A DOCTOR'S MISSION

BY EMILY THORNTON

Author of "ROY RUSSELL'S RULE," "GLENROY," "THE FASHIONABLE MOTHER," ETC.

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

"Things began to mend with him after this and business prospered, and before six years passed away, speculation had so enriched him that he found himself the possessor of millions. Retiring then to private life, he bought this place in Yonkers, in order to enjoy himself in a quiet way. But ill health visited him; a stroke of paralysis rendered one side comparatively helpless, while the asthma, which he had been subject to for many years, increased to an alarming extent.

"During all this time one wild wish has been his, and that was to solve the mystery of his brother's fate, and so clear his own good name of the unjust suspicions that still clung to it. Lately this wish has become uncontrollable. He prays that he may not die with this stain still clinging to his name. He has therefore decided to ask you to undertake the case for him."

"But," here interrupted the amazed listener, "there must be some mistake. I am no lawyer, simply a physician; and as such, what can I do?"

"Everything. We think far more than a lawyer," replied Mr. Gray. "Of course, you would have to sell your practice in New York and settle in England. There you, as a growing physician, would gain the confidence of the people. You would be admitted to places where no one else would, and could study the characters of rich and poor.

"Sir Reginald Glendenning married, two years after the disappearance of his brother, the same lady who was to have been his bride, Miss Constance, and they now occupy Glendenning Hall. You will probably be called to attend their family, and so can see the room where poor Sir Arthur met his sad fate, and can study the location of the place.

"For all this trouble Mr. Rappelye, as we will still call him, will pay you handsomely. Five thousand per annum shall be yours as long as he lives; and at his death you will, if successful, be munificently rewarded, as his will, still unsigned, can testify.

"Are you willing to serve him as he wishes? Will you undertake the task of clearing his good name of the foul aspersions cast upon it?"

There was a long pause, during which the pale face of the invalid seemed to grow a shade paler under his eager gaze. At length the silence was broken by Dr. Elfenstein, who said in a calm, steady tone:

"I will undertake it."

"Thank you," murmured the sick man, as he reached forth his hand to clasp that of his visitor. "For this your solemn pledge, I as solemnly promise to place in your hands, through my banker, the yearly sum of five thousand dollars, and I will also provide for your future, should my death occur before your task is completed. This will of mine is already dictated, and only awaits my signature. Mr. Gray, I will now summon Mrs. Stebbins and one of my servants to act as witnesses, while I write my name to my last will and testament."

Mrs. Stebbins and Harriet Bevier then placed their names opposite as witnesses to the solemn transaction, and again withdrew, after Mr. Rappelye had desired them to bid the coachman prepare to carry Dr. Elfenstein back to the depot, as he had declined passing the night with them.

"When shall you be ready to leave for England?" asked Mr. Rappelye, as he held his hand at parting.

"In about one week's time I think I can settle my own affairs, and arrange a home for my mother during my absence. I shall take the first steamer I can, and will come again to receive further instructions before I leave, if you wish it."

Thus ended an interview which was destined to be the cause of bringing to light events of the most startling character, the developments of which would place our hero amid scenes and circumstances so terrible and tragic in their nature that could they have been foretold might have caused many moments of hesitation.

CHAPTER III.

Dr. Elfenstein did not see his mother on his return, on account of the lateness of the hour, but at the breakfast table he met her.

"Good morning, my son," she said, pleasantly, on his entrance; "so you have returned in safety!"

"I have; and in a pecuniary point of view, the visit brought a great change for the better. From this day I am to receive five thousand dollars annually, as I have entered into an engagement to that effect."

"My dear Earle, you do surprise me!"

"This engagement obliges me to sell my practice, and sail in about one week to settle in a country village in England."

"Oh, Earle!"

"Mother, dear, you shall have your choice now; whether to accompany me at once, or allow me to board you at your brother's in this city for a few months, until I survey the ground, and fully establish myself. In case you remain, I can any time come for you, after I see whether it will be a permanent home. Perhaps I shall not care to remain after a few months."

"Earle, I dread the ocean, and I shall dread a foreign home. Perhaps I had best remain, as you say."

By the close of the week Mrs. Elfenstein was comfortably established in a room furnished with her own familiar things, while the son succeeded in disposing of the rest, as well as his practice, and had engaged a passage on the Oceanica.

A short visit was then paid to Mr. Happelye, who gave him full directions how to proceed, and many minute details of the place and inhabitants. Promising to write weekly, keeping him informed of every movement, the young man a few hours later was upon the outward bound steamer. Surrounded by strangers, it is not a matter of surprise that a feeling of weariness and almost desolation crept over him. He turned away from his post of observation on deck and sought the more lively saloon. Taking a book from one of the tables, he affected to read.

Presently his eyes rested upon a middle-aged lady, who seemed in feeble health, as she leaned back languidly in an easy chair, while her pale face and attenuated figure spoke of prolonged sufferings, but a patient spirit. Her dark eyes continually wandered towards the door.

Dr. Elfenstein looked at her with increasing interest.

Suddenly a brighter look floated into the lady's eyes. Following the range of her vision, he was surprised at beholding the most perfect picture of youthful beauty he had ever yet beheld. It was all embodied in the person of a young girl of about twenty summers, who smilingly drew near. She spoke, and the melodious accents of her voice filled Earle with delight.

"Aunt Gertrude, are you weary? I stayed out longer than I intended, but I could not bear to lose sight of the faintest speck of the land we have left behind us. It has all disappeared now, and the sea, the sea, the deep blue sea, at this moment is on every side, rising and sinking in all its beauty. Shall I lead you to your stateroom, auntie? Perhaps it would be as well for you to lie down before you become seasick and faint."

"I feel rather dizzy now, my love, and will take your advice."

Rising slowly, the feeble woman leaned on the strong young arm of her niece, and so passed to a stateroom quite near the one engaged by himself, and the young physician smiled contentedly, that they were to be close neighbors during the voyage.

Several days passed in rather an uneventful way, brightened occasionally by a glimpse of the young girl, whose name he found to be Ethel Nevergail.

One rough and stormy day was drawing to a close when, leaving the damp atmosphere of the deck, where he had passed a couple of hours watching the leaden sky and the storm-lashed waves, Dr. Elfenstein, in passing to his stateroom, was startled by a low cry of dismay coming from the room of Mrs. Nevergail, followed immediately by the pale, frightened face of her niece, who exclaimed:

"Oh, sir, something dreadful is the matter with my aunt. Do you think there is a physician on board?"

"I am one myself. My name is Elfenstein, of New York. Shall I see her?"

"If you will be so kind."

Stepping inside, our young friend advanced immediately to the berth, where he found Mrs. Nevergail in a fainting condition, caused by extreme exhaustion. With the greatest sympathy, the doctor at once applied proper restoratives, which fortunately had the desired effect, and soon the young girl's fears were calmed.

"Your aunt is better now, and I think immediate danger has passed. But I will not deceive you; her case is beyond human skill to cure."

"I know it, doctor, and she also is well aware of her condition. My uncle died in New York a few months ago, and in taking care of him she contracted the cold that has ended in consumption. Our family physician thought she might live to reach the only relatives we have on earth, residing in Liverpool and vicinity. Do you think, doctor, that she will survive until our passage is made?"

"I trust so. Good nursing often accomplishes more than medicines. We will do all we can. Our staterooms are fortunately near each other, so any time that I can be of service, do not hesitate to inform me," said the doctor, as he bowed and left the narrow quarters.

One afternoon as Earle was standing upon deck looking out upon the vast ocean, he became conscious that a light step had approached and halted quite near. It was Miss Nevergail. While hesitating to consider whether his presence would be acceptable to her, an exclamation of terror startled him, and glancing toward the spot where she stood, he saw that she was striving to steady herself, being dizzy from a sudden lurch of the steamer. Springing to her side, he instantly offered his arm, saying, as she gratefully accepted it:

"Allow me to assist you to a more quiet place where motion will not be so perceptible."

"Thank you," returned the young girl. "I suppose I ought not to venture upon deck alone, unused as I am to the sea, but I am so completely fascinated by all this restless ocean. Aunt is sleeping."

"I never look upon a scene like this," said Earle, thoughtfully, "without feeling my own littleness, when compared to the All-roling hand that holds the bellows in its grasp, and rules the winds and storms. But it seems quite calm again. Will you not join me in a promenade? The fresh sea breeze will do you good after your commement to the sick room of your invalid aunt."

Dr. Elfenstein found his young companion an intelligent and brilliant conversationalist. The fascination of her cultivated manners imperceptibly wove a feeling of intense admiration around his heart, of which he was ignorant; until too late to avert what, had he realized the mischief it would bring to future feelings, he would have made a duty at once to suppress.

(To be continued.)

A FLASH OF LIGHTNING REVEALED A FRIGHTFUL SPECTACLE.

Titles Were Up for Sale.

Prince de Vitanval is a man of courage and imagination. He is a young Frenchman, whose real name is Laforge, who has just returned to Paris after serving six months' sentence for unlawfully selling orders of nobility. His history is interesting as showing what a young man of imagination and courage can do. A year or so ago he began to negotiate with the vatican for a title. Had he a penniless youth, asked for a simple knighthood of St. Gregory he might have had some trouble in getting it, but his aim was higher than that. He asked for the title of prince. The papal nuncio said it would cost him $10,000, and he requested the nuncio to get the patent. The vatican made him prince and he forgot to pay for the honor, which minor fact, however, has not invalidated his title.

As soon as he got his title he organized an order of knighthood, which he called the "Order of St. Leon," and began to sell titles for this at a good price to any one who wanted to buy. A decoration is very dear to a certain class of Frenchmen, and the prince prospered so much that he contemplated buying an estate on the Riviera which would place his princedom on a sure foundation. About this time the law stepped in and decided that he had no right to sell the decoration. He was prosecuted and sentenced to serve six months in jail and pay a fine of 1,000 francs. He paid the fine and served his sentence.—New York Commercial Adverser.

Outwitting the Police.

Herr Wolf von Schierbrand, for a long time chief correspondent of the Associated Press in Berlin, tells a story of his last weeks there. The Argonaut repeats the tale. Schierbrand had given information of a too intimate nature about the kaiser, and was ordered to leave.

The American ambassador secured a respite of two weeks for him, during which he could wind up his affairs, but he was a marked man, and the police shadowed him night and day.

At last he hit upon the expedient of placing a stuffed dummy of himself on the front porch, with its back toward the street, and while the police zealously watched the dummy he was daily slipping out by a side door and going unmolested about his business, disguised in a pair of blue goggles and an old slouch hat.

The mapikin sat in the chair, with occassional interruptions, from nine in the morning till ten at night, and was pulled inside by a string at bedtime.

On the morning of Herr von Schierbrand's departure for the United States it was turned with its wooden face toward the street, displaying a small placard for the edification of the police, reading:

"Thanks; I'm off."

Eye to Economy.

Mother—Do you think that young man has matrimonial intentions, my dear? Daughter—I certainly do, mamma. He tried to convince me last night that I looked prettier in that two-dollar hat than in the one that cost twenty.—Judge.

Theory and Practice.

Theory is almost always still busy taking aim long after practice has made a bull's eye.

OUR INTEREST IN KOREA.

How Success of Either Russia or Japan Would Effect America.

As Americans, we naturally ask how the success of either side would affect our interests in the peninsula and in the whole far East. Japan stands for the "open door" everywhere, for perfect freedom of religion, for the opening up of the agricultural, mineral and industrial resources of the Eastern world. Not one plank in her platform suggests a policy that would be inimical to American enterprise in any of its many forms. Americans have not done very much in Korea as yet, but this war means more than Korea; it means Manchuria and all northern China.

The Russian minister in Seoul recently told a journalist that the Russians did not see why Americans should be playing Japan's game, since she is a commercial rival. He affirmed that Americans would be welcomed anywhere in Manchuria by the Russians to-day, but that if Mukden and the other ports were opened it would allow the influx of a thousand Japanese, and trouble would be inevitable. If this is so, how does it happen that American firms in Port Arthur, Dalny, Vladivostok and other Russian centers find it absolutely necessary to carry on their business through Russian agents? The local manager of the firm must be under Russian control, or he can do no business. An independent American firm in Vladivostok recently found that it must close its doors. It would not come under Russian jurisdiction, and it soon found that when its goods from America arrived they were kept in the customs warehouse from four to six months before the authorities would release them.

In one respect the Americans would become more obnoxious to the Russians than the Japanese. The American merchant is always pushing for a leading place; he develops a large policy and seeks to become a commercial and financial power in whatever community he may be placed. On the other hand, the Japanese almost always push for the small retail trade. A hundred of them handle the same amount of goods that a single American or English firm handles.—Century.

Regarding Misquotations.

One of the rules that even young writers and readers should bear in mind is this: "Verify your quotations." And, if possible, go to the original source rather than to rely on other authority. The reason for the rule is easy to see. Usually a quotation becomes popular because it is worth while, and to misquote is often to lose the value of the words. Thus people often say, "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing." But that is not true. All knowledge is worth having, even a little. They mean "half-knowledge," or incorrect knowledge, which is not really knowledge at all! What Pope wrote was: "A little learning is a dangerous thing;" and what he meant was that a little learning makes one presumptuous, while thorough learning gives humility—an idea likewise set forth in the saying that wisdom begins with the feeling that one is ignorant.

So, verify your quotations for fear you may put into currency a counterfeit note.

At the same time it is to be remembered that some few quotations have been improved by changes introduced by those who have misquoted. These impovements are rare, however, and it is safest to retain the old forms where there is any doubt.

Another usual misquotation besides that mentioned is—

"The quality of mercy is not strained;
It falleth as the gentle dew from heaven—

which you may correct for yourself, and then may inquire whether it is likely that the popular change is an improvement, when the nature of dew is understood.—St. Nicholas.

Left-Handed Moros.

To judge Moros by inflexible occidental standards of motives and morals is to lose at once the key to the situation. The very structure of their language differentiates them from ourselves. Verbs are in the passive voice. The man who was slashed and killed provoked the trouble. The under dog in the fight is always the aggressor. The thief is not blamed for "finding" things lying about at loose ends; the man who lost the property is the real criminal—besides, he is a fool. If he were a sensible man he would have exercised vigilance against the approach of the thief. Moros reverse everything. Like all orientals, they venerate the past and their folklore, myths and legends abound in tales not unlike those of the Arabian Nights entertainment.

They turn to the left of the road, extend the left hand naturally in greeting, and the scribes write from right to left, turning the paper sidewise, as any left-handed man would do.

A witty officer explained that the preference for the left was due to the desire to keep the right hand free in the event a stranger should need something done to him. The "explanation" may not be far from the truth.—Journal of Military Service Institution.

Got the Check Cashed.

"You will notice," said a city detective last night, "that nearly all merchants instead of simply indorsing a check prefix 'for deposit' with a rubber stamp and give the name of the bank. Cleveland merchants learned this after an experience that cost one of them $600.

"A man walked into a jewelry store and selected a $125 watch, left a check for $600, drawn on an out-of-town bank, with instructions that the watch be regulated and that he would come after it and his change a week later. On returning he was informed that his check was no good.

"Well, that's strange,' he said. 'It's the second time the bank has done that thing on me. But here's the money for your watch, and he counted out $125 in currency and started for the door. 'Oh, yes,' he said, turning around, 'you'd better give me that check.' It was willingly handed over to him. On the back was the jeweler's simple indorsement. With this the man went into a bank, got it cashed and was never heard of afterward."—Cleveland Leader.

OLD FAVORITES

A Doubting Heart.

Where are the swallows fled?
Frozen and dead,
Perchance upon some bleak and stormy shore.
O, doubting heart!
Far over purple seas,
They wait, in sunny ease,
The balmy southern breeze,
To bring them to their northern homes once more.

Why must the flowers die?
Prisoned they lie
In the cold tomb, heedless of tears or rain.
O, doubting heart!
They only sleep below
The soft white ermine snow,
While winter winds shall blow,
To breathe and smile upon you soon again.

The sun has hid its rays
These many days;
Will dreary hours never leave the earth?
O, doubting heart!
The stormy clouds on high
Veil the same sunny sky,
That soon (for spring is nigh)
Shall wake the summer into golden mirth.

Fair hope is dead, and light
Is quenched in night,
What sound can break the silence of despair?
O, doubting heart!
Thy sky is overcast,
Yet stars shall rise at last,
Brighter for darkness past,
And angels' silver voices stir the air.
—Adelaide Anne Proctor.

Old Ironsides.

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout
And burst the cannon's roar—
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more!

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee—
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

O, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms—
The lightning and the gale!
—O. W. Holmes.

PRIMEVAL LAKE AND FOREST.

They Are in Macon County, Missouri—Indian Romance.

"The chain of the lakes" is a 200-acre tract of land and water in southwest Macon County, that to-day is as perfect a representative of the primordial world as anything the most silvery-bearded old pioneer could tell you about of his day. As far as a living man can say no woodman's ax ever gleamed in the dense forest solitudes bordering the lakes, and the funeral-eyed "hooting" owl is the only thing that seems to show any particular enthusiasm because there is such a place.

A short distance to the east, on a sort of tableland, can be found many stone arrow heads, used by the Foxes and Sacs in the early part of the nineteenth century in the last Indian fight in this section of Missouri. It was more in the nature of a murder than a battle, because the Sacs largely outnumbered the Foxes, whom they had waylaid for the purpose of robbery, as the well-authenticated story goes. The Foxes were a peaceable tribe and were friends of the government. In 1832 for some important service they were paid about $15,000 in gold. The Foxes were in the northern part of the State. Three intrepid braves were selected to go to St. Louis after the coin. The Sacs learned of it. Of course the messengers were not looking for a fight, but when all their cunning was outwitted and they found themselves surrounded by their rival clansmen near the "chain of lakes" they placed the gold in an old tree and died fighting for it.

Years after, when the Indians left the State, an old Sac warrior told a Fox who had befriended him that the Sacs had buried the greater part of the gold near the Chariton fishtrap, as a ford close to the chain of lakes was called. He gave them a sort of diagram, but refused to go back to the State and assist in the search. Several Fox tribesmen visited the scene of the massacre, and spent several days digging around trees and prying up rocks, but it is the belief of the people in the vicinity that no gold was found. The Foxes refused to discuss the object of their visit, or the result of it. Small boys have emulated Tom Sawyer's exertions, but have not been rewarded by his luck.

The lakes cover over 200 acres. Around them are tall walnut, hickory, oak and cottonwood trees. Close to the water's edge are cypress and weeping willows. An alleged road circles around and across the peninsulas, harbors and isthmuses formed by the zigzag character of the lakes, and if you try to follow it without a compass you will make about as much progress on your journey as you would on a merry-go-round. Bob Jackson, the negro cook at the Chariton clubhouse, blames his kinky head to his frequent association with this road through the chain of lakes.

The lakes are shallow, and springing from them are large fields of wild rice, a dainty diet for the epicurean palate of myriads of fowl. In the vernacular of the natives these birds are called red heads, wodden hulls, pin tails, mallards and teals. All of them are fit to grace the banquet board of kings, and are not despised by the hermit hunters whose winter provender has been corn bread and bacon.

Daily Guide to Table Manners.

Never kick on the food except on the cook's day out. Otherwise you might lose her. It doesn't matter about your wife. She'll stay.—Baltimore American.

FORGOT HIS OWN LANGUAGE.

Lack of Conversational Use Makes One Rusty in Native Tongue.

W. H. Vanderlip, the mining prospector who recently spent fourteen months wandering among the wilds of northern Siberia, says in his book that when he met the ship which his employers had sent to hunt him up he addressed the captain in Russian and was reminded that the gentleman spoke English. Vanderlip says it may seem incredible, but is true, that for a few moments he was utterly unable to converse with the captain in his own native tongue. He had not used a word of English in conversation for fourteen months and, being in a low physical condition, his mind was confused. For several days he spoke a jumble of English, Russian and Korak, the language of the natives with whom he had lived and traveled. It was a week before he could talk good straight English again.

There are numerous examples of the fact that a person may become very rusty in the use of his native tongue if for a long time he has had no conversational use of it. This was illustrated once by a man whose fame had filled the world. It was on the evening that David Livingston first stood on the platform of Exeter hall. His pronunciation was peculiar and his speech broken. He seemed to grope for words. After a few sentences he paused to beg the indulgence of his auditors. He asked them to remember that for sixteen years he had not spoken English to a living soul, and that he had almost forgotten how to use it.

A few may recall the instance of an illiterate British sailor who entirely forgot English. He was a castaway among the Solomon islanders and had lived with them perhaps thirty years before an English vessel found him. He had been completely reduced to the level of the natives. His mental faculties were evidently somewhat impaired. This may have facilitated the utter failure of his memory as far as English was concerned, but the fact that English had once been his own language enabled him to acquire a few hundred words of it more readily than he would otherwise have done.

A highly educated Polish woman of this city, who is about to revisit her native home, is now brushing up her knowledge of the language of her fathers. She says she has lived here so long that she thinks in English and that she will certainly appear ridiculous in the eyes of her relatives if she does not practice her native speech. It seems quite evident that facility in the use of our native language is not an inalienable accomplishment.—New York Sun.

STUDIES CAT LANGUAGE.

Maine Hermit with Four Dozen Cats and a Phonograph.

Caleb Johnson, of this town, has emulated Prof. Garner, of monkey-language fame, by staying at home and studying the speech of cats, says the New York Tribune correspondent at Unity, Me. Johnson is a man of liberal education, having been graduated from an eastern college, who prefers to live the life of a hermit, surrounded with forty-eight cats, to mingling with the world and dealing with more commonplace situations. He lives alone on the river road and from morning to night makes records on a phonograph of his pets' caterwauling.

It is his contention that cats have a medium of communication based on the mew, purr and more strident notes of their vocal organs. He claims to have classified the different calls for various kinds of food and drink and maintains that he can tell by the inflection of the cat's voice whether the animal wants water or milk. When one of his pets is hungry he locks it up in a room with a phonograph loaded with the receiving record. When well fed and contented he places a machine by the sleeping creature and catches every sound.

Some of the simpler folk along the river road look upon Mr. Johnson as uncanny. The spectacle of a tall, gaunt man standing in the middle of the road, holding animated conversation with a big tomcat, giving back meow for meow, strikes them as being a bit sinister. He has recently introduced an Angora cat to his school, claiming that that breed differs radically in language from the common short-haired puss.

The hermit says that he feels as though he had a large family of human being around him and has never time to get lonely. After cataloguing the names of his many pets he had to study the temperament and individuality of each before he could enter upon a more advanced curriculum of interpreting their calls and teaching them to respond.

He Was Some of the Talent.

The phrase "the talent" as applied to those assisting in the presentation of a literary or musical program is absurd enough to the listener, but must seem pre-eminently ridiculous to those gifted individuals themselves.

The other night a brilliant pianist, with a sense of humor and some avoirdupois, was being admitted to a home of wealth.

"Be you some of the talent?" queried the butler in a stage whisper.

"Well, I believe I am about one hundred and seventy pounds of it," replied the musician as he turned to the men's dressing room.

Her Opportunity.

Nell—Miss Speitz has been talking about you again.

Belle—Yes, I was delighted to meet her at a bargain sale this morning.

Nell—I shouldn't think you'd be pleased to meet her at any time.

Belle—I was this time. During the crush I found a chance to give her a few good pokes on my own account.—Philadelphia Ledger.

There Is Hope.

"I came to speak to you about my boy," said Mr. Popley. "He is only 12 years old, but he writes poetry that—"

"Only 12, you say," interrupted the editor. "Cheer up, man! He's young enough to be cured. Consult your family physician."—Philadelphia Ledger.

After coming into his heirship a young man is apt to find it pretty smooth sailing.

LOYAL IN ADVERSITY.

In the only great house in a little inland town of the South lived the great man of the place. Except for some years spent in Northern universities he had always dwelt in the midst of the simple folk among whom he had been born, and he had for twenty years guided their affairs, invested their money, and argued their law cases for them at only nominal fees. Every one the county over who had a few dollars to invest had intrusted it to the master of Ingleside. To keep accounts of all these petty investments would have required a score of clerks. Sums were drawn to meet emergencies and paid back a dozen times in a year; interest on small investments was asked for at any chance meeting, and handed over without computation or receipt.

"I'd trust him with every cent I got," said Barney Maguigan to John Kahoe. "He'll work the law so's to help a man out of a scrape, and he'll lend you the last cent he's got. Why, he lent me $5 once, and if he didn't take me in to dinner with him the very next week, jest as if he'd forgotten all about it! You know he jest plumb buried ole Mis' Schultz's baby out o' his own pocket. She went to him for the loan of a dollar, an' he up an' handed her ten, an' he knows she'll never see $10 again."

One day there came incredible news. The townspeople went about dazed and broken. The master of Ingleside had tried to take his life, and was brought home half-dead; a large amount of the state's money was missing. His cousin, the major, had taken charge of the office and was going over papers, trying to save something from the wreck.

All day the office was besieged by the sympathetic, the curious and the threatening. Some went to the old homestead, where the wretched family sat in grief.

The next day John Kahoe drove down the village street, straight to the office. "I wouldn't ha' come," he said to the major, "I wouldn't if it waren't for Jim. I feel as if I owed it to Jim to know." Jim was the only son. The major understood.

"I know, John," he said. "I've searched every paper I could find, and I'm afraid I've no record of yours. I'm afraid there were—few—records—kept."

The old man shrank together, then straightened himself, and pressing the major's hand, went out.

The next day John Kahoe went with two young chickens in his hands to where his wife was weeding the early peas.

"I'm going to the mill for the dry feed, and I thought I might as well come home round by Ingleside way, if you wouldn't mind tying these together and putting them in the green basket."

They were frying size, plump and well-feathered, the best of the few that the wet spring had spared, and marketable at a good price.

The major's wife had gone over to Ingleside to see and appease some of the importunate callers. She dreaded each new face. As John Kahoe came over the lawn, she nerved herself for another unpleasant interview.

"Morning, Mis' Alice!" the old man began. "We heard as how your cousin wasn't feeling well, and my wife thought mebbe he'd like a bit o' spring chicken." Then he went away.

SMALLEST HAWAIIAN ISLAND.

Niihau, with 70,000 Acres, Owned by White Family and a Few Others.

Many of the Pacific islands are not placed on the map with a high degree of accuracy. But some day the exact position at least of all the important islands will be ascertained; and this has just been done for Niihau, our smallest inhabited island in the Territory of Hawaii, and the most western island of the group.

This little island has had a rather romantic history. Unless it has been subdivided or sold quite recently, it has now been owned for over thirty-five years past by George S. Gay. The family includes Mr. and Mrs. Gay and several children, who, except for an occasional guest, seldom saw any of their own race previous to our occupancy of the group. Mr. Gay made a comfortable fortune on the island, of which he is the sole owner. The island is a great sheep ranch, embracing about 70,000 acres, and with a native population of less than 100, all that remains of nearly 1,000 natives who inhabited it sixty years ago.

It would seem that here, if anywhere, the conditions were favorable for the perpetuity of the native race. Mr. Gay did everything in his power to preserve the aborigines from the evils attendant upon civilization, but in spite of his efforts they have been rapidly dying out, just as their brethren in all other parts of the island group have been dwindling away.

Living for over a generation in this isolated spot, Mr. Gay and his family have seemed to be very happy in their retired and quiet home. As long as the kingdom existed, Mr. Gay, as governor of the island, gave much attention to the welfare of all his people, and a sort of patriarchal regime existed there. The white family received tribute from the natives, who gave them at stated times a certain amount of labor and such supplies as fish, cocoanuts and sweet potatoes. Their children had no white comrades to play with, but were happy as children could be, making pets of various animals, which they tamed and cared for, and deriving also a great deal of entertainment from their ponies and dogs.—New York Sun.

An Endless Chain.

"Isn't that the same suit you had last year, Uncle Peter?" the agent for sewing machines inquired.

The postmaster, storekeeper, town clerk and iceman looked at him in silence for a moment.

"Yes, sir," he said at last in a chilly tone, "it is the same suit I had last year, and it is the same suit you asked me last year if it wasn't the same suit I had the year before. Now have you got any more questions to ask, or will they hold over till next season?"