

baby, at the same time wrenching a rotten limb from the prone trunk and waving it menacingly at the beast.

The alligator stopped and watched her with blinking eyes. She could see his broad flanks expand and contract with his breathing, and the rank odour of the musk which issued from an orifice underneath his throat was borne to her senses with the hot breath that poured heavily from his nostrils. There he lay flat on his belly, perfectly still, hugging the log and blinking stupidly at her with his small and watery black eyes.

He was not more than twenty feet from her, but presently he began to shorten the interval by creeping forward with an almost imperceptible motion. The woman believed that if she could command sufficient strength to rise and assume a threatening attitude the monster would retreat, for she knew that it was only in the protection of their young that alligators were ferocious; but she felt that all her strength had fled. Her legs seemed to be but masses of stone, cold, heavy and inert; and her arms, though still retaining strength wherewithal to grasp her infant and the rotten branch, had lost their flexibility.

Worse than all, she found it impossible to remove her steadfast gaze from the blinking eyes whose glance was riveted upon her. Nor could she even command the function of her eyelids, which remained fixedly open, leaving the eyeballs to dry and burn. The huge brown bulk, trailing thirty feet along the log and led by the glittering eyes, slowly crept toward her, while she breathed in short and noiseless gasps and pressed her baby to her bosom.

Then came an unexpected horror. The unaccustomed weight upon the log broke the restraining roots asunder, and, with a deep rolling like that of a ship in distress, the log swung free of the shore and began slowly to drift out into the stream. This alarmed the alligator, for it was a new experience on his old basking-log. So he rolled into the water with a heavy splash and disappeared beneath the surface.

This gave the log so heavy a roll that it dipped the woman and wetted her. In clutching to save herself, but never for an

instant relaxing her firm grasp of the child, she lost the club with which she had held the monster at bay, and now sat helpless and unarmed.

The tide was at the ebb and the farther the log drifted from the shore the more rapidly it began to move down the stream. A fortunate circumstance resided in the fact that a number of branches on the under side of the log remained intact and served as ballast to reduce the rolling of the trunk. The wind had fallen and a dead calm lay upon the dark water.

The mother, her babe's mouth pressed to her empty breast, sat in numb despair. Not even the strength or intelligence to set the forest and brake ringing with cries for help shided in her. It was not conceivable to her that in all the world there could be anything but desolation and death. This brought a certain calmness upon her spirit. She remembered the little home that her own hands had done so much to make comfortable, but which to her was more precious as the nest whither she had gone with the man she loved, and who, next always to her baby, filled the meagre measure of her life. It was hard to give him up, hard to die thus miserably away from him, leaving no trace of the ones he loved so fondly and for whose protection he would have given his life; no record of the horrors which had been endured nor of the terrible end at hand. And how desperately and eagerly he would have fought to save them! How he would spend days and weeks in searching the jungle for them, calling upon them to answer!

From these bitter and despairing reflections she was recalled to her present state by a heavy scrambling on the log and a deep rolling of its bulk in the water. Her tormentor had returned—had indeed kept faithful watch upon his prey from the time the log had swung free of the bank. He was more daring now, for delayed satisfaction of hunger will invest the most cowardly beast with a certain order of courage. It is true that he clambered upon the further end of the log, which was fully sixty feet long, but it would not require a great length of time for him to cover the interval.

Simultaneously with his advent the

hopeless mother, knowing that it was not she, but her baby, whose life was sought by this loathsome monster, became aware of a strange sound upon her ear. Although there was something vaguely familiar in it she could not think otherwise than that it proceeded from within her and was an admonition of her death. It was at first a low and distant rumbling, seemingly behind her, for by this time the log was headed straight down the river, and she sat with her face up stream. The rumbling rapidly grew louder and became a roar, but it only added to the dumb cold terrors that held her soul in chains. The roar changed to a deafening clatter, as though a thousand anvils were hammering at their forges. Then came a screaming blast that filled all time, space and perception and transfixed her vitals with piercing pains. Upon that the huge black bulk of glittering eyes, heaving flanks and dripping scales plunged hastily into the side. The loud clattering and screaming ceased, and thinking that she was dying the woman pressed her baby closer to her bosom and closed her eyes.

But the clattering had been as friendly as its cessation, and the wild scream had been a notice of deliverance, for the log had drifted to the great railroad bridge which spans the river, and the people on the rumbling train that was passing with so much noise had seen the woman and the fearful menace that sat facing her on the log. But the men who were lowered by ropes and who brought her and her precious charge up to safety and comfort, reported that she said nothing but this:

'Save my baby! Save my baby! Don't let him eat my baby!' And they added that it was hours before she could say anything else or would permit the baby to be taken from her arms.

'Ever have any trouble with your wheel?'  
'Not yet,' said the sweet young thing.  
'So far whenever I have run over anyone I have been able to get away before he got up.'

## HOTELS FOR THE POOR.

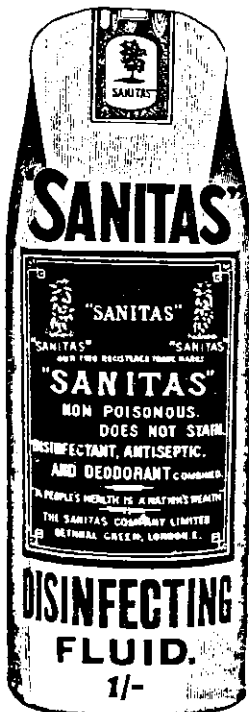
AN American gentleman named Mr Mills is about to combine philanthropy and business in a way that must do great good to the poor of New York city. By an outlay of more than £150,000 he will build and equip, in the metropolitan slums, two large hotels, at which the independent poor may obtain lodgings at no greater cost than that which gets them precarious shelter in common tenements. These hotels will be clean, airy, wholesome, fire-proof, well lighted and carefully managed. One of them is to have a capacity of 1,500 guests. He estimates that at the low scale of rental fixed upon, the returns will be certain to cover a fair interest on the investment.

The thoughtful public will hope that this forecast may prove correct, not merely on Mr Mills' account, but because the financial success of his venture would be likely to lead other rich men to go and do likewise. New York and other great cities have urgent need of not only two, but a hundred such hotels. The reasons why are many.

In the first place the Mills plan is designed to segregate crime from misery. In the common tenement the worthy poor and the vicious or degraded class are herded together and the one element becomes the prey of the other. The children of both grow up in company and those who, under other and better conditions, might come to be good citizens, take the hue of their surroundings and go to the bad. The tenement gathers all who enter it into a common cesspool. It is the spawning place, as well as the haunt of wickedness and crime, but a hotel like that which Mr Mills proposes to build would be the abode of the decent and industrious poor who would there have the chance to rear their families in a civilized way. That is as impossible now, in the streets back of the Bowery, as it would be among the Derivishes of the Soudan.

The second point is that the new undertaking promises to make relief work easy. It is a difficult, an inoffensive, and an unselfish thing to seek out the needy in the lairs which they are forced to share with thieves and desperadoes. Few charitable

# DISINFECT WITH "Sanitas"



## DISINFECTION WITH "SANITAS."

A searching investigation recently made by Dr. A. B. Griffiths, F.R.S.E., F.C.S., the well-known Bacteriologist, has established the fact that very minute proportions of "Sanitas" Fluid, "Sanitas" Oil and "Sanitas" Emulsion suffice to quickly destroy the microbes of Cholera, Diphtheria, Typhoid Fever, Scarlet Fever, Pneumonia, Measles, Influenza, Puerperal Fever, Glanders, Yellow Fever, &c.

It has also been shown that the vapour of "Sanitas" Oil, as generated from the "Sanitas" Disinfecting Fumigator, has a most destructive action on the germs of disease, and that, consequently, its inhalation must be most beneficial in the treatment of Diphtheria, Phthisis, and all Diseases of the Lungs and Throat.

When used for fumigating sick rooms, Dr. Griffiths' experiments show that a short time serves to destroy all the germs that are present in the air.

His experiments also demonstrate that when "Sanitas" Fluid is sprayed about dwelling rooms, the microbes of disease are entirely and quickly destroyed, and that small quantities of "Sanitas" Emulsion equally well destroy the same germs when present in water. Of great importance is the further fact which is brought out by Dr. Griffiths' investigations, namely, that not only do "Sanitas" Disinfectants kill all disease germs, but they exhibit this great advantage over other preparations—namely, that they also destroy the poisonous substances which are produced by disease germs and to which they largely owe their fearful character.

Dr. Griffiths concludes his Report with these words:—

'There is no doubt that "Sanitas" Oil and "Sanitas" Fluid are most powerful disinfectants; consequently, they should not only be used for disinfecting rooms, hospitals, barracks, prisons, &c., but also employed in the treatment of infectious diseases, such as cholera, diphtheria, scarlet fever, measles, glanders, typhoid fever, tuberculosis, puerperal fever, &c.'

### MEDICAL PRESS EXTRACTS.

"Sanitas" is a valuable disinfectant, having certain advantages over all others."

—*Medical Press and Circular.*

"Sanitas" now enjoys general favour as a disinfectant."

—*Lancet.*

"Sanitas" has met with wide recognition and approval."

—*British Medical Journal.*

Copies of Dr. Griffiths' Report (and others) will be sent Free on application to the Office of this paper, or to

W. C. FITZGERALD, WELLINGTON, N.Z.

