

the infection. These disturbances of the mental and nervous system often give rise to peculiar symptoms on the part of the patient. But this will be touched on later.

All that is known for certain, is that (like seed-ticks) it inhabits picnic grounds and tennis-courts. For instance, you see a boy and girl lying under a tree in beautifully picturesque attitudes; you pass by and see a tick on his shoe that he is too much engrossed to notice. Presently you see an uneasy motion of his left foot—the one the tick was on. The motion is repeated just slightly, and you know exactly what has happened. He can't get that tick out now.

At the same time the much more dangerous parasite, Love, has been creeping slowly but surely upon him; he hasn't felt it yet, but the germ is there! Whence came it? From the air that whispers softly in the tree above, or from the girl's golden tresses that now and then blow across his face? We know not; but he is infected, and from that hour he is a doomed man. It is a common superstition that these germs are the darts of Cupid.

“The senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid,  
Regent of love rhymes, lord of folded arms;  
The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans.”

But the germ of love is not confined to the fields and gardens. Like the germ of Anthrax, “she's a rustler; she's a hummer!” The fatal infection is concealed behind doors and in cozy window niches. It is constantly being shaken out from bunches of mistletoe at Xmas time; it lurks in the vines that shade the corner of the porch; it fairly swarms among the sofa cushions. Moreover, it may be carried in letters—especially those written on pink, scented paper, and enclosed in square envelopes. It is thus seen to spread with remarkable ease and rapidity, and this explains why boys always have it when very young.

The first attack seldom gives immunity. Indeed, some