

MIDDLE-AGED man with a fresh- | straight ahead, as if in search of some ly shaved red face and a short known light. clay pipe in his mouth came religing burility up the street, his hands in his jacket pockets, cap pulled over his brows, his eyes darting here and there, taking in all the sights of the great city that came in his way. A good student of character would set him down at once as an English sailor ashore in a strange country, his wages securely stowed away in some accret part of his painfully new and ill-fitting suit of blue serge. Short of stature, but bulky and solid, after the fashion of his native oaks, with features whose natural stoligity was enlivened startlingly by the unexpected brilliance of his eyes, which, though reav was a first tended in the corner of Commonwealth averaged in the stopped in the stopped should be stopped short at sight of the long double rows of trees stretching away into the distance, with the graveled walk between them, and pulled out his map. A moment's scrutiny of it elicited a grunt of satisfaction from him, and he set off along the sidewalk, looking at the numbers of the houses as he went.

At length he paused before a brown. Stone front, tucked his pipe away, settled his cap on his head, cougned foggly, mounted the steps and was hunting for the bell when he saw a printed notice: "Sickness; don't ring; please walk in."

"This here is what I call a rum go!" he muttered, standing back a step or "But, sir, my father wishes to see you" clay pipe in his mouth came roll-"This here is what I call a rum go."
he muttered, standing back a step or
two and throwing a calculating eye up
and down the facade. Then, "Well,
anyhow, if I c'n board nim without nobody's seein'—" He softly turned the
knob, and, greatly to his surprise, stood
face to face with a footman over six
his roll in his clothes he was able to expected brilliance of his eyes, which, though gray, were of so dark a shade that the effect was nearly that of piercwell considered and unshakable opinions in his manner, he was plainly no sort of prey whatever for the landsharks. If he had his roll in his clothes he was able to keep it there, as far as they were concerned. And the proof was, if one had needed other proof than his appearance, that here he was two miles up from the best residential districts, having passed under the very noses of the longshare barkers, runners, heelers, and strong arm men, lika a sturdy old battleship among river pirates and mudscows. His build and galt were enough to inspire respect, even seen from a distance, and the fiery glitter of his eyes as he approached would be nothing less than appalling to a person with secret intentions toward him.

Arrived at the entrance to the public guiden the sailor turned his back upon his mouth with his right hand, and blowing a cloud of smoke upward, with a lift of the chin, ran his eyes over the build mean account the passes of the public and could of smoke upward, with a lift of the chin, ran his eyes over the build mean account the passes of the sailor turned his back upon his mouth with his right hand, and blowing a cloud of smoke upward, with a lift of the chin, ran his eyes over the build had account to him, seeming almost spectral in the darkness of the ball. in his manner, he was plainly no sort of

toward him.

Arrived at the entrance to the public garden the sallor turned his back upon it, spread his legs, took his pipe from his mouth with his right hand, and, blowing a cloud of smoke upward, with a lift of the chin, ran his eyes over the buildings across the way. Then he lowered his gaze to the hurrying crowds on the sidewalk, glanced swiftly at the street signs, put his pipe back into his mouth, relieved the congestion of his nose between his thumb and finger, wheeled and signs, put his pipe back into his mouth.

"and I—"

Oh, I have heard my father speak of tween his thumb and finger, wheeled and rolled into the park. On an empty bench he seated himself, fitted the tin stopper to his pipe, thrust it into his coat pock, et, and drew forth a small piece of paper lined with diagrams. This he studied for ten minutes, his face gathered in a perplexed scowl. Then, "Dang!" he burst out, crashing his great fits down upon his knees. He looked at the diagram again bands. knees. He looked at the diagram again for a long moment, again said "Dang!" "So mail repeated the pounding of the knee.

From a little flat pin cushion which he her he fished from his pocket he selected four and grace that no ordinary landsmen would believe possible, after a glance at

the enormous thumb and awkward appearing square fingers, and with these he fastened the small paper to the slats of the seat. Then, following the lines with a careful forefinger, he traced out certain figures, muttering his calculaas he worked them:

"This 'ere's a bloody putry how-d'-do, this is! As how? Why, then, here's the ship, and here's the park, and here's vore Commonwealth avenue. But then yore Arlington street, here's vore blessed Church street, way off deals street clean away down here sou'cast by eyes if I didn't heave out o' ther a minute back, and they're the other way about or I'm landsman. And here I lay, e, by Park street-here's the casting his eye at the tall spire Park street-here's the over the way. "but the signs says Boyls-ion. And the' ain't no Roylston on the chart! And this here's Bencon, only a little furder on its Commonwealth, and not Bencon, and here's Beacon way off sourcest agin, and Park street church be-calmed under her lee, when it oughter be layin up alongside about where I be this blessed minute. And, shiver mel here it is, too, on Boylston street, right

wrong end of the park!"

He straightened up with a jerk and cast his eye toward the heavens, as if in search of the sun, by which to get in search of the sun, by which to get his bearings, but it was a gray day and there was no sun in sight. He pulled out his pipe with a suriy growl, lighted it, and sat puffing stollidly, now and then glancing at the man and occasionally looking up and down the wall and into the near-by paths among the trees. Presently, as a young man and woman entered the gates, strolling slowly along, he gathered the map up with a hasty movement folded it in basty movement, folded it i his hand out of view, and turned his head away from the advancing couple. Three other persons passed immedi-stely after these, without gaining from more than a quick glance as they approached. But the fourth, who was in the yeoman's uniform of the United States Navy, he accosted. "Mate." he said, "where's this here

Arlington street?"

to the street behind him.
"Right here!" he growled, throwing a suspicious, menacing eye at the bluejacket. "Why, ain't that there Park Street Church?" The bluejacket laughed.

The bluejacket laughed.

So you're up against the curves of this town, too!" he said. "Well, we're all been there! The streets is sure erooked, that's a fact. This church is the Arlington street. Park street is at the other end of the common—a mile up there! You've been sailing in circulture.

up there? You've been sailing in circles, likely. Where you from mate?"
But the sailor's only answer was to
get up and muttering anathemas
against landsmen's charts, and everything size that belonged to them, or
was related to them in the remotest
degree, walked off, puffing his pipe,
his hands in his pockets, als eyes set

DR.FURNIVALL- DETECTIVE

Exploits of a physician in unraveline mysterious crime

A GEORGE F. BAKER

of HIM.

The sailor jumped up and softly followed her down the dim hall, his face grim, his eyes glittering. Four doors beyond she stopped and went in. The sailor stole on to the next door, turned the knob stealthily, peered into the vacant room, ran to a cabinet of ebony, inserted a key, pushed the slide back, exchanged for a long envelope he saw there one which he took from his pocket, locked the cabinet, and inside of one minute was back in the reception-room, sitting as he back in the reception-room, sitting as he was when the girl left him.

Presently she returned regarding him

'My father says that he was under the ay lather says that he was under the impression that his friend's son was an Oxford University man, and that he was no longer living," she said hesitatingly. "Oh, well, ye see," he answered readily, "I runned away from there. Yes that's it. I runned away. No college for me! And At the corner of Commonwealth ave-

so 'twas give out that I was dead. That's it. D'ye see?"
His words were far from reassuring her, innocent as she was of the world's ways, and she still regarded him with eyes in which some undefined fear lurked.

"But, sir, my father wishes to see you!"
she exclaimed. "Though the doctors do
not approve, he wishes !t, for he cannot
imagine what the important thing is—" "Well, I'll git the papers and come agin," he interrupted moving toward the door. She stood well away from him, door. She stood well away from um, but her anxiety regarding his message overcame her fear of his person, and she

asked hastily:
"Couldn't you tell me the nature of the munication you wish to make to him? He cannot imagine what it may be, and I, you know—you said that I—that it was for my sake, too. I have a right to know." Well, I'll brirg the papers that's all," he growled, glaring at her. With that he passed down the stairs and out, the footman opening the door for him stiffly while she followed him with troubled

"What a strange man! What could his message be?" she murmured. Then she hurried softly back to the sickroom.

Dr. Furnivall, seated in his library, drew a breath of relief. He had had a hard day and was tired. What with his prison duties as resident physician, his private practice, and, recently, since the fame of his hypnotic powers had spread so widely, the grind he had been called ing almost spectral in the darkness of the hall.

"My father, miss, was Stephen Parker," he answered, pulling off his cap, "and I—" upon to undergo in police circles, he was pretty well worn out. But this evening there was nothing on the tapis and he would-

The door opened without ceremony and in walked Dr. Gerrish. He was flushed and excited, and held a paper in his hand. Though he was privileged to burst in up-on his friend in this sort of way if he so wished, he began an apology. "If it weren't so important-" he be-

gan. "Oh, yes! Everything is important with "So he's goln', is he?" he said, as she finally, brushing the tears away, raised her head. you young fellows. But to tell you the truth, there hasn't been an important happening since 5000 B. C. That is according to Usher's chronology. Adam and per "There is no hope," she answered. The doctors have given him up. It is plagiarized from Rabelais, Montaigne, Mr. Shakespeare, and others, all equally unknown today except in name, nothing ever happened that was or is or in any of course, ye see—but there, that am't what I come to say. It's partic'ler unfortuit—it is, all round—that's what it is. Because, d'ye see, my father, who was great friends long of him when they was cap'ns together, and afterwards, too, in way can be important. Well, go on!" He smiled affectionately at his younger friend, leaned back in his chair, put on

his spectacles of colored glass, and looked

when Cap'n Ransome gut rich in tea, in Ceylon, leavin' the sea, though my father kept at it till he died. You knowed about that, didn't ye?" he asked sudnot respond to his friend's banter except by a fleeting smile. Then he began: "Three of us were in consultation "Oh, yes. He often has told me of

Captain Parker, and what great friends they used to be. But I thought-I "Who were they?" "Whewell and Hersey, with m

She stopped in confusion, arresting l

one replying to a criticism. "No colliges for me. The ses, d'ye mind? I was all for that. Twas agin the old man's will, but he was a kind sort, the old man was, and when he died he didn't hold it

out agin me. No, he left me everything,

out agin me. No, he left me everything. So there ye are. And among other things he left me somewhat to say to Cap'n Ransome, a somewhat that's important." He paused and glauced at her face, which was anxious. Then he proceeded: "It has to do with a thing long gone by—to right a great wrong, to say it above hoard, and it can't be done onless I can see him. Jest two minutes alone with him—"

"But, sir, Mr. Parker!" she cried in

Yes, sir, I am; but he has been more

confidently. But the girl, with a wan smile of relief, answered:
"Then, sir, ho matter about it, if it is only for me. I certainly should not have

only for me I certainly saould not have him disturbed on my poor account. If it were for another—"
He seemed taken aback for an instant. "Well, there is another," he said, after some hesitation, "but I didn't want to

speak of bim. I don't know him not even its name, but you do, kdy. It will make til the difference to him. Whoever he is, se is your promised husband—" Her face, a moment before pale, and

determined as a face of its meek character

could well be now flashed to a real beauty, and set lines softened, the lips quivered and the mild eyes flashed into eagerness. Her whole small form took on

a womanly coyness almost impossible to imagine in her until it was seen, and she spoke with an excitement which she tried in vain to hide, interrupting him: "Mr. Parker," she said, "If you will

crossed his knees and sat back

"Good men! What was the case?"
"That's it. What is it? Listen now. glances, which were straying over his face and general appearance as if she were surprised that a son of Captain Parker should show so little refinement. "Ye see, I runned away," he said, as one replying to a criticism. "No colliges Dr. Gerrish leaned eagerly over the table toward Dr. Furnivall and con-tinued: "Take a man 60 years old, hale and strong—never sick in his life, Gradually he becomes weak; no apparent disease; organs intact; no bad hab-its; just sinks, and goes to bed. For a long time no physician called because not considered necessary; just a weak ness which, with ordinary cars, will pass away. But it doesn't pass away. On the contrary, it grows greater, and On the contrary, it grows greater, and keeps on growing greater, he refusing medical advice, until a whole year is gone by. Then the daughter will wait no longer, and calls in Hersey. Hersey can make nothing at all of the sey can make nothing at all of the symptoms, and calls in Whewell. Whewell is all off, too, and calls in me. I also am all off. Now 1 want you, we all of us want you, and I am here to get you; and," he added, thrust-ing the paper he had held in his hand since he entered, under Dr. Furnivall's eyes, "here is the document that will fatch you." "But, sir, Mr. Parker: she circle him, agitation rising and standing before him, "he can't meet anybody. The least exertion wears him out. The doctors say—"he interrupted, 'yore his

"Miss," he interrupted, 'yore his adopted daughter, ain't ye, not his real Dr. Furnivall put out his hand for it, but Dr. Gerrish withdrew it.
"It is a record of symptoms," he said, "filed down to the last analysis. than a father to me, and—"Well, it's for yore sake that I want You need not know them all.

be enough for you, or I am much mis-taken. Listen."
Searching here and there in the written diagnosis, leaving out the minor details, he read, eagerly, the symptoms of a disease so strange that it never had been heard of by merely practicing physicians in the United States of America, and by but few of the best physicians anywhere. Yet these symptoms sounded so simple! The following is all Dr. Gerrish read:

"Almost utter muscular weaknessbreathlessness upon least exertion-palpitation of heart-puffy face-enlarged spicen and lymphatic glands— alight fever—badly defined reddish patches on body—profound mental lethargy; all this, with no mania, no delusions, but of course with no opdominating feature. Patient's age, 60

years or so."
Dr. Furnivall arose at once.
"Is it far from here?" he inquired,
his hand on a push button.
"Whittaker Ransome's!" replied Dr. and rarker, she said, if you will wait here one minute I will see what I can do. The doctors are with him now, and I will ask their advice. If it is possible for him to receive anybody in the world, you shall be that one."

She ran out hurriedly, billed to the expression on his face, whatever it might be geared, wealth him or anything rec. Gerrish succinctly.
"Indeed! Then we'll just walk around

the corner. We shall need no convey ance."

his great bed, like a giant tree stricken his face paled.

agnizing no logical gaps in the situation. | down. The flesh over his ponderous only one one thing-the thought bones had shrunk until the corrugated ekin, except over his face, which was puffy, resembled thick bark more than the cuticle of a man. His great hands, pale and thin, lay like skeleton claws outside the quilt, the veins showing large and knotted, but filled apparently with some lighter-hued fluid than good red blood. The eyes were closed wearily, the whole body expressed weariness in the last degree, and the man seemed even to breathe with the reluctance of one over a hard and painful task. It was a ghastly spectacle. skin, except over his face, which was

But Dr. Furnivall cast only one glance at the patient himself. His attention was all concentrated on a vase and its accompaniments on the mantel from the instant he first saw it. Long necked, of well-levigated clay, it was glided without and within with a dull, golden-colored mica. By the side of it stood a glass jar containing a brownish-red powder, and close to that was a forked stick, one fork of which was split and filled with chicken feathers, while inside hung a little clay pot containing a number of chicken bones.

Dr. Furnivall, having finished his examination of this unique curio, looked

Dr. Furnivali, having unished his ex-amination of this unique curio, looked from it interestedly to the patient, and then beckoned Dr. Gerrish. "I did not know he ever was in Africa." he said, motioning toward the patient.

"It was not Africa, it was India—there is where he made his money—in the tea Yes, but this vase and these "Oh, his nephew gave him those. He is a surgeon, a young Englishman, his sis-ter's son, and his heir, out somewhere in the Anglo-Egyptian Soudan." Dr. Furnival threw him a quick, singular

glance.

"Do you suspect nothing?" he asked.
Dr. Gerrish shook his head, with a quick giance in his turn. "No, why?" Dr. Furnivall stepped to the bedside and

looked down earnestly at the slumbering patient. He took his pulse. Then he whispered to Dr. Gerrish: "I am going home to refresh my mem ory with an authority that occurs to me

Bring me some of the patient's blood as soon as you can. If we haven't run up against the most subtle, fiendish "Crime!" gasped Dr. Gerrish, taken wholly by surprise.
"You say this nephew is his helr-is there a likeness of him of any kind in

the house that you know of? This seemed to Dr. Gerrish to be exceedingly irrelevant, but he answered readily by pointing to the wall, on which was hung a fine oil painting of a young man in uniform. Dr. Furnivall stood back and examined it. His mental processes as he did so were somewhat as follows: The interpretation has become so famous among physicians and phrenologists that it would be supererogatory to introduce here are more than the supererogatory to introduce here are more than the supererogatory. here any more than the striking points

"The brain is large at the base, as com pared with the upper superior convolu-tions of the cerebrum, especially in the upper frontal lobes at the seat of the faculties of benevolence and veneration. The development immediately over the eye shows perception in a marked degree, and the fullness of the eyes themselves means a flow of language—words, words, words, to such an extent that a superficial observer, or one who loved the speaker, would believe him much deeper and more truth, there hasn't been an important happening since 6000 B. C. That is accomplished than is the case. The forehead, in the abrupt recession of the upper ording to Usher's chronology. Adam and Eve were born then. My own notion is comparison and veneration are largely deficient. His most striking faculty is that of human nature. The head, through the regions of the ears and the temporal lobes is extremely broad—it means destructive-ness, acquisitiveness, secretiveness. There is great energy and executive ability, love of money and power, active slyness and cunning. Roof-shaped at the vertex, slop-ing toward the parietal eminences, the cunning. Root-snaped at the vertex, stop-ing toward the parietal eminences, the head here indicates a lack of conscien-tiousness. The still, small voice in this man is so very small and still that he never heard it. His self-esteem will give him absolute confidence in his ability to carry out whatever scheme his selfish proconsities may concoct, and he has the de-cermination and steadfastness of the bull-ing. His cerebellum is abnormally de-veloped, which indicates muscularity and ne is doubtless strong and vigorous. Caring primarily for his own feelings and wants, sly, surreptitious, yet at the same time forecful, he is a dangerous type of one in whom it would be difficult nan-neither love, honor, trust, nor con-Dr. Furnival turned from the portrait

'What uniform is that in the picture?" "I don't know. But he is a surgeon, the Egyptian medical service, until reently working with the Soudan commis

'Until recently? Where is he now?" "On his way here. He was sent for ree months since, and is expected

"How long ago was this vase received?" "Oh, he brought it himself when he was in the city last year."
"Ah, he has visited here himself! Do

you know if the patient has been out of the United States lately?"
"Not for eight years, certainly, for I have known him for that length of

"Well, bring me the blood." Dr. Furnivall straightened up fre

his microscope and, putting on his spectacles, looked at Dr. Gerrish. "It is as I thought," he said. "Bacteriologic culture of trypanosomes!" "Good heavens!" ejaculated Dr. Gerrish, stepping quickly to the microscope. "How on earth did you ever come to suspect such a thing?" "In the first place, the symptoms of the patient indicated it. And as soon

as I saw that odd vase in his room I was practically certain. For vases of that sort as I see by my authority here, are made only in the Bahr-El-Ghazal province in the southern Soudan, where trypanosomiasis, or 'sleeping sickness, is common.
Dr. Gerrish, who was eagerly studying the culture, raised his head quickly.
"But," he said, "the patient was

never there-and how could he con-

common way.' "Well, there are no tsetse flies here!" "No, there are not But there is the second way-direct inoculation of the parasites into the blood-and we have 

"Good God! Can he be such a subtle fiend?" he murmured.

"The disease proves fatal, you understand, always-not until a long time subsequent to inoculation, however, anywhere from three months to three

his property anyway, or most of it.
And, indeed, all of it, in effect, for he
is to marry the adopted daughter, who
is the only other living person likely
to be thought of in the will."

"The reasons we may leave until we interview the nephew. Rest assured he had good ones in his own estimation. I'll get a warrant for him, and as seen as he arrives he and I will have a little chat together on the subject."

was very far from uninviting. Stout and florid, of the pure English type, in the traditional slouchy suit of gray tweed, he conversed with the doctor as one of his uncle's physicians, manifesting much sorrow over his condition. He said that he supposed they had aban-doned all hope of his recovery. "Yes," answered Dr. Furnivall, look-

years after decided symptoms appear.
And there is no sign of poison—only general paralysis, or chiefly that."
"But why should he wish to do it?
He was his uncle's heir, and would get

The next day, accordingly, found Dr. Furnivall face to face with the young Englishman, who had reached his uncle's house that morning. The portrait which the doctor had studied was a good likeness, and he shuddered inwardly as he looked into the pitiless gray eyes and felt the atmosphere of brutal selfishness that enveloped the man beneath the cultivated suavity of manner, which, to the casual observer, had been slightly sjar up to this momanner, which, to the casual observer, was very far from uninviting. Stout

"Yes," answered Dr. Furnivall, looking into his eyes. "You have just seen him, I understand. What, in your opinion, is he afflicted with?"

"Oh, I haven't examined him, don't you know. Not yet. You have very fair physicians in this country, and I fancy everything has been done for him-er-properly, and all that. I don't say what might have been if I could have seen him in time. Er—too late now, and all that—er?"

"You have no idea what his dision, is he afflicted with?"

"Oh. I haven't examined him, don't you know. Not yet. You have very fair physicians in this country, and I fancy everything has been done for him—erproperly, and all that. I don't say what might have been if I could have seen him in time. Er—too late now, and all that—er."

"You have no idea what his disease is?"

"I fancy it is—er—old age, don't you know—er—general paralysis—er—er—His face having shown several remarkable changes of expression as he taiked his eyes in the doctor's, beginning with perplexity, running into vacancy, into stolidity, and then earnest ness, now settled into deep introspec-

The Strange

Sickness

of Whitaker

Ransom

them no attention, but answered at

"Sleeping sickness!" "How did he contract it?"
"I inoculated him with trypanosomes

'I moculated him with trypanosomes
14 months ago!"

"How did you manage to do that
without his suspecting it?"

"I put enough arsente in his food to
give him violent pains in the stomach

stience for an instant, began again without hesitancy, but with a mechanical intenstion.

"What did you ask me?" he continued.

"What disease is your uncle afflicted with?"

As Dr. Furnivall put the question this time the door of the room, which had been slightly sign up to this moment, swung wide, and Dr. Gerrish and another man came in. The subject gave them no attention, but answered at the some pretext or other he was to get. son of an old friend of my uncle's, and on some pretext or other he was to get into the room, which I described to him, where the cabinet was kept, and change the real will, which was locked up there, for one I had forged myself. All this was done while I was thousands of miles away, so that no suspicions could attach to me should occasion of suspicion of anybody arise. Even that was not likely. Tacre is nobody interested but the girl, who will

## THE WORLD-FAMOUS ENGLISH MUSEUM

Psychology of Children's Toys of Ages Grouped Together in Folklore Exhibition

too much for their knowledge and appre-

The melancholy wanderer whom we saw the other day double up in laughter at the sight of an tvory chess-knight was struck by the same sort of inspiration Rodin's, though applied a little differently that filled Keats after his first sight of the Grecian urn. Might not the museum tion of these lesser Keatses by popular displays? Their own half-hearted attempts suggest how much might be done in this way. At present, in the Greco-Roman room, at one end of which Keats urns are gathered, is a case labeled "toya and games." The tiny objects in it are admirably designed to enliven the imagination of casual visitors. The particularly human. But what a splen-did birdseye view of the psychology of the and ages could be thus grouped together in a folklore exhibition. The little black children of South Africa, the red Indians of North America, the little Mal-infant Russians, and perhaps Britons played much the same gam these Greek and Roman children and the Egyptians before them. It is not wholly a question of a common origin, a point on which anthropologists too much insist. It is rather a common humanity coming out in infancy.

In this museum case are a number of

In this museum case are a number of animals: horses, cows, sheep and a marvelous heast, evidently made by a child, labeled with some pawky humor as "hare (?) running." The query is certainly justified. Consider these animals from the "hare (?) running" from Tanagra, sixth century B. C., to the modern nurserystore. Today a Nosh's ark is still a popular toy, and a "moo-cow" among the earliest of distinct impressions. According to the very latest educational theory. ing to the very latest educational theory, parents are strongly advised to provide their children with some sort of plastic clay that the artistic instincts with which they are born may be kept alive and developed. From the English haby mur-muring "moo-cow" among the Noah's ark animals or later fingering wax into clumsy shapes, jump to South Africa. Seated in a circle on the veld are a group of Kaffir children drawing wonder-fully restant circles on the restant circles. fully perfect circles on the ground and molding grotesque but curiously distinc-tive ahapes of all the domestic animals, which they maneuver in and out of compounds. They sing too, in their own dialect, sentiments not so different from

The friendly cow all red and white I love with all my heart. She gives me cream with all her might To cat with apple tart.

M OST people, perhaps, would not mind tiself to many of them was just the letters of which the word was made; and the confessing that the vastness and antiquity of the British museum are a little the inquirers, as Mr. Hovelacque told the inquirers, as Mr. Hovelacque told things, things that were not meant too. me, came to the conclusion that teaching ciation. Yet now and again the dazed wanderer will come upon some slight and inconspicuous object in a case which will so appeal to his imagination that the place becomes suddenly a great repository of human and even humorous memories.

The melancholy wanderer whom we saw

The melancholy wanderer whom we saw occurred to Victor Hugo. In the most thoughtful chapter of the most thoughtthe young priest pointing, first to the book in his left hand, then to the twin towers of the cathedral, while he draws the succinct moral "ceci a tue cela"—the printer has killed the architect.

Perhaps the most astonishing thing in young children is the immediate difference of tastes in boys and girls. From the beginning of time girls have delighted in dolls. In the museum case are dolls of every description—ivory dolls, bone dolls, wooden dolls with swivel joints. It would seem that the only modern developmen are swivel eyes and a hidden squeak once described in my hearing by one the best known of our archeologists as "the primal voice of the stomach," common to dolls and children. But of all the dolls the most appealing is a rag doll, its mouth askew, its features flattened these centuries, its limbs, one would say, knawed off; an ugly, misshapen, ill designed thing that no doubt some infant woman hugged to distraction, took to be at night and woke in the small hours to dandle. Is not this persistence of the doll in what may be called with special appropriateness "early history" a proper justification of the scheme of today's educationists to provide dells as pegs for instruction in the elementary schools? Greek boys, at a more advanced age

Greek boys, at a more advanced age at any rate, showed a tendency to regular street-arab ways. Perhaps the most boylike thing, though the disks were probably used by older people, is the use first of abusive words—for which "slacker" and "scored off" may serve as translations—on a set of drafts. But what most suggests street corners is the wealth of knucklebones, mostly real knuckle-bones, though some are of more preclous make. We do not know whether knuckle-bones quite hold their popularity, but they have been one of the commonest boy amusements for six centuries at any rate, and in the terminology have been traced some almost prehistoric phrases. Perhaps some English parents have not disdained to take a hand at the game, but there is probably no modern parallel to the custom illustrated by a statuet—to be seen in another part of the museum—of two women of fashionable mion, squatting opposite each other in the excitement of which should first ring the complete changes without an omitted note.

We missed from the collection the ball—what was it made off—with which Nausicas played. Indeed the collection at any rate, showed a tendency to regular

what was it made of?—with whit Nausicaa played. Indeed the collection contains no spheres except marbles, at these are in all sorts and sizes, son To eat with a control of the would substitute apples.

The Greek children, artistbern, were better designers than present English children, but the young Kaffirs, with no artistic parentage, are better than either. The time in the British museum countrol to problem emerging from these animal figures in the glass case is worth a student's notice. Are we today killing the to the game, that a special statute had to be passed forbidding him to play on the steps of Queen's. What a theme for the steps of Queen's What a theme for the steps of Queen's What a theme for the steps of Queen's the carliest times to "the leathery duke" the earliest times to "the leathery duke" the swelled and swelled into the bound!

After of the Harrow school song. figures in the glass case is student's notice. Are we today killing the artist eye that survives in primitive pooples by education and artificial toys? Auguste Rodin, who has perhaps more right to speak than any living artist, said recently in conversation that modern children could only see in two dimensions. They had eyes for outline, but very rarely for depth as well as length and breadth. He and Mr. Hovelacque the theory, and found that things were ave worse than Rodin has suspected. Many children could scarcely summon up to the cyes of imagination even the outton the cyes of imagination even the outton that things were the cyes of imagination even the outton that things were the cyes of imagination even the outton that things were the cyes of imagination even the outton that things were the cyes of imagination even the outton that things were the cyes of imagination even the outton that things were the cyes of imagination even the outton that things were the cyes of imagination even the outton that things were the theory, and found that things were eave worse than Rodin has suspected.

Many children could scarcely summon up to the cyes of imagination even the outton that the discovery of india-rubber, by altering our games, has permanently affected the massum has some wonderful examples of chessen) is said to have developed in the Chinese their slow immovable temperament. Yet, when all is said, the store of old toys is small. It is because, as today, children always did

things, things that were not meant for toys:--

pestie and mortar came into his hands with some real corn to bray into real flour.—London Outlook. Torture Relics on Sale.

Several torture relics were lately put up for auction at Stevens. Covent Garden, but they did not excite much competition. There were no easer calls, even for shangman's rope. One dollar and seventy-five cents was all that was given for one which had been used by the renowned

An iron acrew, or foot-squeezer, was bought for \$5, and the same figure was paid for a set of double stocks, and also for what is termed a "drunkard's cloak."

The last named is one of those instruments of old which was intended to put the delinquent to shame. It is shaped like a huge pail, and the drunkard who was to be disgraced was fastened into it with only his head visible through a narrow aperture at the top. The cloak gave the wearer the minimum air room, the hands being practically pinned to the sides, and walking was only possible in a kind of

shuffling movement.
Other articles sold were an ancient whipping post with shackles from Ox-ford, two sets of shackles which were used in old Newgate prison, ancient branding irons and an iron "boot" into and boiling ofl poured in, all of sold at \$3 each.

An ancient chair from the Castle of

Norenburg, in which people were secured ture collar with spikes, \$5.25.

Passing of a Clipper Ship.

New York Times.

Another of those full-rigged clipper ships so seldom seen on the Atlantic in recent years has just sailed into the harbor at the end of her last voyage across

bor at the end of her last voyage across the Atlantic.

The ship was the big E. D. Sutton, built at Bath, Me., 26 years ago, and which, as soon as her present cargo is discharged will be towed to some shipyard there to be converted into the most unsightly of all craft—the coal barge.

The Sutton came from Hongkong, and made the 7000-mile yoyage between the Cape of Good Hope and Baltimore in 42 days, one of the fastest passages ever

days, one of the fastest passages ever made by a sailing vessel between those

## Ballade of the Reception.

Puck.

Twe longed to see you so.

Why, what a pretty blue!

It's new I'm certain—No?

My dresses always show;

But you—you've such a way—

A bit of lace—a bew— A bit of lace—a bew— (Yes, such a pleasant day!)

That Smith woman! Well, who Invited her hers? Oh, Indeed! You like her, too? But she's so common, though; Yes, really quite de trop, and then the neighbors say—Of course these stories grow—(Yes, such a pleasant day!)

Dear Mrs. Smith, it's you!

Here I've looked high and low
To find someone I knew
A song! How beastly slow!
And May-voice like a crow . . .
I loved that last one, May,
It seemed so apropose
(Yes, such a pleasant day!)

No. really, I must go; I'd simply love to stay, But—"best of friends"—you kn (Yes, such a pleasant day!)