

DOLLY'S DREAM
By Catherine Jewett
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From my youth up I took naturally to the science of mathematics. Even as a little child I did my sums without any conscious effort. Indeed, it was my well known knack at figuring that induced old Deacon Dudley, the supervisor, to bestow upon me the much coveted Center school. It was the largest in town, the hardest and the best paid. I was only eighteen at the time, but family misfortunes, followed by the sickness and death of my father, made the necessity for employment urgent and imperative.

Gradually as I became acquainted with my pupils and accustomed to my duties I acquired the faculty of adjusting myself to my surroundings, after which my work became much easier and more satisfactory. Term after term passed until I felt my position to be assured. For six years I held it, ciphering annually through the higher algebra, to the wonder of my pupils and the satisfaction of their parents. Being a district school, there could be no real graduation, but gradually the day had taken upon itself the dignity and importance of an annual celebration.

At first I had been one of its most enthusiastic supporters, believing that its coveted success would not stimulate ambition and reward industry, but would also tend toward the establishment of a much needed free high school. Yet I now realized, with pain, that it had fair to be a culmination of jealousy, unkind emulation and unnecessary extravagance.

The leader in every extravagant device was naturally enough Muriel Mason, only daughter of the richest man in town. Born to command, she held her own against all opposition until the subject of dress was broached.

In her case the important gown was to be a dainty creation of white lace and satin; therefore she decreed that her classmates should likewise drape themselves in white.

"That is not fair," protested Lura Haley, who delighted in gay fabrics and vivid coloring. "I am sure I don't want to accentuate my natural ugliness."

"It won't make any difference on the stage," said Muriel with careless kindness.

After this experimental tilt, as no further opposition was hinted, the white dress rule was supposed to be imperative. That evening Dolly Kempton came to me, her pretty face clouded, her young arms loaded.

"Poor Dolly! I divined her trouble before she voiced it. She was a delicate little creature, studious and refined, yet not exactly popular among her mates. She was neat, unobtrusively and modestly so. She lived with her widowed mother and an aged woman known as Aunt Marty, a queer, irresponsible old body, who with the slightest possible claim had burdened them for years. With pauperism staring her in the face she had fled for shelter to Mrs. Kempton, who was herself in strained circumstances. Dolly, however, took no part in this bit of impromptu festivity, but, anxious to divest herself of her obnoxious fiery, hurried at once from the church.

When the crowd had nearly dispersed, Senator Borden surprised me by asking, with an expression of real interest, for the young lady in pink. I told him her name and volunteered the information that she had gone directly home.

"I am sorry," said he. "I wanted to meet her. Her face, her voice, her gestures, all seemed wonderfully familiar. I cannot place the resemblance, but it moved me strangely. Her name tells me nothing, and yet her face, her dress, some trick of voice or manner, took me back a half century. Ah! with a sudden start. 'I have it now. It was my sister she recalled. She wore just such a rosy gown the last time I ever saw her. Poor Marty! Pardon me, Miss Deacon, but do you know anything of her family history? The resemblance may be purely accidental, but it interests me."

"Something of my interest had communicated itself to me, with his voluntary exclamation of 'Poor Marty' the girl who wore just such a rosy gown the last time he ever saw her.

"Mr. Borden," said I eagerly, "might it not have been the noticeable dress instead of the girl's personality that impressed you? Forty years ago it belonged to Martha Paget; was, in fact, her wedding gown."

"Martha Paget?" cried he. "That was my sister's name. She was older than I and very beautiful, but she disobeyed my father. He never forgave her, and while he lived I never heard her name mentioned. Since his death I have searched for her long and unavailingly."

"I think your search is ended," said I. "and that you will find her living with Mrs. Kempton in this village."

"Is it far from here? Would you show me the way?" questioned he eagerly, and the next moment we were hurrying down the broad elm shaded street.

As we neared the Kempton cottage I saw Mrs. Kempton sitting on the tiny vine wreathed piazza. Her soft white hair shone in the sunlight, her pale blue eyes looked languidly at us, her hands lay idly on her lap, her cotton gown and stilly starched apron were clean and speckless, but her face, so serene and untroubled, bore the marks of age and time defaced, bore no trace of bloom or beauty.

"And yet," said my companion, seeming to divine my thoughts, "it is Marty herself, the very image of our mother as I saw her last." He went swiftly to the little graveled path, his face growing visibly paler as he walked.

Just in front of her he stopped, and for a moment's space no word passed between them. Then the woman arose, her worn face working, her faded eyes brightening, her hands appealingly extended.

"Father," she cried, "father, forgive me!"

STOPPED THE STORM
The Snow Was a Little Too Heavy to Last the Year.

"What a beautiful day!" she exclaimed, digging herself toward him. The scene that followed was not unrecorded for many years. She threw her arms about his neck, and he, with a gasp, withdrew, putting back to my delayed dress.

"That afternoon I was 'a passenger' in the village. Over and over again I told the story, fairly revealing in the first fit of romance that had ever stirred the monotony of my quiet life.

Of course there were a few ill-natured souls who declared that Mrs. Kempton had known all along which side her bread was buttered on, but as this idea seemed to be confined exclusively to those who had before time pronounced her quixotic and imprudent it did not greatly affect public sentiment.

Senator Borden made immediate arrangements to remove his sister to his own home, but she, poor soul, in all her fear of her august sister-in-law, clung to the dear second cousin who had so brightened the years of her adversity.

A compromise was at last effected, Mrs. Kempton selling her little home and removing to Anderson, where Mr. Borden lived and where the famous Anderson school had long been Dolly's highest ambition, an ambition which a grateful brother's liberality made it perfectly possible to gratify.

In a few days the little ripple of excitement that attended their departure died away, leaving in its place only a memory.

I missed Dolly sadly, feeling sure that the duties and pleasures of her new life would soon blot out all interest in her older and less favored friends.

I realized my mistake when, weeks afterward, I received a letter from her which wrought in my life a delightful change.

"One of our teachers," she wrote, "has resigned, and Senator Borden has secured the position thus left vacant for you. He knows how you helped and encouraged me through the pink dress ordeal, and he is very glad of this opportunity to show his appreciation of your good sense and kindness."

A day or two later this delightful news was officially confirmed, and I at once set about my modest preparations for departure. Just before I left I called upon old Deacon Dudley and found him not only sympathetic but fairly jubilant over my improved prospects.

"I gave you your first chance," said he, "and I presume to say I helped you to your second one. I talked quite a spell with the senator when he was here, and I gave you a first class 'recommend.' She is young," said I, "and not great to look at, but she is a master hand at figuring."

"I thanked the old gentleman for his doubtful compliment with becoming gratitude. Not for the world would I have pained his kindly heart by the knowledge that anything so frivolous as a pink frock had far more to do with my good fortune than his unique and well meant 'recommend.'"

VIRCHOW AND HIS WAYS.
Herr Professor Was Blunt, but He Owe Me His Match.

The late Professor Virchow was, in his own country at least, almost as famous for his excessive bluntness of speech as for his very remarkable mental attainments, says the Philadelphia Press.

Often he spoke so unflinchingly to the students who sat under him in the lecture rooms that they have been known to leave his classes and not return. According to Berlin traditions, one of the professor's favorite replies to a wrong answer to one of his questions was:

"Certainly not. Any cook would know better than that."

On the other hand, he seemed to appreciate the spirit in some of his students which prompted them to answer him back in very much his own tone. Once when he was presiding in a very old and faded suit of clothes he turned suddenly upon a seemingly bashful man sitting near him and asked:

"Do your eyes tell you the truth? What color is this?"

Without an instant's hesitation the young man rose and said: "I presume it was once black. Now it is any color except white."

That student was passed.

The Man Who Stayed.
For one woman who dominates her husband in China there are doubtless nine of the approved oriental stripe of humility. Nevertheless Chinese humorous literature abounds in references to heaped husbands. Professor Herbert Allen Giles of the University of Cambridge told one of these stories:

Ten heaped husbands resolved to form a society to resist the imposition of their wives. The ten wives heard of the plan and while the meeting for organization was in progress entered the room in a body. Nine of the rebellious husbands fled, but the tenth one retained his place, apparently unmoved by the unexpected visitation.

The ten wives, after smiling contemptuously on the one man who remained, went back to their homes, well content with the success of their raid.

The nine husbands thereupon returned to their meeting, resolved to make the heroic tenth man the president of the society.

When they entered the room, however, to inform him of the honor, it was found that he was dead. He had died of fright.

Too Patriotic.
Patrick had worked hard all his days, but his sons had spent his money for him, and when he was too old for active work he was offered the position of crossing tender at a small railroad station.

He looked dubious as the duties of the office were explained to him and the meaning of the various flags was clearly stated.

"In case of danger, with a train coming, of course you wave the red flag," said his friend, proceeding with his explanation. A hard old hand grasped his arm.

"Man, dear, it'll never do," said Patrick, shaking his head solemnly. "I could never trust myself to remember to wave a red flag when there was a green wan handy."

HUMOR IN HORSES.
Story of an Animal That Was Wiser Than Its Master.

Only those who are unfamiliar with the domestic donkey that they have a general opinion of him as a stupid and heavy-headed brute. It is a lively and intelligent animal, and his sense of humor is very original. One day the children had erected a small tent on the lawn and sat within it drinking lemonade and playing that they were bandits. Jimmy walked softly up to the side of the tent and slowly inserted his nose through a convenient slit, says the Dunm Animal Eye, and ears followed and, his head once within at the back of the unsuspecting revelers, Jimmy gave one tremendous sneeze of that kind which is half a snort.

The banditti fell back in every direction, and the horse, withdrawing from the tent, laughed silently to himself before going back to his grass cropping. Jimmy's favorite amusement is that of scattering a flock of sheep. When he is feeding with them in the pasture, he suddenly stops eating and then dashes among them, sending them scudding over the hills. Then he stands watching them until they again settle to their nibbling and after a short luncheon on his own behalf the pleasing diversion. Although this horse is the gentlest creature in the world, it pleases him exceedingly to frighten any one who has shown timidity in his presence.

Jimmy's two mistresses harness him without trouble or danger, but he delights in alarming one girl cousin who visits at the house. Sundry dolingings enough to show Jimmy of what manner and temperament she was, and he is merciless in taking advantage of that knowledge. If she enters the stable where he stands accepting the harness in the most docile manner, he opens his mouth, showing a wicked row of teeth, and makes a feint of snapping at her. She shrieks, and his mistresses and reasons with him, and Jimmy apparently is then repentant.

FACTS ABOUT FEET.
The typical Irish foot is flat, rather broad and not usually long.

The Frenchman's foot is proverbially long, narrow and well proportioned.

The Scotchman's foot is capable of hard work.

The Tartar's foot is short and heavy, the foot of a certain type of savage, and the toes are all the same length.

The Englishman's foot is in most cases short and rather fleshy and not as a rule as strong as proportionately it should be.

The Russian's foot possesses at least one peculiarity which is worth noting. The toes are generally "webbed" to the first joint.

The Spaniard's foot is generally small and, thanks to the Moorish blood which flows in the veins of most Spaniards, elegantly curved.

The latest measurements seem to show that America is in the process of developing a race with the smallest feet among all the civilized nations.

The Teutonic and Scandinavian nations appear to have the largest feet, Swedes, Norwegians and Germans standing in this respect at the head of the list.

The Arab's foot is famous for its high arch, whereby a true Arab may, indeed, always be known, the Koran saying that a stream of water can run under the foot without touching it.

Seemed to Have Got Out.
A Chicago man on his summer vacation went to a Wisconsin lake resort and one day became engaged in conversation with the proprietor. He commented on the attractiveness of the surroundings and finally asked the hotel keeper how many cars there were in the property.

"About forty," replied the proprietor.

"I see there is another resort a short distance north of you. Who owns that?"

"The Wilder Simmons."

"You and she, do you not?"

The landlord's surliness face turned a shade or two redder.

"We're expecting to next October," he said, "but I didn't think anybody'd found it out yet."

French Coffee.
The delicious flavor which all travelers in France discover in the coffee of that country is got, it is said, by the addition of a little butter and sugar during the roasting process. To every three pounds of roasting berries a tablespoonful each of butter and powdered sugar is added. These in melting spread over the beans in a thin coating, which holds the aromatic oil and creates a caramel flavor that is delicious and distinctive.—Harper's Bazar.

A Modern Adonis.
Lady—Your partner has fainted, I hear. How did that happen?

Officer—It is quite simple. I danced with her three times in succession. The great happiness was too much for a strain for her nerves. I am now taking my departure lest I should do any further damage.—From the German.

Friday Is Lucky.
There is luck in odd numbers. There is double luck in two odd numbers. Friday is the sixth day of the week. Six is the double of three, which is not an odd number, but one which proverbially possesses a charm. Therefore Friday is a doubly charmingly lucky day.—Boston Advertiser.

The English Style.
Frank was learning to ride a horse, and one day somebody asked him if it bounced him very hard when the horse was trotting.

"Oh, no," he answered. "I don't bounce very hard. I stay up nearly all the time."—Little Chronicle.

Poor Memory.
Towne—Rather absentminded, isn't he?

Brown—Extremely so. Why, the other night when he got home he knew there was something he wanted to do, but he couldn't remember what it was until he had sat up over an hour trying to think.

Towne—And did he finally remember it?

Brown—Yes; he discovered that he had wanted to go to bed early.—Philadelphia Press.

FACTS IN FEW LINES.
The children in Egypt is decreasing. The latest statistics give 730 as the total number of cases. There have been 947 deaths.

Twenty years ago the total bituminous coal output of the United States was about 50,000,000 tons a year, whereas now it is not far from 250,000,000.

An order for 18,000 eight horse plows to be used for breaking up the virgin soil in South Africa has been received by the Farquhar Agricultural works at York, Pa.

German manufacturers of machinery have recently received orders for 100 locomotives, representing a value of 6,000,000 marks, which will go to Siam, Italy, India and Denmark.

A writer in the Revue de Paris declares that some Frenchmen hope that some day Spain, the most fertile and most ill governed of European countries, will become French soil.

General Andre, the French minister of war, is seeking to improve the headgear of the French army. The present headgear is considered to have contributed in no small degree to the many recent cases of sunstroke.

Among the most interesting features of southern Oklahoma are the remains of the grass houses formerly built by the Wichita Indians, who to a certain extent keep up their novel mode of architecture to the present day.

The criminal court of Rodez, Aveyron, France, has just put on record a decision against two newspapers and a doctor for calling one Lacombe a Freemason, "using the term in an insulting and defamatory sense."

In the average wages paid to employees the industry that stands highest among the large undertakings is that of smelting and refining, says Mahlin's Magazine. Here the average for the 24,500 workers is \$652 per worker.

The report covering coffee and tea importations for the last fiscal year intensifies what was shown by the report for the year before—namely, that we Americans are becoming the great coffee drinking nation of the world.

Germany has a new university, Munster, in Westphalia, which now has the complete number of faculties. For many years Munster was called an "academy," as it had only a double theological faculty, Catholic and Protestant, and a philosophical faculty.

The Strait of Canso, between Cape Breton and the mainland of Nova Scotia, is to be bridged. The task is an immense one, involving great engineering difficulties, and the outlay is about \$5,000,000. The bridge will be a cantilever, with a span of 1,800 feet, the longest in the world.

While in New York Prince Henry saw and admired a keyless clock which was in course of manufacture. It was the first timepiece of its kind. The prince ordered one, which he will present to his brother, the kaiser. It will run continuously for a year without the change of battery.

Police pensions in Chicago have been cut down 20 per cent in compliance with the law which provides that they shall be scaled if necessary to meet the condition of the fund. The pensioned widows of policemen are much distressed over the cut, many of them having large families to support.

Shad were very scarce in Connecticut waters this summer, but appeared in large numbers in the Ohio river, a profitable catch having been made within 100 miles of Cincinnati. Before 1870 shad were never caught in the Ohio river. The first one taken in that year was considered such a curiosity that it was sent to the Smithsonian institution.

An English physician who has been making a study of diseases in Alaska reports that cerebral spinal meningitis is very prevalent, scurvy is widespread, rheumatism is frequent, pneumonia is almost unknown, and tuberculosis is by no means rare. His report indicates that a vigorous physique is required to resist the Alaskan climate.

A research steamer belonging to the Norwegian government recently carried on in the North sea some experimental fishings which yielded important results. In three days 117 halibut and 300 large cod were caught to a depth of 200 fathoms, thus proving the existence of large quantities of these fishes at a time of the year when they are not to be found on the coast of Norway.

The Botanical Gazette states that the magazine known as "Contributions to the United States National Herbarium" has been transferred from the department of agriculture to the National museum, with an increased appropriation of \$7,000, thus enabling the museum to hire an editorial assistant and an artist and to republish certain valuable numbers that have long been out of print.

The skull of a prehistoric man was dug up on a farm near Lansing, Kan., some weeks ago under well defined strata of earth and rock. The strata were examined and it was the opinion that the man to whom it belonged lived during the glacial period, probably 35,000 years ago. If this is so, the "Lansing skull," as it has been named, furnishes the first tangible proof of the existence of prehistoric man in America, though such remains have been found in various places in Europe.

Range of Violon.
Standing on the highest mountain—say at a height of 20,000 feet, which is slightly over five miles above sea level—on a clear day a man can see to a distance of 200 miles. To see objects at a distance of 100 miles the observer must be standing at a height of 6,000 feet above the level of the sea. The rule is that the distance in miles at which an object on the earth's surface can be seen is equal to the square root of one and a half times the height of the observer in feet above sea level, allowance being made for the effect of atmospheric refraction.

Diabetes and Bright's Disease.
Interview With Edward Short of the San Francisco Call.

Mr. Edward Short, connected with the local news department of the San Francisco Call, interviewed:

Q—You are reported to have been cured of diabetes?

A—That is right.

Q—Are you sure it was diabetes?

A—I was rejected for insurance, and later falling rapidly, I purchased a bottle of Bright's Disease and to put my affairs in shape.

Q—Have more than one physician?

A—Yes, I had another opinion. He, too, said I could not live long. I had dropped from 200 to 150 pounds and my work was a weight. He told me of the Fulton Compound.

Q—How long did you have to take it?

A—About a year before I was perfectly well.

Q—Did your physicians then test for sugar?

A—No, but I had reported that they were very greatly surprised at my recovery, for they had told me diabetes was incurable.

Q—Know of any other cures?

A—Several. I told my friend, William Martin, as S. P. conducted the business. He had diabetes, and was about to give up his position when I told him. He tried the same of mine, and was well when killed a year or so later.

Q—Any other?

A—I told William Hawkins of the Custom House and the husband of the baronetess, S. N. Castle, upon hearing they had diabetes, both of them were cured. I also told a man who had diabetes. In a month it was eliminated. I can't recollect all I've told.

Q—Not one? It is a positive cure in Bright's Disease and Diabetes. Go over and see Hawkins and he will tell you the same thing.

Medical works agree that Bright's Disease and Diabetes are incurable, but 87 per cent. are positively recovered under the Fulton Compound. (Common forms of kidney complaint, after best resistance.) Price, \$1 for the Bright's Disease and \$1.50 for the Diabetes Compound. John A. Fulton Co., 109 Montgomery street, San Francisco, sole compounders. Free tests made for patients. Descriptive pamphlet mailed free.

Save the Baby.
The mortality among babies during the three teething years is something frightful. The census of 1900 shows that about one in every seven babies die during this period.

The cause is apparent. With baby's teeth hardening, the contents of the stomach, which are coming at once create a demand for some material that neutralizes the acid. The system is deficient in the result is weakness, sweating, fever, diarrhea, brain troubles, convulsions, and other things that are very terrible. The deaths in 1900 under the name of teething troubles, were 100,000, the vast number outside the big cities that were not reported, and this in the United States.

When baby begins to wail, worry or cry, or in sleep don't rest, or is restless, or either medicine nor nursing. What the little system is crying out for is more food material. Sweetman's Teething Food supplies it. It has saved the lives of thousands of babies. They begin to improve within forty-eight hours. Here is what physicians think of it.

284 Washington St., San Francisco, June 2, 1902.

Gettinen—I am prescribing your food in the millions of baby troubles due to improper dentition. A large percentage of infantile ill and death is due to the attention of how teething. Your food supplies what the deficient system demands, and I have had extraordinary success with it. Cases of cases this diet, given with their regular food, has not failed to check the infantile distresses, several of the more serious cases, that I feel sure, have been fatal without it. It can be used equally before, during and after the teething of the mother of the country. It is an absolute necessity.

L. C. MENDEL, M. D.

Petaluma, Cal., September 1, 1902.

Dear Sir—I have just tried the teething food in two cases and in both it was successful. One was a very serious case so critical that it was brought to me from another city. The mother of the child was in bed in three days the baby ceased wailing and commenced eating and is now well. His action was so quickly restored to the attention of the mother of the country. It is an absolute necessity.

I. M. PROCTOR, M. D.

Sweetman's Teething Food will carry baby safely and comfortably through the most dangerous period of child life. It renders lancing of the gums unnecessary. It is the most perfect and a blessing to the baby to not wait for symptoms but to commence giving it at the fourth or fifth month. Then all the teeth will come healthfully, without pain, diarrhea or fretting. It is a sure and regular diet and easily taken. Price 25 cents each for six weeks' supply. Write for receipt of price. Pacific Coast Agents, Island Drug Co., Mills Building, San Francisco.

Her Complaint.
Jane was a patient in one of the large public hospitals. She boasted a cough which was more than suspected to be a "fake" cough rather than bronchial or pulmonary.

The kindly young physician in his charge of the ward allowed her some harmless remedies. One day he said to her:

"Ah, Jane, I fear you are a bad case of hypochondria!"

"Is that it, doctor?" said Jane, much impressed.

The next morning there she was again, asking for her little dose.

"I'm very bad with it the day, doctor."

"With what?" asked the doctor.

"With what you were main for me yesterday," she replied. "It gave me no peace at all last night."

An Item In Demand.
He was using an item from a newspaper.

"It tells how a house was robbed, and I want to show it to my wife," he explained.

"What good will that do?" a friend inquired.

"A whole lot," was the reply. "You see, this house was robbed while the man was at church with his wife."

"Say!" exclaimed the friend excitedly. "You haven't got a duplicate copy of that paper, have you?"—Chicago Post.

Helpful Husband.
Cleora Moke-I came to tole you, m'am, dat Lucy Brown, who daue leabe yo' yistiddy, ain' gwine lib out no mo', kase she married me today.

Mrs. Hankskeep—Indeed! Well?

Cleora Moke—Well, I ought mebbe yo' might let her do her dashin'. I'm a drummin' up trade for her dis mornin'—Philadelphia Press.

One Live Man Wanted.
"Is your company for 'Hamlet' complete?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes. "All I want is a good, live young man for the ghost."—Washington Star.

Taking the world as a whole, 25 per cent die before they reach the age of seventeen.

Experience worries more men than it teaches.—Chicago News.