

ONE LIFE.

Her white little hand is resting
On the hand that held it of old.
And he thinks it is only the slight breeze
That makes it so soft and cold.

this and that hour I shall have to attend
on one or two callers, dress, dine, and
drive to the residence of the gentleman
whose condition we will, in all probability,

"I wonder at this, but it occurring
to me that it was possible Richard Johnson
had written his lady correspondent
to mail direct to Jacksonville, I gave
myself no further thought upon the subject.

"Ethel Merline's body was respected.
No ruthless knife made incision in it.
It was returned to the earth, where undisturbed
it will repose until the last atom
of it is disintegrated by the sure process
of nature.

they are picked—whether from the spit-
toons with its filth—the foul refuse finds
its way into the mouth and nostrils of
the cigarette smoker. Many a smoker
throws away the stump of his cigar
because he does not like the flavor of it.

ALL SORTS.
A little girl at Newport, seeing the
willow phacelus for the first time, ex-
claimed, "Why, mamma, everybody
rides out in their clothes baskets
here!"

ETHEL MERLINE.

We were seated, seven of us, and all
medical students, near a hot stove in the
office of the genial Doctor Planché one
snowy afternoon in January chatting and
smoking.

"We were chums," pursued the doctor.
"I liked him from the first hour I
was thrown into his society. After
awhile we succeeded in engaging a suite
of rooms, which fact brought us into

The fourth week of Richard's absence
brought a letter from him. It was di-
rected to myself. It surprised me when I
opened and perused it. In it he broadly
intimated that I had neglected him;
wondered why I should do so, but wind-
ing up his reproaches by begging me to

"Gentlemen, my fifteen minutes are
up. What I have told you is a reminis-
cence awakened in me by operating on a
patient to-day at the clinic who resembles
the beautiful cadaver of — nearly a
quarter of a century ago."

The Englishman was amused. He
chatted with the workman awhile, find-
ing him to be singularly modest and
quiet in manner, but he said at last, "I
am going to pay my respects to the
bishop. At what hour will I probably be
admitted?"

A celebrated organist slipped off his
bench recently while playing a Bach
fugue as a postlude. He was immedi-
ately expelled from the church as a Bach-
slider, and is now a fugitive.

Doctor Planché had been the leading
operator, and this may account for the
unusual number of students gathered in
his bureau.

"I suggested indisposition as a possible
reason for her seeming negligence.
"Johnson thought the suggestion over
a moment and replied:
"'No; that cannot be. Ethel is in
splendid health. There is no reason for
indisposition, for her surroundings are

"I mentioned the fact of the presence
of cadavers to Richard and suggested his
being present, as it was just possible we
should not have another such treat at
least for weeks to come.

"I did," modestly replied the man.
"'The master mason, eh? Who was
your architect?"
"'I was the architect, too," smiling.

"Woman's rights!" exclaimed a man
when the subject was broached, "what
more rights do they want? My wife
bosses me, my daughter bosses us both,
and the servant girl bosses the whole
family. It's time the men were allowed
some rights."

"I hope so, if you think of getting off
there."
"'No, George, can never return your
love; I never dreamed you loved me so
—you should have spoken of it before.
But I cannot return your love. 'No,'"
moaned the brokenhearted lover as he
grasped his hat, "nor the oysters and ice-
cream neither," and George went out
into the wet.

"Of course it could not be her. She
was dead, and even if she had revived
she would be years older. The knife
did not touch her body. I took care of
that for Johnson's sake. Yes, it was
taken out of the grave by the resurrec-
tionists. This patient could not have
been her daughter, for Ethel Merline
was not married. She was betrothed;
that was all. And yet how like—how
very like! Pshaw, away with such
phantasms! And yet—and yet—roll the
years back—back to that horrible night,
and I would be sworn this woman of to-
day's clinic was the fair Ethel Merline—
if alive—that lay in the unconscious re-
pose of death on the dissecting table."

"This is sudden, your determination?"
I said.
"'Made up on the instant,' he an-
swered.
"'How long will you be absent?' I
continued. 'You will lose ground in
your studies.'
"'No, my dear mentor,' he playfully
answered. 'In a month I will be along-
side of the cleverest of you. I will cram
to make up for wasted time.'

"By a great mental effort he had put
away his depressed feeling, and, mercur-
ial-like, his spirits became quite exuberant.
"'We entered the theater together.
Upon the marble slabs we saw covered
with large sheets the outlines of two
human forms—one much shorter in
stature than the other.

"If you wish an excellent lamb or veal
pot pie, choose a kettle to stew the meat
in on which a steamer will fit. When
your meat is nearly done make a crust
from directions given for chicken pie,
using only half the amount unless you
have a large family. Lay a cloth on the
bottom of your steamer or put in a plate.
Make your dough out in two long nar-
row rolls and lay them in. Have some
thickening ready, and when the crust is
done (it will take about twenty minutes
to steam), set the steamer in the oven
a moment while you
remove the meat to your platter and
thicken the gravy. If preferred, the meat
can be left in until ready for the table.
Break your steamed crust into small
pieces, two forks are convenient to do
this with, and drop into your boiling
gravy. Let it boil up a moment and pour
over the meat you have taken on the
platter. It will not injure the crust if it
steams after it is done should the dinner
hour be delayed, only do not break it
up and put it in the kettle until you are
ready to have it served.

There is no doubt that in the true or-
der it is just as well to be a girl
as a boy; just as well to be a woman
as to be a man. In the true order,
life must be as full, as rich, as com-
pensating and as complete for a woman
or for a girl as it is for a man or a boy.
But now, and in all the centuries that
lie behind us, the disadvantages which
have beset and do still beset the way
of women are palpable to all eyes, and make
the average boy quick to see that not for
any sum would he be a girl. The wonder
is that each boy, when he becomes a
man, does not set himself to make life as
rich and free for his sister as it is for
himself.

"I understand that you refer-
red to me as a pig, sir," remarked a
pompously elderly gentleman to a young
man who had spoken disparagingly of
him to a third person. "You have been
misinformed," replied the young man;
"'I hope that I know better than to
refer to a person of your advanced age
as a pig.'"

"I was thinking of them," answered
the doctor. "Did I mention their
names? I have contracted an unfortu-
nate habit of giving voice to my medita-
tions of late. Well, I will say that Ethel
Merline was a young, beautiful and be-
trothed girl—one whom I had never seen
until I looked on her fair form, rigid in
death, lying on the marble slab, ready
to be cut and carved, that those who
assisted as students, of which I at the time
was one, might add new and important
facts to the sum of our physiological
knowledge. Johnson was my friend and
fellow student. He was a handsome lad
—bright, quick-witted, honest, strong
mentally and a gentleman.

"I saw him as he approached us.
"'He looked for a moment wonderingly
over the shoulders of a stalwart member
of the class who stood near the table,
then with a low exclamation that sent a
thrill of surprise through my entire be-
ing, he pushed quite rudely the man
aside and placed himself near the corpse.
"'My God! what a look of horror filled
his eyes!
"'He had recognized the features.
"'Ethel! my Ethel!' he shrieked.
"'Throwing his arms about the inani-
mate form, he sought to lift it from his
table.
"'Some one grabbed his hands. He
fought desperately with a half-dozen
athletic gentlemen to free himself and
seize the body.

"I saw him as he approached us.
"'He looked for a moment wonderingly
over the shoulders of a stalwart member
of the class who stood near the table,
then with a low exclamation that sent a
thrill of surprise through my entire be-
ing, he pushed quite rudely the man
aside and placed himself near the corpse.
"'My God! what a look of horror filled
his eyes!
"'He had recognized the features.
"'Ethel! my Ethel!' he shrieked.
"'Throwing his arms about the inani-
mate form, he sought to lift it from his
table.

"If you wish an excellent lamb or veal
pot pie, choose a kettle to stew the meat
in on which a steamer will fit. When
your meat is nearly done make a crust
from directions given for chicken pie,
using only half the amount unless you
have a large family. Lay a cloth on the
bottom of your steamer or put in a plate.
Make your dough out in two long nar-
row rolls and lay them in. Have some
thickening ready, and when the crust is
done (it will take about twenty minutes
to steam), set the steamer in the oven
a moment while you
remove the meat to your platter and
thicken the gravy. If preferred, the meat
can be left in until ready for the table.
Break your steamed crust into small
pieces, two forks are convenient to do
this with, and drop into your boiling
gravy. Let it boil up a moment and pour
over the meat you have taken on the
platter. It will not injure the crust if it
steams after it is done should the dinner
hour be delayed, only do not break it
up and put it in the kettle until you are
ready to have it served.

"I understand that you refer-
red to me as a pig, sir," remarked a
pompously elderly gentleman to a young
man who had spoken disparagingly of
him to a third person. "You have been
misinformed," replied the young man;
"'I hope that I know better than to
refer to a person of your advanced age
as a pig.'"

"I understand that you refer-
red to me as a pig, sir," remarked a
pompously elderly gentleman to a young
man who had spoken disparagingly of
him to a third person. "You have been
misinformed," replied the young man;
"'I hope that I know better than to
refer to a person of your advanced age
as a pig.'"

"I have two hours left for leisure," he
remarked. "I have been summoned to a
consultation at 6 o'clock, and between

"I have already packed my wardrobe.
Such things as those dusty and dis-
tracting treatises on medicine, as I do
not require, I leave, my dear Jervis, in
your friendly keeping. And I want you
to act in another matter as my agent.
The duty will be light. It will consist
in enclosing whatever letters Miss Mer-
line may address to me in envelopes, and
super-scribing them, until you hear fur-
ther from me, Jacksonville, Florida."

"I saw him as he approached us.
"'He looked for a moment wonderingly
over the shoulders of a stalwart member
of the class who stood near the table,
then with a low exclamation that sent a
thrill of surprise through my entire be-
ing, he pushed quite rudely the man
aside and placed himself near the corpse.
"'My God! what a look of horror filled
his eyes!
"'He had recognized the features.
"'Ethel! my Ethel!' he shrieked.
"'Throwing his arms about the inani-
mate form, he sought to lift it from his
table.

"I saw him as he approached us.
"'He looked for a moment wonderingly
over the shoulders of a stalwart member
of the class who stood near the table,
then with a low exclamation that sent a
thrill of surprise through my entire be-
ing, he pushed quite rudely the man
aside and placed himself near the corpse.
"'My God! what a look of horror filled
his eyes!
"'He had recognized the features.
"'Ethel! my Ethel!' he shrieked.
"'Throwing his arms about the inani-
mate form, he sought to lift it from his
table.

"I saw him as he approached us.
"'He looked for a moment wonderingly
over the shoulders of a stalwart member
of the class who stood near the table,
then with a low exclamation that sent a
thrill of surprise through my entire be-
ing, he pushed quite rudely the man
aside and placed himself near the corpse.
"'My God! what a look of horror filled
his eyes!
"'He had recognized the features.
"'Ethel! my Ethel!' he shrieked.
"'Throwing his arms about the inani-
mate form, he sought to lift it from his
table.

"I saw him as he approached us.
"'He looked for a moment wonderingly
over the shoulders of a stalwart member
of the class who stood near the table,
then with a low exclamation that sent a
thrill of surprise through my entire be-
ing, he pushed quite rudely the man
aside and placed himself near the corpse.
"'My God! what a look of horror filled
his eyes!
"'He had recognized the features.
"'Ethel! my Ethel!' he shrieked.
"'Throwing his arms about the inani-
mate form, he sought to lift it from his
table.