

HELEN LAKEMAN;

—OR—
The Story of a Young Girl's Struggle With Adversity.

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"WALTER BROWNFIELD," ETC.

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rant, as it to ask what it all meant. Helen was silent—stunned—although she had been all morning preparing for the blow. The sheriff carefully folded the document and thrust it into his side pocket, and sat in silence, as though he hardly knew what to do next.

Helen at last turned her awfully white face upon him. He shrank like a guilty person before that stony gaze. Next she turned her face upon Judge Arnold, who stood in the doorway. Arnold struggled with all the power he possessed to meet her stare, but he was compelled to cower before the gaze of injured innocence. At length her lips moved, and her voice was so hollow as to startle Arnold.

"Do you believe that I am guilty of that charge?" she asked.

Arnold was for a moment confused. He was afraid to risk his voice to say he did, lest his tongue might fail to speak, and yet he dare not say he believed her innocent. He had sworn on the warrant and must believe what it stated.

"I have no conversation for you," he said, elevating his chin in the air, "you are now in the sheriff's hands, and your case is beyond my control."



"Why don't you take her away?"

"Oh, God, that I had only kept beyond your control!" cried Helen, breaking down at last and sobbing violently. "To be robbed by you of our home, and every thing that would have made myself and this poor afflicted child comfortable, and then because I asked shelter for one night under your roof, to have yourself or your family seek my ruin in this way—oh, God, help me! ere I get beyond the power of forgiving." With a last wail, Helen threw herself forward and bowed her head upon a table near by.

"Don't cry, sister, don't," sobbed the little cripple, while the tears rolled down his cheeks, "they shan't hurt you. God won't let 'em hurt you."

The sheriff, a frown on his brow, for this was a perplexing case, arose and began walking the kitchen floor. He was troubled, but, like a brave official, resolved to do his duty. Mr. Arnold stood patiently at the door. He had just caught sight of his wife, who stood at the door of the dining room. She was, perhaps, the most hard-hearted of any, and yet weak and unable to hear with calmness any great display of feeling. Mrs. Arnold's face was high in the air, but greatly agitated.

Mr. Arnold was impatient to have this "scene," as he called it, over with. "I say, Belcher," he said, "why don't you take her on and stop that howling; I swear I don't want such an uproar in my house."

"But, Judge," said the sheriff, respectfully, for he seemed aware of the fact that his re-election depended, in a great measure, upon the efforts of the man before him, "what am I to do with the child? I can't put it in prison."

"Send it to the poor-house."

"Humph! I can't do that without an order from the court," said the sheriff, with a frown.

"I could."

"Well, I can not," said the puzzled sheriff. "The court will have to declare it a pauper first."

"Well, then leave the child here with me; I can take it there, and Bill Jones will keep it for me until the court sets. He owes his position as proprietor of the poor-house to me."

"Yes, you can probably manage it that way. The child is sick."

"Yes, but not dangerous."

"I kind o' hate to part them."

"O poh! they'll forget each other in less than three days. They are more brute than human, with no feeling save that of hunger, cold or heat, just as any other animal."

Was James Arnold speaking his real opinion? Certainly not, though there are many others of his like who advance the same argument. Oh, if it should only be carried home, that he might feel the bitter pangs of tearing heart-strings asunder, would he not turn missionary for the cause of the poor, depressed, and oft times wronged criminals?

"Take her away, Belcher, take her away at once," said Judge Arnold, his chin so high that mercy was overlooked.

"Well, but Judge, this is a matter I'd not like to be hasty in; I can hardly bring myself to tear that girl from her brother. Good Heavens! if she should be innocent after all!"

"Do you think I am a fool and a perjurer?" cried Arnold, angrily.

"No, no," answered the sheriff, apologetically, "I did not know but what there might be a mistake."

"Well, sir, I think there is no mistake about it, unless you make one in not

doing your duty."

"I think I will do my duty as an official, Judge, if I know it," said Belcher, hotly.

"It is very clear; I don't see how you can help seeing it."

The utter heartlessness of Arnold vexed the sheriff, but he was forced to perform his duty as an officer, painful as it might be.

He went up to the girl, who, knowing what was coming, had been schooling herself to recover her self-possession, and said:

"Come, Miss Helen, get ready; I must take you to Newton."

"Can my little brother go?" she asked, pleadingly. "He is so small, so infirm, and so fond of me that he can hardly live without my care."

"Oh, he will be treated with the most tender care, I assure you," said the sheriff, "I can not take him to-day, but I hope you may soon return."

"Will you answer me to-day or two?" asked Helen, now almost calm again.

"Yes."

"What will be done with me?"

"I will take you to Newton."

"What then?"

"You will be taken before the magistrate, Squire Bluffers."

"Well, what then? I know little of law and its processes."

"Well, you will be arraigned and your case set for trial. If you can give bond you can return here or go wherever you please; but if you fail"—then the sheriff failed, he found it almost impossible to inform that poor, proud-spirited girl of the result of a failure.

But she was determined to know the worst.

"What if I fail?" she asked.

"Committed," was the answer.

"Do you mean sent to jail?"

The prospect of entering a jail for one moment is horrible. To forever blight the fair name of which she was so proud; that name which neither her parents or any of her ancestors had allowed a blot upon, and now to blacken it as a criminal. We can scarcely understand the feelings of Helen at that moment. She imagined herself in after years, even if she was proved innocent, a blackened, blighted creature, sneered by all and pointed to as a thief.

Notwithstanding all this, Helen was gloriously conscious of her own innocence. She had done no wrong, and the certainty of bad consequences to her little brother, should their parting be violent, made her assume a cheerfulness she was far from feeling. She donned her hat and put a light shawl about her shoulders, then, kissing her little crippled brother, said:

"Little Amos must be a good boy until sister comes back. I am going to Newton and hope to come back soon. Do not be afraid, little darling, God will watch over and care for you while I am gone."

The little fellow was silent, but large tears rolled down his pale cheeks. Helen had reached the kitchen door, when a sudden impulse seized her; she ran back to the child and clasped him in her arms for the last time. But she did not weep, those great silent tears of the child told how he was affected, and she dared not let him know her own feelings.

"That's all for effect," said Arnold, haughtily, as she passed out at the door with the sheriff at her side.

The farmer sent his hired man, John, with the rockaway to take her to the village of Newton. Helen bore up until they were on the road, and then, wringing her hands, she cried:

"Oh, farewell, farewell, my poor unfortunate little brother, I know I will never see you again."

CHAPTER XII.
LITTLE AMOS AT THE POOR-HOUSE.

Little Amos witnessed the departure of his sister in silence. Mrs. Arnold, with her face convulsed with strange emotions, came into the kitchen, but she dare not speak. The silent grief dropping in great tears from those blue eyes was enough to awe her. The child began to sob timidly. He was afraid to make any outcry.

Mrs. Arnold and her daughter were now busying themselves with preparing dinner and grumbling that Maggie had gone away. The child sat by the window in his chair, unnoticed. His face was flushed and pale by turns. His breathing was short and quick, and it was evident that the soaking rain of the day before had brought on a cold, which might prove dangerous. But no one noticed him. The dinner was prepared almost in silence, with an occasional spell of grumbling on the part of Mrs. Arnold. When the meal was ready the family gathered about the table, giving no thought to little Amos. Poor child—he had no appetite for dinner, and could have eaten but little had it been offered to him.

When dinner was over, the dogs had been fed and a few nice tid-bits given to the cat, and crumbs gathered up for the pig, Mrs. Arnold thought it would be well to see if "that child" wanted any thing. She found him gazing abstractedly from the window, and his little face wonderfully white just now.

"Don't you want, standing to eat?" asked Mrs. Arnold, noting by the boy, her head high in the air.

"If you please, ma'am," said the child, in a low frightened tone.

She then wheeled his chair about to a kitchen table, and placed a plate before him, on which were some potatoes, bread, and cold boiled meat. The little fellow took a potato and nibbled the end of it, then took a bite or two of bread but his appetite was gone. He seemed sinking, sinking down to death.

"I don't see why you don't get rid of

that brat," said Hattie to her father, whom she met in the sitting-room.

"I will as soon as the hired man comes back with the rockaway," was the answer.

The hired man came back about the middle of the afternoon, and Judge Arnold went into the kitchen where the boy was.

"Come, Amos," he said, in tones intended to be cheerful, "we must go."

"Where?" asked the boy, fixing his large, wondering eyes upon the man.

"To Bill Jones', our friend, my boy, who keeps all such boys as you."

"All such boys as you!" Need Judge Arnold have insulted the poor afflicted child? Were not his sufferings great enough without further wounding his feelings? But the feelings of the boy were deadened by pain and suffering. We can be tortured until the nerves become destroyed and senseless to pain, and the bewildered child was in that condition. The boy, complaining of his back, which had been hurt by his fall in the morning, got from the chair. Placing his hands upon his knees, he hobbled along to his crutches, which stood against the wall. Taking them under his arms, he found his little faded cap and put it on his head.

"There is a shawl they brought," said Mrs. Arnold.

"Put it around him," commanded Judge Arnold.

The woman obeyed, trembling violently, she could not tell why.

"Now, father, the carpet bag, take that along."

Arnold seized the plain old carpet bag containing a few clothes for the child, as though it were a contemptible thing, and then, followed by the little cripple, left the house.

"Come on, come on!" said the impatient man at the gate, holding it open for the child, who was slowly and painfully coming toward it; "you can go faster than that, and I know it."

The poor little fellow tried to increase his speed, and stumbling, fell. He uttered a cry of pain, and Mr. Arnold, with an oath, commanded John to carry him to the carriage.

The kind-hearted John took up the little beggar—for was he not a beggar now?—and carrying him to the vehicle placed him in as comfortably as he could. The child bore his suffering with scarcely a murmur.

As James Arnold sat in his easy carriage, which was whirling away toward the poor-house, he had no thought for the little occupant. He did not see the angelic expression of that sweet little face, or appreciate his great trust in an Almighty Father. Amos Lakeman was young, not to exceed six years of age, and no larger than many children at four, yet he was educated in misery far beyond his years. He was always a cripple, possessing that sweet, patient disposition which God so frequently gives the unfortunate. He had always been loved by every one who knew him, though none took sufficient interest in his welfare to provide a good home for him. Charitable institutions were not known on Sandy Fork—unless one meant the poor-house, and it was no charity to be sent there.

The carriage rolled up to the door of the poor-house, which was simply a row of long, miserable buildings, some of logs and some of frame, while one for the hopelessly insane was made of stone. The proprietor, a large, brutal-looking man, with uncombed hair, coming out bare-headed, and in his shirt-sleeves, his hands in his pockets and yawning lazily, said:

"Hello, Judge, that you? Well, who in the name o' tarnation ye got there, anyway?"

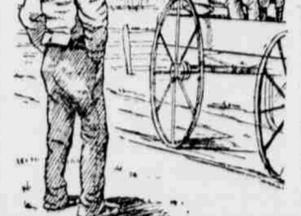
"A new charge."

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THE POOR-HOUSE KEEPER AND THE NEW CHARGE.

"That makes no difference, Bill; I'll make it all right when court does set."

"Wall, if ye say it's all right, Judge, I'll take him; ye orter know."

"I know this case will be all right, Bill. Take this boy and I will have you fixed up as soon as county court sets."

John, the hired hand, offered to carry the little cripple in.

"Can't he walk?" asked Bill Jones.

"Not very well," answered Bill Jones. "He can walk a great deal better than he pretends," said Arnold, in his merciless manner.

"Wall, I'll bring him out o' his laziness," chuckled Bill Jones. "I'll find work for him to do. He kin pick up chips, or weed the onion beds."

John, who had more humanity in his soul than either of his superiors, took the child in his arms.

"Oh, ya' as! ye jist take him to that second log house an' set 'im down there, sum'ars."

Little Amos was carried in the strong arms of the kind-hearted John to the house indicated. The room into which the sick boy was ushered was miserable, indeed; the floor was uncarpeted, the walls of bare logs were black with smoke, the cracks between the logs had been closed up with filthy rags, and at the rear of the room were two miserable

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CHINESE GAMBLERS.

Some of the Outlandish Superstitions Entertained by Them.

Chinese gamblers are more superstitious than the mass of their countrymen. All colors, save white, are carefully avoided by the owners in the wall and decorations of their gambling-rooms. White, the color of mourning and of the robes worn by the spirits of the dead, always considered inauspicious, is associated with the idea of losing money, and is believed to bring bad fortune to their patrons, with corresponding gains to themselves. Even the inscriptions to the tutelary god are always written upon white paper, and white candles are burned before his shrine instead of the red ones ordinarily used. Gamblers on the way to play fan tan will turn back if any one jostles them or they happen to come in contact with any object. If a player's hand encounters another's as he lays his stake on the table he will not put his money on the number toward which he was reaching. Gamblers refrain from reading books before playing, and books are not regarded with favor in gambling houses from the word "She"—book—sounding like "She"—to lose money. All inauspicious words are avoided. Thus the almanac, "Hung she," is always called "Gut sing," through unwillingness to utter the ominous "She." This book is of daily use among gamblers, for in its calendar of lucky and unlucky days there is special mention of the days favorable for playing, and, besides, it always contains a dream-book, and they attach much importance to the interpretation of dreams.

Many devices are resorted to in order to divine the winning numbers in the boc hop bu. Some players dot the tickets at random, with the eyes closed; others outline with the dots an auspicious charac, or mark such characters as, when read in succession, will form a happy sentence. A young child or a stranger is often asked to mark tickets. At times the player will visit some shrine, or "Kwan te"—the god of war—the divinity generally worshipped by the Chinese in America, and burn candles and incense and mock money before his pictures, kneel and throw the divining sticks, a box of which containing eighty sticks, marked with the characters of the lottery-ticket, is usually kept at the shrine for the use of gamblers. As many strikes are allowed to fall as the gambler desires to play numbers. The gamblers do much to keep alive the traditions and religious ceremonies of their native country. The winner of a large sum of money frequently contributes liberally to the support of the local shrine, and subscription books for the erection and maintenance of the temples in San Francisco, and even in China, may be seen in the shops connected with the gambling houses in Eastern American cities. The shrine in Philadelphia, to which many of the resident Chinamen resort at the season of the New Year, was built by a man who won \$500 in the boc hop bu, and hoped by it to propitiate the god to whom he attributed his good fortune.

Among the questions asked at the New Year's pilgrimage to the temple, is whether the worshiper will be fortunate at play during the year. The worship of "Kwan te" by the gamblers is regarded as presumptuous by the more intelligent, as by them it is not thought he looks with favor upon illegal practices. One of the lower gods is believed to be a more appropriate object for their adoration, and in the fan tan cellars a tablet is invariably erected to the lord of the land, the tutelary spirit, who is supposed to rule the household ghosts, and whose worship, no doubt, shares an antiquity as great as the institution of the game itself.—N. Y. Times.

THE ACTUATING MOTIVE.

Why People Make Desperate Efforts to Keep Up Appearances.

Some hypocrisy there may be in keeping up appearances. The last sacrifices may be made to keep up the parlor with a show of well-doing, while the kitchen may be a pig-pen. A tasteful, rather expensive, cloak or gown may hide unclean and tattered clothing beneath. An improvident family manages to maintain a carriage with some show before the community, while the debts of the family would more than eat up its possessions if some way were not devised to evade the sheriff. Grocers and other merchants are laid under contribution to help maintain families beyond their actual means. The man who piles up sticks-wood will take pains to place the fire with the sawed edges outward, that the front surface of the pile may appear well.

This may all be hypocrisy, in great or small degree; but, after all, it means something deeper. People do not love to be hypocrites, unless we except the few Uriah Heeps. There is no amusement in deceiving every body but yourself for the sake of deceit alone. Beneath all this are more ultimate actuating motives. Respectability is aimed at, because it is a good thing; well-doing is assumed because it is desirable. The handsomest garment is placed in sight because beauty is one of the great additions to modern life. "Assume a virtue if you have it not," said Hamlet. So, in our age, when well-doing is not universal, when elegance and beauty and luxury are not common to all, their ownership is pretended; and they will continue to be assumed until that day when we shall all give up the pursuit of ideals, or be honestly satisfied with our efforts to attain them.—Good Housekeeping.

COFFEE AND TEA.

Instructional Information Furnished by Dr. Maurice D. Clark.

The essential principle of coffee is the alkaloid caffeine, but here is also developed during the roasting a volatile oil—caffeone. The effects of the two on the drinker are different in time and character. Caffeone is speedier and more transient than caffeine. It reduces the arterial tension, and thus allows a freer flow of blood and a more rapid action of the heart. Hence it stimulates the brain, renders the mind clear and promotes wakefulness.

Caffeine, on the other hand, slows the heart, and expends its main force on the spinal cord. To this fact is due the shaking hand of the inveterate coffee-drinker—to which we may add the marked tremor which, after a few hours, sometimes follows a copious draught when the stomach is empty. But there is another effect of the caffeine: it checks the too rapid consumption of nitrogenous matter in the system, and thus, while not nutritious in itself, it possesses an indirect nutritive value. This, and its mildly stimulating character, have made it the chosen drink for breakfast, and a staple supply for the army and navy. Five hundred million pounds of coffee were imported into the United States last year. To the chemist, coffee and tea are much the same thing. Their two alkaloids—caffeine and theine—are indistinguishable the one from the other. Each also contains a volatile oil. The difference to our taste is doubtless due to subtle qualities which the chemist is unable to detect. While, however, coffee checks waste, and is a virtual food, the same thing can not be said of tea, the specific effect of which is to quicken respiration and the vital functions generally.

Both these drinks are liable to dangerous abuse, but those who over-indulge in coffee are few compared with those who drink tea to excess. In both cases the injurious effect is due as much to the volatile oil as to alkaloids. "It is an every-day experience in the outpatient departments of the large hospitals for sufferers to apply for the relief of symptoms reasonably attributed to the abuse of tea. Either from excess of tea, or from some other reason, she loses her appetite, and gradually comes to loathe food. In this extremity she seeks solace in the 'up,' and thus increases the condition she is already bewailing. She applies for medical aid, and it is needless to say, usually scorns the suggestion to go without tea.

Not is this abuse confined to the poorer classes. Probably every one numbers among his friends women who are actual slaves to the tea habit, and who would find tea as hard to forsake as men find tobacco. It is not unlikely that the functional cardiac disorder, often spoken of as the "tobacco heart," is due to nervous derangement, and accompanied by palpitation and pain in the cardiac region, is more often due to tea than tobacco.—Popular Science News.

WINTER WOOD-LORE.

The Curious Record of Scent Revealed to the Intelligent Dog.

Of all the feats common to hunting-life and woodcraft, none seems to me half so wonderful as tracking or trailing. As practiced by man, tracking is wonderful enough; but far more marvelous is the power by which a dog or fox can follow its prey at full speed, guided only by scent, without erring or being led astray.

To us, the word scent has but little meaning; it is the name of a power with which man is, comparatively, almost unendowed. We go into the woods and see nothing but a leaf-strewn ground, thin scattered with trees; we see no quadruped, and find no sign of any, perhaps, save the far away chatter of a squirrel. But our dog, merrily careering about, is possessed with a superior power. At every moment of his course he is gathering facts, and reading a wonderful record of the past, the present and even the future. "Here," says his unseeing guide, "is where a deer passed a minute ago," or "an hour ago;" "this was the course of a fox a week ago;" "that was the direction in which a rabbit flew by a few minutes ago, and oh! there was a weasel after him."

Such is the curious record of scent, revealed to the dog but hidden from the man, and even inexplicable to him; for though we have a theoretical knowledge of the subject, it is too imperfect to make us fully understand that not only has every kind of animal, but each individual animal, its own peculiar scent. Thus, the dog can distinguish not only the bucks, does and fawns of the deer tribe, but can pick out of a dozen the track of the particular buck he is following, and never leave or lose it. Moreover, he can tell by the scent which way the animal is going, and he is never known to run backward on a trail. Now, when we compare this wonderful power with our own feeble sense of smell, we will be ready to admit that it is a faculty of which man, comparatively, has little.

Let us suppose that you were to awake some fine morning and find that, as in the old fairy tales, a mighty genius had conferred on you a new and wonderful faculty, that enabled you to go forth and read the running records with even greater accuracy and ease than can the hound—what a marvel it would be, and how interesting it would be to this exercise to a lover of Nature! And yet this very miracle is what actually takes place every year in our northern country. The great genius is old Boreas, and the means by which he confers the new power is the first fall of snow.—Ernest E. Thompson, in St. Nicholas.

A MODERN WONDER.

Stroke Caused by Agencies Produced by an Electric Battery.

A highly interesting and suggestive account of what may be called sunstroke by electricity was recently printed. At the Creuzot foundry in France an electric furnace is used, in which the light equals that of 100,000 candles, and the heat is such that steel melts like butter in a few seconds. Now people standing about at a distance of a few yards feel no heat, a thermometer five yards away does not indicate much increase of temperature. Yet a subtle influence is at work, and a spectator who remains for an hour or two is said to experience "a burning sensation, with more or less pain in the neck, face and forehead, the skin at the same time assuming a coppery red tint. Later symptoms are headache and sleeplessness. Afterwards the skin of the face gradually peels off in broad flakes, while the complexion is left of a fine brick color." The symptoms are those of continued exposure to hot, bright sunlight. In extreme cases they are those of sunstroke, though the only apparent agent has been intense light. As to this it must be remembered that the quality of radiant heat is to pass through the air without appreciably raising its temperature. When it meets a calorific body that body is heated, as illustrated in a room warmed by a glowing fire. The air may not be warmer than fifty degrees, while the furniture is warm to the touch, yet no sense of chilliness is experienced, because the body and its clothes have the property of absorbing the heat thrown out from the fire. In the same way the intense heat of the electric focus may exert its influence at a distance. The value of the observation, if it is correctly reported, lies in its suggestion as to the way in which sunstroke of the indicated type is produced. It suggests, for instance, that the whole matter may be a question of the rapidity of the vibrations originated by the luminous body, whether those that are known under the name of light, or those slower ones that are described by the word heat. Molecular changes in the system due to heat, or light, or both, produced in some way not yet definitely explained, the affection known as sunstroke. Whatever throws light on the conditions or nature of the changes helps to clear up a very obscure and puzzling subject, especially related to the functions of the nervous system, and bearing at the same time on the mechanics of etherial vibrations. Heat, light and chemical effect are all connected, and very possibly all involved in this particular problem. It offers magnificent possibilities for students who have courage and patience to attack it.—Bartford Courant.

STRANGE FETICHES.

Some of Those Cherished and Worshipped by the Congo Negroes.

Every Congo negro carries a M'kissi upon himself, and there may be thousands of kinds of them that escape the eyes of the white man. The N'ganga, or medicine man, is usually the fabricator of the fetich, and whatever he finds good to impose upon his simple-minded, credulous brethren for a high price, sewed up in cloth or leather or inclosed in a goat's horn, is doubly valuable in the eyes of its new possessor because he believes that his M'kissi stands in a personal relation to himself, and he can not be induced to give it up to a white man for any price. Among those amulets are dried snakes' and lizards' heads, little pieces of skin, feathers of certain birds and parts of known poison plants. The eye teeth of leopards are an exceedingly valuable fetich on the Kroo coasts, and it is easy to buy with them articles of vastly more real value, like ivory rings, etc.

The Kabinda negroes wear a little brown shell, very much like our Linneus, on their necks. The shells are sealed with wax, and are made, perhaps, vessels containing magic medicines. The large snail shells found in the Cassava or manioc fields on the Kulu Niani are also M'kissi, and set in the fields by the women who till them to protect the plantations. One of the chiefs in the Upper Kulu Niani, in N'kuangita, has a M'kissi against the tornado. It is an antelope horn. On the approach of a storm the King calls his people together; the horn is stuck in the ground and a dance is begun around it, which is kept up, in spite of wind and storm, till the tornado is over.

Every house in the village has its M'kissi; they are frequently put over the door or brought inside, and then they protect the house from fire and robbery. These penates of the negroes are sometimes figures very artistically cut in wood or ivory, and show a certain degree of native skill and taste in the people. But it is not the guardians of his house only that the negro thus represents in material figures. He also gives corporal form to diseases like small-pox and fever. Every town has its war fetich.

The hyppene palm tree on the Kulu shows how the negro sees a spirit at work in the wonders of nature which he can not explain. The tree was M'kissi to the whole village. Good medicines, with which the negroes are acquainted or of which they experience the salutary effect, are also called M'kissi. A negro called a dose of castor oil which I gave him M'kissi m'boto, or good medicine.—N. Y. Journal.

—At a restaurant: Irate Customer— "Waiter, look here; this isn't a beef-steak; it's a paving-stone, I call it." Waiter hurries up and courteously remarks: "Oh! we thought, we might safely offer it to monsieur." "How so?" "Because monsieur has such a splendid set of teeth."—La Gascogne.