. So Maud Neville said she would acquaint Vanity with the sentiments of her brother, and inquire if the proposal would be such as she would entertain. She spoke of her brother with affection and admiration, said a few words about his position and his income, and then wound up gracefully: "After all, the important question for my brother now is not what his sister thinks of his merits, but how you regard them."

Maud had scarcely looked at Vanity all this time; now raising her eyes, she saw that the actress was pale, agitated, and ready to burst into tears. Somehow this pleased Maud. There was no more feminine exultation about Vanity, nor any affected confusion. It was real feeling that was expressed in her face.

"Will you sit down?" Vanity said; for Maud had come into her guest's room, and was standing beside her. "Sit here, please. I have a great deal to say to you."

Maud sat down. Vanity walked over to the window, and settling herself on a high ottoman, and resting her face against the pane, said in a tone of soliloquy:

"I wonder how I ought to begin. I like you. I shall speak freely to you."

"Thank you," Maud said. "You are very kind."

"Fifteen years ago I was a little sickly child, with a dying mother, who was, oh, so patient and good! Now she has been fifteen years an angel in heaven. And a father—oh, God, forgive me for what I was going to say. Living in concealment and solitude, I met a man who was struck by me and loved me. O, what a time that was! He seemed to me all that heart could wish. He asked me to marry him. I warned him that I was not fit for him. He persisted. I yielded. I let my heart go. O, let me not think of that time any more. It was too wild in its daring dreams."

"All the rest I know, Vanity."

"Not all. Not the most dreadful part. Mrs. Neville, for weeks after I was with you my fixed resolution was, at all costs, to win that man's heart back, to revenge myself on the woman who had robbed me of him and loved me. I lived that wicked life over and over in my thoughts, and then the smallpox came. I believed that my face was hopelessly disfigured."

And then, after planning suicide twenty-fifty times in my frenzy and despair, my heart was changed. Oh, how good Sister Catherine was! I did repent—I believe I did heartily repent of my wickedness. I saw how detestable I had become. My old passionate self seemed to separate from me and recede further and further, and every day I despised that image more. Not for all the world would I again be the Vanity Hardcastle that I was a little while ago. An infatuated, wicked, self-deceiving woman, reckless, and full of love of a man whom I pity now rather than care for, since my eyes are opened about myself and him. And then I found that my fears had no foundation. My face was unmarred. Thank God, when I discovered that, my resolution did not waver. No; my desire for a new life was more settled than ever."

Vanity stopped. Maud did not speak. "Now, Mrs. Neville," Vanity continued, in a somewhat stern tone, "would you like to have a sister-in-law?"

"I have told you," Maud replied calmly. "Your frankness has not altered my mind."

"But ought not your brother to know all I have now told you?"

"No," Maud said slowly. "I do not see the necessity."

"There is no necessity for him to know," Mrs. Neville, tell your brother he is good, kind, amiable—I might have loved him once. But my mind was made up some time ago. I shall never love any man again!"

"Vanity!"

"A small bracket in a corner of the room was set a statuette of a woman with downcast face and streaming hair, gazing on a cross which she held in her drooping hand. Vanity pointed to it. "Strange that statue should be there. I have looked at it so often. It is the image of a sister-in-law."

"Vanity! It has been there for years."

"Speak to it," said Vanity. "Bid the bosom rise and fall, and the cheeks glow, and the eyes light up. Tell the head to rise. And when the marble obeys you, bid me love again. For that stone is not so dead to human love as I."

CHAPTER XXV.

When Vanity's reply was made public in the little circle Augustus Neville expressed frank surprise; worldly old Mrs. Hardcastle exhibited the utmost bewilderment; and Sister Catherine, who was the person's unaccountable behavior; Sister Catherine was sorry for her pretty disciple, and yet pleased by her spirited behavior; Maud felt grieved for Tom's sake, and Tom himself was quite heart-broken.

Sister Catherine took up her residence in a sequestered place on the border of Warwickshire. A long rambling street, houses of all sizes on each side, a triangular green at one end, the parish church at the other; postoffice, grocer's shop, draper's shop, and a joint-deployed house, were the furniture of the village.

Taste and quiet luxury appeared everywhere in their little house. Vanity's bedroom was a marvel of prettiness; and when, with almost childlike curiosity, she asked to see the room of her friend, she was surprised at the spotless neatness and perfect order of everything.

"Vanity," Sister Catherine said, "I used to dream long ago of having a daughter of my own. She is here beside me now."

Now, how did these two women live for the next twelve months? Doing works of mercy—visiting the sick, teaching in the parish schools; attending church daily, making two in a congregation of seven; reading together in summer under the shade of the rectory trees, in winter at the fireside; Vanity studying French to make herself perfect; learning to make butter, and to do little bits of cooking, and to housekeep generally. Why, if Miss Vanity, the daughter of the Thatchers Royal in the provincial towns had been told that such a life was before her, that young lady would have called it by anticipation a true penitential servitude. As a matter of fact, she found the time pass most pleasantly, and her own character and disposition so changed that she scarcely knew herself.

The time was now early autumn. During nine months Vanity had met Tom Pembroke only once. Of course, every woman must be interested in a man who has once truly loved her. During that time Vanity had interviewed—for that was the length of it—Vanity's heart fluttered a little. Whatever Tom Pembroke felt he managed to conceal, and his behavior, so Vanity thought, was perfect.

One morning Tom Pembroke drove his motor over, and Augustus Neville was to follow in an hour. It was impossible for Vanity not to be pleased with Tom Pembroke. A touch of gravity, perhaps of sadness, did not at all lessen the gracefulness of his manner.

A pretty luncheon table was spread for them. The sun was late, and the moment he entered the room, although he affected cheerfulness, his wife's practiced eye saw trouble in his face.

"Gus," she called out, "something has happened. One of the children is ill!"

Upon this Augustus said:

"Tom, I have very serious news for you."

Tom Pembroke rose and looked at his brother. His manner was surprisingly calm, even fearless, as drawing himself up with a soldier's air, he asked what had happened. Vanity admired him at that moment.

"Redwoods has announced payment."

"Those four words sounded Tom Pembroke's ruin. His entire fortune consisted of bank shares, which were a family inheritance, and had in one form or another been the possession of three generations of Pembrokes. 'Redwoods' was one of the old private banks, whose name was accepted as a guarantee of solvency and financial honor. But Redwoods had closed their front door that morning. The failure was of the worst description. Tom Pembroke was a beggar."

It is impossible to deny that the soldier turned pale, but he stood up bravely, only turning his brows like a man trying to understand the full extent of the disaster. Vanity felt she must watch him. Once Vanity felt a slight proud shake of his head, like a man who would cast misfortune under his feet, he said:

"I have had my innings. Seven-and-thirty years of easy life."

Just before he went away that night—perhaps by the most accident—Tom Pembroke, stepping into the small drawing room, found Vanity there alone.

"Good-by," Vanity said. "I am so sorry for you. It will be dull here to-night."

"Miss Hardcastle," he said, for the first time in all that trying day losing his self-possession, "I can't help but tell you—that you—and I never thought the hour would come when I should feel thankful that you refused. Now my misfortunes are mine alone."

Vanity hung her head. He could not see a feature of that downcast face. Only he held her hand longingly.

"I thought," said Vanity, almost in a whisper, "that when a man loves us well he means to let us share his sorrows as well as his joys."

"Augustus," said Maud that night when they were in their own room, "how wonderfully Tom keeps up. At dinner he seemed really in good spirits."

"He has no end of courage," Augustus remarked.

"Now, I wonder," Maud Neville said, drawing off her rings with a thoughtful air, "I wonder how Vanity Hardcastle is going to say to it?"

CHAPTER XXVI.

Sixty-eight and five make seventy-three. When I wrote the last few lines my age was sixty-eight. This day is my seventy-third birthday. The whole significance that all things come to an end; and happy the life that closes in mild sunshine like this Ours!

In July this year, having a matter of a hundred pounds saved, and no one to leave it to, I thought to myself, I ought to take one more holiday before I lie down in the churchyard and draw the green coverlet over this poor old body for the long sleep. Accordingly, I packed my little trunk, and up, took ticket per steamer to Liverpool, and stuck a notice on my door that Dr. Book would return in a fortnight from date.

The water was smooth, and as we glided past mile after mile of coast, and it went behind me, I felt a little girl of three years, I should say, dressed like real quality, just able to run on her feet, came to my side and looked up in my face.

"Well, little missy," I said, "what may your name be?"

She looked fixedly at me, as young children will, but never spoke. Then up came her mother, whom I had not seen before—a lady dressed beautifully—and she took the child's hand, and was smiling at me pleasantly, when—

"Bless me! Miss Hardcastle!" said I. "Vanity," exclaimed she, "you must be Dr. Book!"

Do you know, there and then she sat down beside me, and told me all about it. "My husband's name is Pembroke."

"Indeed!" I said, making believe to know nothing.

"And we live in New Zealand."

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed I. "And I have a baby beside—a little boy?" she said, almost like a child herself, "and we are so happy!"

Just then her husband walked by, a tall, handsome man, and he stopped and looked at me.

"This," said his wife, "is an old friend of mine."

After a time he sat down beside me, just as affable as she; and while the mother played with the child, he told me such a story, putting what I heard together with what I knew. "Why," he said, "there is the end of the novel put into my hand!"

I may as well tell you all I learned then, and at a later time. The good lady Sister Catherine had died, and left her property, which was comfortable, to Vanity Hardcastle for dowry; the bank failure had not been, after all, a complete break-up, for Mr. Pembroke had in the end secured five hundred a year; they were living in New Zealand, farming; and I may remark that I never in all my seventy-three years saw so happy a couple. I never saw a wife so proud of her husband, so happy and satisfied in his love. I never saw a husband, after four years of marriage, so unaffectedly a lover and admirer.

The sterner turned into the little harbor, and Mrs. Vanity Pembroke told me as follows:

"My husband has a sister named Mrs. Neville, who has taken a house for the summer at Combe Martin, about six miles from here. We are going to stay with them."

And there, sure enough, was the carriage waiting at the landing place. Grand carriage enough, handsome horses, polished harness, coachman, footman, all as smart as you please. Nurse and baby got in; then dark-eyed beauty next; next Mrs. Pembroke; next her husband. How handsome both looked—quite carriage company.

"Good-by, Dr. Book!" they both said; and I was raising my hat, and the horses were prancing away, when the strangest thing happened that I ever saw in my experience.

Mr. and Mrs. Snow were staying at Elfriccombe just then. Being still on friendly terms, William had kindly offered to meet me on my return and take me home to tea. Now, just as my hat was in the air to bid the good-bys good-bye, I saw the eyes of William Snow and Vanity meet. William had maintained an excellent character always, but I am bound to admit that he has grown rather stout, added to which he is not particular as to his shaving, and sometimes wears his collar more than one day; and when you meet him, as on the present occasion, on a hot summer evening after a hurried walk, he scarcely looks his best. He by no means suggests the idea of love in a summer lane among the wild roses.

Now, if I could only describe the look of Vanity's face when she recognized him! There was nothing of pride in it, or anger, or contempt. Was it self-reproach? Was it sorrow? Was it—why, before I could collect myself, carriage and all had driven away.

Only, just as the carriage turned the corner, I observed Vanity put her hand into the hand of her husband and look up into his face. The light of the sunset was upon her, and I never saw her in her full loveliness until that instant, when she vanished from my view forever.

William and myself went home to tea. He took the meeting with his former sweetheart tolerably cool; only he was curious to know how she got that fine carriage, and spoke pettishly when he heard of her marriage. Somehow Mrs. Snow seemed different to me that evening, her manner striking me as awkward, and her dress and appearance clumsy, which I had never noticed before. The tea table, too, was rather in a mess, and the children had been eating jam pretty freely. William was nervous and what with his being somewhat dusty in the face and his beard and collar as before, and he having also taken off his boots and put on a pair of carpet slippers, although things looked friendly, still, you observe, there was something of a contrast. After tea William put his legs upon two chairs, and had a nap.

(The end.)

Pigmy Porkers.

Some specimens of the smallest known species of hogs are now quartered at the London zoological gardens. They came from the desert regions of Australia and are known as "the pigmy hogs of the antipodes." They are well formed, frisky little porkers, the very largest and heaviest in the lot (which are all full grown) not being larger than muskrats. These zoological curios are real hogs, and should not be confounded with the so-called "Ginea pigs," which are a species of rodent.

THE DOMAIN OF DISCOVERY.

POSSIBLE INVENTIONS THAT WILL VASTLY BENEFIT MANKIND.

Utilizing the Waves of Ocean Waters—

A Storage Battery Will Solve the Flying Machine Problem—Portable Refrigeration Wanted.

The new and wonderful photograph which depicts the interior of solid objects and the discovery of argon, a hitherto unsuspected quality of the atmosphere, show that progress nowadays is steady and rapid in the physical sciences. There are several important discoveries now receiving the attention of scientists and experimenters, who, almost any day, may stumble upon the right solution of problems which will yield untold wealth to the discoverer and confer lasting benefits on mankind.

There is in the first place a vast problem of utilizing the force and power of the sea. The waves that break upon our Atlantic seaboard exert in a single day a greater force than all the steam engines of the United States combined.

Ocean's mighty power, which tosses the largest steamship as a toy, upbids vast territories of sand only to destroy them again and thunders on a lee shore with all the violence of the heaven's artillery, is a pitiable spectacle of wasted energy. The mighty strength of Niagara is hardly as great as that of the waves on a hundred miles of seashore.

The problem involved is merely a mechanical one. You must find a machine which will rise and fall with the tide, and which will be so strong as to withstand the greatest force of the incoming breakers.

The swells of ocean which roll in upon a thousand miles of shore must be stopped and made to give up their force. The machine which will extract this force from the waves must meet them, and take it up by preventing them from wasting their strength in simple breakers. A great wheel properly supported and balanced, it would seem, could be turned by these waves, and each revolution might represent thousands of tons of energy.

A somewhat similar problem is how to utilize the mighty force of the tides, which come and go daily with resistless flow. Look in the water at high tide, and its mere weight in a large enclosure represents thousands of horse power, which could be utilized as the water is released. This force has been used to many seaboard countries in a crude and trifling manner, but upon a large and comprehensive scale the experiment has never been tried.

The electrical storage battery is a machine upon whose discovery many other problems are waiting for solution. The mechanism that would take the power from the waves would be uneven in its work, according as the sea was high or low, but with a proper storage battery the vast energy of a storm could be stored to make up for the inefficiencies of the succeeding calm.

When the ideal storage battery is discovered, the flying machine problem will be nearly solved. Men are prevented now from flying because the weight of the propelling engine they have to take along diminishes the lifting power and requires gas-bags, wings or aeroplanes too big to be practicable.

If you could take along the power of 1000 horses stored in a two-pound block of metal, releasing it as required, then flying would be within the reach of all. Practicable flying machines would revolutionize warfare, making it possible to drop dynamite on armies and men-of-war, so that forts would be useless and submarine vessels only would be safe. The latter also wait for the storage battery to be discovered.

An intense heat is also wanted. By this means the sand of the seashore could be melted into a cheap and excellent building material, easily handled before the melting and more permanent than any brick.

A way of making cold easily and cheaply as heat is now produced is also wanted. By this means houses could be cooled in summer, just as they are now heated in winter, and life in the hottest parts of the tropics could be robbed of many of its terrors. Portable refrigerators are another problem connected with this question.

Malleable glass was used by the Phoenicians, and the secret of how it was made has been lost. The rediscovery of this lost art will revolutionize building.

In medicine it is hoped that "actinology" contains the germ of a new science which will entirely change practice. It is now believed that every disease has its microbe, although a few only have been identified.

A way of identifying each disease microbe the discovery of its proper antidote is likely soon to follow. Drugs would thus become obsolete, and the stomach would no longer be destroyed by chemicals, an instantaneous effect being secured through the infusion of the proper antidote in the blood.

Telegraphy without wires is a problem upon which Tesla is working. A means to combat the army worm is also wanted, as well as a thorough system for the disinfection of city sewers and a practicable method of household garbage cremation. Photography in the colors of nature has long been the dream of scientists, but it yet remains a mystery.

The new gas is cheaper and more powerful than the old, but can be collapsed in the space of a few minutes. A cheaper electric light is wanted, and there is big money awaiting the man who will invent cheap telephones or cheap typewriters. A new cheap music box has realized fortunes within three years, but its price may be yet reduced.

Fastnet Light.

The first glancing of Great Britain that the American tourist gets on his European tour is that of the Fastnet lighthouse, says The Sketch. It stands on a rugged, solitary rock, situated nine miles south of Crookhaven, at the extreme southwest corner of Ireland, and is, perhaps, more storm-battered than any other around our coast. The rock is eighty feet in height, and the lighthouse towers an entire seventy above, yet in winter gales the Atlantic billows literally bombard the massive structure and have even smashed in a portion of the

lantern at the summit of the erection, the seas frequently sweeping over the rock with tremendous force. Some two or three years ago the stormy weather then prevailing prevented all communication between the rock for many weeks, so that the store of food was consumed with the exception of some flour. At last a schooner managed to approach sufficiently near to enable a small quantity of food to be dragged through the sea by the hungry men, and, fortunately, the next day the sea moderated, and the stores were once more fully replenished.

Except in very calm weather the Fastnet is surrounded by a fringe of foam, and the only means of landing is by the aid of a "jib" fifty-eight feet in length, so placed on the rock that in moderate weather its end reaches outside the surf. When a visitor wishes to land (an unusual occurrence) he is rowed in a small boat as near as the waves permit, and the lightkeepers throw out a small buoy attached to a rope, which is secured by the man in the boat. The jib is then swung out, and the visitor, placing one foot in the loop, and catching tight hold of the rope, is hoisted about forty feet vertically, and then the jib, being pivoted at its foot, swings him horizontally about 100 feet on a safe landing.

SPORT FOR DARING MEN.

Shark Hunting Off Cuba as Described by a Native.

If there is any one who has tired of the tame sport of shooting deer, moose, panthers, wildcats, brown and grizzly bears, and of catching little trout, black bass, and salmon, and has a longing for sport with a swing to it, let him go to Cuba. Besides the chance of being captured, or shot by Spaniards as a spy, he will find there a sport which for real danger is unequalled, even by the killing of a roaring wounded tiger, the charge of a herd of angered elephants, and beside which even wounded bull moose are no longer charming.

According to a Cuban now in Brooklyn, shark fishing is a sport to be dreamed about. The Cuban shark fishermen take chunks of beef and throw them overboard out beyond the reefs, where the dorsal fins of sharks are to be seen cutting the water with a violent swirl, like the plunge of a modern rifle bullet into a stream. Instantly there is a rush, fit to make ordinarily brave men blanch, for the eagerness of the sharks to rend the bloody meat is something to think twice about. Now is the time of the sportsman to do as the Cuban fishermen do. Stripping off his light clothes, grasping a long keen knife, he leaps among the fish, and thrusts the knife to the nearest shark's heart. A quick wrench opens a wound that spurts blood, and then the sport fairly begins. It is death to a man who then loses his nerve. There is hope for the buck-fervish man who is facing a wounded tiger, but none for the man among the sharks.

The Cuban expert watches his chances, and as the sharks, attracted by the blood, come to tear their mate to pieces, he strikes them one by one, and soon the water is filled with sharks flapping their tails in the water red with blood. When a shark comes for him, he strikes to one side, and as the shark rushes past on his side he strikes it dead. Bags of twenty-five or thirty man-eating sharks may be captured thus in a few minutes.

The teeth are the trophies. To get them the head is hoisted in a big iron soap caldron. A tooth of a healthy shark is ivory white, with a hard, porcelain finish, and could be worn as a trophy. There are several rows of these teeth. One row of them cut out would look like a saw, the teeth being obliquely triangular, each exposed edge of a single tooth being cut into minute teeth. The sharks bite a man's leg off, and do not tear it off, as is generally supposed. Indians make long strings out of these teeth for beads, that the squaws may think much of the hunter, and one would suppose that a string of them would not be unacceptable to a palace's sweetheart.

The sharks may be taken in a variety of other ways. Rifles, spears, harpoons, lassoes (snare), or fishhooks are foot long. And they are taken often in nets, but not because the netter wants to take them, as they tear and tangle the nets for rods.

Hunting Dogs in All Lands.

The Irish water spaniel is the king of retrievers.

The Eskimo uses the wolf-dog for both drawing sledges and hunting game.

In Labrador and Newfoundland is found a partially web-footed Newfoundland dog, valuable for hunting birds in a country of morasses.

The English foxhound is the most carefully bred of all dogs. The common hound in this country is a combination of different strains.

The Scottish deerhound, a descendant of the extinct Irish greyhound, is used in Scotland for chasing the stag. He was a favorite subject for Scott's poetry and Landseer's brush.

The kangaroo dog is used in Australia for chasing the kangaroo. He is a cross of the bloodhound and the greyhound, and a pair of these valuable animals recently sold for \$750.

The modern English greyhound is not strong, but is very swift. He is used only for hunting game in sight, as his "nose" or smelling power is very defective.

The greyhound, one of the most notable of hunting dogs, was used in Egypt at least 3000 years ago. In early days the greyhound was the royal dog of England, and to kill either a hound or a stag was punishable by death.

Among bird hunters allegiance is divided between the pointer and setter. The latter is the better retriever and the stronger animal; the former is generally the more tractable and intelligent. The pointer is derived from the old Spanish breed of hounds, crossed with the greyhound or foxhound.

A Difference.

"Your daughter play the piano?"

"It was the man in the purple necktie speaking. The man with the red chin whiskers looked thoughtfully out of the car window."

"Works," he replied, after a thoughtful pause; "works is the word I would suggest."

And the man in the purple necktie murmured that oftener it was that way—Rockland Tribune.

THEY PICKLE THEIR TEA.

The Burmese Make a Preserve of the Wild Tea of Assam.

The earliest users of tea in New England, it may be remembered, laid themselves open to ridicule on the part of ill-bred persons. They had some tea, recommended as a fashionable English dish, but they had no directions for using it. After much deliberation they decided that it was "greens," so they boiled it and served it with a sauce, as one serves spinach. They reported that it wasn't good, and they wondered at the extent to which votaries of fashion would go in pursuit of novelties.

The New Englanders, however, were only using their tea as a great part of the people of the East uses its tea. Infusing tea leaves, and drinking the infusion is only one way of "taking tea." Tea cigarettes offer a second way of doing so. In upper Siam little tea is drunk; most of it is prepared for chewing, and the laboring classes there use it largely. In Tibet and Western China brick tea is stewed with milk, salt and fat, and is eaten as a vegetable; and in Burma they make what is called pickled tea, which is eaten as a preserve with the other articles of food. The great royal gardens at Kew, England, recently obtained specimens of the plant as grown in Burma, and in the Kew Bulletin is an interesting account of the process of pickling and the method of using this tea.

The tea is called let-pet or leppet tea, and is made from the wild tea of Assam, Camellia theifera. It is grown in the Young Balaing State of the Northern Shan States, whose inhabitants, one and all, including the sawbwa himself, trade in the commodity. No explanation of the word "sawbwa" is vouchsafed; but from the word "himself," which followed the mysterious title, it is evident that the sawbwa is akin to the grand pandurang, who also was known as "himself."

The tea gardens of the sawbwa himself and the other inhabitants of this Young Balaing State are on the hillsides, which are very steep in that State. The trees yield crops of trees suitable for the market until they reach maturity at a height of some sixty feet, but the best article is obtained from young shrubs, of which the gardens chiefly consist. Two crops of tea are secured each year—one in May and one in July—only the young and tender leaves being taken. The leaves, while still green, are boiled in large, narrow-necked pots made for the purpose. When thoroughly boiled the contents of the pots are turned into pits dug in the ground. These pits are square and about six feet deep. The sides and bottom are lined with thin walls of plantain leaves, which keep the tea pure from contact with the earth. The pit being full of boiled tea and the juices from the pots, a top made of plantain leaves is placed over it, and earth is piled above it, big stones and other heavy weights being finally placed on the top.

The tea is thus compressed for some months. When the trading season comes the pits are opened, and the tea is sold to the traders. For transport the tea is packed in long baskets. The baskets have no lid, but are covered in with strips of bamboo, so arranged as to serve the purpose of a lid in being airtight, and at the same time to admit the insertion of a wedge, the pressure of which prevents fermentation from setting in. Every day the wedges are hammered in a little further, so that, although the tea dries in the baskets and shrinks, a constant pressure is kept up.

Transplanting Teeth.

Among the wonders of modern surgery there is nothing more remarkable, says the Cincinnati Enquirer, than the transplanting of teeth. Some years ago a dentist created a sensation by extracting a tooth from the jaw of one person and inserted it in the jaw of another. Since that time the operation has been repeatedly tried, but with not altogether satisfactory results. At least 25 per cent. of these cases have failed of success. Considering that the experiment is in its infancy, this is encouraging. The method is to select the tooth required for the purpose, pains being taken that it is of just the size and shape to fit the space of the one removed. The crown is severed from the root, which is then deprived of its pericementum and shaped to suit the operator. A thorough cleansing of the nerve canal is next in order, then the apex of the root is fitted and hermetically sealed with a tiny platinum tube carefully