

A SIREN'S VICTIMS

By Frances Warner Walker.

CHAPTER XXIV—(Continued.)

It was noon next day when Harvey Barclay called, but Helen, not Andrew, opened the front door to admit him before he had time to pull the bell.

Their eyes met. Without a word on either side, he followed her whither she led—into a small room adjoining the library.

"I wish to speak to you," she said.

"Evidently," he replied, coolly. "But first let me tell you I glad I am to have you back again, though regretting the cause which brought you. By the way, has Mr. Reynolds improved since yesterday?"

"Stop!" she interrupted, imperiously. "You are not dealing with a child. We are not here to talk of Mr. Reynolds, nor my return, nor your gladness thereat. I have returned, however, Harvey Barclay—returned to thwart your plans—returned to prevent your marriage!"

"I did not know a marriage was contemplated," he retorted. "I presume, from your remarks, Miss Hawthorne has done me the honor to acknowledge her engagement to me. I told you, some time since, I intended to consummate this engagement. I also told you I was in no hurry to cement it. But, really, since you freshly suggest the idea, it is not altogether bad. It's rather necessary, in this little crisis of our affairs, to hold the whip-hand. I don't think, if I were in your place, that I would interfere."

The cool arrogance of his manner but made the woman's passions blaze more fiercely.

"You are deceiving me!" she cried, and her voice rang shrill and clear. "You mean to marry Grace Hawthorne and defy me! You, who have deceived me from the beginning; you, who sold me into my own marriage! But it shall not be! You hear me—it shall never be! Sooner than see you Grace Hawthorne's husband, she shall know all—aye, though I confess my own share of the infamy!"

"Perhaps you will make that confession now," interrupted a voice, which fell upon their guilty ears like the knell of doom.

Half way in the library stood Harry Reynolds, looking more like a dead man than a living man, but his eyes were bent upon them, and it was his voice which they had heard.

CHAPTER XXV.

It was a moment to shake the stoutest nerves. It was one thing to threaten confession, another to be brought before the tribunal of justice and have it extorted from you; but Helen quivered under the shock for a moment only. Then, cool, resolute and defiant, she rose up to meet it.

"Since you wish my confession, you shall have it," she said; "but I prefer that to it there shall be no witness. Mr. Barclay, will you kindly leave us?" "I prefer that Mr. Barclay should remain," interrupted Harry. "Evidently what you have to tell me is known to him. It is best spoken before him." A cool, sardonic smile played about Harvey Barclay's lips. He, too, had had time to recover his composure.

Of the three he had the least to fear from the exposure about to take place.

"I think that I will join Grace in the music room," he said, quietly. "Conjugal scenes are not quite to my mind. I shall be at your service, Mr. Reynolds, when this evidently-painful interview has been forced to a conclusion."

Harry Reynolds made no further effort to detain him as he walked past him, closing the door carefully behind him.

Before the young husband's eyes was a dense black cloud, which shut out from his view the form of the beautiful woman on whom he had placed all his young love and trust.

The air around him seemed filled with voices which echoed, mockingly, the words he had heard her speak.

"She shall know all—aye! though I confess my share of the infamy."

And then, not one, but a hundred voices took up the last word, and shrieked it in his ears. And as they did so, it seemed to him that these invisible, malicious spirits took mud in their hands and threw it against the beautiful, pure-white statue, until they had brought destruction alike to its beauty and purity.

When at last the cloud cleared and the voices were silent, he found himself within a very few steps of his wife.

Her arms were folded across her breast, a smile of defiance on her lips. All her softness, all her womanliness, had fled.

"Well?" he questioned, mockingly. "I am waiting for you to speak," he answered.

And his voice, though unutterably sad, was cold and stern.

Instinctively the woman felt that she stood no longer in the presence of a loving husband, a man whom she could trick by her smile and bend by her caprice, but her judge, the scale of justice in his inexorable hands.

"And suppose I refuse to speak?" she replied. "It was to Grace I promised my confession, not to you."

"Grace does not bear the name which your confession may tarnish; nor may it be fit to sully her pure ears. I will listen to it first, if it be infamy" (he paused and shuddered) "it is for me to hear—no other."

"This is an unfortunate house for tea—tets," she responded coolly. "One I had not long ago was interrupted. Do you know?" she continued. "I am afraid you will be disappointed in my confession. I was merely working in your ends, after all. They happened for once to run in the same groove. Like yourself, I wished to prevent Harvey Barclay's marriage with Grace Hawthorne."

"For her own sake?" "Her own sake? No!" she answered. And now the lightness fled

from her manner, and the deep feeling surging beneath began to evidence itself. "For her own sake! Why should I? Has she not all in this world—all that she should covet possession of the man I love?—yes, love! You would have the truth. You forced it. Don't start and turn paler than you already are. A little while ago—only last night—you were ready to laugh at your jealous fears. They were not quite unfounded. Yet, but for Harvey Barclay, I never should have become your wife. He told me you were rich; that you had a fortune in your own right, independent of your father. He was poor, and could not marry me, or was a coward and would not. I would rather have worked for him, toiled my fingers to the bone, than lived in luxury with you; but I was ambitious, and he played upon my ambition, and so, after letting you go once, I won you back again—won you from that pale-faced girl, who loves you yet. Will you curse me now? Will you wish that you had never seen me? Will you drive me from your house, and send me back to the old life of toil and poverty? Well, drive him out, too, and I'll not repine. I—"

"Hush!" interrupted the tortured man. "In the name of your womanhood, be silent. Oh, my God, do you dream how I have loved you, that you should thus wreck my happiness and destroy my faith?"

"Your happiness! your faith!" she cried into her tone. "Both are unechoed, and a touch of weariness known words to me. They were blotted from my vocabulary when I was a little child. Why should they exist for others? Yes, you have been good to me in your way; but goodness cannot purchase love, and all the love I had in my heart belonged to another before I ever looked upon your face. Yet the name, the respectability, you have given me, I like, and I mean to keep them. You can't make a public scandal because I do not love you."

"I cannot make a public scandal—no," answered the heart-stricken man. "You shall enjoy the price of all that you have now, but you shall enjoy it alone. As soon as my father sufficiently recovers, I shall leave this roof. You, also, shall leave it. All that my means can give you, you shall have; but this house shall no longer be your home. And was it this—that you were about to confess to Grace? Have you in no way helped Harvey Barclay in extorting money from her? Oh, Helen, rouse me from this nightmare! Tell me I am dreaming a foul and hideous dream—that your beauty is not a mask to cover treachery and deceit; that your story is not an empty name—that your story is but a cruel test to my devotion! Helen, my wife—my love—save me from madness and despair!"

The sternness had vanished from his face and voice. He opened his arms and outstretched them toward her. "For the moment he refused to believe all that she had said—refused to think that his senses had rightly heard."

But she made no step forward—no effort to respond to his advance. His arms fell; he threw himself into a chair, and his head sank on his breast.

He heard the rustle of her skirt; the opening and closing of a door.

He was alone. Alone? No. Nevertheless alone. Henceforth he and misery were inseparable.

CHAPTER XXVI.

He took no heed of time as the moments passed. He sat as if carved in stone.

In the room above him lay his father, and about him the physicians fighting the grim spectre that threatened its approach.

Ah, if death would but come to him now—this moment! How eagerly he would welcome the rider of the white horse!—how gladly inhale from its nostrils the death which means destruction and decay!

From the sick-room he was banished. His father would not miss nor note his absence; nor could he dream that the fight he fought with life, was bitter than the one above with death.

A clock struck, but he took no notice of the hour.

A door opened, but he did not raise his eyes.

On the carpet swept the soft rustle of a woman's dress. Helen had returned—to torture him afresh, perhaps with some newly-remembered omission from her torture-scroll.

He shuddered, but otherwise sat motionless.

Suddenly a hand, half-timidly, fell upon his shoulder—a faint odor of crushed violets was wafted to him—a voice breathed his name.

"Harry!"

It was Grace, not Helen, who stood before him; Grace's hand which touched him; Grace's voice which spoke to him.

It was like a breath of heaven, a ray of sunshine falling athwart the darkness of his thought.

"Harry!" said the voice again. And in its tone was tenderness and pity, sympathy and love.

Yes, love; and, all unconsciously, it threaded its way into the soul of the tortured man and lighted one tiny taper upon the altar about which all had been blackness—the black horror of despair.

He made no movement; he spoke no word.

She fell upon her knees beside him and laid her head upon his sleeve. She had so often done so when a child; she had been content thus for hours, his arm about her waist.

The action recalled to him that long-gone past. It seemed as though all the gulf that lay between them had been wiped out.

The words that Helen, in cruellest mockery, had uttered, returned to him—"That pale-faced girl, who loves you yet!"

And this love he had thrown from him to accept the cheat and mockery his wife had brought him in its stead. His wife! Oh, empty, barren title!

As the word shaped itself, even in his thought, it broke down the barrier of his restraint, and his misery escaped its bonds.

To the horror of the girl who knelt beside him, great sob rent his frame—pitiful to hear at all times, but most pitiful when they burst from a strong man's breast. Then, indeed, must he acknowledge himself but born of woman!

For a time she would let the storm have its way; but when the sob had died away, and only the bent head and a quivering of the body showed the force of the hurricane, she slipped into his hand a little piece of paper. One end was burnt.

"Forgive me, Harry!" she whispered. "You have trusted me so little, dear, that I feared you might think I held this still, and I wanted you to destroy it yourself. You see, I put it in the flame and snatched it out again. Don't think I blame you, Harry. Only I wish—I wish that you had asked me, dear, to sign it. Tell me, do you need more money? Can I help you?"

He raised his head and looked down at her with wondering eyes.

"What are you talking of," he said. "Has all the world gone mad to-day? And what is this?" and he read the paper that he held.

It was Grace Hawthorne's note, and signed by Grace Hawthorne's name, indorsed by Harvey Barclay, and a name new and altogether strange to him.

"What have I to do with this?" he said, bitterly. "This concerns you and your lover!"

"Harry, Harry!" she pleaded. "Don't fear to acknowledge the truth to me! I would rather die than betray you. Are there others of these to which you have signed my name? Is it this that troubles you?"

A new and terrible light burst upon Harry Reynolds' bewildered brain.

"Any others to which I signed your name?" he repeated, slowly. "Any others to which—"

And then, closely and narrowly, he examined the signature on the paper in his hand.

His face became more ghastly as he looked, and in his eyes there crept an expression which never had been harbored there before—a man who knew that deadly wrong and double treachery had been done him, and who rose up at last prepared to meet his foes and deal with them as they deserved; for the signature was one he recognized at last.

It was his own counterfeit of Grace Hawthorne's name. It was this note which had caused his father's illness. Perhaps he suspected and believed him guilty. It was for his sake, not Harvey Barclay's, the brave girl had shielded him!

The weakness which a moment ago overmastered him was gone. His strength returned. Words of indignant denial of his share in the wretched deed sprang to his lips, but he forced them back.

If, at such cost, Grace, an alien to the name, had saved his honor, should he not save it still?

He rose to his feet and put her, gently, from him; but, frightened at something she read in his face, she clasped her hands tightly about his arm.

"Harry!" she cried, "what are you going to do? Did I do wrong to give you this? It was a very sudden impulse, dear, but I wanted you to be sure—quite sure—it was destroyed!"

"Thank God you brought it to me, Grace!" he said, in a deep, hollow voice, which jarred against her ear in its strange, unnatural sound. "I have forfeited your trust for a little while, child; but perhaps, one day, I may restore it."

He stooped and kissed her forehead, and as she felt his kiss, a little bird, long silent, sang out a tiny song within her heart.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Up and down the length of her luxurious room Helen Reynolds swiftly paced, one moment regretting the madness of her confession, the next exultant in her power to meet and defy her husband, when the door slowly opened and admitted him into her presence whom she had so grossly wronged.

That something new—something beyond the terrible scene of the morning—had happened, one glance into his face sufficed to tell her.

For the first time in her life she feared him. One other man, in all the past, had roused in her the element of fear, had wakened the coward in her which lay dormant beneath her bravado of courage; but he had made her flesh shrink and quail.

This man seemed to make her soul recoil in terror. She paused in her walk.

He closed and locked and barred the door behind him; and then he crossed the floor so near her that only a small table, covered with innumerable costly trifles, separated them.

He swept a clear space. In doing so a vase of old and rare china fell to the floor, and was shattered into a thousand pieces.

He paid no heed to it, but on the space that he had made he spread out a crumpled sheet of paper he had held tightly in his hand.

One glance told her all. It was the forged note. Now that she knew the worst her strength rose to meet it. There was still at her heart the same cold, deadly shivering, but she forced herself to lift her eyes from the table to his face, and rest there with defiant questioning.

"Who did this thing?" he asked. "I don't understand you," she retorted. "What have I to do with that paper?"

"That is for me to ask and for you to answer, and I will have an answer, and the truth, cost what it will."

"First, tell me what the paper is," she said.

A gleam of fire kindled in his eyes.

"Then, have it so," he answered. "You wish to know what the paper is. It is the living proof of a wife's foul treachery, the exponent of a lying lie. Oh, woman! Are you woman of are you fiend. Here, in this very room, you asked me for the signature upon

this sheet. Here you pretended to destroy it. Here, in my presence, smiling in my eyes, you hid it, like a serpent, in your breast, until you could give it into the hands of one as unscrupulous as yourself, and make it the weapon to strike at the heart of your husband's honor! Did you think to escape the consequences of such an act? Do you know that as I look at you all your beauty seems changed to me? I seem to see the serpent's scales. I seem to hear the serpent's hiss. Between us yawns a great, impassable gulf, and in its blackest depths you would hurl the honor of the name you bear."

"The name I bear," she echoed, scornfully. "And what is an empty name? See," pointing to the paper—"how readily another may flitch it from us! It is an accomplishment upon which you pride yourself. You say you wrote this name and I stole it from you for purposes of my own. How will you prove this? It seems a strange, unnatural story—does it not?"

You wrote Grace Hawthorne's name in idle jest. Your friend raised money on it for fifty thousand dollars. The day the note falls due you sail for Europe. A coincidence, merely, the latter, you explain. You were in no way desirous of being absent when the note was taken up, whose existence was all unknown to and unsuspected by you. Perhaps you will drag the matter before the courts. Perhaps you would lay the guilt upon your wife. To do so would not rob her of the name of which you are so proud. That you would drag it and her through the mud in order that your own skirts be cleaned. But suppose your wife denies the story? Suppose she declares herself the innocent one? Suppose that Harvey Barclay supports her proof, and tells how and where you signed the note? Are not two witnesses better than one. Meantime, agitation, they say, will prove fatal to your father. Do you not think, Harry Reynolds, we had best let sleeping dogs lie? You hold the note. The proof of your forgery is in your own hands. Grace Hawthorne alone believes you guilty. At what cost could you convince her of your innocence?"

Twice Harry Reynolds essayed to stem the breathless torrent of her words, but from his ashen lips escaped only a low, gurgling sound. The air appeared to have converted itself into hammers, which struck incessantly against his temples and prevented thought.

"This is your infernal plot!" at last he was able to gasp out; and then the room again grew dark to him.

He reached out his hand to steady himself against the table, but, with a groan, dragging it with him, he fell, a dead log upon the floor, while around were scattered glass and china—fit emblem of the frailty of his own hope, and the shattering of his brightest and most beautiful dreams.

Helen, bending over him, thought, for the moment, that death had intercepted in her behalf to keep her secret; but as she wrenched from his rigid fingers the paper he had clutched in his fall, she felt the skin warm to her touch.

A hasty knock sounded at the door. She thrust the paper into her bosom and rose to open it.

The knock, pad, and breathless, on the threshold, with Andrew close behind.

"What has happened?" gasped the girl.

"Harry is ill," answered the wife, calmly. "If Dr. Hope is with Mr. Reynolds, let him come up at once. Meantime, Andrew can lift him on the lounge."

But, ere she had finished speaking, Grace had sped on her errand—a dull, dead weight of an awful fear upon her heart, where the bird's song had sung to silence.

The physician looked very grave as he felt the pulse of the unconscious man. Surely, he thought, there must be some skeleton hidden in this splendid mansion, to cause father and son alike, within twenty-four hours, to be stricken with sudden and desperate illness; and, involuntarily, he glanced toward the young, beautiful woman who so calmly awaited his verdict and directions.

"The brain is affected, Mrs. Reynolds," he said, finding the face he studied an inscrutable mask. "Your husband must be kept perfectly quiet, and his recovery must be unattended by the slightest agitation. All exciting causes, if any exist, must be banished. His youth and strength will, doubtless, soon reassert itself. Meantime, I leave this prescription for him. Please give it according to exact directions, as in itself it is a powerful poison, and must be carefully administered. I could trust it to no one but yourself; I will see him again in a few hours. Of course, his father must know nothing of his illness."

Helen bowed her assent and understanding; but, when the door had shut behind him he stood in the attitude he had left her, only with her eyes fixed on the white face resting upon the pillows of the lounge. The dark eyes were open now, but they had a restless gleam of vacancy, and seemed un-mindful of her glance. Neither pity nor remorse was written in her own face; only a desperate hardness gathered there.

"If I had loved him, he might have saved me!" at last she murmured, half aloud. "He is worthy only a good woman's love, and I'm not a good woman. And besides, besides, all I had to give belonged to Harvey long before I ever looked upon your face, Harry Reynolds—to Harvey, who would trick and cheat me now—who, perhaps, at this moment is pouring his love-story into Grace Hawthorne's ear."

The thought roused her to action. She opened the door of her room and ran swiftly down the stairs.

But the hall and lower part of the house were deserted. Grace was in her own rooms, and Harvey Barclay had left the house.

But she must see and speak with him; she must tell him that all was known, and explain the bold step that she had taken for his sake.

Reascending the stairs, she tied on her hat without one glance at the mirror, reflecting the beauty of which she was so vain.

For the first time in many weeks she found herself in the open street, forgetful of her enemy. For the moment Tom Windom's existence was blotted out. Her whole soul was absorbed in one purpose.

She made no pause in her rapid walk until she reached the house where the young officer lodged.

To her unutterable relief, the servant, with a wondering glance at the beautiful, richly-dressed lady, in answer to her hurried question, told her that Capt. Barclay was in his rooms.

Should she call him down? But, to her still greater wonderment, Helen pushed past her, saying that she would be her own messenger.

But the amaze depicted upon her face was increased ten-fold on that of Harvey Barclay, as his unexpected visitor announced herself.

"Helen!" he cried, springing from his chair. "What has happened? Tell me quickly!"

A ghastly fear was in his eyes. Had she confessed to her husband in that terrible scene which doubtless had been enacted between them?—and had he thrust her from his home, and had she fled to him? Just when his hopes were brightest, were they to be overthrown?

"Tell you quickly!" she retorted. "Why did you not stay to hear?"

And then she told him all. His face cleared as he listened. She had not faltered in any portion of her plot, in any hideous detail of her perfury.

"What is to be my reward, Harvey?" she asked, when she had done. "How did you win Grace Hawthorne's promise to become your wife? What power do you hold over her? She does not love you. Since you told me her secret I have discovered it for myself. She loves the man whose name I bear, whose name I hate, though it has been the stepping-stone to all my ambition once coveted. Oh, Harvey, I am ready to renounce it all! Harvey, you will not betray me? You do not mean to marry that girl? Tell me this—swear it to me! And yet, what is your oath worth? It is empty as the air which catches it. But swear it to me, Harvey! I have not sinned for you for this—not for this!"

There was real suffering in her tone. Already she was reaping her punishment in the horrible doubt which tortured her in the knowledge she possessed, that this man would ruthlessly sacrifice her should the need arise.

She knew him to be weak, false, unscrupulous; but she loved him with a depth and passion which grew as he dragged her with him to deeper depths of infamy.

(To Be Continued.)

STOWAWAY BRIDES.

These Are the Women Who Have Risked Hardship to Join the Men They Love.

Stowaway brides are not as rare at the barge office as one would believe. It is quite easy for a girl to slip on board an outgoing steamer and stow herself in one of the bunks below decks, lying quietly there until well out to sea.

A case happened a little while ago, the girl coming to meet her fiance here. As both were poor, the former resorted to this perilous expedient to accomplish the desired end.

One would think that such a heroic endeavor would deserve a better reception; but, upon arriving, having been worked very hard on shipboard for passage, the maiden was so changed by the ordeal of love that when her betrothed met her he refused to marry her.

A few days later, while being taken back to the ship for deportation, she leaped into the bay. Rescued gallantly, she lingered a prisoner in the charity hospital, but died some weeks later, literally of a broken heart.—Ainslee's Magazine.

A Diplomat's Inspiration.

"Why is it," she asked, "that when you are playing whist against papa you make so many blunders? You never seem to make misplays when he isn't in the game! Are you awed by him?"

"Well, not exactly that, Miss Rockingham," he answered. "You see, I found out, some time ago, that your father likes to win, and I want him to have a kindly feeling for me. I hope to—have a favor to ask of him some of these days, and—"

He hesitated. She looked up into his face, and then, somehow, his arms got around her, and she whispered:

"Oh, Edward! How did you ever guess that you had any reason to hope?"—Chicago Times-Herald.

Modern Witchcraft.

In the West country, only last week, a field of standing barley was "overlooked" by a crow who had long been supposed to desire to add the field to her own adjoining acres.

When the owner of the barley sent his men to cut it down, the cutter would not cut; then the horses would not move. So he borrowed a neighbor's cutter. It fell to pieces. It was repaired. The neighbor's horses and men were put on, and the barley was cut down. These horses and men had not been included in the "overlooking."

And this is seriously believed, even by educated farmers of to-day, to be due to occult influence.—London Daily News.

Trying to Interest Him.

Maj. Rasch, M. P., told a new war story in addressing a public meeting at Springfield, Essex, recently. In commenting upon the hospital service, he observed:

"Here is a specimen of the value of ladies at the front. Recently, at a military hospital, a lady sat down beside a bed and commenced reading aloud in a very impressive manner. This was too much for Tommy, who called out: 'You're wasting your time, miss; it's no good talkin' to 'im—e's been dead an hour.'—London Express.

Most Ladylike Joke.

"Have you heard the latest remark of the emperor dowager of China?" asked Frisbie of his wife.

"No. What did she say?" "She said: 'Dear me! I wonder if my crown is on straight?'"—Harper's Bazar.

On the Links.

"You ought to be ashamed to swear so drastically at the caddy. He is the minister's little boy."

"It's all right. His father believes in infant damnation."—Life.

"A great many women transfer to their baby the love they once had for their husband."

CENTER OF SILK TRADE.

Lyons Is a School for Teaching the Manufacture of Silk.

In a recent report of J. C. Covert, American consul at Lyons, France, it is stated that Lyons is a school for teaching the manufacture of silk, as well as a great center of the silk trade.

Young men come here from all countries to learn to make silk, acquiring the language while learning an important branch of commerce. In the silk department of the commercial school there are generally from 250 to 300 pupils. The price of tuition is 800 francs (\$154) per year for Frenchmen and 1,200 francs (\$231) for foreigners.

All kinds of silks, velvets, plain and figured goods are made by the learners under the superintendence of skilled workmen, with the most improved machinery. Some of this machinery bears the mark of a Philadelphia or Paterson manufacturer. A Singer sewing machine sews the pattern cards together. Thirty looms are run by hand and twenty-five by steam.

The municipal school, on the Croix-Rousse hill, the traditional home of the weaver, admits only Lyonnese youth. It is sustained by the municipality. Any boy 15 years of age, with the residence qualifications, can here learn the theory and practice of silk weaving, designing and making patterns for 9 francs (\$1.73), the total registration fee for the three departments. The day course of study is ten months. In the night school, provided for children who are employed during the day, a course of three years' study is required before graduating. Among the 300 or 400 pupils are the children of the rich and poor, some kept there at a sacrifice on the part of their parents. Each learner is required to keep a carefully written diary of his work, with abstracts of lectures, patterns of silk, designs of machinery, diagrams, etc.

A presentation of this book to a silk dealer invariably secure him a situation. The directors, Mr. Guigardot, informed me that for several years he has not been able to respond to all the demands for young men made by the large silk houses of Lyons. Everything is taught here, from the breeding of the silkworm to the weaving of the finest stuffs for wearing, upholstery, mural decoration and artistic embroidery. The product of the school, which is sometimes defective, is sold at nominal figures.

SALT-WATER BLOOD.

"Blood-Washing" as Substitute for Blood-Transfusion.

Transfusion of blood is a procedure that must have been employed by physicians in very early times. Ovid tells of Medea bringing back youth to the aged by the injection into their veins of the blood of young men, and doubtless the same means was employed by physicians for less fantastic objects. The injection of the blood of one person into the veins of another was until recently done to save life after severe hemorrhage and in various forms of blood poisoning. Sometimes a direct communication was made between the veins of the donor and of the recipient by means of a tube; at other times the healthy subject was bled into a bowl, and the blood was beaten to remove the fibrin before it was passed into the blood vessels of the patient. The procedure is a dangerous one, however, although many lives have been saved by it, and it has now been almost entirely abandoned, a much safer plan being used. It is found that the blood when defibrinated is no longer a living fluid, and the corpuscles it contains serve no useful purpose when injected, but rather act as foreign matter which must be got rid of. Accordingly physicians now use distilled water, in which a definite proportion of common salt and other chlorides has been dissolved. This solution is warmed, and is injected slowly into a vein at the bend of the elbow, about a quart being used. Often it is not even necessary to pour the fluid into a vein, but simply to inject it through one or more hollow needles in the tissues beneath the skin of the abdomen or the thigh. This is done not only to supply an equivalent for fluid lost in hemorrhage or cholera but also in certain diseases in