BRESEE'S PILLS have been in popular use in Europe for 60 years, and are a safe, sure and reliable remedy. 25 cents a box.

Polish eyed: use with newspapers. Prepaid chalk for cleaning jewelry.

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Best quality of meat can be ruined by bad carving of the roast.

Having used Dr. Deane's Dyspepsia Pills for the past six months, I can recommend them to anyone suffering from indigestion or dyspepsia as the best remedy in the market. FRED. LOUIS LUEDTKE, Postmaster, Fox, Outagamie Co., Wis. Write Dr. J. A. Deane & Co., Unionhill, N. Y.

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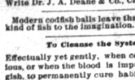

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Consumptives and people who have weak lungs or Asthma, should use Piso's Cure for Consumption. It has cured thousands. It has not injured one. It is not bad to take. It is the most cough syrup. Sold everywhere. 25c.
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POWDERED AND PERFUMED
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The strongest and purest Lye made. Unlike other Lye, it being a fine powder and packed in a can with removable lid, the contents are always ready for use. Will make the best perfumed Hard Soap in 20 minutes without boiling. It is the best for cleansing waste pipes, disinfecting sinks, closets, pails, washbottles, paints, trees, etc.
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The Best Waterproof Coat in the World!
The FISH BRAND SLICKER is warranted waterproof, and will keep you dry in the heaviest storm. The only substitute for it is an inferior oiling coat, which prevents the entire health, breeze of imitations. Don't buy a substitute for The A. J. TOWER Co., Boston, Mass.

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**THOMSON'S SLOTTED CLINCH RIVETS.**
No tools required. Only a hammer needed to drive and clinch. Stronger and more durability than sewing. Can be used on any harness. Requires no hole to be made in the leather. Agents' outfit for Rivets. They are STRONG, TIGHT and DURABLE. Put up in all sizes, in boxes containing 100 each, assorted, put up in boxes.
Ask your dealer for them, or send 4c. in stamps for a box of 100; assorted sizes.
JUDSON L. THOMSON MFG. CO., Waltham, Mass.

# Like No Other Love.

By Charlotte M. Braeme.

CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

She did not tell Sir Carlos about the proposal she had received; events might have been different had she done so. She thought that it would lower her in his eyes if the young baronet knew that his friend's valet had made her an offer of marriage.

The glamor of the season was strong upon Sir Carlos that he did not see Maggie's faults, her lack of good breeding, her want of refinement—he only saw the beauty that in his eyes was perfect. What mattered fortune or high title?

"All the gifts of the gods could not go together," he reasoned. She had wondrous beauty—that was enough for him; he would marry her and make her Lady Maggie Carew.

Then, besides her beauty, how passionately she loved him! There was no reticence about her love; she talked to him of it held his hands and kissed them; at times she laid her arms round his neck and her face on his breast, trying to tell him she loved him. Who would ever care for him as she did? Not one of all she were to sell bred as the Ladies Evesham, she more than atoned for it by her love for him. Why should he not marry her? He was his own master.

Then, in the midst of his exultation he thought of his mother, and the thought sobered him. He had always said that he would marry a woman who resembled her. Dark-eyed Maggie was the very opposite; no two persons could be more dissimilar. Another thing occurred to him—he had promised not to take any important step in life without his mother's consent. Well, that promise he would keep—he would consult his mother before he asked Maggie to be his wife.

Having come to this conclusion, Sir Carlos thought he had made a great concession. How many young men in his place, he asked himself, would do as he did? He was in every way his own master, yet he was going home obedient to his mother's wish. Her mission to marry the girl he loved. That any serious objections would be raised to the object of his choice never occurred to him.

He saw Maggie that same morning; she was waiting for him at the old trysting place, and it was a jest between them that they never yet found each the road to Armytage.

"I am going away, Maggie, for a little while," he said; "and when I return I shall have something important to say to you."

"You will not stay away long?" she cried. "Oh, Carlos, what should I do without you—how should I bear my lonely life? I should die if you did not come back!"

She clung to him pass onately, her beautiful face white with emotion, her dark eyes full of tears. He thought no love had ever been so tender, so great as hers.

"I am going, Maggie, so that we may never part again," he said. "I shall be back in three days' time. I shall take your portait with me, and you will see what happens when I return."

He thought himself a model son, and felt sure that his mother would rejoice when she knew the nature of his errand.

CHAPTER VII.

The sun shone brightly upon the old ivy-mantled walls of Holme, the weather was warm and sultry, and the windows and doors were open, and the summer breeze swept through the house.

Lady Carew had sought the coolest room she knew—an old-fashioned apartment opening on to a lawn where a magnificent cedar spread far. Holme stood. She reclined on a couch which had been placed at the open window. She had laid down her book and was thinking of her son, hovering over the flowers, smiling to herself as she thought of the "Loves of the butterfly." She was roused from her reverie by the sound of a quick familiar footstep.

That is Carlos, I am sure," she said, as she heard a firm tread along the corridor; and she felt a thrill of sheer delight at the thought of seeing her son. She had not expected him home for some time yet, therefore it was a pleasant surprise.

He had not waited for any one to announce him.

"Where is Lady Carew?" he asked impatiently of the servant who opened the door.

"In the parlor, sir," replied the man; and Sir Carlos hastily walked past him and opened the door.

He not be startled mother. I wanted to see you, so I rode over from Hatton."

Before she had time to rise or reply, he was kneeling down by her side, telling her in passionate words how he loved Maggie Waldron, and must make her his wife.

His mother lay quite silent. That some such hour must come she had always known. Her face was slightly flushed with the heat, her golden hair lay unfastened over her shoulders, and her hands were clasped in dismay too great for words.

"I must marry her mother," he said. "I love her so dearly that I could not live without her. She has no fortune, but you will not mind that; I know you are above all such petty considerations. Oh, mother, she is so true and full! If you could but see her as I saw her last! If I thought I should be separated from her, I believe I should go mad or die!"

"Stop. You speak so quickly, Carlos. I do not understand."

She tried to rise, but her whole frame trembled, and he gently laid her down again.

"Lie still, mother, you need not tremble. I have made a wise choice; there is not another woman in the world so fair and pure as my beautiful Maggie. I long to bring her home to you. I—oh, forgive my impetuosity!—I am mad with suspense, now that I am away from her. She is so beautiful that the mightiest in the land would be proud to wed her."

"Beautiful," murmured the gentle lady. "But Carlos, beauty is not everything; indeed, it is perhaps the least desirable quality in a wife."

"That's rank heresy, mother, from you, who are so beautiful yourself, but wait until you see my Maggie."

A deeper flush stole over the fair face. What had come over this handsome, impetuous son of hers?

"You must not say that I am too young to marry," he went on. "I have heard both you and the rector say that a wife is the world was for a man to marry young."

"Yes, a man," she murmured. "But you are only a boy, Carlos."

The white hands lingered on his dark curls and touched his bright, proud face.

"A boy at twenty-two!" he cried. "Oh, mother, mother, I have myself calle me a man!"—and he lightly touched the dark mustache that shaded his mouth.

"You must speak more quietly, my darling boy, if I am to understand at all," she said earnestly. "This must be a matter that she fate which sooner or later overtakes every one has ever taken you. You love some one, and you want to marry."

Then indeed he was a little taken aback, and for a few moments there was a pause in the eloquent flow of words.

"Some one whom you have met at Hatton?" she asked. "Oh, my dearest Carlos, heaven grant that you have given your love wisely! Who is she, my son?"

The anxious face drew nearer to him, the troubled eyes looked into his.

"Her name is Maggie Waldron, mother. What a sweet, fanciful name 'Maggie' is!"

"But who is she, Carlos?"

"She is the daughter of John Waldron," he replied, "and John Waldron is Lord Stanleigh's land agent. They live in a small house near Armytage, just outside the woods."

He saw her turn pale. She leaned her head back against the velvet cushions. It was worse, even, than she had thought. Oh, surely that could be only a boy's first wild fancy, and not love!

"Then she is not what the world calls a lady, Carlos?" she said slowly.

"The world, mother! Although this gray, foolish old world ever gave to any one or anything its correct name! She has no fortune, and she dresses plainly; but she is the queen of love's queens. However, you will see for yourself, mother; that will be best.

"Is she educated, Carlos?" she asked quietly.

"Educated!" he repeated, in a tone of withering contempt. "Would any one ask if a goddess could spell? Certainly she is. She has no mother—she died when Maggie was quite young; but you will supply her lost mother's place. I know she was brought up by her aunt."

"What was her aunt?" asked Lady Carew.

"I forget. She had a shop of some kind, I believe. It does not matter. When Maggie is my wife she will be Lady Carew; that will be sufficient. I—I thought you would say 'Yes' almost before I had done my petition, and you hesitate. Tell me one thing —have you ever refused any favor that I asked from you? Look back to the times when I have come to you for fruits or joys; did you ever refuse me anything on which I had set my heart?"

She was face to face with the truth now. Had she ever denied him anything? Had she taught him self-denial, self-control or had she yielded to every caprice of his fancy?

"Answer me, mother," he said; and for the first time there was something imperious in his tone. "Have you ever refused me anything I wanted?"

She had to accuse herself with her own lips.

"No," she replied; "I do not remember that I have."

"Then why do you begin now, when my heart is fixed on one thing?"

She trembled with agitation.

"You do not see, Carlos, that your marriage is the most important event of your life? If you make a mistake your whole life will be ruined; but if you marry wisely, all will be well with you."

He was touched by her agitation.

"My dearest mother, I know all that," he said. "I have thought of it, and I am going to marry wisely. Is not every one sure of wisdom who follows always wise to marry the one he loves, is it not?"

"Yes, if the love be true and wisely given, Carlos. But is your first fancy: it cannot be love."

"How does one distinguish love from fancy, mother?" he asked.

"By test time as you will, it will bear it. I know the news has come upon you suddenly, mother. I loved her first I had looked at her for one minute."

"And if—If you had your own way" —began her ladyship.

"If I had my own way," he interrupted, "I would marry her at once and bring her home to you."

She placed her hands upon his shoulders.

"Carlos," she said, "I was very young when I was left alone with you, and I have devoted my life to you."

"You are a sweet mother," said he kissed the imploring face. "I am not ungrateful."

"By the great affection I have for you," she went on, "by the love which has been boundless by my love, which has been like no other love, promise me one thing, Carlos."

"I will promise anything you ask," he answered. He was carried away by the fervor of her words.

"Promise me that you will not marry this—this girl until I have seen her and have given my consent."

"Certainly I will promise it. I do not bind myself, mother, to give her up even if you refuse. I do not think any power on earth could part me from her."

"Hush, my dear boy! Let me be frank with you. I must see her. Want of fortune, then, is not love's birth will not influence me if I think she has the gifts that will make you happy.

He drew back his head with a look of unutterable content.

"That I can safely aver," he said.

"Mother, you shall see her to-morrow. I did not ask them all to Hatton where I was going; I merely said that I should be absent for a few days on business. No one will know anything about it. We can take the train to Armytage, and drive from the station to the house. You can spend an hour with her, and then I will bring you home again. Will that suit you, mother?"

She sighed as she said "Yes." In her heart, she envied the girl whom he loved. She felt that this measure she had lost him while he gave himself up to unbounded happiness.

CHAPTER VIII.

Lady Carew never forgot the journey to Hatton. Her impetuous son hardly gave himself time to sleep, or allowed her time to prepare for the journey. He was up with the lark, and Maggie was ready for his mother when she came down—breakfast, the carriage, a time-table, and traveling rugs; he had forgotten nothing.

How few men thought Sir Carlos complacently, situated as he was, would care whether they had a mother's consent to their marriage or not! How few would give themselves any trouble! Whereas he although he loved his wife with a deep love the girl whom he had chosen, had not asked her to be his wife until he had consulted his mother.

The morning was fair; Lady Carew was ill at ease. This impetuosity, this breathless impatience of her son, seemed far more like the fever of passion than the steady flame of love. If it should be but a boy's foolish fancy, a young man's first love, and after a few weeks of married life it should die, what then?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## SOME SANITARY ASPECTS

**Of Bread Making by Cyrus Edson, M. D., Health Commissioner, New York City.**

It is necessary, if one would understand the sanitary aspects of bread making, to fully comprehend the present theory held by scientists of germs and the part played by them in disease. The theory of disease germs is merely the name given to the knowledge that of many forms of medical men, a knowledge which is the result of innumerable experiments. Being this the case, term of a "theory" has become a misnomer. A germ of a disease is a plant, but of the lowest kind known to the process intelligibly to the general reader its lack of size. When this germ is introduced into the blood or tissues of the body its action appears to be analogous to that which takes place when yeast is added to dough. It attacks certain elements of the blood or tissues and destroys them, at the same time producing new substances.

But the germ of the greater part of the germ diseases, that is, of the infectious and contagious diseases, will decrease or increase in number when being in the body of a human being, provided always you give them the proper conditions. These conditions are to be found in dough which is being raised with yeast. They are warmth, moisture and the organic matter of the flour on which the germs, after certain changes, feed.

It is necessary to remember at this point that yeast is germ growth, and when introduced into a mixture of gluten or starch, in the presence of warmth and moisture sets up a fermentation. If the mixture be a starchy dough the yeast first changes a portion of the starch into glucose and then decomposes the glucose by changing it into two new substances, viz., carbonic acid gas and alcohol.

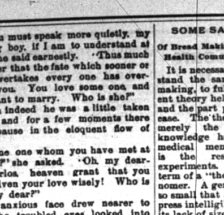
Now the gluten, which is also a constituent of dough and moist starch, affords, with the latter, an excellent nidus for the development of germs of disease as well as for the yeast germ. The germs of cholera, as of typhoid fever, would, if introduced into dough, find very favorable conditions for their growth.

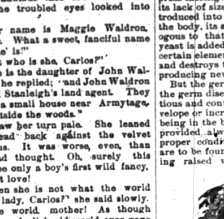
I do not wish to "pose" as an alarmist, nor am I willing to say there is very much chance of the germs of typhus and of cholera reaching the stomachs of the people who eat bread which has been raised with yeast. But I have not the slightest cause to doubt that other diseases have been and will be carried about in the bread.

I have met journeymen bakers, suffering from cutaneous diseases, working the dough in the bread trough with naked hands and arms. There is no reason to suppose bakers are less liable to cutaneous diseases than are other men, and I know of numerous cases in which yeast-raised bread must be worked a long time. This is an exceedingly objectionable thing from the standpoint of a physician for the reason that the germs of disease which are in the air and dust and on stairways and railings in street cars, are most often collected on the hands. Any person who has ever kneaded dough understands the place on the hands of the baker before he makes up his batch of bread are sure to find their way into the dough, unless there, to find all the conditions necessary for subdivision and growth. This is equivalent to saying that we must rely on the yeast to kill these germs, because it is almost certain that they will be there.

Now, underdone or doughy bread is a form which every man and woman has seen.

It is a belief as old as the hills that underdone bread is unhealthful. This reputation has been earned for it by the experience of countless generations, and no careful mother will wish her children to eat bread that has not been thoroughly cooked. The reason given for this recognized unhealthfulness has been that the uncooked yeast dough is not digested. To this one but a physician would be apt to think of disease germs which have not been killed during the process of baking as a cause of the sickness following the use of uncooked yeast bread. But this result from this cause is more than probable. I have not the slightest doubt that could we trace back some of the cases of illness which we meet in our practice we would find that


"DISEASE GERMS FOUND THEIR WAY INTO THE YEAST BREAD."


"BREAD WITHOUT YEAST"—THE MOST PERFECT OF ALL CONCEIVABLE WAYS OF RAISING IT.

germs collected by the baker have found their way into the yeast bread, that the latter has not been able to destroy them, that the uncooked yeast bread has been eaten and with it the considerable chance that germs will be deposited on it. Bread raised with yeast is worked down or kneaded twice before being baked, and this process may take anywhere from four hours to ten. It has, then, the chance of collecting disease germs during this process of raising, and it has two periods of working down or kneading during each of which it may gather the germs of disease from the hands of the baker's hands. As no bread save that raised with yeast goes through this long process of raising and kneading so no bread save that raised with yeast has so good a chance of gathering germs.

What is meant by "raising" bread is worth a few words. The introduction of the yeast into the mass of dough or the addition of heat when the pan is placed near the fire produces an enormous growth of the yeast fungi—the germs of yeast. These germs or yeast fungi effect a destructive fermentation of a portion of the starchy matter of the flour, which is the most valuable nutrient elements in the flour. The fermentation produces carbonic acid gas, and this, having its origin in every little particle of the starch which is itself everywhere in the flour, pushes aside the particles of flour and thus makes itself room. This is what is called "raising the bread."

It needs but a glance to see that it is this that effects on the dough, purely mechanical. The dough, which was before a close-grained mass, is now full of little holes, and when cooked in this condition is what we ordinarily call light. This porous quality of bread makes the stomach to rapidly and easily digest it, for the gastric juices quickly soak into and attack it from all sides. The fermentation of the dough, however, uses up a portion of the nutrient elements of the loaf. It is possible, therefore, to have produce a light porous loaf without this destruction and without the "kneading" process, which fills the dough with germs and filth, and without the long period during which the raising process goes on, the gain in food and the positive avoidance of the germs is exceedingly plain.

But while we can easily see the dangers which attend the use of yeast it is certain that the vesiculating effect produced by it on the dough is the of the greatest perfect. It is apparent that if we are to substitute any other system of bread making we must have one which will give us, first, mechanical results equally as good, that is, that will produce minute bubbles of carbonic acid gas throughout the mass of dough. Now it is in no way difficult to produce carbonic acid gas chemically, but when we are working at bread we must use such chemicals as are perfectly healthful. Fortunately these are not hard to find.

The evils which attend the yeast-made bread are obviated by the use of a properly made, pure and wholesome baking powder in lieu of yeast. Baking powders are composed of an acid and an alkali which, if properly compounded when they unite at once destroyed themselves and produce carbonic acid gas. A good baking powder does its work while the loaf is in the oven, and having done it, disappears.

But care is imperative in selecting the brand of baking powder to be certain that it is composed of non-injurious chemicals. Powders containing alum or those which are compounded from impure ingredients, or those which are not combined in proper proportions or carefully mixed and which will leave either an acid or an alkali in the bread, must not be used.

It is well to sound a note of warning in this direction or the change from the objectionable yeast to an impure baking powder will be a case of "jumping from the frying pan into the fire."

The best baking powder made is, as shown by analysis, "Royal." It contains absolutely nothing but cream of tartar and soda, refined to a chemical purity which when combined under the influence of heat and moisture produce carbonic acid gas, and having no other effect. Its raising strength has been found superior to other baking powders, and as far as I know, it is the only powder which will keep perfectly. Its use avoids the long period during which the yeast made dough must stand in the sponge. The salt, milk or water being added, the dough is made up as quickly as possible and moulded into the loaves.

These are placed in the oven and baked. But the very moment the warmth and moisture attack the mixture of cream of tartar and soda, these two ingredients chemically combine and carbonic acid or leavening gas is evolved. The consequence may be seen at a glance, the bread is raised during the time it is baking in the oven and this is the most perfect of all conceivable methods of raising it.

Here, then, there is no chance for germs of disease to get into the dough and thence into the stomach, more than that the bread is necessarily as sweet as possible, there having been no time during which it could sour. This involves the fact that the bread so made will keep longer, as it is less likely to be contaminated by the germs that infest the souring process.

It will be strange if the crowds of visitors to the World's Fair do not greatly increase the number of contagious diseases which we will have to treat. Under these circumstances is it not folly of follies to open a single cabinet through which disease germs may reach us? Is it not the part of wisdom to watch with the greatest care all that we eat and drink, and to see that none but the safest and best methods are employed in the preparation of our food? To me it seems as though there could be but one answer to questions like these.

The above shows the danger of using the yeast raised bread, and with this I have shown how that danger may be avoided. The ounce of prevention which in this case is neither difficult nor expensive, is certainly worth many pounds of cure, and the next thing about it is that it may be relied on almost absolutely. Those who eat bread or biscuits or rolls made at home with Royal baking powder may be sure they have absolutely stopped one channel through which disease may reach them.

NOTE.—Housekeepers desiring information in regard to the subject of this article, or for sanitary reasons, Dr. Edson so strongly urges for general use, should write to the Royal Baking Powder Company, New York.

## A TEXAS GATEWAY.

**Wonderful Ingenuity of the Tiny Ants in the Lone State.**

The author of "Tenants of an Old Farm" tells of some remarkable habits of the cutting-ants in Texas as observed by him. It relates to the opening and shutting of the gates which communicate with the interior of the nest, which he found were opened and closed before and after every exit the ants make. These gates are simply little heaps of dry leaves, twigs and other refuse, which are seen scattered here and there over the mound as one approaches it in daytime.

When I first saw them I was completely deceived, and thought them nothing more than accidental accumulations. I found out, however, that those piles were evidently arranging with the current. Hardly had I pointed out the danger to the men around me, when the girls clung to each other, striving against their fate, they tottered down the stream toward the rapids, which rushed with such violence that the mere sound made one feel high.

"With praiseworthy speed the Arabs started to their feet and dashed down the deep descent toward the river; but, before they had reached half way, the girls gave a shriek, lost their footing and in another instant threw their arms wildly above their heads and were hurried away in the foam of the rapids.

"One disappeared immediately. The other was visible, as her long, black hair floated on the surf; she also sank. Presently, about twenty yards below the spot, a pair of naked arms protruded high above the surface, with ivory bracelets upon the wrists, and twice the hands clapped together as though imploring help; again she disappeared.

"The water was by this time full of men who had rushed to the rescue; but the girls were hopelessly lost. At the spot where they had first seen the girls, who were, of course, by this time carried far away by the torrent.

"Once more, farther down the river, the hands and bracelets appeared; again they wildly clapped together, and in the clear water we could plainly see the dark hair beneath.

"Still she sank again, but almost immediately she rose head and shoulders above the surface, and thrice again she clapped her hands for aid.

"This was her last effort; she disappeared. By this time several men had swum out to the object beating the tail of the rapids, and having formed a line across a very narrow portion of the stream, one of them succeeded in catching her beneath the water, and in another moment he held the body of the girl in his arms.

"Of course, she was dead? Or a fit subject for the Royal humane society? So I supposed, but to our intense astonishment, she no sooner was brought to shore than she gave herself a shake, threw back her long hair, wrung out and arranged her dripping rahat and walked leisurely back to the ford, which she crossed with the assistance of the Arab who saved her."

## A BUSY MAN.

**The Drummer Said His Time Was Worth $5,000 a Minute.**

"Speaking of busy men," remarked the drummer incidentally, "I ran across one in Chicago not long since who takes the rag right off the bush. He is one of the liveliest types, and is making big, big money every year. I had some business the other day with him, and after waiting my turn a while in the office I was found him hard at work at his desk looking over and signing papers, dictating to two or three stenographers at once and talking between breaths. I think I was about the fifteenth man in line to be waited on, and as we were giving rates and detailed information will be mailed free upon application to W. A. Hall, general passenger and ticket agent, Chicago & Northwestern Railway, Chicago.

## ODDITIES.

The proprietors or owners of death traps are rarely to be found among the prosperous.

Married couples in Norway are privileged to ride on railroads at a fare and one-half for each couple.

## A NARROW ESCAPE.

**Sir Samuel Baker Witnesses a Drowning Accident on the Nile.**

Sir Samuel Baker gives an account of a thrilling incident which illustrates the folly of taking unnecessary risks. He was stationed by the banks of an Abyssinian river. His tents were pitched upon the verge of a cliff some thirty feet in height, down the face of which was a rugged path to the water. The rainy season was so far past that the river was rather low, though at the foot of the cliff it was nearly full. Some low shelving rocks narrowed the passage until just beyond there were some powerful rapids. Near their head was a ford where women were accustomed to cross, carrying their burdens of fagots from the opposite shore.

"One day," says Sir Samuel, "I was employed outside the tent, when I observed a throng of women, each laden with a bundle of wood, crossing the ford in single file from the opposite bank.

"Among them were two young girls of about 15 years, and I remarked that these, instead of marching in a line with the women, were wading hand in hand in dangerous proximity to the head of the rapids.

"A few seconds later I noticed that they were inclining their bodies upstream, and were evidently struggling with the current. Hardly had I pointed out the danger to the men around me, when the girls clung to each other, striving against their fate, they tottered down the stream toward the rapids, which rushed with such violence that the mere sound made one feel high.

"With praiseworthy speed the Arabs started to their feet and dashed down the deep descent toward the river; but, before they had reached half way, the girls gave a shriek, lost their footing and in another instant threw their arms wildly above their heads and were hurried away in the foam of the rapids.

"One disappeared immediately. The other was visible, as her long, black hair floated on the surf; she also sank. Presently, about twenty yards below the spot, a pair of naked arms protruded high above the surface, with ivory bracelets upon the wrists, and twice the hands clapped together as though imploring help; again she disappeared.

"The water was by this time full of men who had rushed to the rescue; but the girls were hopelessly lost. At the spot where they had first seen the girls, who were, of course, by this time carried far away by the torrent.

"Once more, farther down the river, the hands and bracelets appeared; again they wildly clapped together, and in the clear water we could plainly see the dark hair beneath.

"Still she sank again, but almost immediately she rose head and shoulders above the surface, and thrice again she clapped her hands for aid.

"This was her last effort; she disappeared. By this time several men had swum out to the object beating the tail of the rapids, and having formed a line across a very narrow portion of the stream, one of them succeeded in catching her beneath the water, and in another moment he held the body of the girl in his arms.

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