A DOCTOR'S MISSION

BY EMILY THORNTON

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

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

Thrusting the pistol quickly in his pocket, the young man sprang toward her so suddenly that she could not defend herself, and clasping her slight form tightly in his strong arms, he lifted her at once to the waiting conveyance, placed her in it, then leaping to her side, seized the reins, and drove rapidly off, while the poor girl was in almost a fainting condition, from displeasure and fright.

After a few moments of intense stillness, broken only by the clatter of the horse's hoofs, as he bounded on, Robert turned to her with laughing triumph in his eyes and exultingly exclaimed:

"You see, my charming young friend that when I say I will do a thing, I intend to do it. Now I decided this afternoon to have you for a companion on a little drive, and you see I have carried the day, and here you are, seated coolly by my side, while we are dashing away in grand style. Confess now, is not this just splendid?"

"It is not. Sir, I thing your conduct ungentlemanly and cruel in the extreme."

"Not at all! I assure you, I regard you as the cruel one, when you declined to favor me with your company. Why you treat me so strangely is an enigma. You ought to feel honored to be allowed to ride with so well known, wealthy and kind hearted a man."

"It is no honor, sir, but a deep insult, to be thus forced to do what is disagreeable."

"I suppose it would be very disagreeable also to have me kiss you?"

"Sir!" was the indignant exclamation that fell upon his ear.

"Well, disagreeable or not to you, it would be extremely agreeable to me. I tell you candidly, I would like to do it, you are so sweet and beautiful, but I will refrain, and deny myself that pleasure, if you keep perfectly quiet, and just try to enjoy this ride while you have the chance. If you do not—if you make the least fuss, I vow I will do it!"

Ethel made no reply. She realized fully that the eccentric individual beside her had her in his power, therefore acknowledging to herself that it was best under the circumstances to make no further resistance, she sank back in her seat and remained silent and motionless.

Away they flew over the long and lonely road, passing brooks, ponds, trees, rocks, indeed everything but houses and inhabitants. During the whole drive not one word more was spoken by either victor or vanquished.

Ethel's face was deadly pale, however, during the hour that ensued before the head of the horse was turned homeward, while Robert's was illuminated by a glow of intense satisfaction and triumph.

When at length the shades of evening began to gather, they once more neared Glendenning Hall. Stopping the horse before they reached the place, in a sheltered and obscure spot, Robert jumped out, then turned to assist Ethel from the vehicle.

Springing past him to the ground, Ethel darted away. Breathing a prayer of fervent thanksgiving for her safe return, when she had once more reached her room, the poor girl brushed away the tears that had relieved her excited feelings as soon as she had entered, and then with a sinking dread at her heart at once repaired to the sick man's room.

A volley of spiteful, hard words saluted her entrance from the irritable invalid, and it was some time before she could utter one word in her own defense. When at last he gave her an opportunity to speak she informed him truthfully of the outrageous conduct of his wife's nephew.

"Robert? Did you say Robert did so heedless a thing? Was he guilty of so unpardonable an act?" exclaimed the astounded baronet.

"Do not believe her, uncle," immediately interposed Belle, who had made it her business to be present. "What she says is utterly false. I do not doubt but that she spent the time riding with some beau; but, I assure you, it was not with my brother, for he was with me the entire afternoon. She is a wicked girl to impose such a falsehood upon so sick a man."

As Belle uttered this cruel fabrication she glanced spitefully, yet with ill-concealed triumph, towards the amazed Ethel, who was not at all prepared for such an artful and malicious attack.

"Sir Reginald, I assure you I speak only the truth. It was Robert Glendenning who forced me into his carriage, and this detained me against my will."

"You know better," roared Sir Reginald. "I will never believe it. Leave the room instantly. I do not wish to see your face again until morning."

With a cold, dignified bow Ethel left at his bidding—left, too, without another word, knowing well that contradictions would only enrage and excite the passionate and unjust person before her.

After she had disappeared Belle also at once took her departure, chagrined that her uncle had not instantly dismissed her rival from his service and house.

She did not know that this his lordship would on no account do, as he had intrusted to her keeping a secret which made her services far too valuable to be easily dispensed with. He might be enraged, and so dismiss her for a night; but no fault she might be guilty of would induce him to part with her while all went well in the concealed room.

CHAPTER XIII.

The next afternoon, Ethel felt that she could safely start to the village, to make a few purchase for herself, as at the lunch table Robert had told Lady Constance he should leave home at two that afternoon to visit a young friend, and should remain away until noon the next day.

As she had not ventured beyond the grounds of the Hall since her arrival, except on this afternoon, before, she did not know in which direction the places of business lay; therefore, seeing Sandy Staples, the lodge keeper's son, just beyond the place, she stopped and inquired of him.

"Oh, yes; I can tell you, certainly. Go straight forward, pass Dr. Elfenstein's cottage, when you will come to a grove of willows; pass that, and then the railroad track, and about one quarter of a mile beyond, you will see a row of houses; that is the commencement of the real village proper, and there you will find several stores."

Thanking the boy, Ethel opened her parasol, for the afternoon was warm and sultry, and followed the path pointed out. When she reached the cottage, her eyes wandered over its small flower-bordered garden, its pretty vine-covered porch, and open windows, with their bowed blinds, just revealing the dainty, cool-looking, lace curtains within, that wafted back and forth, gently, in the faintest of all breezes.

"How differently Dr. Elfenstein impresses me, with his manly bearing, his open countenance, and kindly eyes, even though his manners are reserved and quiet, from that vain, egotistical Robert Glendenning," she thought. "I cannot understand exactly why I detest that person so thoroughly, nor why I admire the young physician so much. One thing, perhaps, influences me; I always loved everybody—in a man, Dr. Elfenstein is born for the welfare of others, young Glendenning is an idle spendthrift, living merely to gratify the pleasures of his own handsome self. One constantly doing good, the other—I should judge by his looks and acts, really disposed, and reckless in all his ways."

While thus thinking she passed the willow grove, and the railroad track, and soon reached the stores, where the purchases were made to her entire satisfaction. Then she retraced her steps, walking slowly, in order more fully to enjoy a cooler breeze that was springing up, but as she neared the railroad she quickened her steps, for she knew that a train was nearly due.

Soon the place was reached, and in stepping over it, to her horror she found the heel of her shoe fastened tightly in one of the frogs. With a desperate haste she strove to loosen it; in vain! Every struggle only made it, as it seemed, more firmly wedged.

Hark! What was that rumbling? With pallid lips and trembling form, she heard a distant whistle tell of the swiftly coming train.

In despair, she stooped to unbutton the shoe; but it was a new one, and therefore hard to manage, while her trembling fingers sought to undo the fastening, but she found them powerless to accomplish the task.

On, on came the engine. She could feel the rails vibrate with their motion, and still her foot was fast, and she could not move. Then one wild shriek of terror rang out upon the air, and even before it died away a man's feet came running to the spot.

"Be calm! I will save you! Do not struggle—stand perfectly still!" said a voice in her ear.

On came the cars; even then they could be seen in the distance. One moment more and she would be under the fearful wheels, but a strong hand caught the frock, wrenched open the buttons, then, as the hot breath of the engine was almost upon her, she was drawn from the perilous position and knew no more.

When she opened her eyes, she was lying on the green grass, a short distance from the spot, while her head reclined upon some gentleman's shoulder, and the same person was gently fanning her with a folded newspaper. Looking up, she met the earnest eyes of Dr. Elfenstein bent upon hers, and saw that he was thus kindly supporting her.

"It is all right now, Miss Nevergail. You are safe, and will be yourself in one moment," he said.

"Oh, but that was terrible, terrible!" she murmured, with a shudder, as her eyes closed again, at the mere remembrance.

"It was truly! While I got to you in time, thank heaven, there was not a second to spare!"

"Oh, doctor, I can never thank you, for I know now that it was you who saved me!"

"Do not try, Miss Nevergail; I will not be thanked. My fright, I assure you, was nearly equal to your own."

"How did you get the shoe off?" she asked, at length, as she raised herself from his arm, and glanced at her foot.

"I never can tell; it was so stiff and tight it took all my strength. But now, since you are better, I will see what has become of that obstinate little boot."

In a few moments, he smilingly returned with its dilapidated remains in his hand.

"You will scarcely know your own property," he remarked; "it is so crushed and torn. The action of the heavy train loosened it, and thus I came off with the spoil."

"My poor, poor shoe," said Ethel, a faint smile hovering around her pale lips. "Well, it may better be crushed than my foot; but, really, though scarcely wearable, I must put it on;" and she reached out her hand for the torn object.

"Nay, allow me to restore it to its place," said the doctor, kneeling beside her. "My poor child, you have scarcely strength enough yet for such a task."

With the greatest tenderness and care, he drew the boot over one of the smallest little feet he had ever seen supporting a woman, and as he finished buttoning the very few buttons that remained, he arose and begged her to keep seated until he brought hither his horse and gig, as he told her he should insist upon carrying her home, as she was, he knew, still weak from fright.

Looking around, Ethel saw, for the first time, his horse standing quietly by the roadside, a short distance from the track, where he had left him, to rush to her assistance.

Bringing the animal and conveyance to her side, Earle turned, and before she fairly understood his intention, gathered her in his arms from the ground, and lifting her into the seat, sprang lightly to her side.

"You must not be startled at my presumption, Miss Nevergail. Remember physicians have privileges others have not. You are my patient now, and until I see the color re-established on your lips and cheek, I am in duty bound to care for you. You are not offended?"

He bent to gaze into her eyes as he asked the question, and his earnest look brought the tell-tale blood back to her cheeks.

"Oh, no, no! That would be ungrateful indeed!" was the low reply.

The ride really revived her, and as the doctor took her quite a roundabout way, in order to prolong it, assuring her it would be beneficial to do so, she was able to give a natural spring as he held out his hands to assist her to the ground, when at length they drove up to the entrance of Glendenning Hall.

There was a happy smile still upon her lips as, after thanking and bidding her kind friend adieu, and seeing him lift his hat as he drove off, she ran up the piazza steps to pass to her room.

But the smile vanished instantly as Belle came forward from behind the heavy screen of vines, and with an angry look in her eyes, exclaimed:

"What does this mean? I wish to know if Sir Reginald pays you a salary to ride around the country with young men? I shall inform him of this ride."

"As you please, Miss Glendenning. It certainly is not my intention to keep secret the fact that I have just narrowly escaped death by being crushed by the cars. As Dr. Elfenstein risked his life to drag me from danger, and then employed his skill to bring me from a dreadful swoon, he certainly thought it no harm to restore me safely to your uncle's aid as I was too weak from fright to walk."

So saying, Ethel passed on, leaving the angry, but astonished girl to her own reflections. That these were not of a very pleasant nature, the following whisper gave evidence:

"It is always the way. Wish to keep one person away from another, and something is sure to happen to bring them together. One thing I am determined, however, he shall never marry Ethel Nevergail, if I can possibly prevent it."

CHAPTER XIV.

Ethel did not entirely recover from the effects of her fright, until after the night's sleep had served to calm her nerves, and all the evening that followed she was excited and scarcely able to control herself.

When she bade the family good night and locked herself into her room, in order to proceed to her nightly task, it was with a dazed feeling, and an aching head. Nerving herself for her duty, however, as well as she could, she proceeded to light her candle, and taking the indispensable knife, she passed through the wardrobe and passageway, into the corridor beyond.

Possessing herself of the basket of food, she remembered to fasten the door with the iron hook, a precaution the former had charged her always to observe, that by no possibility could she be surprised while accomplishing her task, then passing onward, she opened the panel as usual, and placed the plate of food upon the shelves.

As she did so she heard distinctly a movement on the other side, which, being rather unusual, for silence alone had hardly reigned, startled her already excited nerves so much that she gave the shelves the required shove, and just as they whirled away, she saw, to her horror, when too late to stop them, that she had dropped the knife from her hand, and it had gone around with the food.

Breathlessly she waited for the return movement, hoping that the creature within would not observe it, and that it would come back with the plate.

As she waited, a singular loud, shrill noise at ere came from within. The next moment the shelves had revolved, and the plate alone appeared.

Appalled with her own carelessness, and fancying she knew not what as the result, the terrified, half frantic girl, could only draw to the panels, with all the expedition possible, and then hastily return the basket, fasten the door and seek the safety of her own apartment.

What was now her duty? Should she immediately seek the baronet, who was probably asleep by this time, and telling him the mishap, ask what was to be done?

No! she could not think this course a wise one. The baronet was an exceedingly passionate man. Such a tale, at this hour, would throw him into a whirl of nervous rage that might cause damage to the broken hip, the limes of which, all hoped, had by this time commenced to unite.

(To be continued.)

ANCESTRIAL HOME OF YALE.

Church Where University's Founder Is Buried One of the Oldest in Wales.

When the Prince of Wales—who takes a genuine interest in things American—was at Wrexham, in Wales, a few weeks ago, he made a point of going to see the old-fashioned church there which is so closely connected with Yale University. The remains of the founder of Yale lie in the churchyard which surrounds the venerable pile and only a few miles away stands the ancestral home of his family, from which Elihu Yale's father went away with the pilgrims to the new world. In the quaint old Welsh village of Plas-yn-yale, which lies amidst the wooded slopes of Bryn Eglys, there still are folk bearing the historic name.

The bones of the founder of the great American university lie close to the north porch of Wrexham Church—which, by the way, was restored by the authorities of the university not many years ago. On his headstone there is this quaint inscription:

Born in America, in Europe bred,
In Africa traveled and in Asia wed,
Where long he lived and thrived, in London dead;
Much good, some ill he did, of hope all's even
And that his soul in mercy's gone to heaven.

Wrexham Church was built in 1472, which puts it among the old parish churches in the kingdom. Its chief glory is its tower, from which the beautiful lord's tower of the parliament buildings in London was to a large extent copied. The bells which hang in the Wrexham Church are famous for their age and for the beauty of their tone. They were mentioned by Beaumont and Fletcher.

Ambassador Choate's Joke.

Ambassador Choate, at the dinner recently given him in London by the Pilgrims' Club, said:

"My elation here to-night is great. It is great as it was on the occasion of my first lawsuit. That was a happy time. I remember that I had sat brooding and idle. The afternoon was gray. The law as a career seemed hopeless. Suddenly there was a caller and an excellent case offered me by a wealthy man. An hour after I got a second case. It was incredible. Two cases, my first two cases, and both given me the same day.

"How I worked that night over my two cases! How I thought about them as I walked officeward with my green bag the next morning! I remember that a shabby person, accosting me as I walked, said:

"'Old clothes? Any old clothes to sell?'

He seemed to be regarding the green baize bag. I held it up for him to see.

"'Oh, no,' said I, 'no old clothes, my friend. New suits.'"

All Knew the Answer.

The teacher was telling her class things not found in the text-books.

"When anything is repeated by many persons it gets to be called a 'saying,' she said. "Now, when a thing is repeated and accepted as a fact by everybody, what do we call it?"

The intelligent pupils answered in chorus, "A chestnut!"—New York Press.

There are more fugitives from injustice than there are from justice.

GOOD Short Stories

Canon Melville, who died the other day, in his ninety-second year, owed his earliest promotion to a pun. When the late Earl of Dudley, who knew Mr. Melville sufficiently to remember that his Christian name was "David," had a living at his disposal, he received a letter containing only the words, "Lord, remember David." The Earl's reply was no less terse and scriptural: "Thou art the man!"

Lincoln's humor got him out of trying situations, and tempered his refusal of favors, as happened during the Civil War, when a gentleman asked him for a pass through the Federal lines to Richmond. "I should be happy to oblige you," said Lincoln, "if my passes were respected. But the fact is, within the last two years I have given passes to Richmond to a quarter of a million men, and not one has got there yet."

The late Speaker Reed was once encountered by a friend in an uptown hotel, late in the evening, while the House was in the throes of a terrific tariff debate. It was supposed to be the crisis of the struggle. "How is it," this gentleman asked of the Speaker, "and you are not at the House and within range of that debate?" "Debate," repeated the Speaker contemptuously, "that's only language—only language," with which laconic remark he dismissed the subject.

George R. Peck, the railway attorney, was once in South Dakota arguing a case before the Federal court. After making his argument, he walked to the hotel with a judge of the court, who highly complimented his effort. Peck was delighted, and confided to a friend that he knew, on account of the judge's manner, he would win the case. His friend was not so sanguine—he knew the judge. In support of his pessimistic view, he told this story: "Once there was a lion tamer whose duty it was to go into the cage and put his head in a big lion's mouth twice a day. One day, after he had gotten his head in the animal's mouth, he asked the keeper in a low voice, 'Is the lion wagging his tail?' 'He is,' replied the keeper. 'Then I'm gone,' said the tamer, and the next moment the lion closed his jaws and killed the tamer." It was both a story and a prophecy. Mr. Peck lost his case.

Dr. John Kerr, in a new book of "Memoirs," recalls a number of humorous Scotch stories. For example, there is the story of the "argumentatively tipsy" Scot, who, calling on the minister, and being told to go home, and return the next day when he was sober, replied: "Man, minister, when I'm sober, I dinna care a d——n for religious conversation." Then, there is the story about Thomas Thorp, who died leaving his fortune to a poor relative, on condition that a headstone with the name of the said Thomas Thorp and a verse of poetry, be erected beside the grave. Costing so much a word to chisel letters in the stone, the poor relative ordered that the poetry should be brief. Upon his refusal to approve, on account of their too great length, the lines—

Here lies the corp
Of Thomas Thorp,

the following was finally offered and accepted—

Thorp's
Corpse.

INDIANS OF MEXICO.

Cacti Pilgrimages They Take—Girls Conduct Courtships.

Although Carl Lumholtz, an author of books on Mexico, did his best for the native tribes of northwestern Mexico in his lecture, it is doubtful if many in the audience felt drawn to the blanketed individuals with matted hair and stodgy faces, squalidly squatting in the sun, about whom he talked, says the New York Tribune.

Yet Dr. Lumholtz said he had spent five years among them. He was, to be sure, in the employ of certain great geographical societies, so that exploration was a business as well as a pleasure. One tribe of 4,000 Indians he claimed to have discovered, since for nearly 200 years their existence seems to have escaped the knowledge of the Caucasian, and many were the legends and traditions which he was the first white man to hear and transcribe.

"On my first exploration," said the lecturer, "I crossed the Sierra Madre range with nearly 100 animals and twenty-six men, but I found that I could work more expeditiously with a smaller retinue, so that I subsequently reduced the number very much. I depended entirely on Indians. The white man who explores these regions finds he must rely on the Mexican Indian, and that he must himself live like one. Beans and maize formed our diet. Generally the maize, or Indian corn, is dried, then ground, but I found that toasting the whole grains made a palatable dish. Only, it was very hard on the teeth. My dental bills lengthened as my molars shortened. It may be all right for the animals and lower races of men to live on the same thing all the time, but civilized man grows mighty tired of it.

"Often I have been asked, 'Why didn't you carry civilized food?' The only civilized food that would have been possible to carry was tinned things, and tinned things are heavy and would have entailed extra animals and Indians to care for them. That is why I got along without them. But often I would go without a meal at noonday rather than take the time to get it, and I find by my diary that I was too tired to eat at night, and in the morning there was nothing to eat."

Dr. Lumholtz showed some wonderful pictures of cacti blossoms, like flames, growing out of the darkness.

"There is," he said, "a cacti cult among the Mexican Indians. At certain seasons they go on pilgrimages to gather cacti and there are some varieties to which they sacrifice oxen."

Cacti assume many weird shapes. The lecturer told how he once had his men cut down the spike of a giant cactus. It was 16 feet long and 31 inches across in the place where it was cut across and was covered with flowers as large as tulips—almost 20,000 of them, the explorer calculated.

Sentiment and emotion are not encouraged by these people. "A husband and wife may not kiss each other, but a mother is allowed by etiquette to kiss her child and the child can do the same in return," said the speaker.

"Courting is the prerogative of the girls, who select their sweethearts and then attempt to attract their affections by dancing. When the courtship grows ardent the girl begins throwing pebbles at the man she wishes to marry. If he throws pebbles at her they become instantly engaged. If he throws none the girl understands that he does not reciprocate her devotion and withdraws from the pursuit.

THE GAMBLING FACE.

Expression Announces Whether a Man Is Short in His Accounts or Not.

"How the fellow looks who loses or wins a bet on a racehorse is an old subject and yet it is ever new," said the observant man, according to the New Orleans Times-Democrat. "For within my own limited range of observations I have noticed differences more or less striking in the cases of men who were manifestly passing through the same kind of emotions. It may be said of poolrooms that there is the winning and the losing look, and yet these looks are widely different as it is possible for the dissimilarities of the human countenance to make them.

"It is easy enough to tell from the look of a man's face whether he has won or lost. But the degree and nature of the winning or the loss is quite a different matter. Here is where the interesting part of my observation comes in. One man's winning or loss may mean much or little to him. Whatever it means, and whatever the result of the race, it may be found in the way he looks and the way he acts when the man at the instrument calls out the result. Even by the way he listens to the calls one may detect somewhat of the significance of the event to him. If the result is large in its consequences one may tell it by the desperate look which his face wears pending the result, or the nervousness he displays when tearing up the losing ticket, or the inexpressible brightness which shines in his face when he rushes up to cash in the bet he has made, in the event of success. Let me observe a man's conduct in the poolroom and I will tell you nine times out of ten whether his accounts are straight or not. Of course, there are exceptions to the rule, but no mistake will be made on the basis I have suggested—nine times out of ten."

DENVER LAD'S SENSATION.

Nearly Breaks the World's Record for Swimming Under Water.

A Denver youth has performed a swimming feat in London that is described as sensational by those who witnessed, and came within a few inches of beating all previous records. The youth, whose name is F. H. Smultzer, is sixteen years of age. He has been enjoying a holiday in England in company with his father, and on April 29 he walked unbidden lously into the public bathhouse in Endell street and asked the superintendent if he would be allowed facilities to attack a world's record made by the celebrated Prof. Finney. That record consisted of swimming 113 yards 1 foot under water.

The management of the baths considered it presumptuous on the part of such a youngster to aspire to anything approaching Finney's record, but seeing that he was a stranger they agreed to allow him to test his abilities. He desired that the water should be at a temperature of 75 degrees. Plunging in he did 112 yards 5 inches, to the amazement of the attendants and others who came from other parts of the building to see him. He beat Finney's record for time at this distance. It is also worthy of notice that while Smultzer had the water at a temperature of 75 degrees, Finney's record was made at 80 degrees, which is considered among swimmers as of great advantage to the latter. It is also pointed out that if the Denver lad had essayed the task from the deep, instead of the shallow, end of the bath he would have beaten the world's record.

The fact that this feat has received no publicity this side is explained by the circumstances that the effort was so informal and that the newspapers are by no means friendly to American athletes.

"Pricers" The Bane of Life.

A saleswoman in a State street store having shown scant courtesy the other day to a man who had been looking over the goods on her counter explained it all to a friend after the man had left. "He's only a 'pricer,'" she said. "He wants to know the cost of everything in the store—at least, of everything he hasn't the slightest idea of buying. Just now it was those skirt holders; to-morrow, likely as not, he'll want to know if automobile cloaks are cheaper by the dozen than singly.

"I think it was he who asked me last week if gray false hair was more expensive than blonde. It seems to me 'pricers' are getting more numerous every day. Pretty nearly all of them are men. Women often ask prices, to be sure, without any notion of buying, but it is always for future reference, and sooner or later many of them come back and buy. I guess there are pricers in all businesses, but this seems to be the limit.

"That man who has just left has come in here nearly every day for I don't know how long, and he's only one of many. Sometimes they even let me get out things to show them, for, of course, you can never tell but what you may catch one at last. Whenever we do we feel prouder than if we had made a dozen sales, but that particular man I've given up as hopeless."—Chicago Chronicle.

Science AND Invention

Useful records of the jottings of different railway cars have been obtained by F. Omori, the Japanese earthquake student, by means of the seismograph, or earthquake recorder.

When the transformation of cities by electric power and light is completed we may expect the air to be practically as pure as that of the country. It is estimated that the carbonic acid exhaled yearly by the people of New York City is about 450,000 tons, but that this is less than three per cent of that from fuel combustion.

The Russian government is considering a scheme to connect Riga, on the Baltic Sea, with Cherson, on the Black Sea, by means of a deep draft canal following the rivers of Dvina and Dnieper. Although there is to be a paved tow-path on one side, the canal, as planned, will run for more than 1,000 miles in the bed of the Dnieper, where the river is several times wider than the full width of the canal, which is to be 200 feet. The line of the canal amidst the river water will be indicated by elevated signals.

A Kansas dental instructor points out that the teeth, the most indestructible of all animal tissues, have been strangely neglected as a means of identifying decomposed bodies. They have many peculiarities, and dentists could easily keep records showing the size and width of the arch, the size, shape and color of the teeth; missing or altered teeth; kind of fillings and location; gold crowns, bridges or artificial plates and other features. Such records would be of special value to insurance companies, often saving tedious and expensive litigation.

The visibility of eighty-five "canals" on Mars is traced by Percival Lowell for different periods from 375 drawings. The canals are supposed to represent vegetation, and they seem to follow the water, which is believed to be almost entirely locked up in the polar snowcaps in winter and to be released by the melting of the snow and ice at the summer solstice. The water after its release seems to have a remarkably steady flow toward the equator of fifty-three miles per day. The spherical form of the planet indicates a condition of fluid equilibrium, and this in itself is held to be strong evidence that the water channels are artificial.

Of the strange and rare animals now inhabiting the earth the thylacines of Tasmania, commonly known as the Tasmanian wolf, are among the most singular in appearance and habits. They have been almost exterminated by the Tasmanian sheep farmers, whose folds they ravage. They are represented in Regent's Park, London, by a single living specimen. The thylacine looks like a cross between a wolf and a hyena, but it has tiger-like stripes on its back and hind quarters, and belongs to the marsupials, like the kangaroo. But whereas the kangaroo feeds on vegetables the thylacine is carnivorous. When Europeans first settled in Tasmania thylacines were very common in the rocky and mountainous districts, and they are not now found in any other part of the world.

CAVES IN WESTERN HILLS.

Some Singular Natural Formations Found Out in Oklahoma.

In Green County, Oklahoma, are located the Gyp hills, almost large enough to be called mountains. In those elevations there are some curious formations. They are scattered all over those hills and many of them run so far back that, so far as known, no one has ever had the temerity to thoroughly explore them. They are hollowed out of the face of solid rock and some of them are composed of sets of chambers with high vaulted ceilings sloping down to a narrow entrance into the next chamber. Through most of them streams of living water flow, which never run dry, even in the most drouthy season, and the water from them is always clear and cold.

Of all the caves in these hills the Black Bat cave, near Francis, and the Jester cave near Jester, are the most renowned. Both of these are very large and plentifully supplied with water. The Jester cave is named for D. C. Jester, on whose place it is located. This is one of the largest ones which has never been explored. Several hundren yards from the entrance is a pool of deep, forbidding-looking water, which deters many from going farther. Those who have crossed this say these pools reoccur at frequent intervals farther back in the cave and the only party which ever made a systematic effort to explore the giant fissure was compelled to turn back because of the failure of torches.

Beyond the second pool, it is declared, the names "Jesse James" and "Frank James" are inscribed in the soft rock, and it is the general impression in that neighborhood that this cave was at one time the rendezvous for these bandits and their band. It is also believed that the Daltons and other outlaws of early Oklahoma made these caves a hiding place when pursued by officers.

Drunkenness and Coffee Drinking.

A traveler has made the observation that coffee drinking people are seldom given to drunkenness. In Brazil, for instance, where coffee is grown extensively, and all the inhabitants drink it many times a day, intoxication is rarely seen. The effect is not only noticeable among the natives, but the foreigner who settles there, though possessed of a passion for strong drink, gradually loses his liking for alcohol as he acquires the coffee drinking habit of the Brazilian.

Considerate Papa.

At the end of thirty years Hiram had accumulated a fortune. His wife and daughter were delighted. "For," said they, with becoming modesty, "we now not only have money enough to cut a splurge, but poor, dear papa is too broken down to appear among the best people."

Talk! What an unreliable thing it is!

LOCATING A BOOM TOWN.

Early Days in Guthrie Were Exciting to an Eminent Degree.

A. H. Huston, who has practiced law at Guthrie since the opening of the territory, in recalling incidents of early days tells this story of how Guthrie was first settled:

"I made a heroic effort to be the first man on the ground that day, but, despite all my endeavors, I found a whole city full here ahead of me. Just as I crossed what is now Division street, going east from the Santa Fe, I first met John Golobie; he was engaged in an animated discussion with a surveyor and a number of other gentlemen upon the question of the right of settlers to take lots east of that section line. All of the others were surveying, staking off and claiming their lots, but John was just arguing the point, and making no attempt or effort to take a lot himself. I do not know whether he has ever got one since or not. But as a debater John established a reputation then and there which entitles him to high rank.

"A peculiar affinity manifested itself in those early days between the men from Kansas and the men from Texas. They organized a machine and captured all the offices in East Guthrie. When it appeared that there were not offices enough to go round the machine, being untrammeled by constitutional limitations or conscientious scruples, made new offices. Colonel Tom Soward, of Kansas, and Judge T. J. Lowe, of Texas, were among the principle manipulators of the East Guthrie machine.

Not appearing to have been properly appreciated by the machine myself, I assumed the attitude of an anti, and of a representative of the common people. In a short time, however, when I was notified that my services were required in the administration of the government of the city, I felt constrained to look with less suspicion and criticism upon the official acts of good men and soon we were all working together for the advancement and up-building of the community. We set up courts for the preserving of the public peace and the protection of property, and while the physical boundaries of the government were the city limits, yet we assumed and exercised jurisdiction between Kansas and Texas on the north and south, No Man's Land on the west and a United States court at Muskogee on the east.—Kansas City Journal.

A TRUSTY SERVANT.

In these days, when the air is filled with complaints about servants, it is pleasant and wholesome to read the testimony which a grateful mistress gives in the New York Tribune. There are other homekeepers, doubtless, who could give similar delightful evidence of faithfulness on the one side and appreciation on the other. Such collected revelation would make cheerful and profitable reading.

The ideal servant does exist, writes the lady, for I have known and loved her. We had been for nearly three months without a servant, and were almost in despair, when one night there came a ring at the door bell. "Another girl," I thought, "to ask how many children I have!" I opened the door and there stood Lena Larsen. She was nearly six feet tall, big and strong, and with such an honest face that I liked her from the first.

"Do you want a girl?" she asked.

"Indeed I do," I said. "Come in."

We struck a bargain then and there, although four of the children were in the room. When I look back on those happy days with my little ones I realize how much of that pleasure I owe to her. The two older boys grew to be college men while she was with us; the one girl became a college girl, and from a nursery the home was transformed into a sort of fraternity house.

During those years of entertaining it was Lena who took pains that everything, dining-room, table and service, should be perfect. She may have had her faults, but I do not remember them. If we ever thought she had too much company we recollected how glad she was when we had guests; how she made birthday cakes and got up club suppers for the boys, and how gently she handled the pretty china.

Of course, Lena had to have her holidays; but when she came back from a vacation there was always a jubilee. Jack gave a welcoming bark; the head of the house said, "Now don't run out and make a time over her; you know you'll spoil——" but no one ever heard the rest of the sentence, for the mistress, the littlest child, the one girl, the third boy and the two older boys, one and all rushed out into the kitchen.

Even when the shadow of death darkened the household her work was just as faithfully done, although we knew how heavy her heart was, for was not he the favorite of all the children? Had he not always been kind to her, as he had to every one in his short life? Somehow, after she had shared our one sorrow she seemed even more the friend and less the servant.

Lena is married now. I hope that she has some pretty china of her own in far-off Sweden, and that her husband thinks her a jewel, and we know she has little children to love her. We have her photograph and a china angel, her parting gift to the littlest child, and when we look at them they bring back hosts of memories of the precious life with my children, made possible by her years of honest service and faithful friendship. May all good angels bless her, wherever she may be, the dear Lena!

Long-Distance Consolation.

Mrs. Topnotch—Our children act superior to us.

Mr. Topnotch—Cheer up, Eustacia; their children will act superior to them.—Indianapolis Journal.

When parents "do" more for one child than for another, the other children never find their memories so poor that they forget it.

A man never fully realizes his insignificance until he goes shopping with his wife.