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COURAGE THAT WON

.....By Frank H. Sweet

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Judge Pauls went down the office steps briskly, his face, which a few moments before had been creased into a frown, now beaming with the satisfaction of duty well done. He had forbidden the new doctor, who had no prospects and no faculty for money making, to visit his house any more. From what he knew of Edith and what he had seen in the young doctor's eyes he felt that he need apprehend no further trouble, and the affair had not gone far enough for either of the young people to suffer any heartache.

Dr. Phil was standing in front of an open window in his office, his hands thrust deep into his pockets, gazing out at the judge as he crossed the street and passed on through the field opposite toward the river, probably to see if the swollen torrent was doing any damage to his lands. Then, with the same strong, self-contained look which the judge had seen and, against his will, admired, the young doctor turned back into his office.

There was no despondency in his clear gray eyes, no weakening of his square chin. He had fought his way from almost absolute ignorance at twelve in the depths of a coal mine through various situations to one school after another, through college and medical school and hospital practice, until now he was here in an office of his own waiting for the first patient.

There was a large back region of farm and mountain people here, and once he could gain their confidence it would offer him such a field as he loved, a life of hard, continuous work, with much of it in long journeyings under the open sky. The horror of his early boyhood in the black depths of the mine could never leave him; to be in the open air was to be in God's own world. The matter of recompense in money never troubled him.

As he turned from the window a man came hurrying across a field from the direction of the river. Reaching the

took it at a bound. A few minutes later they were at the river.

Several men were working in the

edge of the water, trying to rescue lumber and other floating wreckage from the torrent. Judge Pauls was standing on the bank watching them. As the horse dashed down the bank the men threw up their hands warningly.

"You can't cross here!" one of them yelled. "It's sure death!"

"A woman's on the other side dying," was Dr. Phil's only answer. He did not even attempt to check the horse, but plunged into the water at full speed.

This horse was the only piece of property that Dr. Phil owned, and he had been able to make the purchase because the ugliness and viciousness and small size of the animal had made the price very low. But the horse was apparently afraid of nothing in the world and had strong staying powers, and these were qualities which soon convinced the young doctor that he had obtained the very animal he needed without regard to price.

However, with that rushing, roaring torrent before him, the animal seemed to think it foolhardy to proceed, for before he had gone a dozen feet from shore he tried to turn and swim back. But now the firm, masterful hand of the rider was controlling his head, the calm, inflexible voice was sounding encouragingly in his ears, and after a few ineffectual attempts to turn the horse directed his gaze toward the opposite shore and did what Dr. Phil was doing—his best.

But no living thing could stem or cross that mad rush of water, and this Dr. Phil well knew. He must reach the other side, but he was not foolhardy.

The torrent was winding in its course. Dr. Phil's gaze had swept keenly from bank to bank; then he forced his horse into a current which approached the opposite shore nearly a half mile down. To the horrified spectators it looked as though they were being swept away, powerless to help themselves, as, indeed, they were for the time being. All Dr. Phil did was to guide the horse, and all the horse could do was to keep them above water. But as the current approached its nearest point to the other shore, not more than ten feet distant, Dr. Phil suddenly slipped into the water, with his hand twisted in the horse's mane, and in that position, freed from his weight and with the strong right arm assisting by quick, powerful strokes, the horse threw himself forward with a desperate effort which brought his feet upon the bottom. A few minutes later they emerged from the water and staggered up the bank.

Dr. Phil did not hesitate. Lonesome valley was two miles away, and he could reach it more quickly on foot than he could on the horse in its present exhausted condition. So he turned the animal loose; perhaps he could recover him again when he returned.

He found the woman weak from loss of blood and lack of proper attention. Another hour's delay might have been fatal. He remained with her two days, until she was out of danger, and then returned to the river. Contrary to his expectation, he found the horse grazing quietly within a few rods of where he had left him, and the animal greeted him with an unmistakable whinny of pleasure and relief. Perhaps the common danger in the river and the manner of escape had won the horse's respect and dependence; possibly the animal was already becoming fond of him. Dr. Phil had not received a fee for his services, but the family's gratitude and the way the horse trotted toward him, whinnying, were enough, and he recrossed the river with buoyant heart.

In his desk he found a letter which read:

My Dear Doctor—I was a little hasty the other day, and I realized it when I saw you crossing the river. Will you overlook it by taking dinner with us Sunday?
 HENRY PAULS.

Slaves of the Orient.

"In Zanzibar and Pemba slaves are very slow to take advantage of the regulations that give them the right to claim their freedom," says a traveler. "They realize that so long as they are well used their position is superior to that of the man whose freedom is his sole asset. I have found the same attitude in north Africa. From Morocco to Tripoli one sees most of the slaves well content and flourishing. The famine, the locusts, the drought and the tax collector have no terror for them. Work keeps them healthy, they have enough to eat and drink, and the future has no meaning at all. There is promotion, there are confidential missions to governors and friends that elevate a slave, if only in the eyes of his fellows, and there is always a chance of manumission when the owner dies and wishes to have some good deeds recorded in the books of Islam's recording angels. The sorry truth of the matter is that slaves under Mohammedan rule are much better off than they ever were under the rule of white men in America and elsewhere."

The Permanent Novel.

"The novel that has inherent and permanent value that will secure for it a place in literature," said a well known author a few days ago, "rarely exceeds an edition of ten or fifteen thousand copies, and more often the limit is 5,000, while the one that is ephemeral, but catches the public fancy, may have a sale of fifty or a hundred thousand. Books of the latter class put money into the pockets of both author and publisher, but it does not come from the most discriminating readers. Of the class in question the field is limited, and, while they establish the reputation and permanent val-

ue of the really literary production, they are not included in the clientele of the author who is willing to sacrifice quality and style to increase his revenues from royalties. The novel that attains a wide but brief popularity does not appeal to the literary class."

The American Accent.

There is no such thing as the "American accent" except in a few words such as "advertisement," wherein America is superior as to pronunciation and practice.

Nor does the American born man "talk through his nose." The real difference that we all notice is a difference in the general pitch of voice. The American voice is pitched in a slightly higher key than the English, and here you may find the reason why the American assimilates French so easily. Put roughly, the case is this: The Frenchman talks from his palate, the Englishman from the top of his throat, the German from his chest and the Frenchman from his diaphragm.—London Chronicle.

First of the Lazy Men.

During the civil war a captain of a company which had sixty men in its ranks, none of whom was as energetic as the officer thought he should be, hit upon a plan which he believed would cure the men's habits of laziness. One morning after roll call the captain, addressing his command, said: "I have a nice, easy job for the laziest man in the company. Will the laziest man step to the front?" Instantly fifty-nine men each took a step forward.

"Why didn't you step to the front?" inquired the commander of the one man who did not come.

"I was too lazy," replied the soldier. —Philadelphia Ledger.

Shopping Troubles.

"Tomorrow is my wife's birthday, and I want to buy a present that will tickle her."

"We have a nice line of feather boas."

"No, no. I mean something that would make a hit with her."

"Anything in hammers?"

"You misunderstand. I want something striking that—"

"Ah, you wish a clock."

"That's all."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

When to Find Them.

Blinkins—No, sir, I tell you most friends are uncertain. I want friends who will be friends in need. Hodges—Take a fool's advice, old man, and look for them before you need them.—Brooklyn Life.

Designs Upon Him.

Gladys—He tells me you have designs upon him, Ethel. Did the wretch say that? Gladys—Yes. He said your image was engraved upon his heart.—Judge.

It often happens that the man who pays the piper has nothing left for his creditors.—Puck.



THE ANIMAL SEEMED TO THINK IT FOOLHARDY TO PROCEED.

opposite fence, he vaulted over without seeking the gate and ran straight to Dr. Phil's office.

"Hello, doctor!" he called sharply. "You got a telephone?"

"Yes."

"Well, you call down to Dr. Peters at the Perry road and tell him to hurry to Dan Sims' house, on the other side the river, in Lonesome valley. Dan just hollered across to me and said his wife was having an ax head, and they was heading back the biscuits and they could. The bridge is down on the very road."

"But it's nearly twenty miles to the Perry bridge. It will take Dr. Peters hours to reach her."

"You'll help that. No man could get across the river this side the bridge, and Dr. Peters is the nearest. You'd have to go forty miles."

Dr. Phil was hurriedly gathering up some things from his table.

"There's the branch that runs into the river from the mountains," he called over his shoulder. "After this freshet it must be a torrent, as dangerous as the river itself. Dr. Peters could never cross it. He is too old."

The man's countenance fell. "That's so," he admitted. "I'd forget all about the branch. I s'pose it's just tearin' now. Well, I'll holler back to Dan and tell him a doctor'll be over just as soon as the water goes down a little and that they must do the best they can."

"You'll do nothing of the sort. Hurry round to the stable behind the office and bring my horse. You'll find the bride hanging on a peg. Never mind a saddle; that will be too much weight."

"But why?"

"Hurry, I tell you!" thundered Dr. Phil. "The woman may be bleeding to death. I'll be ready by the time you are back."

When the man appeared Dr. Phil was at the corner of the office, and he threw himself instantly upon the horse's back.

"You can't go"—the man tried to say, but Dr. Phil did not hear him. He was tearing across the street, and when they came to the fence the horse

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