

# THE FAMILY STORY

## IN THE CLUTCHES OF A GRIFFIN.

It was a real relief, when papa's new doctor was gruff and terrifying, to say "hear" all to myself. I, perhaps, I diverted my attention from much from what he was telling me by this device or he scared me into temporary idiocy by his grim demeanor. Any rate, I was conscious that as a nurse I had cut a poor figure.

It seemed a special pity that poor papa should have had that illness just when mamma and Isabel were in Baltimore. Mamma had gone there under the care of Dr. Baker, and she could not come home, and Isabel could leave her. If we had only had our old doctor it would have been better, but he was in Europe, and papa called in this Dr. Griffin, who, perhaps, seemed to think, was something wonderful. It was said that his practice was really something phenomenal for so young a man (he was verging on 30) and I am sure that is not so very young for any amount of practice, and I suppose he had to economize his forces, but I found him dreadfully disagreeable.

As I was sitting by papa's bed when he came in that first day. Some people made such a hero of him that I felt a little curious to see him, anxious and worried as I was, and I smiled at him as nicely as I could as papa said, "My daughter, doctor"—though he was less than a month old; extraordinarily well and gaunt and awkward, with a leagured, serious face and a shock of wavy hair like a lion's mane.

I was about to go, but as he did not notice my direction he was probably not aware of my intention. He slightly inclined his head and said: "Miss Marion will please go out." Which Miss Marion did with all due celerity.

That was the beginning of a series of shrinkages that I underwent during this illness of papa's. I am only five feet four to start with, but every interview with the doctor made me feel a foot or two shorter.

When I looked out of the window one day and actually saw mamma and Isabel getting out of a carriage at the door it was as if a ton weight had been lifted from me. The doctor was with papa (who, however, was almost well, and I was in my own room keeping out of his way). I dashed downstairs like a mad thing and hung my foot somehow or might my dress on a loose screw if I have never known which, and fell almost from the top of the flight to the bottom. The doctor rushed out of papa's room and was at the foot of the stairs almost as soon as I was. Mamma and Isabel appeared frantically from the opposite direction, papa calling me upstairs all the time to know that it all meant. I was so ashamed of having caused the commotion that I tried to get up hastily and close the door.

"Oh, it's nothing. I just slipped. I began, struggling with my feet—and then a great, palpating darkness settled over all. I revived to find myself, as it were, in the clutches of a griffin." It was long before I applied his name to him in a fittingly appropriate sense.

"What do you mean by tearing about the house in that fashion?" he demanded, stepping at the door as he was leaving.

But somehow I was not so afraid of him now, and for reply I only laughed feebly and inanely from my station on the sofa. It was well that my terror of him had lessened, for that miserable sprained ankle required his attention more or less throughout that winter.

A strange thing happened soon after mamma and Isabel came home. Isabel is very pretty and very bright. We were sitting together after tea when the bell rang, and who should be ushered in but Dr. Griffin. And with his hair cut—which was not at all an improvement—though I had thought so any change would be. It was so wonderful to see him sitting there laughing and talking, "like folks," as Mammy used to say, that I could not do anything but stare at him. And when Dad Carey came in I was positively provoked. But then I never saw Fred like so stupid and uninteresting.

Not very long after that another remarkable thing happened. The first wonderful thing, by the way, began to happen pretty frequently after a while. I think I have a little knack of rhyming, and one day a magazine—a real magazine—took one of my pieces. Such a thing had never happened before and has never happened since. It was a sentimental little effusion, which was not about anything or anybody in particular, and it seemed to me to be pretty, and it sounded as if it meant a good deal.

I was standing on the porch when I opened the letter which the postman had just handed to me. I remember it was a beautiful spring morning, when my cup of happiness was running over, and this last drop was almost too much. I was about to fly into the house, as fast as my disabled ankle would allow, when I heard the click of the gate. I waved my letter to Dr. Griffin as he came up the walk, and he smiled at my absurdly radiant face, it was almost worth while to be so grim looking, to be so transformed by a smile. I thought to myself. I did not wait for greetings or questions.

"I have got a piece accepted by the magazine," I said, eagerly.

"Ah, that's good," he replied. "And what are you scribbling about?"

"Oh, it's just love," I said. "Don't you want me to say it to you?"

"Go ahead, and don't fumble it," he replied, dropping down upon one of the seats on the porch.

I clasped my hands behind me and rattled off my piece, flushing a little as I did it from suppressed laughter at my own audacity. And then I looked at him for applause. There was a blank space, and my eyes sank and cheeks grew hot with mortification.

"Humph!" he said at last, getting up

poetry?" he asked, as if becoming conscious of the claims of civility.

"No," I said softly.

He made no pretense of interest in my answer. Indeed, he was quite evidently not at all attending to what I said. "I didn't like that—what's its name?"—sonnet of yours," he remarked, clapping the horse with the reins.

"Ah," I said, as if I had not already been crushed by the snubbing which it had received.

"Do you want to know why I didn't like it?" he went on. He put his book down and looked at me with a queer smile.

"Yes," I said, but still with the brightness born of inward humiliation.

He took off his hat and looked carefully into the crown, frowning as if he had that moment remembered leaving something of the highest value which seemed to be missing. And then he put it on again. He cleared his throat and jerked at the reins.

"I didn't like to think of your whimpering about some whippersnapper," he said, "when I want you myself."

When the trees and houses had settled back into their normal places and the waterfall had ceased rushing and roaring in my ears I looked at him and saw that he was talking on, but of what he said I had only the vaguest notion. The blankness of my face must have struck him at last, for he stopped abruptly.

"Wait, don't say anything yet," he said.

We were drawing near to my own home, but the horse went very slowly.

"If you could tell me," he began—there was something positively uncanny and awful to me in the humility of his tone—"but don't say anything unless it is 'yes.' Take time—any length of time."

"Time!" It seemed to me that it had been 1,000 years already. It was such an old fact that Dr. Griffin had asked me to marry him that I felt that I had been born with the consciousness of it. I tried to remember how things were before it happened, but no, there was nothing before that.

Neither spoke as he helped me out of the buggy and solemnly walked with me up the long green yard. He paused at the porch.

"Yes," he said, "you could possibly say 'yes'—don't make me wait."

I ran up the steps without replying, and opened the door, stopping with my hand upon the knob, and looking back at him standing upon the walk below.

"Yes," I said, and, hanging the door, I flew upstairs to my own room.

Then I peeped at him through the shutters and I saw that he had bowed his head in his hat for a moment, as if he were in church.

What a ridiculous couple we will be!

—Ladies' Home Journal.



### Fatal Measles and Mumps.

It is reported that a terrible epidemic of measles and mumps is raging in Costa Rica. One writer says that as many as ten thousand children died of these diseases in a period of three weeks. The government suppresses the facts. It is well known that measles is a much more dangerous disease in countries where it has never been known than in Europe and America. It probably becomes milder by being filtered through the bodies of successive generations. When measles first gained a foothold in Fiji it was as virulent and as fatal as cholera.

### Brain and Mind.

Great size of head and brain is indicative of extraordinary mental power only when "other things are equal." That is to say, when the quality of brain is fine and the vital functions generally are of a superior order. Proportion to the size and weight of the entire body is also to be taken into account. An illustration of the fact that the size of the head is not a direct and unvarying measure of intellectual greatness is suggested by the remark in a recent biography of Louis Agassiz that while Cuvier and Agassiz both possessed "enormous heads and largely developed brains, neither Lamarck nor Darwin was abnormal as regards the size and development of the head."

### A Big Chunk of Silver.

In a popular history of America published many years ago an account is given of the discovery of a silver mine in Peru by an Indian, who, while chasing game in the mountains, seized a shrub for support, and the shrub, coming loose in his hand, revealed glittering masses of silver clinging to its roots. This story is recalled by the recent discovery in Pinal County, Arizona, of a nugget of native silver which had been washed and worn by water so one knows how long, but which still weighs 488 troy ounces. It is of an oval form, and its surface is so marked as to indicate that it consists of crystals of silver formed in strings, and afterward compacted into a mass. The nugget has been placed in the National Museum in Washington.

### Got Ahead of Them.

A writer in the Springfield Republican tells a story of the boyhood of Judge C. B. Andrews, of the Connecticut Supreme Court. The story shows how he, when a freshman at Amherst, got ahead of some bating collegians.

It was the custom then to smoke out the freshmen. A party of a dozen or more of the fellows would enter the room of an unsuspecting boy, light their pipes and smoke until the victim gave in and offered a treat. When they came into Andrew's room they were without their pipes and had no tobacco about them, but with a stern voice one fellow handed Charles a dollar and ordered him to go and procure pipes and tobacco for the crowd.

Charles went out, and soon returned with ninety-nine pipes and one cent's worth of tobacco. What the boys did to him for his audacious act is not related, but it is a fact that they did not smoke him out that night.

### The Earth's Animals.

A recent computation places the entire number of species of animals which exist to the present time to have been described by naturalists at 300,000. Many new species are added every year as previously unexplored lands are invaded by students eager to gain distinction by adding valuable contributions to the lists of science. The number of species already known is so great that even naturalists are sometimes troubled to keep track of them, and a project has just been set on foot in Germany to publish a work in which the entire animal population of the globe shall be arranged and described on a uniform system. The publication is to be begun next year, and a quarter of a century is assigned as the probable period needed for its completion. Not only German, but English, French and American naturalists will have a hand in the work.

### The Science of Yeasts.

A translation into English of the work of the great German authority on fermentation, Prof. E. C. Hansen, calls attention to the important services which science has recently rendered to the brewers of the "Fatherland." About ten years ago Prof. Hansen experienced much difficulty and opposition in obtaining admission to the Old Carlsberg brewery for the purpose of carrying on researches into the origin and nature of the yeasts on which the production of beer depends. The brewers were practically familiar with the culture of yeast, and did not believe that a scientific professor could better make more than laugh; so the intended bogaroo but added to the attractions of the room.

On the shelves one may find a strange collection of quaint bottles of every conceivable shape and size, and Mr. Field hunted many shops for those canisters which our grandmothers loved—those with glass pendulums through which a child may distinguish the colors of the rainbow. He also had a queer collection of canes, candlesticks and baby shoes. Not alone the first and the shoes his own babies wore, but wooden shoes and even glass slippers. There were also two strange wooden horses, one of which was used by Mr. Toole, the English one used by Mr. Toole, the English actor, when he played "The Cricket on the Hearth," and the other, daubed with a few spots of paint, used by Mr. Jefferson in the same play. Neither of these horses was for sale. One of the grand old Mrs. Haxthorpe's glistens for her as Mr. Gladstone gave her the one as Mr. Toole's. The ax is suspended above the window.—St. Nicholas.

### Selecting a Vocation.

"The young man who says, 'I have given my heart to the Lord, and therefore, I am going to study for the ministry,' misses the entire point," says Dr. Parkhurst in an article on "Selecting a Career," in the Ladies' Home Journal. "There is no 'therefore' about it. That is a pettifoggish way of meeting a great situation. I quote from a letter that I received recently from a young lawyer in Ohio: 'In my daily life

about the criminal courts I have seen many a sad scene, and at last it has come to that point that I am almost decided to cast aside my bright future in law, and enter the service of the Lord.' I answered him that he was writing nonsense. What he meant by the service of the Lord was the Christian ministry, and that is no more a service of the Lord than any other reputable calling. It is not what a man does that makes his service to the Lord. It is putting his service to the Lord in the public weal instead of mortgaging it to his own pretension, that makes his service to the Lord. There is a great bit of small thinking about these matters, and well meaning baseness that works damagingly all around. My correspondent furthermore wrote that he had learned to distrust the law. All the more reason, then, why he should stay in the law. We cannot improve a thing by standing off and 'disfranchising' it, but by jumping in and converting it. If all the conservatism is put into the industry and all the brains into the other professions neither the pulpit nor the world will profit. The sum and substance of all of which is that when a young man has come out on to the distinct Christian ground of putting himself under contribution to the public weal, the selection of a career, best suited to himself and to the needs of humanity, is simply a matter of studying, adapting, and deciding by what art, trade, business or profession he can subscribe that weal the best."

### Field's Fondness for Children.

Eugene Field was a man of generous, tender spirit and boundless sympathy. He gained and held the love of little children and of men and women; for in his writings he appealed to young and old, and every gentle nature responded to the magic of his honest verse.

He was a great lover of animals, and was constantly making pets of them. He was very fond of birds, but, as he disliked to see them caged, he looked forward to the time when he could add to his new home a good conservatory, where the birds might find a home and fly in and out among the plants. After he had once become attached to a pet of any kind it was exceedingly hard for him to give it up. For several years he had paid the board of two old dogs at a farm. Some of his friends thought this a foolish expense; but he said he would not have the dogs killed, as they had been faithful to him in his deserting days and he did not believe in a Jerusalem donkey was given to the Field boys, and they named it Don Casar de Buena. After they became too old to drive with him, it was a serious question what to do with it at a very stable. His board bill soon became quite a serious matter. But Mr. Field would not give him up, for fear that the children's old comrade might fall into unkind hands. At last a friend in Kentucky offered a home for the donkey and there he is now, spending his last days in luxurious ease on a blue-grass farm.—St. Nicholas.

### Pharaoh's Oppressor.

The worst blot on his character was his ruthless destruction of the works of his predecessors. No doubt, in such a time of distress, it would be difficult to supply workmen for public monuments; but his utter disregard for everything that was before him outdoes even his orgulous father, and he painfully in contrast to the careful restoration made by his artistic grandfather, Seti I. He plundered his funeral temple just behind the magnificent building of Amenhotep III., and proceeded to smash up every portable stone, whether statue or tablet, to throw in for his own foundations, and then reared his walls with the noble blocks of the great temple, and even stole the very bricks. Not content with taking what he wanted, he further defaced what he could not use; and all over Egypt the statues of the kings may be seen with his name rudely cut over their inscriptions, or battered with a hammer on the exquisite polished surfaces of the other monuments. With little of scruples, of taste, or of feeling, he was yet not devoid of ability and energy for a difficult position; and though we may not rank him with a Trajan, a Belshazzar, or an Alfred, yet it would be hard to deny him the company of a Vesputian or a Claudius Gothicus, a George the Second, or a Victor Emmanuel.—Century.

### A Poet's Gifts to His Little Friends.

All his little gifts to his little friends, was ever gentle and tender to the little ones. If they were in any way weak or afflicted, they appealed all the more strongly to the love of which his heart was so full. His nature was as simple as a child's, and he loved the children's toys as much as they did. His sympathetic enjoyment of their pleasure in any new toy was a revelation to the every-day man or woman. One day I went with him into a toy store to get some little things for the babies, as he rarely went home empty-handed. After he had purchased several things, he ordered a dozen medium-sized bisque dolls. I wondered what he was going to do with so many, and put the question to him. He answered: "Oh, I like to have them, and when little girls come to see me I can give them a dolly to take home." Some time after his death, the family found the box that had contained the dolls. There was only one left, and that one in some way had been broken. It was only a few weeks before his life ended that he bought these dolls, so he must have had many visits from his little friends.—St. Nicholas.

### Size of an Earthquake Wave.

Seismologists say that every great earthquake causes pulsations which extend for thousands of miles in all directions on the globe, and Prof. Milne Dixon such pulsations to the long, low swells that sweep across the ocean. Recently Prof. Charles Davison has attempted to measure the height and length of the waves of an earthquake that occurred in Greece on April 27, 1904, the pulsations of which were perceived by the aid of a specially constructed pendulum at Birmingham in England. The pulsations, or waves, passed through the rocky crust of the earth with a velocity of about two miles a second, and each of the largest of them, according to Prof. Davison, must have been about twenty-eight miles in length, but only half an inch in height!

### WHAT HE LIKED ABOUT HER.

He—"There is one thing I like about you, Miss Daisy." Miss Daisy—"And what is that?" He—"My arm."

## LET US ALL LAUGH.

### JOKES FROM THE PENS OF VARIOUS HUMORISTS.

#### Pleasant Incidents Concerning the World Over—Saying that Are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that You Will Enjoy.

One View  
Jones—Don't you think the taxes on personal property should be abolished?  
Smith—Why? What is the need of abolishing taxes that you can wear off?—New York World.

#### First Come, First Served.

Head of Firm—I can't have you arriving so late in the morning, sir. Where do you live?  
New Clerk—At Brixton, close to the city.  
Head of Firm—Oh, I see. Well, move farther away and come in by an express train.—Sketch.

#### The Mosquito Forest.

"I wonder what that man is so angry at himself about?" said the mosquito "During the half-hour that I have been flying around his head he has done nothing but hit himself in the jaw every half minute or so."—Indianapolis Journal.

#### Seeds of Dissension.

The Sunday School Teacher—What is meant by the seeds of dissension?  
Mary Jane Griggs—Please, ma'am, you puts 'em in a fruit jar and seals 'em up an' you guesses on 'em, ma'am, an' if you guesses right you gets a bed-room set or a tandem bicycle.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

#### Identified.

Editor's boy—Papa, who is this "Vox Populi," anyway, that writes so many pieces for the paper?  
Editor—Well, Edwin, he thinks his other name is "Vox Dei," but in most cases it is "Mud."—Somerville Journal.

#### Had Tried It.

"Fannie, I have told you time and again not to speak when older persons were talking, but wait until they stop." "I've tried that already, mamma. They never stop."—Texas Sifter.

#### The Situation in Ireland.

Farm.—Are you aware you're a trespasser?  
Factional Gent—Certainly, and may the Lord forgive us our trespasses and your sins.  
Betrayer by Her Looks.  
Bicycle Girl—I completed my first century yesterday.  
Hobson—You look it.  
Bicycle Girl—Sir!  
Hobson—Oh—ah, I mean that's a splendid record for such a young rider as you.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

#### Living Contradiction.

Hobson—See that man there? He's a living contradiction.  
Dobson—How's that?  
Hobson—Funny man on the newspaper and makes joking a serious business.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

He—"There is one thing I like about you, Miss Daisy." Miss Daisy—"And what is that?" He—"My arm."



### An Hired-Out Contentment.

"What makes Flusby's face bright up so when he talks?" she asked of Flusby's rival for her hand.  
"Because he has a headlight complexion and lantern jaws."—Detroit Free Press.

Better 'n.  
Bianco—Zibler, your face is a sight. Did you cut yourself while shaving?  
Zibler—Not exactly. Perhaps it would be better to say that I shaved myself while cutting.—Hoxbury Gazette.

#### A Small Hoaxer.

Jimmy—You're afraid to fight? That's what it is.  
Thomas—No, I ain't, but if I fight my mother'll know and lick me.  
Jimmy—How will she find out eh?  
Thomas—She'll see the doctor going to your house.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

#### Vast Differ-ence.

Everything in its appropriate place. There is a vast difference between a dent in a pretty girl's cheek and a dimple in a dishpan.—Boston Transcript.

#### Ferocious Malady.

Nanette—The minister looked very pale, didn't he? I was told he had some organic trouble.  
Marion—That's so. Mrs. Hersomuel said only yesterday that he was worried by the style of Mr. Playtly's violintarios.—New York Ledger.

#### At Hard Pan.

Wickwire—I see that another policeman has been suspended for sleeping on his watch.  
Mudge—I have been eating and drinking on mine for a week.—Indianapolis Journal.

#### A Hard Character.

"I hear there is a very hard character stopping at the hotel."  
"For mercy sake! I'll leave at once! Who is it?"  
"The ossified man from a New York museum."  
Unscrupably.  
"I love you unscrupably, Molly."  
"But perhaps you might speak to mamma."—Fliegende Blaetter.

#### Why He Envied Caesar.

Schoolboy—I always envied Caesar.  
Teacher—Well, he was a great general.  
Schoolboy—Yes, and he didn't have to study Latin.—Somerville Journal.

#### Sarcasm.

"What's the quarrel between Nero and Herod VIII.?" asked Byron, meeting Sophocles on Main street.  
"Nero got sarcastic with his fiddle," said Sophocles. "As Herod and his said Sophocles, 'As Herod and his various queens went by Nero's palace on their bicycles last Saturday, Nero played 'Only One Girl in This World for Me.'"—Harper's Bazar.

#### Discovered by the Roentgen Ray.

Miss Elizabeth Banks, an English journalist, has related in a London paper some interesting experiments with the Roentgen rays, among which there is none more interesting than the following:  
She had taken her pocketbook to be photographed under this process, in order to see whether the picture would reveal the presence of the coins within it. This it did, and as she was counting the disks shown through the leather, she perceived a small black point of familiar outlines. Then she exclaimed: "I have found my ruby!"  
Opening the pocketbook, she searched in the places indicated by the black point on the photograph, and there, tucked in between two folds of leather, she discovered a small ruby which she had lost some time before, and could nowhere find.  
It had slipped from a ring which she wore, at a moment when she was taking something from the pocketbook, and had lodged in between two thicknesses of leather. There its presence was altogether unsuspected, and would have remained so until after the pocketbook was worn out and discarded if this extraordinary method of photography had not revealed it.