

he said, as he took off his coat and shoes, and mechanically removed the diamond sleeve-links from his cuffs, he could do her no good by staying—even harm, perhaps—while by going there was just a chance that he might get help for her. And so he went, and when Jeannie came down to where he had sat a few minutes later, to say soft things and prevent the folly her bitter words might tempt him to do, she found his coat upon a rock, and nothing else.

An hour later, as miserable and lonely, the lady of many manors was wandering about in the darkness, seeking for a corner in which to spend the night, the wind sighing through the trees, and the first few drops of a coming storm beginning to fall, a light appeared on the path below. Who could be there at this time of night, when all decent folk were safe in bed? Was it the ghost of the murdered old fisherman who haunted the island? Was it lawless smugglers or pirates? This was worse than ever, and the wretched girl was just turning to fly when rough but friendly voices hailed her, and with desperate courage—knowing, moreover, how futile hiding was—she waited, and presently recognised two fishermen, and heard, when they had drawn near, with a delight which may be imagined, that their boat was down below, and “the gentleman” in it, alive but spent. They had come across him by chance while taking in their long-lines, and had got Mr. Smith on board with scarce breath enough left in him to gasp out the story of the lady’s plight, and send them, rowing for all they were worth, to her rescue.

“Dear Mr. Smith,” were the first words that gentleman heard, as presently he came to, and found himself in the same boat with Jeannie, homeward bound, and his hands being diligently chafed by that charming nurse. “I am so sorry for what I said, so sorry you took it amiss, and went—but very glad, very glad, indeed, that you are safe, and have taken no hurt—if you had I should have been more grieved than I can say,” and here the girl dropped her voice and blushed unseen in the darkness.

What else could that fortunate son of Chicago wish for? The infection of her tone did him more good than all the warm blankets and cordials of the castle presently. They were the beginning of an end, which satisfied even the schemers whose plot had nearly turned out so disastrously, and later on united two broad territories, to their mutual advantage, under one happy rule!

### The Mosquito's Trail.

ENGLISH SCIENTISTS FEAR OPENING OF PANAMA CANAL WILL SPREAD TROPICAL AILMENTS THROUGH INSECTS.

How scientific detective work traced many diseases to the mosquito, what measures were being taken against the depredations of the wicked insect, and the danger of mosquito ailments spreading through the civilised world were told the other day by Sir Patrick Manson in an address before the Authors' Club in London. The well-known scientist declared that unless precautions were taken in time the opening of the Panama Canal and the development of Africa would result in a wide extension of tropical diseases. There is no yellow fever in Asia or East Africa, and many islands of the Pacific, as well as continental lands, are free from malaria. Both of these mosquito-borne diseases are likely to spread to the regions where they are now unknown. A representative of the Zoological Gardens in London told of a novel means of warring on the mosquito by breeding a fish which devours the eggs of the insect. This fish is about an inch long, is short-lived, but prolific, and its presence in enormous numbers in Barbadoes waters accounts for the freedom of those islands from buzzing pests.

Elephantiasis, the most hideous of mosquito-borne diseases, was a mystery that interested Sir Patrick Manson during his residence in Formosa, and on the coast of China. He came to the conclusion that it was caused by an organism in the blood called filaria—“a microscopic animalcule, eel shaped and inclosed in a loose

sac or sheath within which it wriggles about in the blood very actively.” Sir Patrick found that in some districts of China the parasites were present in 10 per cent of the population, while elsewhere 50 per cent of the people were infected with them. Since the filaria showed no evidence of growth while in the blood, it was inferred to be the young of some other animal, and at last Sir Patrick proved this to be the case, along with other scientists. The parental worm, three or four inches long, and of the thickness of fish gut, dwelt in the lymphatic vessels. It did not leave its retreat, where its presence caused the destructive effects of elephantiasis. The question was how it could pass from one human being to another. Sir Patrick argued that some insect which sucked human blood, ingesting the microscopic off-spring of the filaria, must be responsible for the transmission. The most likely insect in the premises was the mosquito.

### The Hypothesis Confirmed.

An odd confirmation of this hypothesis soon occurred. The scientist had trained two Chinese medical students to examine the blood of one thousand Chinese, so as to get reliable data. One student found it convenient to work at night, the other in the daytime. The night worker found plenty of filaria in his specimens, the other very few. These contrary observations, dictated by pure chance, suggested that night specimens of blood had most filaria because the mosquitoes were busy at night. To clinch the theory, a Chinaman was hired for a small amount to let himself be attacked liberally by mosquitoes. He was put to bed in a netted compartment in which a large number of insects had been admitted. In the morning the blood-gorged mosquitoes were captured for dissection.

“I shall not easily forget the first mosquito I dissected,” said Sir Patrick. “Placing the blood the stomach contained under the microscope, I was gratified to find that, so far from killing the filaria, the digestive juices of the mosquito seemed to have stimulated it to fresh activity. And now I saw a curious thing. The little sac or bag inclosing the filaria, which hitherto had muzzled it and prevented it from penetrating the walls of the blood vessels in the human body, was broken through and discarded. I ultimately succeeded in tracing the filaria through the stomach wall into the abdominal cavity, and then into the thoracic muscles of the mosquito. More than that, I ascertained that during this passage the little parasite increased enormously in size. From measuring about one-one-hundredth of an inch in length it grew to about one-sixteenth of an inch, and was just visible to the naked eye. It developed a mouth, an alimentary canal and other organs. Manifestly it was on the road to a new human host.”

Later on microscopic sections of in-

ferred insects made in London clearly demonstrated that the filaria, after it leaves the stomach and reaches the thoracic muscles of the mosquito, continues its journey towards the proboscis; that for a time it lies in the head of the insect; that then it creeps down the labium or sheath of the proboscis, where, in properly prepared sections, it can be seen lying outstretched and evidently waiting an opportunity to escape. This opportunity doubtless occurs when the mosquito next proceeds to feed on the human subject. The sections prepared from the skin which the mosquito actually in situ display the filaria in the act of passing through the proboscis of the mosquito, and actually entering the body through the little hole made by the biting parts of the mosquito's proboscis.

### Disseminators of Malaria.

Becoming interested afterwards in the study of the malaria parasite, and believing the mosquito to be guilty of transmitting this disease also, Sir Patrick Manson was unable to carry on a personal investigation, and suggested the subject to Professor Ronald Ross. The latter, on his return to India, took up the study, and lacking human subjects investigated the malaria of birds. He demonstrated clearly that the malaria parasite went from bird to mosquito, and back from mosquito to bird. It seemed unnecessary to carry this proof direct to human beings, yet people were sceptical. Sir Patrick obtained a grant of money from the British Colonial office to clinch the case. He sent from London two or three healthy individuals to the notoriously malarious region of the Roman campaign, and guaranteed that they would not contract the fever with which all the inhabitants were afflicted, since they would be housed in mosquito proof cottages and would not go out after sunset, when the insects abound. At the same time Roman mosquitoes that had fed on malarious patients were sent by mail to London, and allowed to bite persons who were never troubled with the disease, and the scientist announced that these persons would surely develop malaria. The double experiment was successful and conclusive. The Englishmen sent to Italy lived in the fever district for months without getting malaria, while the Londoners bitten by the imported insects speedily developed the disease.

Sir Patrick referred to the newly gained immunity of Havana and the Panama Canal Zone from yellow fever through the elimination of the mosquito. He feared, however, that the opening of the canal, with its extensive rapid communication between ports, might spread tropical diseases. The development of Africa may have the same effect. Among the many disease conveying insects are the tsetse fly of Africa, the tick which causes Texas fever among cattle, and another tick responsible for relapsing fever among human beings.

### CHRONIC INDIGESTION.

A New Zealand Housewife's Gratitude to Bile Beans.

When your arm gets tired with nursing baby, carrying a bag, or doing any work in the office or the home, you “change hands.” If you didn't your arm would become useless. Indigestion means “jaded stomach.” You can't “change stomachs,” and you can't stop eating. Do you see how serious, therefore, indigestion is? An overworked organ is crying out for rest, and every meal you are obliged to take throws upon it more work. All you can do is to give it help to do the work, and that's just what Bile Beans do. They help feeble, overworked stomachs to digest food, and when they have toned up the stomach to its full strength, you leave them off.

Mrs. F. Gough, of 23, Argyle-street, Mornington, Dunedin, N.Z., says: “For years I have suffered from indigestion and heartburn. I was afraid I had become a chronic subject. I tried numerous so-called remedies, and consulted medical men, but I remained un cured. A little while ago a neighbour strongly recommended me to try Bile Beans, as she had derived great benefit from them. I acted on her advice, and purchased a box of the Beans, and I have, and still am obtaining, great relief from their use. My case being of so long duration, I cannot expect Bile Beans to remedy the mischief of years in a day, but they are giving me more relief than anything I have ever tried, and I intend to persevere with them in the hope of arriving at a thorough cure.”

You should never be without a box of Bile Beans, which speedily cure indigestion, biliousness, headache, constipation, nausea, spasms, heartburn, female ailments, bad blood, and all liver ailments.

“My daughter Ruby, 7 years, was completely run down through weakness and bronchitis, and the doctor advised me to give her SCOTT'S

**DOCTOR** Emulsion, saying that it was splendid

for building up the constitution. She liked SCOTT'S and in a short time became quite well and rosy; appetite improved and she put on flesh wonderfully.” (Mrs.) AGNES JARRETT, 112 Buckingham

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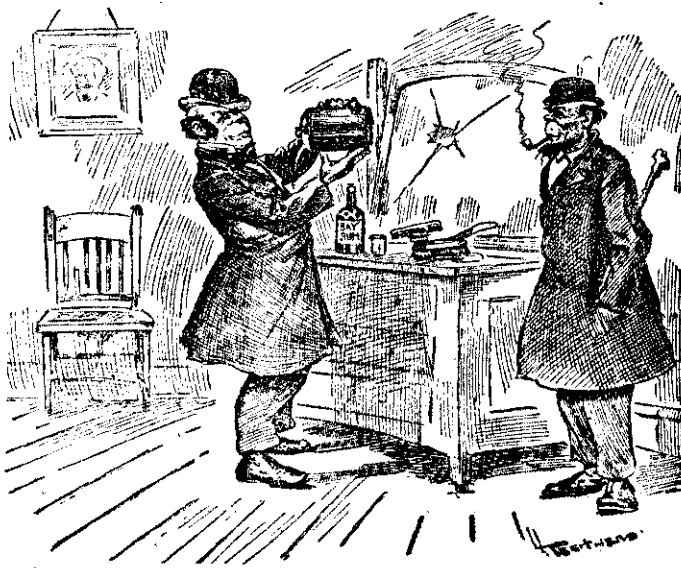
doctor ordered SCOTT'S in preference to any other emulsion because doctors know that SCOTT'S Emulsion always contains precisely the same quantities of precisely the same pure and powerful

**SCOTT'S** ingredients, manufactured

into a delicious cream by the unchallenged SCOTT process. From this it follows that diseases and conditions which SCOTT'S has been proved to cure (as above) will be cured just as surely in other

**EMULSION** cases, your own child's for instance.

Look for SCOTT'S “fishman” on the package. Of all chemists and dealers in medicines.



MAKING A GOOD BLUFF.

O'Brien—Wat are yez doin' wid th' kerosene?"  
O'Rourke—Jist for a bluff, O'Brien. If ye can't own a auty-mobile it don't cost much to himmel tolke one.