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The Doctor's Dilemma

By Hesba Stretton

CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

"You are looking rather low," she said triumphantly—"rather blue, I might say. Is there anything the matter with you? Your face is as long as a fiddle. Perhaps it is the sea that makes you melancholy."

"Not at all," I answered, trying to speak briskly; "I am an old sailor. Perhaps you will feel melancholy by-and-by."

Luckily for me, my prophecy was fulfilled shortly after, for the day was rough enough to produce uncomfortable sensations in those who were not old sailors like myself. My tormentor was prostrate to the last moment.

When we anchored at the entrance of the Creux, and the small boats came out to carry us ashore, I managed easily to secure a place in the first, and to lose sight of her in the bustle of landing. As soon as my feet touched the shore I started off at my swiftest pace for the Havre Gosselin.

But I had not far to go, for at Vaudin's Inn, which stands at the top of the steep lane running from the Creux Harbor, I saw Tardif at the door. He came to me instantly, and we sat down on a low stone wall on the roadside, but well out of hearing of any ears but each other's.

"Tardif," I said, "has mam'zelle told you her secret?"

"Yes, yes," he answered; "poor little soul! and she is a hundredfold dearer to me now than before. But mam'zelle is not here. She is gone!"

"Gone!" I ejaculated. I could not utter another word; but I stared at him as if my eyes could tear further information from him.

"Yes," he said; "that lady came last week with Miss Dobree, your cousin. Then mam'zelle told me all, and we took counsel together. It was not safe for her to stay any longer, though I would have died for her gladly. But what could be done? We knew she must go elsewhere, and the next morning I rowed her over to Peter-port in time for the steamer to England. Poor little thing! poor little hunted soul!"

"Tardif," I said, "did she leave no message for me?"

"She wrote a letter for you," he said, "the very last thing. She did not go to bed that night, neither did I. I was going to lose her, doctor, and she had been like the light of the sun to me. But what could I do? She was terrified to death at the thought of her husband claiming her. I promised to give the letter into your own hands. Here it is:

It had been lying in his breast pocket, and the edges were worn already. He gave it to me lingeringly, as if loth to part with it. The tourists were coming up in greater numbers, and I made a retreat hastily towards a quiet and remote part of the cliffs seldom visited in Little Sark.

There, with the sea, which had carried her away from me, playing buoyantly amongst the rocks, I read her farewell letter. It ran thus:

"My Dear Friend—I am glad I can call you my friend, though nothing can ever come of our friendship—nothing, for we may not see one another as other friends do. I am compelled to flee away again from this quiet, peaceful home, where you and Tardif have been so good to me. I began to feel perfectly safe here, and all at once the refuge fails me. It breaks my heart, but I must go, and my only gladness is that it will be good for you. By and by you will forget me, and return to your cousin Julia, and be happy just as you once thought you should be—as you would have been but for me. You must think of me as one dead. I am quite dead—lost to you.

"Good-by, my dear friend; good-by, good-by! OLIVIA."

The last line was written in a shaken, irregular hand, and her name was half blotted out, as if a tear had fallen upon it. I remained there alone on the wild and solitary cliffs until it was time to return to the steamer.

Tardif was waiting for me at the entrance of the little tunnel through which the road passes down to the harbor. He did not speak at first, but he drew out of his pocket an old leather pouch filled with yellow papers. Amongst them lay a long curling tress of shining hair. He touched it gently as if it had feeling and consciousness.

"You would like to have it, doctor?" he said.

"Ay," I answered, and that only. I could not venture upon another word.

CHAPTER XVII.

Three months passed slowly away after my mother's death. Dr. Dobree, who was utterly inconsolable the first few weeks, fell into all his old maundering, philandering ways again, spending hours upon his toilet, and paying devoted attentions to every passable woman who came across his path. My temper grew like touchwood; the least spark would set it a blaze. I could not take such things in good part.

We had been at daggers drawn for a day or two, he and I, when one morning I was astonished by the appearance of Julia in our consulting room, soon after my father, having dressed himself elaborately, had quitted the house. Julia's face was ominous, the upper lip very straight, and a frown upon her brow.

"Martin," she began in a low key, "I am come to tell you something that fills me with shame and anger. I do not know how to contain myself. I could never have believed that I could have been so blind and foolish. But it seems as if I were doomed to be deceived and disappointed on every hand—I who would not deceive or disappoint anybody in thed worl. I declare it makes me quite ill to think of it. Just look at my hands, how they tremble."

"Your nervous system is out of order," I remarked.

"It is the world that is out of order," she said petulantly; "I am well enough. Oh, I do not know however I am to tell you. There are some things it is a shame to speak of."

"Must you speak of them?" I asked.

"Yes; you must know, you will have to know all sooner or later. If my poor, dear aunt knew of it she could not rest in her grave. Martin, cannot you guess? Are men born so dull that they cannot see what is going on under their own eyes?"

"I have not the least idea of what you are driving at," I answered. "Sit down and calm yourself."

"How long is it since my poor, dear aunt died?"

"You know as well as I do," I replied, wondering that she should touch the wound so roughly. "Three months next Sunday."

"And Dr. Dobree," she said in a bitter accent—then stopped, looking me full in the face. I had never heard her call my father Dr. Dobree in my life.

"What now?" I asked. "What has my unlucky father been doing now?"

"Why," she exclaimed, stamping her foot, while the blood mantled to her forehead, "Dr. Dobree is in haste to take a second wife! He is indeed, my poor Martin. He wishes to be married immediately to that viper, Kate Daltrey."

"Impossible!" I cried, stung to the quick by these words. I remembered my mother's mild, instinctive dislike to Kate Daltrey, and her harmless hope that I would not go over to her side. Go over to her side! No. If she set her foot into this house as my mother's successor, I would never dwell under the same roof. As soon as my father made her his wife I would cut myself adrift from them both. But he knew that; he would never venture to outrage my mother's memory or my feelings in such a flagrant manner.

"It is possible, for it is true," said Julia. "They have understood each other for these four weeks. You may call it an engagement, for it is one; and I never suspected them, not for a moment! Couldn't you take out a commission of lunacy against him? He must be mad to think of such a thing."

"How did you find it out?" I inquired.

"Oh, I was so ashamed!" she said. "You see I had not the faintest shadow of a suspicion. I had left them in the drawing room to go upstairs, and I thought of something I wanted, and went back suddenly, and there they were—his arm around her waist, and her head on his shoulder—he with his gray hairs, too! She says she is the same age as me, but she is forty if she is a day. The simpletons! I did not know what to say, or how to look. I could not get out of the room again as if I had not seen, for I cried, 'Oh!' at the first sight of them. Then I stood staring at them; but I think they felt as uncomfortable as I did."

"Julia," I said, "I shall leave Guernsey before this marriage can come off. I would rather break stones on the highway than stay to see that woman in my mother's place. My mother disliked her from the first."

"I know it," she replied, with tears in her eyes, "and I thought it was nothing but prejudice. It was my fault, bringing her to Guernsey. But I could not bear the idea of her coming as mistress here. I said so distinctly. 'Dr. Dobree,' I said, 'you must let me remind you that the house is mine, though you have paid me no rent for years. If you ever take Kate Daltrey into it, I will put my affairs into a notary's hands. I will, upon my word, and Julia Dobree never broke her word yet.' That brought him to his senses better than anything. He turned very pale, and sat down beside Kate, hardly knowing what to say. Then she began. She said if I was cruel, she would be cruel, too. Whatever grieved you, Martin, would grieve me, and she would let her brother, Richard Foster, know where Olivia was."

"Does she know where she is?" I asked eagerly, in a tumult of surprise and hope.

"Why, in Sark, of course," she replied.

"What! Did you never know that Olivia left Sark before my mother's death?" I said, with a chill of disappointment. "Did I never tell you she was gone, nobody knows where?"

"You have never spoken of her in my hearing, except once—you recollect when, Martin? We have supposed she was still living in Tardif's house. Then there is nothing to prevent me from carrying out my threat. Kate Daltrey shall never enter this house as mistress."

"Would you have given it up for Olivia's sake?" I asked, marveling at her generosity.

"I should have done it for your sake," she answered frankly.

"But," I said, reverting to our original topic, "if my father has set his mind upon marrying Kate Daltrey, he will brave anything."

"He is a dotard," replied Julia. "He positively makes me dread growing old. Who knows what follies one may be guilty of in old age! I never felt afraid of it before. Kate says she has two hundred a year of her own, and they will go and live on that in Jersey, if Guernsey becomes unpleasant to them. Martin, she is a viper—she is indeed. And I have made such a friend of her! Now I shall have no one but you and the Careys. Why wasn't I satisfied with Johanna as my friend?"

She stayed an hour longer, turning over this unwelcome subject till we had thoroughly discussed every point of it. In the evening, after dinner, I spoke to my father briefly but decisively upon the same topic. After a very short and very sharp conversation, there remained no alternative for me but to make up my mind to try my fortune once more out of Guernsey. I wrote by the next mail to Jack Senior, telling him my purpose.

I did not wait for my father to commit the irreparable folly of his second marriage. Guernsey had become hateful to me. In spite of my exceeding love for my native island, more beautiful in the eyes of its people than any other spot on earth, I could no longer be happy or at peace there. Julia could not conceal her regret, but I left her in the charge of Captain Carey and Johanna. She promised to be my faithful correspondent, and I engaged to write to her regularly. There existed between us the half-betrothal to which we had pledged ourselves at my dying mother's urgent request. She would wait for the time when Olivia was no longer the first in my heart; then she would be willing to become my wife. But if ever that day came she would require me to give up my position in England, and settle down for life in Guernsey.

Fairly, then, I was launched upon the career of a physician in the great city, as a partner with Jack and his father. The completeness of the change suited me. Nothing here, in scenery, atmosphere or society, could remind me of the fretted past. The troubled waters subsided into a dull calm, as far as emotional life went. To be sure, the idea crossed me often that Olivia might be in London—even in the same street with me. I never caught sight of a faded green dress but my steps were hurried, and I followed till I was sure that the wearer was not Olivia. But I was aware that the chances of our meeting were so small that I could not count upon them. Even if I found her, what then? She was as far away from me as though the Atlantic rolled between us. If I only knew that she was safe, and as happy as her sad destiny could let her be, I would be content.

Thus I was thrown entirely upon my profession for interest and occupation. I gave myself up to it with an energy that amazed Jack, and sometimes surprised myself. Dr. Senior, who as an old veteran loved it with ardor for its own sake, was delighted with my enthusiasm. He prophesied great things for me.

So passed my first winter in London.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Early in the spring I received a letter from Julia, desiring me to look out for apartments, somewhere in my neighborhood, for herself and Johanna and Captain Carey. They were coming to London to spend two or three months of the season. I had not had any task so agreeable since I left Guernsey. Jack was hospitably anxious for them to come to our own house, but I knew they would not listen to such a proposal. I found some suitable rooms for them, however, where I could be with them at any time in five minutes. On the appointed day I met them at Waterloo station, and installed them in their new apartments.

It struck me that Julia was looking better and happier than I had seen her look for a long time. Her black dress suited her, and gave her a style which she never had in colors. Her complexion looked dark, but not sallow; and her brown hair was certainly more becomingly arranged. Her appearance was that of a well-bred, cultivated, almost elegant woman, of whom no man need be ashamed. Johanna was simply herself, without the least perceptible change. But Captain Carey again looked ten years younger, and was evidently taking pains with his appearance. I was more than satisfied, I was proud of all my friends.

"We want you to come and have a long talk with us to-morrow," said Johanna; "it is too late to-night. We shall be busy shopping in the morning, but can you come in the evening?"

"Oh, yes," I answered; "I am at leisure most evenings, and I count upon spending them with you. I can escort you to as many places of amusement as you wish to visit."

"To-morrow, then," she said, "we shall take tea at eight o'clock.

I bade them good-night with a lighter heart than I had felt for a long while. I held Julia's hand the longest, looking into her face earnestly, till it flushed and glowed a little under my scrutiny.

"True heart!" I said to myself, "true and constant! and I have nothing, and shall have nothing, to offer it but the ashes of a dead love. Would to heaven," I thought as I paced along Brook street, "I had never been fated to see Olivia!"

I was punctual to my time the next day. I sat among them quiet and silent, but revelling in this partial return of olden times. When Julia poured out my tea, and passed it to me with her white hand, I felt inclined to kiss her jeweled fingers. If Captain Carey had not been present I think I should have done so.

We lingered over the pleasant meal. At the close Captain Carey announced that he was about to leave us alone together for an hour or two. I went down to the door with him, for he had made me a mysterious signal to follow him. In the hall he whispered a few incomprehensible sentences into my ear.

"Don't think anything of me, my boy. Don't sacrifice yourself for me. I'm an old fellow compared to you, though I'm not fifty yet; everybody in Guernsey knows that. So put me out of the question, Martin. 'There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip.' That I know quite well, my dear fellow."

He was gone before I could ask for an explanation. I returned to the drawing room, pondering over his words. Johanna and Julia were sitting side by side on the sofa, in the darkest corner of the room.

"Come here, Martin," said Johanna; "we wish to consult you on a subject of great importance to us all."

I drew up a chair opposite to them and sat down, much as if it was about to be a medical consultation.

"It is nearly eight months since your poor dear mother died," remarked Johanna.

Eight months! Yes; and no one knew what those eight months had been to me—how desolate! how empty!

"You recollect," continued Johanna, "how her heart was set on your marriage with Julia, and the promise you both made to her on her deathbed?"

"Yes," I answered, bending forward and pressing Julia's hand, "I remember every word."

There was a minute's silence after this; and I waited in some wonder as to what this prelude was leading to.

"Martin," asked Johanna, in a solemn tone, "are you forgetting Olivia?"

"No," I said, dropping Julia's hand as the image of Olivia flashed across me reproachfully, "not at all. What would you have me say? She is as dear to me at this moment as she ever was."

"I thought you would say so," she replied; "I did not think yours was a love that would quickly pass away, if it ever does. There are men who can love with the constancy of a woman. Do you know anything of her?"

"Nothing," I said despondently; "I have no clue as to where she may be now."

"Nor has Tardif,' she continued; "my brother and I went across to Sark last week to ask him."

"That was very good of you," I interrupted.

"It was partly for our own sakes," she said, blushing faintly. "Martin, Tardif says that if you have once loved Olivia, it is once for all. You would never conquer it. Do you think that this is true? Be candid with us."

"Yes," I answered, "it is true. I could never love again as I love Olivia."

"Then, my dear Martin," said Johanna, very softly, "do you wish to keep Julia to her promise?"

I started violently. What! did Julia wish to be released from that semi-engagement, and be free? Was it possible that any one else coveted my place in her affections, and in the new house which we had fitted up for ourselves? I felt like the dog in the manger. It seemed an unheard-of encroachment for any person to come between my cousin Julia and me.

"Do you ask me to set you free from your promise, Julia?" I asked, somewhat sternly.

(To be continued.)

CAT NOW IN FAVOR.

Crippled, but She Helped to Find a Fortune.

"I recently filed a claim for the widow of a Mexican war veteran," said H. G. McCormic, of Cincinnati, "that has a rather funny story attached to it that I think will bear repeating, as it was brought about by a one-eyed, bobtailed cat of no pedigree and of absolutely no worth, that is now petted as a priceless treasure by Mrs. Maggie Tuttle, an aged widow, residing at Harrison, about ten miles from Cincinnati. A small boy with a sling destroyed one of the cat's eyes, and a few days afterward, in an attempt to knock a train from the track, the cast lost half its tail; but the cat came back, and thereby hangs the tale, not the calt's tail, by the way.

"When I filed the papers for the pension of Mrs. Tuttle, whose husband was a sergeant in the Twelfth United States Infantry, it was found that all was in good shape, except his discharge papers, and I at once requested that a search be made for these documents. She was certain that her husband had left them somewhere in the old homestead, and a diligent search was at once instituted. The old house was ransacked from cellar to garret with no result, and when the effort was about to be given up in despair it was noticed that the old cat took a great deal of interest in the old garret. It went to a box in one corner of the room and jumped into it. Upon looking into the box it was found that four kittens were nestled in some old paper. When an effort was made to look into the box the old cat grew ferocious and attacked the searchers. One of the party, who did not like the cat anyway, picked up a book and threw it at it. This book missed the cat, but struck an old pasteboard box on a shelf and knocked it to the floor, where it burst open and the contents rolled out on the floor. Upon picking them up the discharge papers and $3,000 in government bonds were found. The old cat now wears a blue ribbon and has the run of the house—in fact, nothing is too good for it."—Washington Star.

How to Become Wealthy.

In a New Hampshire city there dwells an octogenarian physician who, in addition to his wide medical skill, is known far and wide as a dispenser of blunt philosophy. The other day a young man of his acquaintance called at his office.

"I have not come for pills this time, doctor," said the visitor, "but for advice. You have lived many years in this world of toil and trouble and have had much experience. I am young and I want you to tell me how to get rich."

The aged practitioner gazed through his glasses at the young man and in a deliberate tone, said:

"Yes, I can tell you. You are young and can accomplish your object if you will. Your plan is this: First, be industrious and economical. Save as much as possible and spend as little. Pile up the dollars and put them at interest. If you follow out these instructions by the time you reach my age you'll be as rich as Croesus and as mean as h——l."—Buffalo Commercial.

Literary Landmarks Doomed.

The doom of another batch of literary landmarks has lately been sealed. First the old Black Bull Tavern in Holborn, where Mrs. Gamp nursed Mr. Lewsome in partnership with Betsy Prig—"Nussed together, turn and turn about, one off, one on." Then the Red Lion, at Henley-on-Thames, in which Shenstone was said to have written familiar lines which Dr. Johnson quoted to maintain his thesis that "there is nothing which has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn." Lately, too, Burford-bridge Hotel, near Box-hill, where Keats finished "Endymion" toward the end of 1817, has been in the market—whether for demolition or not, we cannot say.—Literature.

Sailor Poets Wanted.

An English literary writer says that "the time is fully ripe for the advent of a sailor poet and the marine engineer poet. "Whether they write in terms of rhyme or no I care not. A virgin field awaits them, a noble inheritance, maturing for ages. They can, if they come, utterly refute the false and foolish prattle of the armchair philosophers and prove triumphantly that so far from the romance and poetry of the sea being dead it has hardly yet been given any adequate expression whatever."

To Help the Thing Along.

"Yes, grandfather is 99 years and 6 months of age."

"You ought to get him a bicycle."

"What for?"

"So as to help him make a century."—Judge.

Commerce of the Thames.

Five hundred trading vessels leave the Thames daily for all parts of the world.

Two Accidents.

I heard a loud crash in the nursery the other morning, and when I went to see what had happened I found things in a bad way. There had been a smash-up on the Great North Nursery Railroad. It seems that two trains, one carrying lumber (dominoes) and one carrying animals, had run into each other.

I saw a great pile of blocks (I should say cars) and dominoes (I mean lumber) lying on the floor, with a number of animals scattered about, and a locomotive on top of the heap. The president of the railroad came hurrying up to help, and he said that Mr. Noah was engineer of the train carrying the animals, and his son Ham was engineer of the lumber train.

At first we feared both engineers were gone forever, for we could not find them; but at last, after taking away some dom—lumber, I mean—we came upon poor Mr. Noah, stretched out, with his head on the body of a cow, and Ham standing by, the picture of woe. The president picked up Mr. Noah, looked him over and said he was not hurt very much, after which the cow was examined. Poor old Moolie was found to have lost an ear and a horn, and the president was loud in his lamentations.

I felt sorrier for Mr. Noah myself. The president paid no attention to him, and even his son Ham stood straight up and gazed at nothing, while his father lay helpless among broken cars and wild animals. The animals, however, behaved very well. There were two lions, a camel, two bears and a kangaroo in full sight, and they were all quiet as lambs, and allowed the president to pack them hurriedly in a freight car without a struggle.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE WRECK.

After things were straightened out a little and the president was still brooding over the cow, I ventured to say, "My dear—I mean Mr. President—I think Mr. Noah ought to be taken to a quiet place. Where is an ambulance?"

"Oh, you'll find a wagon somewhere," answered the president. "I must really see after this cow, or she will never look like a cow again."

I hunted up an old freight car and put Mr. Noah and his son aboard. Then I rolled them to a secluded spot behind the leg of the table, and went back to the president and his cow.

"I'm afraid she'll never be any use," he said, holding up the ear and the horn he had found, "and she was the best cow I have ever had."

"If you will look in the right-hand drawer of my work-table," I said, "you will find a bottle of glue—I should say medicine—which I think will make her all right again."

The president went off at once and came back with the bottle, and with his help Moolie's ear and horn were growing on as well as ever in a few minutes, although she had to have her head tied up for a while, which gave her a delicate and interesting appearance. When she was safely out of the way on the mantel-shelf, I suggested that Mrs. Noah, at home in the ark, might hear of the accident and be much alarmed.

"That's so," agreed the president. "She ought to come to Noah, too, and take care of him. Ham's no good. Hurrah! What do you think? She's got to take a rowboat across the lake. The old ark isn't seaworthy," and he rushed to the tin bathtub—the lake, I mean—where the Noah's ark was anchored in very still water. I followed, and was in time to see poor Mrs. Noah lowered into a rowboat which was much too small for her.

"Have you told her Noah isn't hurt very badly?" I asked.

"No, I forgot," said the president. "I guess she knows, though. Goody, look at the boat rock! She's dreadfully afraid, you know. There is a bad storm coming, too."

"Oh, no!" I begged. "Poor Mrs. Noah! She will be so seasick, and the boat is so small!"

"Can't help it!" cried the president in high glee. "Here it comes! See the waves! Doesn't she stay in splendid?"

I was very much alarmed. The little boat jumped and rocked and Mrs. Noah rolled from side to side. The president, who was making the storm very bad by stirring the water with a drumstick, was quite wild with delight.

"Oh, this is dreadful!" I cried, and just as I reached forward to catch the president's arm the boat tipped over, and Mrs. Noah fell out in the water. "There!" I exclaimed, thinking that was the end of Mrs. Noah; but to my surprise she turned on her back and began to float in a very self-possessed and skillful manner. I always felt that Mrs. Noah had more character than one might suppose from her expression, and her calmness in this moment of peril proved I was right.

The president, sobered by the accident, came to her rescue? with the drumstick, and with some trouble she was brought to shore, wet and sticky, but except for the loss of a little paint, unharmed. A wagon was waiting for her at the landing, and she was carried in state to the side of Mr. Noah. The reunion of the family was very touching after so many trying events.

The president thought there ought to be a feast in honor of the occasion, so a cooky was broken in small pieces and put on a tiny plate borowed from the lady doll who lives in the South Nursery district. There was also a beautiful lead pitcher full of fresh water, and the cover of the jackstraw box was used as a table.

Mr. Noah, now quite recovered, took the head and Mrs. Noah sat—I should say stood—at the foot. Ham was on the side opposite the cow, who the president insisted should be asked. The president himself waited at table and was master of ceremonies. They were a merry party, and every bit of the cooky was eaten. As I left the room I saw the president handing the pitcher about like a loving cup and drinking the last drop himself.—Youth's Companion.

BETRAYED BY A TACK.

How a Bank Robber Was Brought to Justice.

"One of the most remarkable captures in the history of my experience," said a well-known detective, "happened some years ago, and I need not mention the place nor the circumstance in connection with the case. It was in a case where $30,000 had suddenly and mysteriously disappeared from a bank. The money was in a package, and was near the paying teller's window. The bank was open and doing business, for the money disappeared before it was time for the bank to close. In the rush of business the teller left his post at the window for a minute, and it was while he was gone that the roll of money disappeared. He was dumfounded when he discovered that a wad of money amounting to $30,000 had disappeared from the amount he had on the counter behind the screen. Diligent search was made. The money was gone. There had been no one in the wicketed inclosure but the teller. He was fearfully distressed. He did not know what to make of it all. The bank officials were badly puzzled. An examination of the outside of the wooden framework revealed a very small triangular scar on the woodwork, as if some person had attempted to climb up to a position where the money could be reached. The money was back several feet from the window. The scar was freshly made, and it looked very much like the imprint of a peculiarly shaped tack in the heel of a shoe. Probably twenty days later a member of the detective force happened to be passing through a prominent hotel. A stranger was sitting in the lobby, and he was striking the heel of his shoe with a pencil with brass on the end of it, which he had in his hand, and it made a sort of clinking sound. The detective's attention was arrested. He made inquiries of the clerk with reference to the man. The clerk knew nothing about him except that he had been at the hotel for some time. The detective concluded that he would take a long chance. He arrested the man. His trunk, valise and room were searched. No money could be found. The prisoner all the time was giving out excited protestations. Finally the officers thought they would make a close examination of the mattress. It was a happy thought, for they found the money, and the $30,000 was there, and the paying teller was the happiest man in the world."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

LONGEVITY OF PRESIDENTS.

Interesting Facts About Men Who Have He'd the Office.

Of the 23 Presidents who preceded Mr. McKinley only four died during their terms of offices. Of these two—Lincoln and Garfield—were removed by the bullets of assassins.

William Henry Harrison, the grandfather of Benjamin Harrison, died in office just a month after he was inaugurated. He was 68 years old, exactly the age at which his grandson laid down the burden of life. Zachary Taylor died after being in office 15 months, at the age of 66.

Only three Presidents have died during the administration of their immediate successors. Washington lived for two and a half years after he retired from the Presidency. James K. Polk died inside of four months and Chester A. Arthur within less than two years from the date of leaving the White House.

Four Presidents—Lincoln, Garfield, Polk and Arthur—were less than three-score years at their deaths. Seven Presidents — Washington, Taylor, Pierce, Grant, Johnson and the two Harrisons—were between 60 and 70, and Mr. Cleveland is still alive at 64. Monroe, Jackson, Tyler, Fillmore, Buchanan and Hayes exceeded the biblical period of three score years and ten.

The four veterans of the revolution—Jefferson, Madison, John Quincy Adams and Van Buren—lived until they passed the mile post of four-score years. John Adams, who succeeded Washington in the Presidency, remained in private life for 25 years, saw his son elected President and finally died at 71. Sixteen out of the 19 Presidents who lived through their terms were in private life from 6 to 25 years before death overtook them, says the Baltimore Sun, and the last ex-President to die, Benjamin Harrison, was 68 years old and had been out of the White House eight years.

HEROIC EXPLORER'S MEMORY.

Honored by the Erection of a Monument to Gen. Pike.

A lofty monument, dedicated at Kansas City, marks the spot in Republic County, Kan., where Gen. Zebulon M. Pike first raised the flag in Missouri. The dedication was marked by interesting ceremonies, and the gallant soldier and heroic explorer was handsomely eulogized.

GEN. Z. M. PIKE.

The Pike family were New Jersey people, and Zebulon Montgomery was born in the outskirts of what is now Trenton, in 1779, while his father, a captain in the Revolutionary army, was fighting the British. While the son was a child, his father removed with his family to Bucks County, Pennsylvania, and thence in a few years to Easton, where the boy was educated. He was appointed an ensign in his father's regiment, March 3, 1799, first lieutenant in November, and captain in August, 1806. While advancing through the lower grades of his profession he supplemented the deficiencies of his education by the study of Latin, French and mathematics. After the purchase of Louisiana from the French, Lieut. Pike was appointed to conduct an expedition to trace the Mississippi to its source, and leaving St. Louis Aug. 9, 1805, he returned after nearly nine months' exploration and constant exposure to hardship, having satisfactorily performed the service. In 1806-7 he was engaged in geographical explorations in Louisiana Territory, in the course of which he discovered Pike's Peak in the Rocky Mountains and reached Rio Grande River. Having been found on Spanish territory he and his party were taken to Santa Fe, but, after a long examination and the seizure of Pike's papers, they were released. He arrived at Natchitoches on July 1, 1807, received the thanks of the government, and in 1810 published a narrative of his two expeditions.

Capt. Pike was made a major in 1808, a lieutenant colonel in 1809, deputy quartermaster general April 3, 1812, colonel of the Fifteenth Infantry July 3, 1812, and brigadier general on March 12, 1813. Early in 1813 he was assigned to the principal army as adjutant and inspector general and selected to command an expedition against York (now Toronto), Upper Canada. On April 27, the fleet conveying the troops for the attack on York reached the harbor of that town and measures were taken to land them at once. Gen. Pike landed with the main body as soon as practicable, and, the enemy's advanced parties falling back before him, he took one of the redoubts that had been constructed for the main defense of the place. The column was then halted until arrangements were made for the attack on another redoubt. While Gen. Pike and many of his soldiers were seated on the ground the magazine of the fort exploded, a mass of stone fell upon him and he was fatally injured, surviving but a few hours.

HERMAN O. ARMOUR.

The Multimillionaire Packer Who Died Recently.

Herman Ossian Armour, the multimillionaire packer of Chicago and New York, who died at Saratoga recently, was a brother of the more famous Philip D. Armour, whose death occurred some time ago. Herman was born at Stockbridge, Madison County, N. Y., March 2, 1837, and from the farm went to Milwaukee in 1855.

H. O. ARMOUR.

After a few years' business training there he embarked in 1862 in the grain commission business in Chicago. His younger brother, Joseph, joined him there, and in 1865 took entire charge of the Chicago establishment, while Herman O. Armour removed to New York and organized a new firm under the name of Armour, Plankinton & Co. His new enterprise was a great success from the start, and the firm grew until it became recognized throughout the country. Mr. Armour's ability won for him an enviable reputation as one of the foremost among the merchants and financiers of the metropolis. The business which he was instrumental in establishing now employs 15,000 hands.

He Had the Money.

A Western millionaire, who has made a fortune out of mines, and who is remarkable alike for his liberality and for his ignorance of his bank account, says the Chicago Inter Ocean, was asked one day to contribute to an object of charity. The canvasser suggested that one thousand dollars would be an acceptable contribution.

"That isn't enough," replied the capitalist. "I will give you five thousand if I have the money in the bank. Wait until I call up and inquire."

He summoned a clerk and told him to telephone to the bank to inquire if he had five thousand dollars on deposit, as he desired to contribute that sum, if possible, to a worthy object. The clerk returned, and reported that the bank advised that he had three hundred and eighty thousand dollars in the bank.

"Dear me," cried the capitalist, "as much as that! Well, make out that check for five thousand dollars."

Length of Facial Features.

The proper length of the forehead is one-third of the length of the face; the nose should also measure one-third, the mouth and chin together the other.—Ladies' Home Journal.