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The KING OF DIAMONDS

By LOUIS TRACY

Author of:
"The Wings of the Morning," "The Pillar of Light," Etc.
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(To be Continued.)

CHAPTER X.

A Step Higher.

"This is the boy, sir," said the policeman.

"Oh, is that him?" observed the inspector, sticking his thumbs into his belt and gazing at Philip with professional severity.

Philip met their scrutiny without flinching. He leaned against the wall with his hands in his pockets, one fit clinched over the pouchful of gold, the other guarding a diamond bigger than the Koh-i-Noor.

"I am sorry I have only one chair, gentlemen," he said, apologetically.

"That's all right, my lad," said the inspector. "The constable here tells me that you very pluckily helped him to capture a notorious burglar. The man was hiding in this mews, and it seems you first saw him looking in through your window. What were you doing at the time?"

"Packing my portmanteau."

"Oh, packing your portmanteau."

"Yes. That is it."

He stooped and nonchalantly threw it open. His clothes and boots, and some of the other contents, were exposed to view. The inspector laughed.

"Not many diamonds there, Bradley."

"No, sir. I told you Mason was talking rubbish."

"Did he say any more about me being the boy who found the meteor?" asked Philip, with a first-rate attempt at a grin.

"Wouldn't talk of anything else," volunteered P. C. Bradley.

"Judging by the way he dropped when I hit him, I expect he saw stars," said Philip.

"Are you leaving here?" asked the inspector.

"Yes, I must. The company which owns these premises intends to pull down on the first of next month."

"What is your name?"

"Anson."

"Ah! I think I remember hearing something about your mother's dead. Very nice woman, I was told. A lady, too."

"Yes, all that, and more."

"Of course, that accounts for your manners and appearance. Have you found some friends?"

The inspector's glance roved from the serviceable portmanteau to Philip's tidy garments, and it was his business to make rapid deductions.

"Yes, most fortunately."

"Anybody connected with Sharpe & Smith?" the constable put in.

"Sharpe & Smith! Who are they?"

"Don't you know? Their young man certainly didn't seem to know much about your movements. He has been here twice looking for you. The first time was, let me see, last Monday, about four o'clock. I was on duty in the main road, and he asked me for some information. We came and looked in, but your door was locked. The man on this beat this afternoon told me that the same clerk was making further inquiries today, so as soon as I came on night duty I strolled into the mews to find out if you were at home. That is how I happened to see you."

He turned toward the inspector.

"He was packing his bag at the moment, sir, and Mason had evidently been scared from the window by my footsteps in the arch."

The inspector pursed out his under lip.

"The whole thing is perfectly clear," he said. "Boy, have you got a watch?"

"No," said Philip, surprised by this question.

"Bradley, he hasn't got a watch," observed the inspector. He agrain address-Philip.

"Where are you going tomorrow?"

"I am not quite sure, but my address will be known to Mrs. Wrigley, the James Street Laundry, Shepherd's Bush."

"Ah! The constable says you do not wish to be mixed up in the arrest of Mason. There is no need for you to appear in court, but—er— in such cases as yours, the—er—police like to show their—er—appreciation of your services. That is so, Bradley, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir. If it hadn't been for him, I shouldn't be here now. Jocky had me fairly cornered."

"You had no time to summon assistance?"

"I barely heard he was here, before the window was smashed, and I knew he was trying to get out the other way. You heard him, Anson?"

Philip looked the policeman squarely in the eyes.

"You had just taken off your greatcoat when the glass cracked," he said.

Police Constable Bradley stooped to pick up his coat. He did not wish this portion of the night's proceedings to be described too minutely. In moving the garment he disturbed the packet of letters. Instantly Philip recalled the name of the solicitors mentioned by the constable.

"You said that a clerk from Messrs. Sharpe & Smith called here twice?" he asked.

"Yes."

He picked out one of the letters, opened it, and made certain of his facts before he cried, angrily:

"Then I want to have nothing whatever to do with them. They treated my mother shamfully."

The inspector had sharp eyes.

"What is the date of that letter?" he inquired.

"January 18th of this year."

"And what are those—pawn tickets?"

"Yes, some of my mother's jewelry and dresses. Her wedding ring was the last to go. Most of them are out of date, but I intend to—I will try to save some of them, especially her wedding ring."

Jocky Mason's romance was now dissipated into thin air. The contents of the portmanteau, the squalid appearance of the house, the date of the solicitor's letter the bundle of pawn tickets, offered conclusive evidence to the inspector's matter-of-fact mind that the ex-convict's story was the effect of a truncheon rapidly applied to a brain excited by the newspaper comments on a sensational yarn about some boy who had found a parcel of diamonds.

This youngster had not been favored by any such extraordinary piece of luck. Simple chance had led him to put the police on the track of a much-wanted scroundrel, and he had very bravely prevented a member of the force from being badly worsted in the ensuing encounter.

A subscription would be made among the officers and men of the division, and they would give him a silver watch, with a suitable inscription.

The inspector noted the address given by Philip. It was on the tip of his tongue to ask his Christian name, when the constable suggested that they should examine the stable in which Mason had hidden.

They went up the mews. Philip locked his door, extinguished the candle, and lay down on the mattress, fully dressed, with his newly bought rug for covering.

He was so utterly tired, so exhausted physically and mentally by the sturm und drang of this eventful day, that he was sound asleep when the two men returned.

They saw him through the window.

"He's a fine lad," said the inspector, thoughtfully. "I wonder what he is going to make of himself. We might have asked him who his friends were, but they are not badly off, or he couldn't have got that bag and his new clothes. What on earth caused Mason to connect him with that diamond story?"

"It's hard to say," observed the constable.

"I will look round and have a chat with him in the morning. Poor, little chap! He's sleeping like a top now."

The inspector called at No. 3, Johnson's Mews, soon after ten next morning, but the door was locked and the bird flown. He spoke to Mason after that worthy was remanded for a week, but a night's painful seclusion had sealed the burglar's lips. He vowed, with fearful emphasis, to "get even" with the kid who "ahted" him, for the policeman's evidence had revealed the truth concerning the arrest. But not another word would Mason say about the diamonds, and for a little while the inspector placed his overnight revelations in the category of myths familiar to the police in their daily dealings with criminals.

* * * * * *

Philip awoke shortly before seven. He was cold and stiff. The weather was chilly, and there was no ardent meteor in the back yard to keep the temperature of the house at a grateful point during the night.

But his active, young frame quickly dissipated the effects of a deep sleep on a draughty floor. He washed his face and hands at the sink in the scullery, and his next thought was for breakfast, a proof, if proof were needed, that he arose refreshed in mind and body.

In the Mile End Road there are plenty of early morning restaurants. At one of them he made a substantial meal, and, on his return to the mews, he lost not a moment in carrying out a systematic search through all parts of the house and yard for any traces of meteor which might have escaped his ken in the darkness.

Amidst the earth and broken stones of the excavation there were a few fragments of ore and some atomic specimens of the diamantiferous material—not sufficient, all told, to fill the palm of the hand. But he gathered them for obvious reasons, and then devoted five vigorous minutes with O'Brien's spade to the task of filling up the deep hole itself.

By lowering the flagstones and breaking the earth beneath, he soon gave the small yard an appearance of chaos which might certainly puzzle people, but which would afford no possible clew to the nature of the disturbing element.

At best they might imagine that the dread evidence of some weird crime lay in the broken area. If so, they could dig until they were tired. But, indeed, he was now guarding against a most unlikely hypothesis. The probability was that Johnson's mews would soon cease to exist and become almost as fabulous as the Island of Atlantis.

Moreover, he had a project dimly outlined in his mind which might become definite if all went well with him that day. Then the ownership of No. 3 Johnson's Mews, would cease to trouble him, for Philip was quite sure the whole power of the law would be invoked to prevent him from dealing with his meteor if once the exact place where it fell became publicly known.

O'Brien's shop was scarcely open before Philip was there with his remaining portmanteau.

"Arrah, Phil, me bhoy, where in the name of goodness are yet gatherin' the bee-utiful, leather trunks from?" asked the pensioner.

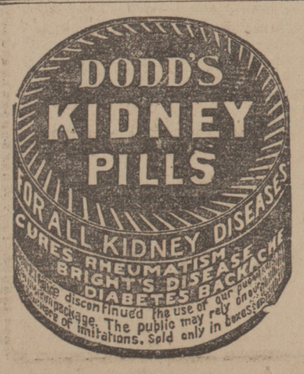
"This is the last one," laughed the boy. "I am off now to find a cab, and you won't see me again until Monday."

"Faix, he's a wonderful lad entirely," commented the old man. "What sort of plundher has he in the bags, at all, at all?"

In idle curiosity he lift the last addition to the pile. It was normal, even light in weight. Then he nodded knowingly.

"A lot of ould duds belongin' to Mrs. Anson, I'll be boun'. Ah, well, the Lord rest her sowl, 'tis she was the fine woman. I wish I had some one as clever as her to write for me to that thafe of the worruld who thried——"

(Continued.)



Fashion Hint for Times Readers

A SENSIBLE MOUNTAIN COSTUME.

Since the exodus to the mountains has begun many fetching costumes have been made up in coarse linen and duck, especially for the walking excursions, which are chief among "skyland" diversions. With the idea of not carrying an ounce more of weight than is absolutely essential, such suits are being made up with circular short skirts or those including not more than nine gores, buttoning at back, front or in both places from waist band to hem. Coats are box or semifitting, often with slashed seams and stitched finished. They are distinguished for the number of their pockets.

OBITUARY

Mrs. Elizabeth Gilchrist

The death of Mrs. Elizabeth Tremaine Gilchrist, wife of Dr. John Gilchrist, of this city, occurred on Saturday in her seventieth year. Besides her husband, she is survived by two sons, Dr. J. B. Gilchrist, of Greenwich, Kings County, and James Gilchrist, of Central Norton, and two daughters, Mrs. Helen Thomas, wife of H. H. Thomas, of Toronto, and Mrs. Maud Henderson, wife of J. S. Henderson, of Maccan, N. S.

The body will be taken to Bloomfield on the Sussex express today and burial will take place on Tuesday in the family burying ground at Central Norton.

Edward Murphy

Edward Murphy, a carriage blacksmith, fourth son of the late John Murphy, died suddenly on Saturday at his home, City road. He leaves his wife, Jane, four sons and four daughters. The sons are John, Alfred, Richard and William, all at home, and the daughters are Mrs. F. J. McInerney, Margaret E., Agnes and Beatrice M. The funeral will take place on Tuesday afternoon from his late residence, 47 City road to Holy Trinity church and interment will be made in the new Catholic cemetery.

Mr. Murphy had been conducting a carriage repairing establishment in Brussels street for several years. He was respected by a large circle of friends.

Mrs. Michael McDade

Mrs. Bridget McDade, widow of Michael McDade died on Saturday morning in the Mater Misericordiae Home. She had reached the age of 79 years, and had been an inmate of the home for the past two years. Mrs. McDade is survived by four sons and two daughters, but only one member of the family, Mrs. P. Kane, of Winter street, resides in this city. The others are Denis, of Barnesville; Michael, in Pennsylvania; Terence, in Buffalo, and John and Rose in Vancouver. There are also two sisters: Mrs. Charles Benson, of New York, and Mrs. Julia Burchill, of St. Martins. Mrs. McDade had many friends who will regret to hear of her death.

Mrs. Mary Kearney

Mrs. Mary Kearney, widow of Patrick Kearney, died yesterday at 10 Somerset street, where she and her brother, Patrick Driscoll, formerly of the I.C.R., lived. She had been ill for eight months. Mrs. Kearney was a native of County Cork (Ire.), but had been a resident of St. John for forty years. Her brother is the only member of the family surviving and many will sympathise with him in his bereavement.

John H. Jameson

Florenceville, N.B., Aug. 15.—(Special)—John H. Jameson, a prominent citizen of East Florenceville, died this afternoon of heart failure with complications after an illness of less than a week. He was born in Richmond, Carleton County, a little more than fifty years ago and in 1882 came to Florenceville where he had since been engaged in harness making.

His wife, a sister of Sheriff John R. Tompkins, survives him, with her two daughters, Kate and Mildred, and one son Heber, who is engaged with the New Brunswick Telephone Company. Henry Jameson, of Richmond; Lee, of Philadelphia, and Onsboro, of Minneapolis, are brothers.

Mr. Jameson was a highly respected citizen and will be greatly missed in the community. He was a staunch member of the Church of England, and in politics was a conservative. He was identified with the Masonic fraternity, I.O.O.F., and the I.O.F. Much sympathy is expressed for the family in their bereavement.

James McDermott

Sussex, N. B., Aug. 16.—(Special.)—James McDermott, a well-to-do farmer of Mackville, about twelve miles from Sussex, fell dead on the floor of his barn at 7 o'clock this evening. Mr. McDermott, who was seventy-five years of age, was in good health up to the time of his death and ate a hearty supper, after which he went to the barn, where he was found a short time after by his son.

His wife died about six months ago at her daughter's home in Portland (Me.). A large family survive—one son at home, the rest living in Portland and other parts of the United States. One son is on one of the Eastern Steamship Company's steamers.

THE OLD AND THE YOUNG
THE STRONG and THE WEAK

During the Summer Months are Subject to Sudden Attacks of Bowel Disturbance Such as Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Colic, Pain in the Stomach and Summer Complaint, and the Children get Cholera Infantum and Cholera Morbus.

DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY

is a perfect specific for all bowel complaints. It has been in use in thousands of families for the past sixty-three years and we have yet to hear a complaint of it not giving perfect satisfaction.

Do not let an unscrupulous druggist talk you into buying a cheap substitute. Insist on getting DR. FOWLER'S. Price 35 cents. Manufactured by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Mrs. C. W. Brown, Grand Harbor. N.B., writes: "I consider DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY to be the best remedy for Summer Complaint, as it cured me of a very bad case. I can recommend it highly to any one."

THE CHINA CLOSET---ITS CARE AND FURNISHINGS

The care of the china closet is a problem which is sometimes difficult to solve, in these days of elaborate service. As with other problems, it is much simplified by the elimination of certain factors. Kitchenware, for example, ought to be kept within kitchen bounds. Pure ornamental objects of silver, silver-gilt, and cutglass ought likewise to be confined to the buffet. Furthermore, silver of any sort has no standing in the china closet. Keep it in the original cases in a special drawer, or, better, in a small safe, especially if it is heavy enough to be worth much money.

Two Attractive Models for any

Small silver of daily use is best kept in separate boxes in the buffet drawer. Count spoons, forks, ladles and coffee spoons after each washing. They are so easy to lose that to keep the set full one must watch them carefully.

Reduced to its lowest terms, the china closet holds only china, glass and heavier clay wares. In at least half the houses it is built into the wall. This disposes of location. Home-makers have to accept the conveniences or ills that the landlord provides. Where choice is possible, let the closet be convenient to the kitchen. But wherever it is located, it is imperative to have good shelves and plenty of them. A great many built in closets have shelves much too far apart. This is easy to remedy. Sometimes it is possible to make the high shelves answer by screwing hooks on the under sides, and hanging there cups and mugs, little pitchers, and such small articles. Hang the saucers against the wall back of the cups by means of flat wire china racks. There may be a double or even a treble row of the racks. In filling them, study colors as much as possible. With saucers, put the biggest at the bottom, unless this arrangement disturbs the color scheme.

Well arranged and full of handsome wares, a china closet is among the best ornaments of a dining-room. Tint the walls of the built in style to match the general tone of the room, or else cover them with a very thin hard wood veneer, fitted accurately, and tacked into place with the smallest size brads. Varnish the veneer, and keep clean by weekly wipings with a soft cloth wrung out in tepid water.

Leave the shelf surfaces plain, and cover them with heavy linen cut to fit, and ornamented with a line of drawn work. Heavy butcher's linen is best, though the soft toned art linens may be effectively used. Set one shelf apart for glass, preferably the upper one. Cut the linen for it twice the shelf width, hem it all around, then double it and lay a sheet of white wadding just the shelf size inside it. The pad can be kept as fresh as the single covers, and will safeguard expensive glass. Big pieces of cut glass, especially punch and salad bowls, may break from the jar of being set upon a hard surface. More than that, fine cut glass has been known to break from the vibration due to heavy traffic about the house. Jarring of any kind may induce a fracture. The linen pad stops all this. It is moreover a fit and dainty setting for fine crystal. Never set anything inside a piece of cut glass. To do this is to invite calamity. With a crowded glass shelf, put down the small pieces first, inverting them; then turn the bigger pieces over them, taking care that they do not touch. But before risking a big bowl thus upon its own rim, it is well to test it and see if it presses equally all around, as a slight inequality may mean destruction.

Pressed glass and covered glass may be piled together with comparative impunity. Claret jugs can be hung from the shelves—a corner position is best for them. Salvers and other flat things may go in racks at the back. In that case the shelf needs a padded linen at the back like the shelf proper. Test hanging things by swinging them, so as to make certain they will not strike anything else.

Keep plates carefully sorted and piled, size and pattern together. Give big platters room on the lowermost shelf. If it it not properly grooved for them tack strips of lath along it, and cut the linen for it wide enough to go in and out. Stand the platters on edge, the biggest next the wall, graduating them toward the front. With a very high shelf space they look prettier on end, the highest in the middle, and getting smaller toward the sides. Handsome covered dishes are best set in a row in front of the flat ones.

Make the most of every good bit. This is the first law of the china closet, and the second is to keep everything as clean as it can be made. Since nothing soiled ever goes into a china closet, it need not be cleaned more than twice a year. Then wash everything in it, linens included, scrub the shelves with tepid suds, rinse well and wipe very dry. Then leave the doors open two hours and replace the china. BEATRICE CAREY.

PERSONALS

Mrs. G. H. Brown returned to Arlington (Mass.), by train on Saturday. She had been attending the marriage of her brother, T. G. Gunn and Miss M. C. DeLong, of New Germany (N. S.)

H. A. Harvey and daughter, of Ottawa, are visiting St. John, the guests of Mrs. William Fleming, Hazen street.

Alan Gardner-Brown, of Vancouver (B. C.), is visiting Rev. W. O. Raymond.

J. H. Crocket, of the Fredericton Gleaner, is in the city.

W. T. Hooper, B.A., of Lennoxville, who supplied at St. Mary's church during the absence of Archdeacon Raymond, has gone to Gagetown where he will take the services during the remainder of his va-

Rev. Ralph J. Haughton, of Boston, is in the city on his vacation, a guest of Mrs. C. W. Bell, 95 Coburg street.

Frederick A. Clawson left on Saturday for Montreal to attend the McGill survey camp before entering upon his regular studies.

Mrs. D. H. Melvin left on Saturday for Montreal to visit her son, Fred S. Miles, who is seriously ill with typhoid fever.

Mrs. Norman Wyman, of Yarmouth (N. S.), is on a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Alfred Wells, King street, east.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Wickwire, of Boston, are visiting Mrs. Edward Henry, Leinster street.

Miss Annie Conlogue is visiting friends in Hampton.

Mr. E. V. Morrow is spending a short vacation in P. E. Island.

Mrs. M. O'Connor and daughter, Josie, of St. Paul, are visiting Mrs. O'Connor's mother, Mrs. Edward Ring, St. John, west.

A. F. MacLaren, M. P., for North Perth, Ont., and Mrs. MacLaren are guests of Mrs. David A. McLeod, 199 King street east.

Mrs. Francis McCafferty and her daughters, Misses Edith and Gertrude, came home from Lowell on Saturday.

D. Arnold Fox will leave for Digby this morning.

Rev. G. A. Kuhring is expected to arrive from England today.

Rev. A. L. and Mrs. Bubar and daughter, Reita, of Grand Manan, are visiting J. W. Campbell, 272 Pitt street.

Mrs. Nora Griffin, who has been visiting J. W. Campbell, 272 Pitt street, has returned to her home in Grand Manan.

Miss Nellie Wilmot and niece, Ethel Bolley, of Somerville (Mass.), are visiting D. C. Fisher, at 298 Waterloo.

WHAT CAN BE DONE WITH CHEESE

Cheese Croquettes.—Grate half a pound of American cheese. Mix in it a scant tablespoonful of butter, a tablespoonful of milk, an egg beaten enough to break it, half a teaspoonful of salt and a dash of paprika. Mix to a smooth paste and roll into small croquettes. Add a little milk to the yolk of an egg and roll the croquettes in this and then in cracker dust. Then fry them for a minute in smoking hot fat. They should be of a delicate brown color and have a soft inside. Serve them as soon as they are fried or the cheese will harden.

Cheese Patties.—Cut slices of bread an inch thick. Stamp the slices into rounds with a biscuit cutter. With a smaller stamp cut a hole half-way through the centre of each round, and take out the little piece of bread. Spread these with butter and put them in the oven to brown. Fill the centre with the same cheese mixture as given for the croquettes and place them in the oven just long enough to soften the cheese. Serve at once.

A L'Italienne.—Put into a saucepan one cupful of milk, one cupful of water, one tablespoonful of butter, one-half a teaspoonful of salt and a dash of paprika. When this boils add a cupful of hominy and stir until it is thickened a little, then set the saucepan into a second one containing hot water and continue cooking until the hominy is soft. Add a little more hot water if the mixture gets dry before the hominy is cooked. Take it off the fire, add a tablespoonful of grated cheese and spread the mixture in a smooth layer one-half an inch thick on a buttered tin. Set it aside to cool. When the layer of hominy has hardened cut it into rounds with a small biscuit cutter. Place the rounds, overlapping, in a baking dish which can be sent to the table. Moisten the tops with melted butter, sprinkle them with grated cheese and set them in the oven to brown.

A La Romaine.—Put two tablespoonfuls of butter into a saucepan; when it is melted add four tablespoonfuls of flour, one-half a teaspoonful of salt and a cupful of milk gradually. When it is well thickened add the beaten yolk of one egg and two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese. Pour the mixture into a baking dish, making a layer half or three-quarters of an inch thick. Let it get cold. Sprinkle the top with grated cheese and put it in the oven to brown. Serve it hot.

SARA CRANFORD.

A monstrous rat jumped on the back of Isaac Z. Horning, of Allegheny ville, Pa., but he pinched it against the ceiling and held it there until his son came to his aid and helped him kill it.

The calabash pipe fad has created a demand that Cape Colony farmers cannot meet.

HINTS FOR HEALTH

EFFECTS OF TOBACCO.

In regard to the use of tobacco, and especially cigarettes, it is agreed on the part of a very large proportion of medical authorities that a moderate use of tobacco is of wholesome, resting and exhilarating effect. On the other hand, excessive use is dangerous to health. Excess disturbs and destroys not alone the delicate mechanism of the body, but the mental action conditioned on that mechanism. Admitting all that can be said in favor of moderate smoking, medical authorities still believe that in almost nine cases out of ten some degree of injury is liable to show itself in the second or, perhaps, the third generation.

TOO MUCH BEER IS POISON.

After an extensive series of experiments made by a distinguished pathologist, it is announced that beer, if taken constantly and in excess, is a poison to the human body. Beer has been called a food, for it produces body weight. But then morphine, phosphorus and other deadly poisons do the same. These poisons interfere with normal cell activities, which result in a retention of waste materials and fatty degenerations of the tissues. The increase in weight is, therefore, a pathological rather than a physical process. While in appearance the beer drinker may be the picture of health, the medical experts know that he is a degenerate, incapable of recovering from mild disorders.

FRUIT FOR BREAKFAST.

No breakfast can be considered complete without fruit in some form or another. Fresh fruit is decidedly the best of all. A display of fresh fruit the world over at breakfast is the most commendable proceeding. The presence of two or three kinds of fresh fruit at the table or three its appearance and attractiveness, and makes the meal much more inviting. But what is of greater importance is that the eating of the fruit at the meal is conducive to health far more than if eaten at any other time of the day.

HEALTH IN THE HOUSE.

The man of the house should see that its mistress is versed in some of the simpler sanitary ideas other than the scrubbing and dusting of the rooms. These come naturally to every woman, but she sometimes forgets very important points. One of the most important is the disposal of the soiled clothing which awaits the weekly wash. Day by day garments and linen are thrown aside to go to the laundry or the home washtub. Sometimes this soiled matter is pushed into a bag, packed into a hamper or merely thrown into a closet, cupboard, or in a corner behind a piece of bedroom furniture. An immense danger lies in such treatment. This is especially the case in hot summer weather or in winter, if that particular room is well heated. The soiled linen generates germs and throws off poisonous gases, which are inhaled by the occupants of the room. If it is a bedroom, so much the worse. Soiled clothes should be aired in the sun and kept in a room remote from the bedchambers and living rooms, and the room treated just the same as all other rooms in the house—disinfected every day by flooding it with sunshine and pure air.

HOW TO DRINK MILK.

There are two ways of drinking milk, the right and the wrong way, and a majority of people drink it the wrong way. This is the chief reason why milk disagrees with some people. Milk must not be imbibed like water. It should be drunk very slowly, a sip at a time. Really, the best way is to take a teaspoonful at a time. There is a scientific reason for drinking milk slowly and in small quantities. Milk curdles as soon as it comes into contact with the juice of the stomach. If a whole glass of milk is taken at one draught into the stomach the result is a large curd through which the gastric juices cannot readily penetrate and act with the necessary solvent power.

Milk without question is one of the most valuable of foods. It contains all the elements necessary for maintaining the physical health of those who know how to use it properly. Indeed, most people would be better off physically if milk and entire wheat bread formed their ordinary diet. Especially is this true of delicate persons whose powers of digestion have become enfeebled. Persons suffering from nervous prostration are not able to digest meat, and will find a purely milk diet of the greatest benefit, provided they imbibe it properly.

WHAT GOLF DOES FOR US.

One is at times inclined to ask what is there in golf to excite such enthusiasm among its devotees and in what does its charm lie? The answer is that it is preeminently the game by which health is promoted and in which, at any rate if one desire to be proficient, it becomes necessary to throw off, certainly for the time being, all business cares, troubles and worries and devote oneself to the matter in hand. Therein do the health-giving properties of golf lie. The obesity and degeneration of middle age, when the biceps have diminished and one's energy is failing, may be helped by devotion to golf. It is pre-eminently in functional nervous disease that our Anglo-Saxon game is to be recommended. No exercise or recreation is better fitted for the mentally overworked, the hysterical, the melancholic; none so helps to preserve the concerted action of eye, brain and muscle known as the psychological moment. None perhaps, with the exception of swimming, gives one so good an appetite; there is not a more sovereign remedy for dyspepsia, and as to insomnia, such a thing scarcely exists among the devotees of golf.

A TIP ABOUT HAMMOCKS.

Men, wether single or married, know a good deal about hammocks, yet a tip regarding the most comfortable way in which to swing them may not come amiss. To obtain the curve which gives the greatest ease of position the head of the hammock should be six and a quarter feet from the ground and the foot end three and three-quarters. The rope that fastens the head end should be less than 12 inches long, while the foot rope should be four and a half feet long. This gives the best possible results in swinging, and makes the position ideal.

MARINE NOTES

Donaldson liner Indrani, Captain Mitchell, went to sea Saturday afternoon bound for Glasgow, deal laden.

Schooner Lady of Avon, Captain Steele, cleared Saturday for Santa Cruz, Teneriffe, with a cargo of lumber.

Donaldson line steamer Hestia sailed from Glasgow on Saturday for this port. She will load a full cargo deals to return.

British steamer Irisbrooks sailed on Saturday for Brow Head for orders, with deals

Battle line steamship Albuera, Captain Lockhart, sailed from Charleston (S.C.) on the 13th for Jacksonville (Fla.)

The ship J. D. Everett is now 141 days out from Brunswick for Bahia Blanca.

Charles Mihoky, 14, and James Robinson, 15, inmates of the juvenile asylum, on Randall's Island, while at recess, sprang into the Bronx Kills and swam two-thirds of a mile, finally escaping.