

EXILE: A STORY OF SIBERIA :: By ANNE CHEKHOFF

(Translated from the Russian by R. E. C. Long.)

OLD SEMION, nicknamed Wisacre, and a young Tartar, whom nobody knew by name, sat by the bonfire at the side of the river. The other three ferry-men lay in the hut. Semion, an old man of sixty, gaunt and toothless, but broad-shouldered and healthy in appearance, was drunk; he would have gone to sleep long ago if it had not been for the flagon in his pocket and the fear that his companions in the hut might ask him for vodka. The Tartar was ill and tired, and, sitting there, wrapped up in his rags, held forth on the glories of life in Simbirsk, and boasted of the handsome and clever wife he had left behind him. He was about twenty-five years old, but in the light of the campfire his pale face seemed the face of a lad.

"Yes, you can hardly call it paradise," said Wisacre. "You can take it all in at a glance—water, bare banks, and clay about you, and nothing more. Holy week is over, but there is still ice floating down the river, and this very morning snow."

"Misery, misery!" moaned the Tartar, looking round him in terror.

Ten paces below them lay the river, dark and cold, grumbling, it seemed, at itself, cleaving a path through its steep clay banks and bearing itself swiftly to the sea. Up against the bank lay one of the great barges which the ferry-men call karbasses. On the opposite side, far away, rising and falling and mingling with one another, crept little serpents of fire. It was the burning of last year's grass. And behind the serpents of fire, darkness again. From the river came the sound of little ice floes crashing against the barge.

The Tartar looked up at the sky. There were as many stars there as in his own country; just the same blackness above him. But something was lacking. At home, in Simbirsk Government, there were no such stars and no such heaven.

"Misery, misery!" he repeated.

"You'll get used to it," said Wisacre, grinning. "You're young and foolish now—your mother's milk has not yet dried on your lips; only youth and folly could make you think there's no one more miserable than you. But the time'll come when you'll say: 'God grant everyone such a life as this!' Look at me, for instance. In a week's time the water will have fallen; we'll set the small boat here, you'll be off to Siberia to amuse yourselves, and I'll remain here and row from one side to another. Twenty years now I've been ferrying. Day and night! Salmon and plums beneath the water and I above it! And God be thanked! I don't want for anything! God grant everyone such a life!"

The Tartar thrust some brushwood in

the fire, lay closer to it, and said:

"My father is ill. When he dies my mother and my wife are coming. They promised me."

"What do you want with a mother and wife?" asked Wisacre. "Put that out of your head; it's all nonsense, brother! It's the devil's doing to make you think such thoughts. Don't listen to him, accused! He begins about women, answer him back: 'Don't want them.' If he comes about freedom, answer him back: 'Don't want it. You don't want anything. Neither father, nor mother, nor wife, nor freedom, nor house, nor home. You don't want anything.'—"

Wisacre took a drink from his flask and continued:

"I, brother, am no simple mujik, but a sexton's son, and when I lived at freedom in Kursk went in a frock-coat; yet now I have brought myself to such a point that I can sleep naked on the carting and eat grass. And God grant everyone such a life! I don't want anything, and I don't fear anyone, and I know that there is no one richer and freer than I in the world. The first day I came here from Russia, I persisted: 'I don't want anything.' The devil took me, and behind the serpents of fire, freedom, but I answered him back: 'I don't want anything.' I tired him out, and now, as you see, I live well and don't complain. If anyone bates an inch to the devil, or listens to him even once, he's lost—there's no salvation for him. I was not a mujik, but a sexton's son, and never gets out."

"Don't think it's only our brother, the stupid mujik, that gets lost. The well-born and educated are lost also. Fifteen years ago they sent a gentleman here from Russia. He wouldn't share anything with his brothers, and did some thing dishonest with a will. Belonged, they said, to a prince's or a baron's family—maybe, he was an official—who can tell? Well, anyway, he came, and the first thing he did was to buy himself a house and land in Mukhorinsk. At that time, in Simbirsk, the Tartar was in the sweat of his brow, because, he says, 'I am no longer a gentleman, but a convict.' 'Well, I said, 'may God help him; he can do nothing better.' He was a young man, fussy and fond of talking; would his own grass to the devil; he rode on horseback sixty versts a day. That was the cause of the misfortune. From the first year he used to ride to Gurlino to the postoffice. He would stand with me in the boat and sigh: 'Akh, Semion, how long they are sending me about my home.' 'You don't want it, Vassil Sergeitch,' I answered, 'what good is money to you? Give up the old ways, forget them as if they never were, as if you had dreamed them, and begin to live anew. Don't pay any more about my grass to the devil; neither bring you nothing but ill. Now, you want only money, but in a little time you'll want something more. If you want to be happy, don't wish for any-

thing at all. Yes . . . Already.' I got gray-haired and bent, and his face turned yellow like a consumptive's. He could not speak without tears coming down his eyes. Eight years he wasted sending it to you. Then he grew lively again; he had got a new consolation. The daughter, you see, was growing up. He doted on her. And to tell the truth, she wasn't bad-looking; pretty, black-browed, and high-spirited. Every Sunday he rode with her to the church at Gurlino. They would walk and talk, and she'd be laughing, and he'd never lift his eyes from her. Yes, he said, 'Seroton, even in Siberia people live, and are happy. See what a daughter I've got! You might go a thousand versts, all I never see another like her.' The daughter, as I said, was really high-looking. 'But what a while, I used to say to myself, the girl is young, the blood flows in her veins, she wants to live; and what life here?' Anyway, brother, she began to grieve. Pined and declined, dwindled away, got ill, and now can't stay on her feet. Consumption. There's your Siberian happiness! That's the way people live in Siberia! . . ."

He spends his time driving about to doctors and bringing them home. Once let him hear there's a doctor or a magic cure within two or three hundred versts, away he'll go. Must go. It's terrible to think of the amount of money he spends; he might as well drink it. . . . She'll die all the same, nothing'll save her, and then he'll be lost altogether. Whether he hangs himself or drowns, it's all the same. If he runs away they'll catch him, then he'll have a trial and penal servitude, and the rest of it."

"It was very well for him," said the Tartar shuddering with the cold.

"What was well?"

"Wife and daughter. . . . Whatever he suffers, whatever punishment he'll have at any rate he saw them. . . . You say you don't want anything. But to have nothing is bad. His wife died with him three years. God granted him that. To be which he had, but three years is good. You don't understand."

"Trembling with cold, finding with difficulty the proper Russian words, the Tartar began to beg that God might save him from dying in the end of the village and ask for bread? It was too horrible to think of."

When next the Tartar looked up it was dawn; the barge, the willows, and the ripples stood out plainly. You might turn round and see the clayey slope, with its broken patches of snow, and above it the huts of the village, in the village already crowded cocks.

The clayey slope, the barge, the river, the strange, wicked people, hunger, cold, sickness—in reality there was none of this at all. It was only a dream, and the Tartar felt that he was sleeping and heard himself snore. Of course, he was at home in Simbirsk, he had only to call his wife by name and

she would call back; in the next room lay his old mother. . . . What terrible things are dreams! . . . Where do they come from? The Tartar smiled and opened his eyes. What river was this? The Volga?

"It began to snow."

"Aho!" came a voice from the other side, "boatman!"

The Tartar shook himself, and went to meet his companions. Dragging on their sheepskin coats on the way, swearing in voices hoarse from sleep, the ferry-men appeared on the bank. After sleep, the river, with its piercing breeze, evidently seemed to them a nightmare. They tumbled lazily into the boat. The Tartar and three ferry-men took up the long, wide-bladed oars which looked in the darkness like the claws of a crab. Semion thrust himself on his stomach across the helm. On the opposite bank the shouting continued, and twice revolver shots were heard. The stranger evidently thought that the ferry-men were asleep, or had gone into the village to the katabak.

"You'll get across in time," said Wisacre in the tone of a man who is convinced that in this world there is no need for hurry. "It's all the same in the end; you'll gain nothing by making haste. Their oars in time. Was a're lay across the helm on his stomach, and describing a bow in the air, swung slowly from one side to the other. In the dim light it seemed as if the men were sitting on some long-clawed ante-diluvian animal, floating with it into the cold dead sea, and that is sometimes seen in nightmares."

The willows soon were passed and the open water reached. On the other bank the creek and measured dipping of the oars was already audible, and cries of "quicker, quicker" came back across the water. Ten minutes more and the barge struck heavily against the landing stage.

"It keeps on falling, it keeps on falling," grumbled Semion, rubbing the snow from his face. "Where it all comes from, God only knows!"

The bank stood a fragile old man of low stature in a short foxskin coat and white lambskin cap. He stood immovable at some distance from his horse; his face had a gloomy concentrated expression, his eyes were staring, and he was angry with his disobedient memory. When Semion approached him, and smiling, took off his cap, he began:

"I am going in great haste to Anastavka. My daughter is worse. In Anastavka, I am told, a new doctor has been appointed."

The ferryman dragged the cart on the barge and the man called Vassil Sergeitch, stood all the time immovable, tightly

compressing his thick fingers, and when the driver asked permission to smoke in his presence, he answered nothing, as if he had not heard. Semion, lying on his stomach across the helm, looking at him maliciously, and said:

"Even in Siberia people live! Even in Siberia!"

Wisacre's face bore an expression of triumph, as if he had demonstrated something, and rejoiced that things had turned out as he had predicted. The miserable, helpless expression of the man in the foxskin coat evidently only increased his delight.

"It's muddy traveling at this time, Vassil Sergeitch," he said, "as they harassed the horses on the river bank. You might have waited another week or two till it got drier. Indeed, you might just as well not have started at all . . . If there was any sense in going it would be another matter, but you yourself know that you might go on forever and nothing would come of it. . . . Well!"

Vassil Sergeitch silently handed the men some money, climbed into the cart, and drove off.

"After that doctor again," said Semion, shuddering from the cold. "Yes, look for a doctor, but on the river bank in the field, seize the devil by the tail, damn him. Akh, what characters these people are! Lord forgive me, a sinner!"

The Tartar walked up to Semion, looking at him with hatred and repulsion, and trembling, and mixing Tartar and Russian words, he said: "You are a stone, you are a stone—earth! Lord forgive me, a sinner!"

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"God made men that they might have joys and sorrows, but you ask for nothing. . . . You are a stone—earth! A stone wants nothing, and you want nothing. . . . You are a stone, and God has no love for you. His He loves. . . . All laughed; the Tartar alone frowned disgustfully, shook his hand, and pulling his rags more closely round him, walked on, looking back at Semion and the ferryman returned to the hut.

"Cold!" said one ferryman in a hoarse voice, stretching himself on the straw with which the floor was covered.

"It's not warm," said another. "A gale-blast's life!"

All lay down. The door opened before the wind, and snowflakes whirled through the hut. But no one rose to shut it; all were too cold and lazy.

"I, for one, am all right," said Semion. "God grant everyone such a life!"

"You're kidding," cried the Tartar. "Soon all the others followed his example. But the door remained unshut."

THE MYSTERIOUS WHITE PIGEON :: By FERGUS HUME

"GOING TO Tregarth Manor?" said the old gentleman.

"Well, my dear, I hope you'll leave it alive."

I might have resented this familiar form of address from a perfect stranger but that his last words aroused my curiosity. He was a fat, chubby, cherry person, with a bald head and spectacles, and had entered the third-class carriage in which I was sitting at the last Devonshire station. The train was now on the Cornish line, and traveled along at a fair speed.

After looking out at the rugged, wild country till I was tired, I turned my attention to my companion, and asked him how far it was to Tregarth. Another hour would bring us there, he said, and then he learned from me that I was bound for Tregarth Manor. His reply, made as above, startled me, although I am not a nervous person.

"What do you mean, sir?" I asked.

"There's something queer about that house," he said, "although I've never been able to find out the truth. To be sure, no one has been drowned there for the last ten years, but the late Mr. Tregarth perished by water, and many a Tregarth before him. I've had a number of visitors. Then there's the white pigeon. A sure omen is the white pigeon, though, to be sure, it concerns one of the family."

cupied by Mr. Liffey in old-fashioned evening dress, and by a bluff, handsome young man, with a distinguished air and a military bearing. This, as I guessed, was Arthur Tregarth, and so he introduced himself.

"The water and Maud will be down soon," he remarked, wheeling a chair for me close to the fire. "I expect you had a dull journey."

"At this time," said Mr. Tregarth, but when I left Devonshire I was entertained by an archaeologist, who told me a lot about this house."

"Wastney," said Mr. Liffey, resting his chin on his hand, and beaming as usual, "Michael Wastney. He knows about the house."

"He knows about this one, at all events," said I, cheerfully.

"What did he say?"

"He told me about the river—"

"Ah, bah! That's all nonsense," said Arthur, uneasily.

"You have to go so," put in Liffey, quietly. "The river is fatal to many of your house, Tregarth, and also to visitors at times," and the librarian looked at me till I felt uncomfortable.

Mrs. Tregarth came in then, with a beautiful, but with rather a sad air.

"I am so glad you have come," said Miss Penworthy to me, and taking my hand. "I want a companion of something near my own age."

"You have Arthur," said Mrs. Tregarth.

"And I desire no one better," replied Maud, as I soon began to call her, "but a girl needs a girl."

Next day Maud took me over the house. It was a beautiful old place, mellowed by time into a perfect whole. The celebrated river passed the east wall, and the windows looked directly onto its waters. The upper part of the house was empty, and had the reputation of being haunted.

"There is a haunted room in the east tower," Maud said. "It has a red door, and is kept locked. Whoever sleeps there never comes out alive."

"What are they supposed to die of?"

"They kill themselves," she whispered. "They throw themselves into the river. But such a thing has not happened for years. The last person who tempted fate in this way was Mr. Tregarth. He slept in the room, and rushed out in the night to drown himself."

"Did anyone find him in the river?"

"Yes; but no one saw him fall. I expect he threw himself in during the night. That is ten years ago, and since then Mrs. Tregarth has kept the room locked. A white pigeon is said to appear when a Tregarth dies. One was seen fluttering in the library the night before Mr. Tregarth drowned himself."

The last person who tempted fate, told me that she loved Arthur, and with the approval of the mother, was to marry him in a few months.

Mrs. Liffey quarreled frequently with Mrs. Tregarth, and I often wondered that she did not dismiss him. The fact that she spoke of other things of the late Mr. Tregarth was probably why she remained. But one day he apparently went too far, although I did not know at the time why he quarreled so violently with Mrs. Tregarth. Maud afterwards informed me.

"Mr. Liffey is going," she said abruptly.

"Dear me, I thought he was quite a fixture here."

Maud nodded. "He has been here for the last thirty years," she said, "and Mrs. Tregarth, out of regard for her late husband, has put up with his humors. But Mr. Liffey," here her eyes flashed

angrily, "has dared to make love to me. I complained to Mrs. Tregarth, and she has dismissed him. He goes away next week."

We were all in the library one warm evening and the windows were open. Arthur and Maud were talking in a corner. Mrs. Tregarth dozed in an arm-chair and I was knitting. Mr. Liffey wandered about, opening first one book and then another, and at last, with a whirl of wings, a white pigeon appeared in the room. Where it came from no one noticed. But it hovered for a moment over Mrs. Tregarth (who woke up at the sound) and then flew through the open window.

"It means death," said Liffey in an awed voice.

"Nonsense," cried Arthur vigorously. "The window was open and it flew in. Mrs. Tregarth was deadly white. The omen had impressed even her material mind. 'The old go first,' she said in low tones. 'You will lose me, Arthur, and soon. It appeared when your father died,' she said. 'Mr. Liffey will tell you that it has often appeared before a death.'"

We all went to bed that night feeling uncomfortable, but Arthur insisted on laughing at the omen. However, it appeared to be a true one, for Mrs. Tregarth's body was found in the river next morning. She was still dressed in the costume she had worn at dinner.

Mr. Liffey appeared so stricken with grief that Arthur asked him to remain on as librarian. When Mrs. Tregarth was buried, Arthur and Maud arranged to marry in six months and go for a tour round the world. Meanwhile, the house was to be left in charge of Mr. Liffey. I, of course, would be discharged.

Some few days later Mr. Liffey told Maud that I was in love with Arthur. This, of course, was quite false, as Maud understood when we discussed the subject. Matters, however, became so unpleasant that I gave notice.

"I had retired to bed one night, but having left my book in the library I came down for it. At the door I heard Mr. Liffey praying. He was on his knees before an armchair weeping and shaking with penitence. The burden of his prayer was that 'she' (I guessed he meant Mrs. Tregarth) might learn the truth. And Eliza is better dead than living. Thou knowest, O Lord," he finished.

It flashed across me that Liffey had in some way brought about the death of Mrs. Tregarth, whose name was Eliza. I was so startled that I pushed open the door. Liffey looked up and saw me. Then I fled. The next day he was quite his old self, and made no reference to my presence at the door of the library on the previous night, and I could not, of course, see my way to accuse him.

"He is driving with Arthur to Tintagel," said Maud to me that day. "We shall be back at 6 o'clock. Will you come?"

"No, thank you," I answered, seeing how cold was the invitation.

At 10 o'clock I went to have luncheon with Mr. Liffey, and we were quite friendly. Incidentally he referred to the haunted room. I expressed a desire to see it.

"I can show it to you," said Mr. Liffey, and we went up the stairs together. We stopped at the red door. When we entered the room Mr. Liffey shut the door, and, standing with his back to it, he began to talk in a slow, cruel way.

"Last night you overheard me," he said.

"Yes, I did," was the rash admission, "and I am sure that you killed Mrs. Tregarth."

"You are quite right," he admitted. "I did kill her, and I killed her husband. Now I am going to kill you."

My blood ran cold.

I fled to the window; it was barred toward the door; he had his back against it. I had nothing to defend myself with. I was in his power and helpless. Mr. Liffey guessed my thoughts and chuckled in a hateful way.

"Yes," said he, "you may scream as loud as you like, but no one will hear you. I have trapped you, Miss Starr, because you know too much."

"You murdered Mrs. Tregarth. You threw her into the river. Why?"

"I did not throw her into the river. Don't look so alarmed, mother, she got into the water shortly. And I killed her because she would have turned me out of the house for making love to Miss Penworthy. She was jealous. Years ago when she was a bride I loved her. Tregarth was not worthy of her. Had he not made her his wife she would have married me. But I came here to be the librarian. I was at least in her presence. Tregarth treated her badly. I warned him against doing so, but he would not take my warning. Then the white pigeon came, and Tregarth was found dead in the Garth."

"Are you put him in there?"

"I arranged it," said Mr. Liffey, coldly. "I thought when he was out of the way that Mrs. Tregarth would marry me, but she refused, and when she died I neglected her. Well, you can understand that when Mrs. Tregarth learned that I loved Maud she grew jealous, and would have turned me out of the house. I warned her; she refused to accept my warning. Then she was killed. Mrs. Tregarth was found dead in the Garth."

"A light broke in upon me. 'You let loose the pigeon!'"

"I did. I had the bird in my pocket, and when you were all looking elsewhere I let it fly. I did the same when Tregarth was so that he might repent. He did not; his wife did not; so I killed him and her. It is my doing, and since you now know the truth you shall die too."

"How did you kill Mrs. Tregarth?"

Mr. Liffey chuckled again. "I told her that Arthur was in love with another woman; that he had written her letters; that I had secured them; and that I had hidden them in this room. I told her where to find them, and after leaving me that night she came up to this room. Then," he added quietly, "she was found in the river."

"But I don't understand," said I, bewildered.

"You soon will," he sneered. "Well, now you know all, so I shall leave you. Say your prayers, Miss Starr, for I am driving to an end, and I decyded you here, as I decyded Tregarth and his wife, and you also will be found dead in the Garth, and he gave me a vigorous push which sent me staggering into the middle of the room. When I recovered my balance he was gone, the door was shut and I heard his key turn in the lock."

So here I was in that bare room with the prospect of a near death. How the wretch intended to kill me I could not conjecture. There were only the bare floor, the ceiling and four walls.

I beat at the door and shrieked, but no one heard.

Exhaustion overcame me and I fell asleep. When I awoke it was quite dark, but through the high barred window poured a thin stream of moonlight. I heard the stable clock strike five. And alone in the darkness, I prayed, for I knew not at what time the unseen death would come upon me.

While I prayed there I heard a faint

sound like a groan and shivered with fear. In the darkness it sounded horrible. Then slowly I felt the floor slope. It tilted up, and I was on the end that was rising. At once the solution of the mystery flashed upon me. The whole floor of the room worked on a central bar and no one could keep foothold on its smooth surface.

Slowly I slid down that slippery bush until I shot over the edge and traveled with increasing rapidity down a long tunnel.

Before I knew where I was I plunged into the water. This was the river, and as the waters closed over my head I realized that in this way the many people drowned in the Garth had come by their doom.

Down I went, but rose to the surface again. Above me was a hood of brick-work, which arched some little distance over the stream. Its lip closed down on the water. Anyone who could not swim, or who was taken by surprise could easily be drowned in this death trap. But I swam my wits about me, and I could swim quite well.

The only thing I could do was to dive under the hood and come up on the outside, and this I did.

My wet, clinging clothes held me down, drew me into the depths, but I struck out despairingly and rose to the surface. I was on the end that was rising, outside, floating on the river below the tower, and the moonlight showed me the smooth walls of the house rising above me.

I swam with the strength of despair, and managed to lay hold of some bushes that grew near the verge of the lawn. I dragged myself up and finally flung myself full length on the grass. Then I faintly.

When I recovered my senses I was lying, dripping and aching, in the moonlight. With a great effort I staggered to my feet and walked slowly up the lawn through the gardens, and, seeing the terrace before me, I mounted the steps. At the open window of the library I halted. Mr. Liffey's voice sounded clear and clear. He was talking to Mr. Tregarth. I was so near that I could hear what he was saying. "She came here, saying that she loved you, Arthur; that she could not live without you. I tried to quiet her, but could not. She rushed away, saying that with you she was better than life. I have been searching for her ever since."

ing with the servants for her all the afternoon. We found her shawl on the river bank. Indeed, I fear she has drowned. I see no more, but I could stand it no longer, but dashed through the window. "No, you wretch!" I cried. "I am alive to punish you as a murderer." Then I faintly.

For some weeks I was ill. When I became convalescent, I heard that Liffey had been killed. I was in the train to London and had fainted.

From information supplied by my ravings while delirious a search had been made in the room of death, and the whole horrible apparatus was revealed. It must have been planned and constructed over a long time before, as the machinery was quite rusty. Liffey learned about its mechanism from an old family record, and had used the trap to kill Tregarth and his wife.

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QUEER THINGS IN THE CHEMISTRY OF WHISKY :: OF THE INTERNAL REVENUE OFFICE

ONE of the official guardians of the health of the people of the United States is Dr. C. A. Crampton, chief of the division of chemistry of the internal revenue office. As chief of the chemistry division, Dr. Crampton has charge of the testing of all food stuffs that are taxable under the internal revenue laws. High up on the fourth floor of the Treasury building, in Dr. Crampton's laboratory, he has three good-sized rooms, which by the way are scarcely sufficient for his needs, and a corps of five assistants. In addition to the ordinary laboratory apparatus, which consists of every sort of testing device known to organic chemistry, there are samples of oleomargarine, butter, cheese and other food products are kept pending examination.

Dr. Crampton has been in the Government service for twenty years, the first seven of which he was in the Department of Agriculture, and the remaining thirteen in the Treasury. When he first came to the Treasury Dr. Crampton was the whole division of chemistry himself. Little by little the work increased and assistants were employed, until the division of chemistry of the internal revenue bureau was established and Dr. Crampton was made chief. Dr. Crampton was educated at the University of Michigan and ranks high as a chemist.

Aside from the many interesting and complicated devices for testing samples which are sent to Dr. Crampton's laboratory, the samples themselves form an exhibition worthy of the visitor's attention. At present the butter and oleomargarine samples are largely in the majority, owing to the large number of cases that have come up since the passage of the new law, but there are also many samples of whisky, tobacco, wine, flour, cheese, opium, and other materials subject to internal revenue taxation.

It occurs to one after a few minutes' inspection of the supply of samples that if he were shut up in the internal revenue

laboratory for a week or so he might be able to make a very good meal off the supply of samples at hand. Butter is known to be nourishing, and there was once an old Kentucky mountaineer who said that "bread is the staff of life, but whisky's life itself." In view of the fact that there are several gallons of whisky on the shelves of the laboratory, of various kinds and ages, from the innocent looking, limpid, newly-distilled liquor that will make a man break open his trunk or murder his own child, to the mellow, brown-tinted variety which bears the ten-year label on its bottle, there should be plenty of "life" at hand. Then there is a can or so of opium to make him see rose-colored visions of a golden-floored Paradise. Last, but not least, in point of vigor and self-assertiveness, are several choice samples of cheese. There is not much cheese according to the standard bulk, but the "tenale strength" of the little bit of work of the utmost respect. Tobacco samples of various sorts, too, there are, even down to a few cinnamon cigarettes, and an after dinner smoke could be had with little trouble. One would have to use discrimination in his choice of drinks, however, for there is alcohol, benzine, naphtha, and ether in the laboratory that might be taken for new whisky with dire results.

Since the passage of the oleomargarine bill, Dr. Crampton and his assistants have been overruled with samples of water and oleomargarine sent them by revenue officers in the field, who suspected manufacturers of attempting to evade the payment of tax on coloring matter in their products.

There are two classes of butter and oleomargarine that are taxable. A tax of a quarter of a cent prevails on renovated butter, 10 cents on adulterated butter, and a tax of a cent on each color of oleomargarine, and 10 cents on that which is colored. On account of this heavy tax on adulterated butter and colored oleomargarine, often happens that manufacturers of these articles put adulterated butter on the market which they claim to be renovated and colored oleomargarine which they

claim to be uncolored. When an internal revenue officer in the field comes across what he considers a deception, an attempt at evasion on the part of manufacturers, he takes a sample of the suspicious product and sends it to the laboratory for analysis.

Dr. Crampton has a special device used by the makers of oleomargarine for coloring. Annoto, anniline colors, yellow dyes, palm oil, and even the yolk of duck eggs are employed to give the proper golden tint. Palm oil has become very popular since the enactment of the law, because it is very difficult to detect, even when it is detected the question as to whether or not it is taxable as coloring matter is a debatable one that is now before the Commissioner of Internal Revenue. Dr. Crampton and his assistants have been working hard over an analysis that will disclose the presence of palm oil in oleomargarine, and think their experiments have met with success, although they have not yet been called into court to give expert testimony to that effect. The other methods of coloring are easily detected, and under ordinary conditions, a sample of oleomargarine taken from the field is returned in three days. There have been so many calls for chemical examinations in the past few months, however, that Dr. Crampton has got behind in the work and now it takes longer.

Then there are the liquor tests. It very frequently happens that a dealer will substitute a comparatively raw whisky, colored with caramel, for that supposed to be four or five years old. Since whisky is considered not fit to drink until it has been out of the still for at least three years, the dire results that follow the indulgence in raw stuff which has been "doctored" is easily imagined. Newly distilled whisky is as clear as water and of about the same color, each year that it remains in wood adding a deeper amber to its appearance. Dr. Crampton has samples of whisky that he has analyzed and found months up to ten years and more, and when a sample of suspected liquor is sent to him he analyzes it and soon finds out the date of its distilling.

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