A DOCTOR'S MISSION

BY EMILY THORNTON

Author of "Roy Russell's Rule," "Glenroy," "The Fashionable Mother," Etc.

CHAPTER VII.

We will now return to look a little into the welfare of Mrs. Nevergall and her sorrowful piece, after they had reached the home of their relative, Mr. Charles Rogers, in Charles street, Liverpool, and bidden the handsome young physician farewell, who had cared for them both so tenderly during their passage across the Atlantic.

It need only be said, in reference to that farewell, that the tears rushed to the hazel eyes of Ethel as she saw him disappear in the distance, and a great and lonely void seemed suddenly to have dropped into her heart.

She knew not why she had taken such a deep interest in this grave and often preoccupied stranger, but from the first word of kindness he had spoken to her, the first glance into his earnest eyes, she had felt towards him as she had never done towards any person of the opposite sex before.

But now it was all over, he had gone, and henceforward she can but learn to do without him. For a day or so it had almost seemed an impossibility, but with the rapid failure of her aunt's strength her thoughts were forced into another channel, and her own lonely feelings had to be pushed aside for the more momentous and important one of their impending separation.

The third week was drawing to a close and the young girl had thrown herself upon her knees by the bedside of the invalid to catch the last words that she had to speak to her ear. At her request, she had been left alone with her child, and now, with her hand in hers, she murmured:

"Ethel, darling, I feel that I have but a few hours more to be with you, as my strength is fast waning; but while I may, I wish to tell you what I thought might be kept from your ears until your twenty-first birthday; but as I shall not be with you then, I must impart to you now an important secret, and give into your charge some documents not to be opened until that day. My dear, will you take these papers, and promise me that you will not break their seal until that time arrives?"

"I will, dearest aunt; rest assured I will do exactly as you wish."

"The papers I speak of, then, are in my trunk, inside a small wallet. Take charge of them immediately, and be sure to attend to them at the time I mention. Now, I must tell you a fact that I have withheld from your knowledge for the best of reasons, and in order to keep a solemn pledge of secrecy given to your father when a babe. I took you, as you are aware, when a child of a few weeks old, as my own had died, as well as my husband's sister, who was your dear mother.

"You were so young, and to be so entirely ours until your twenty-first birthday, that all thought it best to call you by our own name. I now tell you, for the first time what has been kept secret. Your father still lives, but for various reasons did not wish to claim you or be known to you until that time. I have informed him of my husband's death, my failing health, and of my return to England. I have also given him Cousin Rogers address, who will tell him where you can be found when that date arrives.

"I will only add that there is nothing to be ashamed of in your birth. You are a true gentlewoman, and when twenty-one will come into possession of property sufficient for your support; but this fact is not to be generally known. Four months will elapse before that time comes, and I can leave only enough to bury me and purchase suitable mourning apparel for yourself.

"I dare not leave you without a protector and guardian, and as our present host is poor and has a struggle to provide for his own six children and wife, I have written to my brother, Sir Reginald Glendenning, asking him to take charge of you. I told him unless he did, you would be obliged to earn your own living, and I hated to send you out into the world alone for such a purpose. I asked him if you could not be of use in some way to him, until the fifth of October, when you would be otherwise provided for. This letter must be sent after my interment. Let him be notified of my death and invited to my funeral; then, after all is over and your mourning garments are made, send him the letter.

"Now, my love, I wish you to promise me that you will go to him if he sends for you, and assist him in whatever capacity he offers, even though it may be distasteful. Will you do this for your dying aunt, Ethel, my child?"

"I surely will," was the low reply, sobbed out almost with a wail; "but I cannot think of your dying. O, auntie! I have loved you so, how can I live without you?"

"'As thy day, so shall thy strength be,' is all I can say. God will comfort you, and in a few more months your father will claim and protect you. But what is this? I cannot see! I am growing numb—cold! Ethel—Ethel—I am dying!"

She spoke no more, and as Mr. and Mrs. Rogers hastened back to the room at Ethel's hurried call, they saw that she was indeed breathing her last.

Ethel mourned, as one with such a loving heart would naturally do, over her great loss, but amid all her grief she remembered distinctly every direction she had received from those loved, dying lips. The package spoken of was hidden instantly amid her own possessions, and a message dispatched to the baronet.

The next day a telegraphic dispatch summoned the young girl immediately to the presence of the baronet, saying "that he was ill, and needed her at once."

An hour later saw her seated in a railway train on her way to the Hall. Poor girl; she little knew what awaited her there!

CHAPTER VIII.

"Has she came?" asked Sir Reginald Glendenning of Lady Constance, as he distinctly heard a carriage stop before the door, and his own coachman's voice speaking to the horses.

"She has; shall she be brought directly to your presence?"

"Yes; and see to it that no one enters this room until they are summoned, as I wish to see this girl alone. Do you hear? Alone! entirely alone!" replied the baronet.

Lady Constance withdrew, and very soon reopened the door to usher in and present to her sick husband Ethel Nevergail, his sister's adopted niece, then instantly retired, closing the door behind her. Very beautiful looked the young girl as she stood by the side of the bed, her heavy crape veil thrown back, revealing her sad, sweet face and large, pitying eyes.

"Oh, sir!" said she, after an eager, yet half haughty greeting. "I grieve to see you so helpless! Have you just been injured?"

"Yes; this morning I was thrown from my horse, and am to lie here helpless for months. I sent for you then, in answer to a letter received a few moments before the accident from my sister, written before her death. In that she asks me to give you a home for four months in return for any service I may wish rendered. I sent, because I need assistance immediately of a very peculiar nature. Are you willing to undertake it, at a fair salary?"

"Probably. I can tell better when I hear what the duties will be."

"Before I tell you that, I wish you to hand me the small Bible you see upon that table."

With wondering eyes, Ethel handed him the book.

"The duties to be performed are of a purely confidential nature. No human being must know what I tell you. Wife, nephew, niece, man servant, nor maid servant must ever know that you do more than read to and amuse me, write my letters and attend to my daily business affairs. The true duties will be performed in half an hour each evening, alone. Will you swear on this book to keep my secret?"

"I will swear, if you will assure me that these duties can be done with a pure conscience, and that they are perfectly proper for me to do."

"I assure you you can do them with perfect propriety. Will you take the oath?"

"I will," came from the lips of the trembling girl, reluctantly, it must be confessed, but still came, because of the promise given to her dying aunt that she would not refuse his offer.

"Then kiss that book, and repeat after me these words: 'I, Ethel Nevergain, swear I will tell no person the nature of my nightly duties, and that I will perform them to the best of my ability.'"

Again Ethel shuddered, yet did as he required; and, after kissing the book, repeated the words.

"Sit down, and come very close, so you can hear, while I whisper the secret. Now," he continued, "listen to me intently. I have in my possession a very rare animal, one entirely unknown. It is the property of a friend, and I am secretly taking care of it for him. He is absent now abroad, searching for more wonders to add to a collection. On his return he is going to exhibit all, and expects to realize a fortune by doing so, which I am to share. Now, although wealthy, I love money, and always have; therefore, I take every care of this creature, in order to obtain more gold. No human being, save myself and its owner, is aware of its existence. It is hidden in a ruined part of this house—in fact, in a concealed room, the existence of which no one knows but myself, and in close connection with, but not in, a place we call 'The Haunted Tower.' What I wish you to do is this: I myself have always fed this ape, or ourang-outang, for it possesses some of their nature, and if he is not attended to he will starve. About ten every evening you are to do this for me.

"A basket is always standing in a certain place in the ruined part. A person I pay well comes every evening, under a promise of secrecy, and puts food in it. You must get this basket, go through a long, covered corridor that connects this tower to the main building and opens directly into a small hall, or passageway near your room, and the door from your room is hidden by a wardrobe.

"Open it, and pass through, taking a knife of a peculiar shape that you will find in a bookcase drawer in your room, together with plenty of candles and matches for your use, also there; and to this drawer I will give you the key.

"You will find several of these knives put there, for fear one might accidentally get broken. Take one, with a lighted candle, I say, go down the passage to the tower, then count on the wall from the door that leads up the tower stairs, backward, three panels, into a seeming crack that you will see there insert the knife point, and then turn it around three times, when the panels will fly apart, revealing a small opening, where a set of revolving iron shelves will be seen.

"On these place the food. Water is in the room, where the creature can help himself, as he wishes it. Keep and restore the basket to its place; also be sure and keep the knife. Push then the shelves, and they will turn slowly around, and come back to you with the plate empty.

"After this, replace the panel and return to your room silently. That will be all for about two or three weeks, when I shall add a small service, such as placing a light of a certain nature in the tower, and winding up a little machinery. Will you do all this?" asked he, eagerly.

"Yes," half moaned the poor girl, whose soul shrank in horror from the task; "if you assure me I will not be harmed by the beast."

"You never will. He is chained to a heavy iron bolt; besides, this room he is in has no windows or doors, being lighted from the ceiling, and there is no mode of reaching him, save by those shelves. I could not; you can never even see him, or be seen by him. When my friend returns, and wants him, we will unscrew the iron shelves, and so take him hence.

"Will you stay now, as he must be seen to this very night?" asked Sir Reginald, after a pause. "You can send for your trunks when you wish. I will pay you twenty pounds a month."

"I will stay."

"Then please ring the bell you see yonder, as I must inform my wife."

The bell brought a footman, who took the desired message, and Lady Constance soon appeared.

"Miss Nevergail is to remain. She is to be my amanuensis, reader, and assist you and the nurse generally, in my care. I wish the room next this prepared for her immediate use."

"Why that one? It will not be wise to put her there."

"Wise or not, there she goes, so have it in readiness."

CHAPTER IX.

In about an hour a servant maid entered, to say that the room was in readiness. Taking up her bonnet and wraps, the young girl passed through the front hall into the room adjoining, which she found exceedingly beautiful. It had evidently always been exclusively a guest chamber, and so richly was it furnished, that she guessed at once why Lady Constance had objected to its daily use.

As soon as the maid had withdrawn, Ethel commenced an examination of the implements Sir Reginald had mentioned. The bookcase he had spoken of she knew had been carried thither from the library for her use since her arrival. The drawer to which he had given her a key of a peculiar shape was a secret one, found, as he had whispered, behind the books, and remembering his directions, she proceeded to open it, after carefully locking her door.

There lay the three singularly shaped, large knives, with long, sharp-pointed blades, there, also was a china candlestick, with three or four dozen wax candles. Matches were in a large tin box, ready for constant and instant use.

Refastening the drawer, and replacing the books, the young girl proceeded to the wardrobe on the opposite side of the room, and unlocking it, she saw at the back a door bolted on her side, which gave her an immediate feeling of security.

Softly drawing the bolt, she looked out into a small passage that led merely from her own room to a similar door inside a wardrobe she had seen in the baronet's.

These two rooms communicated with this little passageway from the inhabited part of the house, and these alone. Directly opposite her door was a smaller one, which she at once knew must lead to the Haunted Tower, and deserted rooms, belonging to this singular old mansion.

Retreating to her own apartment through the wardrobe, Ethel bathed her face and hands, smoothed her hair, and once more turned towards the room of the invalid.

At the threshold, however, she met old Mrs. Fredon, the nurse, who had been in the family for years, who whispered that the baronet had fallen asleep, therefore, she might walk around the grounds if she chose.

Feeling that the fresh air would revive her shrinking spirit, Ethel tripped down the broad staircase and stepped upon the piazza. As she did so, she almost ran against a gentleman just entering.

Raising her eyes to apologize, she found herself face to face with Dr. Elfenstein, the kind friend that she had parted with a few weeks before. He was as much astounded as herself it seemed, at her unexpected appearance.

"Is it possible that this can be Miss Nevergail?"

"It is, indeed; but I can scarcely believe this my friend, Dr. Elfenstein. How is it we meet in this unexpected place and manner?"

"I was about calling on my patient, Sir Reginald Glendenning, when, instead of being received by a servant, Miss Nevergail comes flying towards me. How is it you are here? I see by your black robes that your aunt must have passed away! But come out upon the piazza, as you were about to do, and tell me of yourself."

Passing from the door to the shadow of the trained vines, followed by the physician, the young girl related the occurrences of the last few weeks.

"Did I understand that you were to remain here some time?"

"Yes! I am to be Sir Reginald's secretary, amanuensis and reader. For this, and helping to amuse him, I am to receive a good salary, and will have a home for the summer."

(To be continued.)

IS OUR PACE TOO FAST?

Weakness of the Heart Ascribed to Too Rapid Living.

The New Haven physician who, in a recent address before the American Therapeutic Society, ascribed the weaknesses of the heart and the circulatory system now so common among certain classes of men and women, to the high tension of modern life, was doubtless well within the truth. We keep up a fast pace everywhere, in our efforts to keep "in the swim" of business and society, gauging everything by the clock and rushing from one appointment to another at literally electric speed. "If we are actually sick," said this physician, "unless we are seriously ill, we fight and wrestle with the disease, whatever it may be, instead of calmly giving up and allowing the disease to be temporarily master of the ceremonies." "And even our children," declared the same speaker, "are early infected with this feverish, headlong haste to do something. They see too much, do too much, are amused too much, compete in school too much, are taught too much, are awake too much, for the welfare of their nervous systems." All this, or something very much like it, has often been said before, but the warning needs repetition, and perhaps, by and by, some will hear, and heed before it is too late. With all our many and ever-increasing applications of electricity, we need to remember that the laws of human organism remain the same, and the human machine cannot be run on the electric-motor plan. A great deal of the strenuosity displayed in modern life is totally unnecessary. Quite as much could be effected in the long run by taking things more moderately.—Leslie's Weekly.

Money in Railroading.

A New York boulevard car was going north one day recently when, with a sudden jar, the current was thrown off and the passengers were bumped rudely together. The car came to a standstill. The motorman, says the New York Times, threw open the front door and ran back to the conductor on the rear platform.

They exchanged a few words; then both ran through the car to the front platform. Every passenger sat mute with surprise. Suddenly the car started, and then backed. Then it started again, and once more backed. Then it stopped. Off jumped motorman and conductor, and as the astonished passengers looked out of the windows they saw the two men down on their hands and knees, trying to crawl under the car. Presently, with an exclamation of delight, the motorman, covered with mud and grime, slowly emerged. Entering the car and holding up for inspection a ten-dollar bill, he said:

"Excuse me, passengers, for jarring you and keeping you waiting; but I came near running over this ten-dollar bill, and I hated to do it and leave it for the motorman on the car behind me."

The Mean Thing.

Patience—And she said he fell at her feet.

Patrice—Oh, well, if he fell anywhere in the room it would be near her feet.—Yonkers Statesman.

Suicide in Russia.

Fully 2,500 persons commit suicide in Russia every year.

Elizabeth Robins' novel, "The Magnetic North," is shortly to be issued by Frederick A. Stokes Company. It is said to be a striking creation.

Lady Burne-Jones is preparing a biography of her husband. It will contain reproductions of many of his pictures—of some pictures of which no reproductions now exist.

The American Booksellers' Association has agreed to accept the net-price system on the understanding that it is the publishers' intention to include within it "as rapidly as possible" copyrighted fiction.

The Macmillan Company is bringing out "Radium and All About It," by S. Bottome, author of "Radiography," "Wireless Telegraphy," "Electrical Instrument Making," etc. The book is in brochure form.

In proof of the statement that literature is a paying profession, the estate of Henry Seton Merriman, author of "Barlasch of the Guard," can be pointed to. During eleven years Mr. Merriman made $265,000.

One of the most important publications of 1904, if not the most important of its class, will be "The Psychology of Adolescence," by G. Stanley Hall, President of the Clark University, Worcester, Mass.

"The Paradise of Dominie" is the title of the new novel which is to be published for Lucas Malet in the autumn. The work, it is said, is largely concerned with the doings of the nouveaux riches in English society.

"The Watchers of the Trails," a nature book by Charles G. D. Roberts (somewhat of the same order as his famous "The Kindred of the Wild"), is one of the most interesting of the publications to be made this season by L. C. Page & Co.

Charles G. D. Roberts is soon to publish a new novel, "The Prisoner of Mademoiselle," with the scene laid in that land of Acadia which he loves so well. The story is based on the famous siege of Louisburg and possesses much of the witchery found in "Barbara."

Through the late Dr. Smiles, author of "Self-Help," was in good physical health up to the last, yet he had been dead to the world for several years. When still able to write he prepared his "Memoirs" and put the finishing touch to them shortly before he ceased to use his pen. It is probable that the English publisher, Mr. Murray, will soon publish them.

In a list of great men of the day, which a contemporary puts before its readers in order to have them vote on the "greatest man living," we notice the following literary names: Tolstoi, Swinburne, Nordeau, Kipling, Lew Wallace, Alfred Austin, Ibsen, Rostand, Maeterlinck, Sienkiewicz, Lester Ward and Stephen Phillips. Why omit Meredith, Hardy and Bjornson?

Two books, it is said, will be the outcome of Henry James' visit to this country—one is to be a new novel on American life and manners, the other a collection of impressions of his countrymen. He expects to spend several months in travel through these regions. It is sixteen years since he has seen the home of his youth, and in that time there have been many extraordinary changes in American habits and American ideas.

STORKS HAVE NO VOICES.

Greet Each Other by Clapping Their Long Bills Together Noisily.

Storks are not often seen on the American continent, but are commonly found in nearly all the countries of Europe. In Holland, where they are particularly numerous and are protected by law, their nests are generally on the summit of a tall post, put up on purpose for them, on which is fixed an old cart wheel. A Dutch gentleman has one such post in his grounds within sight of his library window, but he improves on the cart wheel by having an iron framework for the reception of the nest. The first year it was put up, toward the end of June, a solitary young stork used to come daily and inspect this framework. He was seen there one day standing in an empty receptacle exactly like a would-be benedict inspecting an empty house, contemplating the view and wondering if the drains are all right.

The verdict was apparently favorable, for next season saw, the nest occupied by the newly wedded pair. Their power of wing is very fine, and on hot days they ascend spiral circles, hardly moving their broad, black wings, till they look no bigger than flies. After the young are hatched they appear to be suspicious of one another, and unwilling to leave the nest unguarded.

Storks have no voice. The only noise they make is "klappering" (snapping their great red mandibles rapidly and loudly). Thus they greet one another, generally by throwing back the head until the upper mandible rests on the back, but occasionally "klappering" is performed with the head and bill in the former position.

Franz Abt at Dinner.

Several letters written by Franz Abt, the famous composer, were recently discovered, and in one of them the following story was found: As he was strolling home one afternoon Abt met a friend, who said to him: "You seem very happy, dear fellow. Have you heard any good news?" "Oh, no; I've just taken dinner," was the reply. "You evidently enjoyed it. What did you have to eat?" continued the friend. "A turkey," replied Abt. "And how many were at table?" asked the other. "There were only two of us," said Abt. "Who was your companion?" inquired the friend. "The turkey," replied Abt.

Biggs—My, but you have large ears! Diggs—Yes. All I lack is your brains to be a perfect donkey!—Chicago News.

RED LYNX IS FEROCIOUS.

When Famishing It Is an Animal to Be Shunned by the Traveler.

California has in her hills the largest and most kind-hearted of the great fighters, the grizzly, and at the same time the smallest and most treacherous, the red lynx. Most hunters call them "wildcats," but they are not. The real wildcat has a long tail and lives only in Europe—in fact, he's about extinct now—and old hunters dread the wailing midnight cry of a hungry lynx more than they do all the growls a grizzly ever let out. For when a lynx is maddened by hunger he fears neither man nor beast, and most of the animals of the forest give him the road without waiting for him to ask it. In Canada and even in the northern row of States of this nation the lynxes grow to be much larger than they do here, in the warmer climate of the southwest. There, too, they are hunted for their fur, but here that fur is worthless, and, save for those killed by an occasional hunter, the lynxes hold undisputed sway in the foothills.

No matter how soundly they may be sleeping, you can never "catch one napping," for at the slightest sound of your approach he will clear the ten or fifteen feet between his nest and the ground and be off like a flash in the undergrowth. About the only way to get these fellows is with hounds, and then generally one or two of the dogs gets pretty severely chewed up.

In the hills the lynxes usually stay in thick underbrush or in caves during the day, coming out to work havoc in the quail coveys by moonlight. Then, if the night be bright, the hound hunter has real sport rousing the round-eyed owls with his shouts of encouragement to the dogs, which are not always ready to rush into the teeth of an angry cat.

It is almost impossible to trap a cat, though a hungry lion may occasionally be caught in this manner. Now and then a cat can be run into a trap previously set along a runway, and in this way the lumbermen of the Canadian pineries take many of the cats that infest the great forests of the north. The further south you go the smaller the lynxes become, until the family winds up with the little pampas cat of the South American plains. Our lynx, however, is the most savage of all, and the hardest for any dog, no matter how good he may be, to master. In a fight a cat has an immense advantage over a dog, in that he can fight with all fours, and usually does so. There is little worse can befall a green pack of dogs than to shake an old lynx out of a tree into their midst. When a lynx fights he doesn't bite and let go like a wolf or dog, but bites and hangs on like a bulldog, while his claws keep up a sort of snare-drum accompaniment on the dog's ribs. It takes a mighty good dog to do up a lynx, and when a thoroughbred hunter gets such a dog it takes a mighty good price to buy him.—Los Angeles Times.

BOY REFORMED BY SURGERY.

Surgeon Removed Part of Skull Pressing on His Brain.

London is just now very much interested in two surgical cases which promise to render valuable assistance in pointing the way to the reformation of criminals, says the New York Times. One of the patients was a boy of good family who had developed brutal instincts which seemed to be beyond control. He gave his time to the invention of malicious mischief, delighted in killing or wounding, was the terror of the neighborhood in which he lived and promised to grow up a desperado and a criminal.

A surgeon took him in hand, examined his head with care, located what he considered the seat of the trouble, removed a portion of the skull and thus relieved the deforming pressure. The change was immediate. The lad forgot his prevolus tastes and habits and was restored to his parents a normal and lovable boy, the complete antithesis of his former self.

The other was a soldier who was injured in a skirmish and after his discharge for disability became a thief and burglar. His previous character had been unexceptionable, his military record was the best and the change was naturally attributed to the injury to his head, caused by a blow from the butt of a musket. When he was taken in hand by the surgeons he had about come to the end of a career of crime, being paralyzed on one side and unable to get about except on crutches. A depression in the skull sufficient to bring an abnormal local pressure upon the brain was found and an operation was decided upon, which restored his physical powers as well as his mental and moral faculties. His discharge was secured and he has since lived an industrious and honest life, with no evidence of a disposition to go wrong.

Something in Names.

"I have always contended," said the observant man, "that there is more in a name than our revered friend, Bill Shakspeare, ever dreamed of. For instance, I once knew a fellow named Cheatem, who was so unwise as to go into the auction business. Of course, he went broke, in spite of the fact that he was as straight as a string; but his name was against him. There was another chap named Ketchem. I went to school with Ketchem. He was always reading dime novels, and when he grew up he got a job with a private detective agency. He lasted about three months, and failed ignominiously. A German friends of mine named Boozer, who is a chemist, wanted to start a drink-cure establishment, but I dissuaded him on the strength of his name, as delicately as I could. Just the other day a new barber shop was opened up in my neighborhood. The proprietor's name is Buggy. Imagine my surprise when, after the window decorations were placed, I read the sign, which, by the way, was not punctuated: 'Buggy Hair Cutting and Shaving!'"—Philadelphia Record.

Unselfish.

Alice—Yes, I accepted George at once. I knew when he proposed to me he was wholly unselfish.

Bertha—Oh, nobody could ever have any doubt about that.—Boston Transcript.

The incubator relieves the old hen of a lot of responsibility.

OLD FAVORITES

The Girl I Left Behind Me.

The dames of France are fond and free,
And Flemish lips are willing,
And soft the maids of Italy,
And Spanish eyes are thrilling;
Still, though I bask beneath their smile,
Their charms fail to bind me,
And my heart flies back to Erin's isle,
To the girl I left behind me.

For she's as fair as Shannon's side,
And purer than its water,
But she refused to be my bride
Though many a year I sought her;
Yet, since to France I sailed away,
Her letters oft remind me
That I promised never to gainsay
The girl I left behind me.

She says: "My own dear love, come home,
My friends are rich and many,
Or else abroad with you I'll roam
A soldier stout as any;
If you'll not come, nor let me go,
I'll think you have resigned me."
My heart nigh broke when I answered
—No!
To the girl I left behind me.

For never shall my true love brave
A life of war and toiling;
And never as a skulking slave
I'll tread my native soil on;
But, were it free, or to be freed,
The battle's close would find me
To Ireland bound—no message need
From the girl I left behind me.
—Thomas Osborne Davis.

Opportunity.

Master of human destinies am I.
Fame, love, and for'une on my footsteps wait,
Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and, passing by
Hovel, and mart, and palace, soon or late
I knock unbidden once at every gate!
If sleeping, wake—if feasting, rise before
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
And they who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury, and woe,
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore.
I answer not, and I return no more.
—John J. Ingalls.

WOMEN IN SLEEPING CARS.

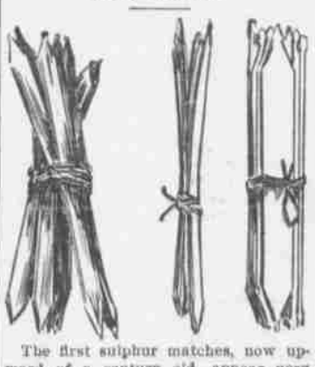
They Do Not Take to These Conveniences of Travel with Good Grace.

"When a woman passes her first night in a sleeping car she experiences a timidity that is most disagreeable," remarked a member of the gentler sex who travels considerably. "Her first impulse is to remain up the entire night, but as latoness approaches she becomes so fatigued and her eyes grow so heavy that she decides to retire. She goes to her berth and, after drawing the curtains carefully, starts to remove her clothing. Fearing that some of the other passengers may be able to penetrate with their inquisitive eyes both the dim illumination of the car and also the curtains, she becomes nervous with alarm.

"Thoughts of train robbers likewise flit through her mind, and she hesitates again and again about turning in. Nature at last conquers and she removes a few more of her wraps, but still refrains from undressing and climbs beneath the blanket. Then comes the terrifying thought that someone might by mistake enter her shelf, and really her mind is thrown into a state bordering upon hysterics. At last she quiets down and gradually falls into a troubled doze. Glad the night is over, she is awake at the first streak of dawn and hurriedly replaces a few garments she mustered up enough courage to remove.

"Then she seeks the toilet department and awaits her turn at the washbowl. After fooling some time with the oddly arranged faucet she asks for instructions and proceeds with her primping. She always finds she has lost her comb or brush and usually forgets and leaves her engagement ring lying upon the sink. The soap is not the kind she is accustomed to, and between all these dreadful things and the horrid lurching of the train she is certainly relieved when destination is reached. After a few such experiences, however, she becomes accustomed to travel and rather likes it." Pittsburg Dispatch.

FIRST MATCHES.



The first sulphur matches, now upward of a century old, appear very awkward according to our modern ideas of convenience. They were known as "spunks" and varied in length from five to seven inches. These were generally packed in bundles of a dozen, tied together with bits of straw. The matches illustrated herewith were made in 1830, and are preserved in York Museum, England. They were even less satisfactory than they appear since the sulphur refused to strike fire.

His Experience.

"Your Southern girls," said the Northerner, "are so funny. Nearly all of them say 'Yes, indeedy.'"

"Not all of them," replied the Southern youth, dismally; "some of them say 'no, indeedy.'"—Philadelphia Press.

An Americanism.

It takes two to make a bargain, but sometimes one finds a bargain so thoroughly bad that it is hard to believe two people combined their intelligence in making it.—Baltimore American.

Some men work overtime trying to dodge hard work.

STATESMEN DO HARD WORK.

Few of Our Public Representatives Have Time for Oratory.

The average citizen, interested in the history of his country and rather proud of his knowledge of men and events, if asked to name the leaders in legislative statesmanship would glibly refer to Senators Spooner, Lodge, Depew, Allison, Bailey, Hoar, Teller and Representatives Cannon, Payne, Dalzell, Grosvenor, Hepburn and the men who share with them the glory of star roles in speaking parts in the presentation of the congressional drama.

These are the men who receive the applause of the audience while the actual work, the drudgery, even of the artistic kind, is performed by minor persons in the play, although everything is apparently planned to prepare proper stage settings and scenic effects for the star performers. Within the last twenty-five years it was possible for a member of Congress, particularly of the House, to make his influence felt by his oratory. During the term of Mr. Carlisle's speakership there was a growing disposition to limit debate, and this culminated in the suppression of extended discussion of any topic, unless favored by a few leaders, when Speaker Reed formulated and forced the adoption fo his now famous rules. When the Democrats later secured control of the House the very liberty, amounting almost to license, which marked the reaction against the Reed rules, was so gross that it caused their adoption by the Democrats.

These rules are still in force, and under them, by the power vested in a few important committees, much oratory is impossible. As a result the "gum-shoe" brand of statesmanship has been developed. Important problems, the solution of which is demanded by national necessity, are no longer settled on the floor of the House. They come to that body from committees and the rank and file of the membership of the House has little to do but to register, more or less faithfully, the mandates that come from the committee rooms.—Leslie's Monthly.

Seven Wonders of Korea.

The Korean wonders consist, first, of a hot mineral spring near Kin Shantao, which is credited with the power of curing sickness and disease of all sorts. The second wonder is the two wells, one at each end of the peninsula, which have the peculiarity that when one is full the other is empty. The water of the one is intensely bitter; the other has a sweet and pleasant taste. The third wonder is a cold cave, from which there issues constantly an ice-cold wind, with such force that a strong man is unable to stand up against it. A pine forest which cannot be eradicated constitutes a fourth wonder. No matter what injury may be done to the roots, the young trees spring up again like the phoenix from its ashes.

The most remarkable, however, is the fifth wonder—the famous hovering stone, which stands, or, rather, appears to stand, in front of a palace erected to its honor. This is a massive, rectangular block, free on all sides. Two men standing one at each end, can draw a cord underneath the stone from side to side, without encountering any obstacle. The sixth wonder is a hot stone, which has been lying from time immemorial on the summit of a hill, and evolving a glowing heat. The seventh Korean wonder is a sweating Buddha. This is guarded in a great temple, in whose court, for 30 yards on all sides, not a single blade of grass grows. No tree, no flower, will flourish on the spot, and even wild creatures are careful not to profane it.

Wives as Wage-Earners.

The American prejudice against wage-earning by married women appears in the effort occasionally made to make the employment of teachers in the public schools terminate with marriage. But thousands of American married women do earn wages, thousands more would gladly do so if they could, and other thousands would be happier and better off if they did. The prejudice against it seems disadvantageous. American men, as a rule, prefer to support their wives if they can.

If an American married woman works for pay, it is either because it gives her pleasure or because her husband's income is insufficient. She does not do it as a matter of course. How long she can keep it up depends upon what the work is, and upon other circumstances. If she has children, that, of course, interferes with her wage-earning, if it does not stop it altogether, and general acceptance of a custom which would restrict or discourage child-bearing is not to the public advantage.

Marriage tends, and should tend, to withdraw women from wage-earning, but it need not stop it per se and abruptly. To make marriage a bar to future wage-earning by a woman operates in restriction of marriage, and that is at least as much against public policy as restriction of child-bearing.—Harper's Weekly.

He Had Seen Them Dug.

Many a city child who has grown up firm in the faith that codfish are born salt, and that tomatoes grow in cans has had his idea of the building of the world rudely shattered by a visit to the country. A newsboy just back from a fresh-air excursion, says the New York Tribune, was stopped one day by Henry W. Oliver, the Pittsburg philanthropist, who wished to test his intelligence.

"How were those stones made, my son?" he asked, pointing to a pile of them.

"They wasn't made. They growed," was the ready answer.

"How do you mean?"

"Why, jes' de same as pertaties. I seen 'em dug in de same field out 'n de country."

Mr. Oliver shook his head. "No, my boy," he said, "stones cannot grow. If you were to come back to these five years from now they would be just the same size."

"Yes," said the newsboy, with a learned sneer, "and so would pertaties. Dey've been tooken out of de ground, and dat ends it. Dey can't grow no more. But you can't fool me on stones, 'cause I've seen 'em dug."