A DOCTOR'S MISSION

BY EMILY THORNTON

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

CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

"O, my dear Miss Nevergail, the Fates certainly have befriended me this time! To think that I should have met thus your beautiful self, just as you start on a ramble, is too fortunate for belief! Which direction shall we go, for I at once constitute myself your devoted attendant."

"Mr. Glendenning, you will excuse me if I decline your services. I came out for a quiet walk by myself, and therefore shall not certainly trespass upon your time."

"Pardon me, my angel, my time is of no consequence at all. I must insist upon accompanying you, as I could never allow so lovely a lady to stroll around without a protector."

"Sir," said Ethel, now really losing patience, "there is no danger certainly to be met in the short walk I intend to take in your uncle's grounds. But since you ever otherwise, I shall instantly return."

"You will do no such thing," was the insolent reply, as Robert sprang to her side, seized her hand, and drawing it firmly under his arm, held it tight, and thus drew her back to the walk. "When I propose walking with a charming girl, I usually do it."

"Sir, release my hand. I have no desire to go farther. I shall merely add that your presence is disagreeable, and your words of flattery almost insulting."

"Notwithstanding that, my dearest girl——"

"I am neither your 'dearest girl,' nor your 'angel,' and you have no right to address me in that style. I am your uncle's secretary and amanuensis, and am here merely to carry out his wishes, and work, not to be attended by you in any way whatever," returned the indignant Ethel, ill engaging her hand, and returning towards the house.

"Miss Nevergail, go, since you are so determined, but remember, although you decline my friendship, nothing you may do will provoke my vanity, and before many days you will spend hours in my company, voluntarily."

Ethel made no answer, and the next moment, resentered the hall, leaving the chagrined youth to his bitter reflections.

In one of Dr. Elfenstein's visits he had been presented with a quantity of exceedingly choice flowers by a grateful patient, and suddenly remembering the dismal life Ethel Nevergail was leading, he resolved to divide them with her.

Driving, then, first to his own home before seeking the hall, he selected the most beautiful, and forming them into a graceful bouquet, drove into the ramble with them in his hand.

Belle was in the drawing room and saw him leap from the gig, with his floral prize, so stepped quickly from the window that reached to the floor, in order to attract his attention, supposing, in her extreme vanity, that he would instantly present them to herself.

But to her deep chagrin, he merely made a few passing observations, and walked on, carrying the coveted flowers with him. Biting her lips in keen vexation, she muttered as she retreated to the room she had left:

"I will stay here and watch for his return. Something seems to tell me that those flowers are for that odious Ethel Nevergail. If they are——"

She did not finish her sentence audibly, but the ominous look in her eyes told of bitter feelings that would seek some petty revenge.

Ethel was passing through the upper hall to her room when Dr. Elfenstein ran lightly up, and as he pronounced her name to detain her, she tarried until he reached her side.

"Miss Nevergail, I do not know whether you are as fond of flowers as I am, but I have brought you a few, hoping they may cheer you in your lonely duties."

"O, thank you, doctor! They will, indeed, as I love them dearly. These are perfect beauties and I shall prize them highly."

"That rose, I think, will adorn your hair to perfection. Allow me to fasten it there. May I?"

With a pleased blush the young girl bent her head, and with skillful fingers Earle placed it just above her small, white ear where it nestled lovingly, adding a new charm to her bright young face.

Just as he was finishing a step approached, and Belle, who could not restrain her curiosity another moment, as she heard him pause on the floor above, and then make some remark in a low tone, came upon the scene.

Just in time to see his hand leave the rose, and to see Ethel turn toward her own room, and disappear with the bouquet in her hand and a gratified smile hovering around her lips.

Waiting until she had seen the doctor leave the premises, and Ethel again repair to Sir Reginald's side, the malicious girl proceeded directly to that room, where she found the flowers carefully bestowed in a fancy vase upon the dressing case.

Seizing them without a moment's hesitation, she turned directly to the baronet's room. Ethel sat by the bed, and at his request was striving to cool his heated brow by gently moving a fan. Raising her eyes, to her astonishment, she recognized her flowers, but before she could claim them, Belle's angry voice arrested her attention.

"Sir Reginald," she exclaimed, "I think it my duty to inform you that Miss Nevergail seems to have forgotten her position as your assistant nurse, and paid dependent, and seizes every opportunity that offers to carry on sly flirtations with gentlemen. I just surprised Dr. Elfenstein placing that rose in her hair outside your door, while at the same time he gave her these flowers. Do you approve of such behavior?"

"Approve? No! Of course not!" he returned, flying into a passion at once, as she well knew he was sure to do. "Miss Nevergail, what business have you to conduct in that style? Did I bring you here to form intrigues with gentlemen?"

"You certainly did not," was the calm reply, "nor have I done so. Dr. Elfenstein is an old friend, and as such he presented me with the flowers Miss Glendenning has taken from my room. Being my own property now, I will thank her for their restoration." So saying, she reached forth her hand for them.

But Belle drew back, and scornfully replied:

"You shall never have them again, I assure you, as I shall instantly see that every stem, leaf and bud is destroyed. If you do not know your place better in this house than to put yourself on an equality with its visitors, you must be taught. Do you not think so, Sir Reginald?" she added, appealing to him.

"Certainly. Just take the trash away, and see that it is destroyed. I shall myself inform Dr. Elfenstein."

"You will not do that, surely, uncle. He would then be vexed with me," Belle hastily exclaimed. "I will destroy them, since you wish it also, but not until you promise to say nothing to him about it."

"Well, have it your own way; but if I do not, perhaps Miss Nevergail will."

"She dare not! she knows it would seem unmeaningly to mourn over the loss of a few flowers that were his gift, in his presence. I am not at all afraid of her doing so."

So saying, regardless of Ethel's beseeching words and looks, the spiteful girl left the room with her ill-gotten treasures, and Ethel saw them no more.

Sir Reginald remained excited, cross and nervous, for some time after this scene, and poor Ethel found it almost impossible to please him in anything she attempted.

The sight of the flower she still wore seemed to aggravate him, although he made no further comments upon the subject, but Ethel felt that without a direct command she was not required to remove it.

Therefore it remained, and when Dr. Elfenstein returned in the afternoon for his usual second visit to the sick man, he smiled, as his eyes rested upon it, but never was told the fate of the rest of his offering, nor heard of the hard words she had endured on account of his friendly gift.

CHAPTER XII.

After Robert Glendenning had been so justly repulsed by Ethel in the grounds of the hall, he felt exceedingly ill used, and the more he pondered over the coldness of this beautiful girl towards himself, the more he felt inclined to punish her want of appreciation of his merits as a handsome, wealthy and popular young man.

Immediately after his last adventure with Ethel, while yet chafed and sore on account of it, his sister gave him a graphic account of the presentation of the flowers by Dr. Elfenstein, and her own bold destruction of them, then concluded by saying:

"She is a proud, stuck up thing, and I do delight in humiliating her lofty feelings. I intend to do all I can to bring her from the high pedestal on which she has perched, and if I can only incense Sir Reginald against her, so that he will send her away, I shall be delighted. Bob, I wish you would help me."

"I will do all I can to reduce her abominable pride, I assure you, though I do not care to have her sent away. She shall, however, repent snubbing me as she did yesterday."

"Snubbing you! What do you mean? Did she really dare to do that?"

Robert then related his experience with the subject of their discussion.

"The idiot! She does not deserve your further notice! However, if I see a chance to lower her in Sir Reginald's esteem I shall do it. If needful, I shall also call on you for assistance."

That afternoon the wished for opportunity arrived.

Belle happened to be in her uncle's room a few moments, when she heard the following conversation take place, which gave her a plan upon which to work.

Sir Reginald had received a note from a neighbor in reference to some very important private business, which he found necessary to attend to immediately. Wishing some intelligent person to see and converse with Mr. Perkins in regard to the matter, he had explained his views to Ethel before Belle had entered, and was just saying:

"Do you think you could find Perkins for me, and attend to this important work, Miss Nevergail?"

"I do. I understand your wishes perfectly now; so if you can direct me there, I will go at once."

"You had better not go around the road, as the walk would be full a mile and a half, but go from the rear of the hall and take a short cut through the fields. There will only be a couple of bars to lower, and the path is direct and plain."

"Then I will start at once."

"It will only take you until five o'clock to go and return. Please be as quick as possible in getting back, as I shall need you by that time. You understand, I wish you to hurry. I never like a person to loiter when I send them upon an errand."

Seeking Robert at once, Belle informed him of the errand Ethel had to transact for Sir Reginald, and his strict injunction that she should hasten back to his side.

"He told her the whole work could be accomplished by five o'clock. Now, Robert, I think it would provoke him greatly if she were detained until seven. Can you not intercept her on her return and manage to keep her away?"

"Yes, indeed. It will be splendid fun. I will do it. If I cannot keep her in any other way I will force her into a phaeton and take her off upon a ride."

"Too; then I will inform his lordship that she was seen riding with some strange young man."

"Ha, ha! good; and if she says it was this chap, I will deny it in full."

"And I will come in to prove an alibi. Where will you meet her?"

"Just the other side of the Perkins wood. I will have a horse and phaeton waiting on this side. There is a woodman's road there that leads to the main road; we can take that, and have a jolly long ride. But I shall have a fuss to get her into the vehicle, I expect; however, I shall manage it some way, never fear."

Laughing gayly over the fun in prospect the two separated to put in force the mischief they had brewed.

Poor Ethel left the house without a suspicion of what awaited her; glad, in fact, that she could thus enjoy a stroll after the confinement of that close, hard day.

She found Mr. Perkins at home, and soon explained the cause of her visit, and transacted the business with which she had been intrusted.

This completed, she turned her face homeward. All went well with her until she approached the woods. At their entrance she found, on consulting her watch that it was quarter past four.

"I shall reach the hall just about five," she thought, "and so please Sir Reginald. I would not have liked being late, after what he said."

Suddenly she was startled by a sound at her side, then, to her surprise and chagrin, Robert Glendenning stepped directly in her path.

"My dear Miss Nevergail, this is a delightful meeting in a delightful place. Where may your curiosity have taken you?"

"My curiosity, Mr. Glendenning, took me nowhere. I have merely been to transact a matter of business for Sir Reginald and am now on my way home. Being in a hurry, I would be glad to pass on."

"Not so fast, not so fast, my pretty girl; surely you will linger awhile in this romantic place, now that you have some one to enjoy the beauties of the wood with you?"

"No, Mr. Glendenning," was the dignified reply; "I cannot linger a moment. Sir Reginald desired my immediate return, and I cannot keep him waiting."

"Nevertheless, my sweet creature, he will wait; for you cannot return just now, as I intend for once to fully enjoy your society."

So saying, the bold young man attempted to take her hand, to draw it under his arm.

Snatching it instantly away, Ethel fixed upon him a stern look and ordered him to stand aside.

Not heeding her in the least, he impudently slipped his arm around her waist, exclaiming:

"Perhaps you would like this way of walking better. It makes no difference to me."

Shaking off his arm, Ethel pushed him aside indignantly, then with rapid steps pressed onward. Not a word more was spoken by either, although, to her dismay, Ethel found that he kept persevertingly by her side.

As they emerged from the woods, Robert grasped her arm firmly with one hand, while with the other he produced from his pocket a pistol, which he instantly pointed at her.

"Now, Miss Nevergail," he said, "you stand still and hear what I have to say, or take the consequences. I do not intend to harm you, if you keep perfectly quiet; but I do intend to show you that I am master of the situation at this time. You need not look round for assistance, for I assure you, no soul comes this way at this hour."

"Robert Glendenning," at last issued from the girl's pale lips, "put up that pistol instantly and allow me to pursue my way unmolested. Sir Reginald requires my presence immediately."

"So do I; and, what is more, I intend to have it, so he must wait. Do you see that horse and phaeton, behind those trees? They are there expressly to take you riding. I ask you therefore, politely, will you favor me with your company?"

"No, sir!"

"Yes, sir, you mean. If you do not mean it, it makes no difference, as ride with me you will. Go forward now, at once, to that conveyance, and let me assist you in; I assure you I will bring you back to the Hall in good season. Go on! I am determined you shall obey me."

These words he enforced by planting the cold mouth of the weapon against her forehead. Now this pistol, though it looked formidable, was not loaded, and he knew it, but for the sake of carrying his point, he intended fully to frighten her into complying with his strange wish. But Ethel was a brave girl, and though pale, she never even shuddered. Fixing her eyes fearlessly on his, she said in a firm, stern voice:

"If you think it manly, or wise, to shoot, shoot away! But I will not stir one step towards that phaeton."

(To be continued.)

JOHN WESLEY'S INFLUENCE.

Immense Personal Power Used with Singular Wisdom and Liberality.

Even upon the manners of the English people no man of his century had so much influence. It was peculiarly fortunate that the leader of a great popular movement united with intense religious earnestness the tastes of the scholar and the instincts of the gentleman. He never felt it necessary to vulgarize his teaching or to make any concessions to coarseness. In his spotless linen, his cassock, his black hose and silver shoe-buckles, he was a model of scrupulous precision in personal attire; and his oft-quoted saying, "Cleanliness is next to goliness," well expresses the almost fastidious habit of the man. His dignified, yet gentle courtesy, his refined self-possession, made his very presence an example and an inspiration.

And it should be said that Wesley used his immense personal influence with singular wisdom and liberality. He had in his hands control of the whole system of Methodist discipline; but he did not attempt to bind the members of his societies by narrow or rigid rules, still less to impose upon them arbitrarily his own judgments. He was anxious only that Methodists should be good Christians. On doubtful matters he did not prescribe or prohibit, but left the decision in such cases where it belongs—with the individual conscience. In an admirable sermon on amusements, after admitting that much may be said for the drama—he was a lover of dramatic literature himself, and used to advise his preachers to read plays that they might cultivate a natural mode of speech—he decides that, for himself, he could not go to the theater or play at cards with a clear conscience; but he adds: "Possibly others can; I am not obliged to pass any sentence on them that are otherwise minded. I leave them to their own Master; to Him let them stand or fall."—Century.

Cristobal's Joke.

A Genoa paper tells this delightful story at America's expense: When the Duke of Veragua, the descendant of Christopher Columbus, visited Chicago he inquired at the telegraph office the charge for a telegram to the city of Columbus of ten words.

"Fifteen cents," answered the official, "not including the signature, which is wired free."

Whereupon the Duke wired: "Mayor, Columbus: Shall visit your city next Monday or Tuesday." And he signed it: "Cristobal Colon de Toledo y Lasreategui de la Cerda Ramirez de Baquedanoy Gante Almirante y Adelantado Mayor de las Judias, Marques de Jamaica, Duque de Veragua y de la Vega, Grande de Espana, Senator del Reine, Caballero de la insigne orden del Tolson l'Oro, Gran Cruz de la Conception de Villavicosa, Gentil Hombre de Camara del Rey de Espana."

Timely Warning to Noah.

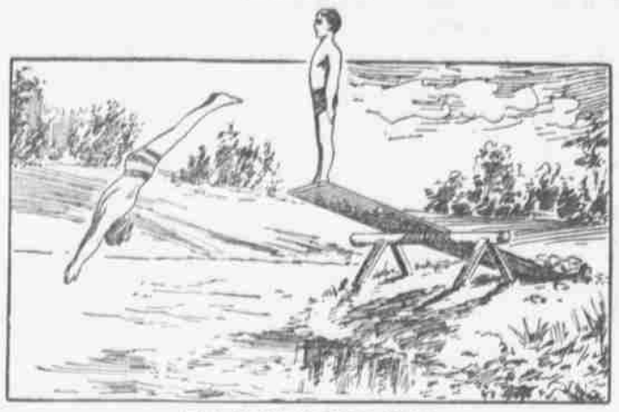
"Noah," exclaimed the grand old sailor's wife, "what are you slapping at?"

"Confound that mosquito," he answered. "I'll smash it yet, you see if I don't."

"Henry W. Noah, what do you mean? Have you forgotten that we have only two mosquitoes in the ark?"—New York Herald.

An old bachelor says that a marriage dowry is a lump of sugar intended to nullify the bitterness of the dose.

THE SPRING BOARD AND THE USE OF IT.



THE RIGHT WAY TO DIVE.

As soon as he learns how to propel himself through the water the American boy wants to dive. In this age of physical culture there is no better method for developing leg and arm muscles, breathing organs, etc., than swimming and diving.

It is the best to start diving from a springboard, placed on the band, and the water should be at least seven or eight feet deep, so that there will be no danger that the diver's head will strike the bottom. The board should be at least two inches thick, 12 inches wide and 10 to 12 feet long.

A good way to make a springboard is shown in the accompanying illustration. Having finished the board and tested it thoroughly walk to the outer end for the first dive.

Stand with your toes just over the end of the board, your hands by your sides, and spring the board slightly two or three times—not too violently, or you will be thrown sideways.

Leave the board when it is "down," with your arms extended outward in a straight line from the shoulders. Bring the hands together, making a wedge of the arms from hands to shoulders, just before striking the water.

Many boys dive from the springboard straight toward the water. This is incorrect. The expert diver makes what is known as the "swan dive," which consists in throwing himself from the board forward instead of downward, with the body horizontal, chest out, shoulders back and arms extended.

As he cleaves the air he makes a pretty picture. Just before reaching the water he brings his hands together, arms at full length, draws his chin down close to his chest to protect the head and stiffens the body.

With hands forming the entering point of the wedge he cuts the water with scarcely a sound, and his back and legs follow the line of his hands and do not make the splash that is the bane of every instructor.

Many boys have a habit of doubling their legs from the knee down just as they strike the water, and this makes a loud splash. To prevent this the legs should be held stiff, the feet pointing as nearly straight as possible.

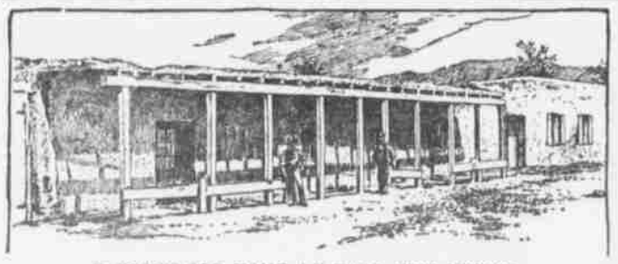
GRAVE OF KIT CARSON.

Secluded Valley in the Heart of the Rockies Where His Ashes Repose.

The grave of Kit Carson, the famous scout, is decorated each Memorial day with tender care by the people among whom the closing days of his life were spent and where the dust of the great frontiersman reposes. His grave is in the Taos Valley, New Mexico, amid the rugged Rockies.

KIT CARSON.

The inhabitants of this valley—chiefly Mexicans and Indians—form a little world by themselves. Each generation swings around its cycle in the steps of its predecessors; fills out its allotted span and makes way for its successor. Empires may rise and fall, but these people know naught of them. The railroad and the telegraph are merely traditions brought back by the few venturesome spirits who dare the mountain defiles.



CARSON'S OLD HOME AT TAOS, NEW MEXICO.

This valley, now unknown to the average American, has been the scene of many stirring events. History has known it for nearly 400 years, having found it in possession of a village of Pueblos in 1542. Before history strayed this way there had been another race and civilization there. The ruined walls standing to-day point to a great city, and half-filled irrigation ditches prove considerable engineering ability, but the ancient people have not left a tradition.

The Pueblos of this valley led the revolt of 1680, which drove the Spaniards from New Mexico for 12 years. Pope, the San Juan Indian who was the chief of the red rebels, made his headquarters in this valley, and here was the capital of New Mexico during the life of the great Pueblo Confederacy. The aborigines of this mountain region were always brave and lovers of freedom. They joined in many revolts against their Spanish oppressors. When the Mexicans rose against their own corrupt officials in 1837 the Pueblos of the Taos Valley aided them, and one of these Indians, Gonzales, was installed in the historic palace at Santa Fe as Governor of New Mexico. Even 10 years later, when called on by their Mexican neighbors to redeem their pledge as allies, these Pueblos did not hesitate to make war even against the United States.

It was into this quaint and romantic nook, high up on the backbone of the continent that an "American invasion" brought a band of trappers like Carson and traders like Charles Bent of Bent's Fort fame. Carson and others married Mexican women, and here, among the simple, hospitable Mexicans, in the very heart of the Rockies, they had a safe and convenient haven for their families during their perilous wanderings. Like his humble, Spanish-speaking neighbors, Carson lived in a one-story adobe house. Here he reared a family of children, but they wandered away.

From Taos Carson went forth to lead John C. Fremont and help him earn the title of "Pathfinder," and from here he went to the conquest of California. His home was here at the time of his death, though he had gone to Fort Logan, Colorado, for treatment by an army surgeon, and died there.

In his last years Carson was an object of interest to the American, Mexican and Indian, and he received many visitors at his home. He is recalled by the older inhabitants of Taos as a kindly old man who had come to be known as "Father Kit."

STORY OF "FIRELANDS" TOLD.

Fertile Ohio Region Recalls Benedict Arnold's Famous Connecticut Raid.

Unnumbered native Ohioans, not to speak of hundreds of thousands of residents of this State, who have come from foreign lands and other States of the American Union, must have wondered why a fertile and productive tract in northern Ohio, a district which in no way hints of the ravages of fire, should be called the "Firelands." Among all the vicissitudes of Ohio's early history great conflagrations were notable for their absence. No such terrible forest fires swept this State as ravaged large areas in Michigan and Wisconsin seventy or eighty years later.

The fires to which the name refers raged in Connecticut, not Ohio, and they were the work of British and tory soldiers, instead of the result of accidents or natural causes. In 1781, when the long struggle for independence was nearly ended, Benedict Arnold commanded an expedition which ravaged the Connecticut coast of Long Island Sound. He burned New London and other towns and left behind misery and destitution as well as a more bitter hatred than he had earned before that outrage upon his native State.

This and other cruel and senseless attacks upon Connecticut towns left so strong a feeling of sympathy and injustice behind that in disposing of Connecticut's rights in lands now forming part of Ohio 781 square miles in the extreme western edge of the western reserve were set apart to be donated to sufferers by the British raids. Five ranges of townships running north and south were included in this tract.

Sandusky Bay and Lake Erie extend so far southward at this point that the five ranges of townships contained only about 500,000 acres of land. The tract measured some twenty-seven miles by thirty. The Connecticut sufferers from the torch of the enemy lived chiefly in New London, Norwalk and Fairfield, and it was from those towns that many of the settlers of the "Firelands" came to build in the Ohio wilderness settlements bearing the same names and having like civic ideals and character.—Dayton Herald.

A Sum in Addition.

Mrs. Flaherty stepped off the scales in the back room of the grocery store as soon as she had stepped on.

"Sure, these scales is no gud f'r me," she said, in a tone of deep disgust. "They only weigh up to wan hundred, an' I weigh wan hundred an' noinety pounds."

"It's easily discouraged ye are," said her companion, Mrs. Dempsey, cheerfully. "Just step on to thim twict, me dear, and let Jamesy, here, do th' sum f'r ye."

Prepared for the Worst.

"Do you mean to say," asked the optimist, "that the unexpected never happens to you?"

"Just so," replied the pessimist. "I've got so used to it that I always expect it now."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

When you begin to notice a man's name in the financial columns of a newspaper it is time to look for his wife's name in the society columns.

HUMOR OF THE WEEK

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Odd, Curious and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent Word Artists of Our Own Day—A Budget of Fun.

Arthur—You ask if it is the proper thing for a gentleman to carry his own hand baggage.

We think it is quite proper, Arthur. It wouldn't look well for his wife to carry it and if he carried somebody else's hand baggage he might be taken for a porter.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Making Up for It.

"They've got a rule in ma's literary club that bars out gum chewing."

"And what do they do to make up for it?"

"They talk just that much more."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Kindly Advice.

"Young ladies," said the principal, who was distributing the diplomas, "each of these parchments shows that you have completed the courses in cooking and in elocution with honors. It is perhaps unnecessary for me to state that the one for elocution should be hung in the kitchen and the other one in the parlor."

Annoyed.

"I am strongly inclined to think that your husband has appendicitis," said the physician.

"That's just like him," answered Mrs. Cumrox. "He always waits till anything has pretty near gone out of style before he decides to get it."—Washington Star.

The Billville Idea.

Office Boy—Man outside, sir, who says he ain't had a square meal in three weeks.

Editor—What paper does he edit?—Atlanta Constitution.

Geographical Changes.

"I don't see any use in having wars in this advanced age," remarked Mrs. Suburbs, turning up the lamp.

"If you were a mapmaker," replied Mr. Suburbs, glancing up from the new atlas on his knees, "you probably would."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

His Experience.

"Pa," said Willie, thoughtfully, "I think I know now what the minister meant when he said: 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'"

"Yes? What was it?"

"Castor oil."—Philadelphia Press.

Dreamed It.

Hiram Corntassle—Hev ye plowed yer field yit, Silas?

Silas Hayrick—No, but I was thinkin' 'bout doin' it.

Hiram Corntassle—I see; ye jes' turned it over in yer mind.

His Belief.

"Do you think that dollars should dominate our politicians?"

"Not at all," answered Senator Sorghum. "Quite the contrary. I believe that every politician should make it his business to dominate as many dollars as possible."—Washington Star.

Merely a Suggestion.

"My salary," said the youth with the nosy neckwear, who invariably goes broke shortly after payday, "seems to burn a hole in my pocket."

"You should request the boss to hand it to you in cold cash," suggested the fair boarder who manipulates the typewriter keys between meals.

Between Friends.

Miss Golding—Do you think it is my money that attracts him?

Miss Prettymaid—Shouldn't wonder. He told a friend of mine that he had about made up his mind to marry you.

Hopeless Case.

Pennibs—I am troubled with insomnia, doctor. What would you recommend?

Doctor—Do something to tire you.

Pennibs—Impossible, doctor, I can't afford a vacation this year.

In 1950.

Friend—Did you find the region you explored civilized?

Traveler—Very. Thirty per cent of the population can neither read nor write and 10 per cent do not own automobiles.

The Other Kind.

Higgins—Some folks say that woolen underwear is the only healthful kind and others say the same about linen. How is a fellow to know which kind is the better?

Wiggins—Nothing easier. The kind you didn't buy is the kind you ought to have got.—Boston Transcript.

Those Mine Blunders.

It was at St. Petersburg.

"Your excellency," ventured the prime minister, "we must raise another fund to build warships."

The Czar smiled a wan smile.

"All right," he responded, "and I suppose it will be a sinking fund."

Friendly Boost.

Helen—Tom Huggins asked me last night if I didn't think you would make some man a good wife.

Mabel—And what did you say?

Helen—Oh, I merely said I thought you'd be glad of a chance to test your ability to make good.

Getting at the Facts.

Miles—The duel has had its day.

Giles—On the contrary, my dear fellow, it never had a day.

Miles—It didn't, eh?

Giles—No; two seconds was its limit.

Time Works Wonders.

Sentimental Sue—Only last season Maud declared she wouldn't marry a man unless he was a hero.

Tantalizing Tess—Yes, but she has outgrown that sentiment. She's looking for an old fool with money this season.

As Indicated.

He—I wonder if the report is true that old Gotrox bought his daughter a husband?

She—I don't know. But the poor fellow looks as if he had been sold.

Now They Don't Speak.

"No man could kiss me," said Miss Plainun, with decided emphasis.

"Oh, I don't know," retorted Miss Dimples. "Some men are awfully reckless.

Very Shocking.

Rodrick—This paper says that some things at St. Louis are so large they really appal the visitor.

Van Albert—H'm! they must mean the hotel bills.

Fine Finish.

Gunner—But Russia has some fine warships in the far east. They are armored.

Guyer—Well, it won't be long before they are Japanned.

No Use.

"No, sir. I never should ask a woman with brains to marry me."

"Well, really, I don't believe it would be worth your while."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Disguised.

Sergeant—Judge, I strongly suspect the prisoner to be a man dressed in woman's clothes.

Judge Knox—Why?

Sergeant—She refuses to talk.

Well Up.

"Is he well up in his business?"

"Most of the time. He's a lineman."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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.

All Heart.

Greene—Do you mean to say that Miss Felcher said I had no head on me?

Gray—Well, if she didn't say that in so many words she said substantially the same thing. She told Daisy Brown you were all heart.—Boston Transcript.

Hard Pressed.

Ragson Tatters—Dese is mighty hard times, ain't dey?

Hungry Hawkes—Dat's w'at dey are, Ragsie, old man. So many people is offerin' me work when I asks for grub dat I'm runnin' out of excuses.—Philadelphia Press.

As Others See Us.

Biggs—Shortskate has quite a lot of money, has he not?

Diggs—He ought to have. I never knew him to pay any out.

Delays Are Dangerous.

Tom—But isn't your love for Miss Plainum rather sudden?

Jack—I suppose so. But, you see, her rich aunt died suddenly.

Natural Deduction.

She—They say Mrs. Peck is a hypnotist. Do you suppose it is true?

He—Shouldn't wonder. She has neither wealth nor beauty, yet she got married.

Unlike a Woman.

Husband—My dear, your new waist doesn't fit in the back at all.

Wife—Oh, that doesn't matter. People in front of me will not be able to see it and I don't care what folks say behind my back.

The Growing Japs.

According to a Philadelphia physician, in a generation or two the Japs will average the same stature as Europeans. It is only their legs that are short, he says, and this comes from their habit of sitting in cramped positions on the floor. Western customs are being adopted, and he thinks the little brown man will soon lengthen out. Of course, some of his brother physicians poohpooh this notion. They point out that chairs are almost unknown among the Hindoos, who on the whole are rather long-legged.

Taking No Chances.

"If you had a million dollars, what would you do?"

"I don't know that I'd do anything," answered Mr. Ardluc. "I'd probably wake up and find it wasn't so."—Washington Star.

More or Less.

Biggs—Puffkins regards himself as the one man in a thousand.

Diggs—Is that all? I thought he regarded himself as the other 999.

A lawyer never gives up a case until he has exhausted all the means at his client's disposal.