A DOCTOR'S MISSION

BY EMILY THORNTON

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CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

"But Sir Reginald compelled me to do it. I begged and entreated him to excuse me; I told him it was sinful; but he flew into a passion, and bade me disobey him on the peril of his everlasting displeasure. Sir, I was homeless, and he was rich! What was I to do?"

"Forgive me! You poor little girl, I was fast and cruel in my judgment. You were, indeed, obliged to execute the vile plans of the baronet. There," added he, tenderly, as he drew her hands from her face, and with his handkerchief wiped away heir tears, "weep no more; you were not to blame. Child, give me your hand in token of forgiveness."

"Then you do not despise me?"

"Despise you? No! no! I only," he stopped; he was about to say "love you," but remembering his vow, he added softly, "pity you."

"Yes, you may pity me! Oh, auntie, auntie! why did I ever promise you to come to this wretched place?" was her wailing cry.

Still holding her hand in his, and also taking from her the candle, he turned and led her down the long, steep stairs. Only once did Ethel speak, then she merely said:

"Sir Reginald will be very angry if he hears of your entrance here! Must he be told?"

"I will think it over and let you know to-morrow. You must sleep to-night and so recover from this nervousness."

They soon reached the bottom stair, and entered the corridor. Then Ethel remembered that her work was but half done, and the rest could not be accomplished until Dr. Elfenstein had left her. Turning to him, she said:

"Will you kindly tell me how you entered this place? You must leave me now, going silently as you came."

"I will. I came through the ruins. I say you open a door and reach for a bucket, then I instantly entered."

"But surely, I fastened it again?"

"You were so agitated, you forgot to do it. I certainly opened it, without difficulty, and crept after you, eager to solve the mystery of the haunted tower, which I then, for the first time, began to connect with your movements. But you are weary now, so I will leave you, and return as I came."

Giving back the candle, he took her hand and was just saying, "Good night, Miss Nevergall," when suddenly both stopped short in their walk; both turned deadly pale, as a short, strange, loud report, close by their ears, startled and confounded them.

Then, to their horror, something darted towards them, a huge form swooped past, dashing the candle to the ground, thus extinguishing it, leaving them in total darkness and gloom.

"Oh, what is it? What is it?" cried the terrified girl, as she nestled close to her companion, while he, scarcely realizing what he did, threw his arms around her form, to protect her from he know not what.

Suddenly a wild, unearthly laugh, or yell, floated to them from the other end of the corridor, and as it passed, Dr. Elfenstein pressed the girl he held closer to his heart, and laid his cheek against her frightened face.

"Oh, do not leave me! I shall die! I shall die!" gasped Ethel.

"I will not. You are not so afraid now, and thus close to me, are you, dear?"

"No; not so fearfully afraid as I was."

Gently stroking her hair, the young man felt, even in the terror, inspired by their dreadful position, a feeling almost of rapture steal over him, as he held her thus close in his arms, with here clinging to his waist. But suddenly calmer reflections came; he felt this thing must be seen to; whatever presence had been near them must be discovered, and that he ought to follow up the sound.

"Child!" he whispered, "whatever has been near us, I know by that last cry, has escaped into the ruins, through the door by which I entered. That being so, I must in duty carry you to a place of safety, then search around to see what it could have been."

Instantly, then, it flashed over Ethel's mind, that the ape, Sir Reginald's choice concealed treasure, had escaped, and that the knife she had so carelessly given him had done the deed. He had cut his way out. Oh, the terror this thought thrust into her heart was almost unbearable! At once, she became, as it were, a dead weight again in the doctor's arms.

Then another thought came that imparted new life. Her oath had been taken never to reveal the existence of that animal, nor of the concealed room. In order to keep this vow, Dr. Elfenstein must not examine the premises.

She knew well now the meaning of that first report. The beast had knocked down the iron shelves, burst open the panels, and in consequence a light would show the doctor that opening, and the room beyond. No! he must never examine this corridor. Nerving herself for a new task, she said:

"Doctor, I cannot consent to being left a moment here alone! Nor will I consent to your exposing yourself further to-night. Take me, then, to my room, and we will lock up this place, and you can steal softly from the house another way."

"But, Miss Nevergall, surely this ought to be investigated."

"Oh, no, please do not investigate! I cannot allow it, cannot endure it!"

As she spoke, a long, deep shudder passed over her frame, and the doctor, noticing it, knew at once that her nervous system could stand no more, therefore, felt it was best to yield.

"Shall I not, at least, light the candle?"

"No, no! I cannot bear it!" murmured the poor girl, horrified at the thought of what a light might reveal.

"Tell me, then, which way your room lies, and I shall carry you thither at once!"

"Straight! Just beyond the door by which you entered, through a passageway, my room lies opposite its door," she returned. "But, indeed, doctor, I can walk, if you will only let me hold to your arm. I would rather.

"Well, be it so!" returned the man, releasing her, yet still retaining her hand, which he drew under his arm.

When they neared the door of the ruin, however, Ethel felt a strong current of air upon her cheek, which revealed the fact that it stood wide open, and instantly a deadly fear of the horrible creature that had escaped, being still near, seized her, and again she shrank closer to her friend, while her faltering steps told of departing strength.

Without a word, Earle Elfenstein lifted her in his arms, and so passed into the passageway. Remembering that his presence there must be kept a secret, the young girl whispered:

"Step softly, lest no one hear!"

"I will," he breathed back, and guided by the dim light under the door indicated, he passed through, emerging from the open wardrobe, into the bedroom beyond.

Placing her in a large easy chair, he stopped back, closed and fastened both doors, then returned to her side.

"Please, doctor," she murmured, "examine every pool of this room before you go, to be sure the dreadful—the dreadful," she hesitated.

"Yes, I know," he interrupted, "and you will soon see you are perfectly safe."

Obeying her wish, he then made a thorough search of room and closet. But as he supposed, nothing was to be seen.

"Now, how will you leave the house?" she murmured, anxiously.

A sly look back towards the corridor caused her to exclaim, in a whisper, as she laid her hand entreatingly on his arm:

"Not there, doctor, promise me you will not return to that place this night, but will go directly home."

Again Earle yielded to the pleading of the sweet girl beside him, and again answered:

"Then I must either drop from your window or go through the hall. Stay! I see a strong strap around your trunk. It is the very thing! I will fasten it to the balcony, and so slip down by its aid to the ground. Are you willing?"

"Perfectly, Doctor," she whispered, "do you know I should have died from fright had you not been there?"

"Yes, I know; and now, before I say good night, I shall mix you a composing draught, and then you must promise me, to go instantly to your bed, as soon as you take in the strap, and close the window, and the last thing, swallow the preparation I shall leave. Will you do this, in return for my not investigating further, what I see you do not wish explained?"

Ethel hesitated, then remembering that she could not see Sir Reginald that night, she gave the promise.

A moment more passed, and then the strap had been fastened, the doctor had whispered "Good night," and she watched him disappear amid the darkness and storm.

Darting out, she secured the strap without trouble, fastened down the window, and soon slept under the effects of the anodyne he had so thoughtfully left for her use.

Well indeed was it for her that she could sleep, for without some rest she could never have borne the terrible excitement that awaited her in the nearing hours of the coming day.

CHAPTER XVII.

The next morning Ethel attempted to rise, as usual, but found herself so ill with a sick headache that the attempt was vain. Every time she lifted her head from her pillow, it throbbed wildly, while a blind dizziness came over her to such an extent that she felt it were better to keep still for a while until it passed away.

At nine o'clock a servant came to her room, and she sent an excuse to the family for her non-appearance. About ten a message came from Sir Reginald, asking how soon she could come to him? She returned for answer that her head was still in such pain that she feared not until afternoon.

About five Dr. Elfenstein called to see his patient, and his lordship at once requested him to look after his secretary, saying that she was not able to come to him, while he was most anxious to see her. Mrs. Fredon was then dispatched to Miss Nevergall's room to prepare her for a visit from the doctor.

As the young man entered, he was really startled to see how wan and pale the excitement of the night before, and a few hours' illness, had made her. She had made several attempts to rise, and had succeeded in dressing herself, but the exertion had overcome her, and once more she had been obliged to recline upon the bed, while her large dark eyes, and black dress, made her cheeks seem almost like snow.

"Oh, doctor!" she sighed, as he advanced and took her hand in his. "Can you give me something to stop this headache, so that I can go to Sir Reginald? He has wanted me all day, and has sent for me several times, and I must see him, but I cannot seem to get there."

"You have done right to keep still. I will give you a remedy that I think will cause you relief in an hour's time. Until then, you should try to sleep."

Preparing a liquid, he carefully held the tumbler to her lips, saw her drink it, then throwing a light shawl over her, left, saying as he did so:

"If you sleep now, I am almost certain you can visit his lordship in the length of time I mentioned."

It seemed that the medicine, and his calm, kind words did soothe her, for at once she fell into the restful sleep so much needed. The nap proved quite a long one, and it was seven o'clock in the evening before she crept through the hall, and with a trembling frame but head greatly relieved, entered Sir Reginald's presence. At once she saw that her illness had discomposed him, and that he was unusually irritable and nervous.

"I am sorry I could not come to you as usual," she began, but he interrupted her by saying crossly:

"Oh, yes; I dare say. Stop all apologies and while we are alone tell me if you obeyed my orders last night."

"I did," faltered the poor girl.

"Did the thing work well?" asked he, eagerly.

"It did. I had no trouble in the Tower, at all; but, O, Sir Reginald, something terrible has happened!"

"What?" exclaimed the sick man, starting up in so sudden a manner that it caused him to fall back with a groan, although he kept a firm grip on the arm he had seized in his excitement regardless of the fact that his tight grasp caused her to turn pale with pain.

"I dread telling you, but just as I left the Tower to push back the panels a frightful noise of a heavy fall came, then a large monster darted out, dashed the candle from my hand, and with a howl disappeared, leaving me half dead with fright."

"Girl! girl!" yelled the infuriated man, his face turning purple with rage, "what is this you tell me? Gone! Escaped! Speak!" added he, roughly shaking her by the arm. "Tell me it is a lie—a lie that you said just now!"

"No, Sir Reginald," returned the pallid Ethel; "it is the truth. Whatever you had there got out last night and ran off through the ruins!"

"What did you do wrong that made this happen? Answer, or I will tear you to pieces!"

"Release my arm, sir! You are cruel in your rage! You hurt me!"

"Speak then. How did he get out of his prison?"

With a faltering voice the frightened girl, while writhing in his grasp, murmured:

"I dropped the knife on the shelves a few nights before and forgot it. It whirled around, and I knew by the cry he gave that he had it."

"Idiot!" retorted the enraged being before her, as he gave her arm such a fearful wrench that it dislocated the elbow. "Out of my sight; out of my house this instant! You have ruined me with your carelessness! Not another night shall you sleep under this roof!"

Once again he raised his arm—this time to strike. But fortunately, with a moan of pain at the injury she had already sustained, she had darted back, and as the blow descended on empty air.

Without another look at the man before her the poor young girl crept from his presence, and dragging herself back to her room, fastened herself in, while she sought to prepare for her departure.

With her arm hanging motionless by her side, and nearly wild with pain, she opened her trunks and thrusting her valuables inside as well as she could with one hand, she locked them and dropped the key into her pocket.

Fearing, she scarcely knew what, she put the package of papers her aunt had given her, with her purse, also in her pocket, that she might be certain of their safety. Then hastily putting comb, brushes and night apparel in a hand satchel, she paused to rest.

Advancing to her window, she found that a heavy rain was still falling, and that darkness was even then over the earth. Throwing her waterproof over her shoulders, with its hood drawn over her hat, she opened her door and glided through the hall, down the stairs and out of the front entrance, fortunately without being seen by any of the family.

As she had passed the sick man's room she knew by the sound of many excited voices within that they had gone to his assistance, and she judged he must have injured his hip by his passionate frenzy.

While she pitied the man, she feared him, and never breathed freely until outside the door. Then with a hurried step she passed down the ramble.

Once away from the house and beyond the reach of Sir Reginald's wrath, she paused to consider whither she should go, and what she should do.

As she paused one thing seemed plain. She could do nothing until a physician attended to her wounded arm. In order to have this accomplished, it was evident that she must seek Dr. Elfenstein at his home.

She shrank from doing this. Still it could not be helped. Her arm could not be raised, and on that arm she depended now for her daily bread.

Once in the road beyond she could see lights in windows of dwelling houses far down the road. The first of them she knew was where Dr. Elfenstein lived, and hope revived once more, and she pressed on, thinking soon to be there.

(To be continued.)

OVERSTRAINED YOUTH.

Experts Say that Germany's Commercial Rise Has Been at Great Cost.

Prussian military authorities are becoming alarmed at what they term the degeneration of the German youth. In countries like Germany, where a term of military service is required of every able man, the examinations for army fitness are pretty apt to indicate the true state of the nation's health, and when seventeen out of every thousand applicants have weak hearts, it is no wonder that the authorities decide there is something wrong.

Between the years 1881 and 1886 the annual average of persons with heart trouble was low, only 1.5 per thousand, and high-water mark was reached in 1888, when the average was found to be 17.4.

Perhaps the best opinion on the cause of this state of affairs is that offered by Dr. Stricker, an army surgeon, who has given the matter careful study. He declares that overwork, irregular exercise, and immoderate and too early use of tobacco and intoxicants are responsible for much of the trouble. Another point to which the Doctor calls attention is the practice of putting children at work too early. As they often are required to toil beyond their strength, the strain, with irregular hours of rest, results in premature breakdowns, which, the Doctor is positive, have much to do with the general standard of health.—Washington Post.

Modern Conveniences in the Alps.

The monks of St. Bernard have taken advantage of modern inventions in their work of saving lives. A short time ago two Swiss alpenists started out to go to the hospice. Half way up they were overtaken by a snowstorm and lost their way. After wandering around the summit for several hours they came across one of the new shelters built by the monks. In it they found bread, cheese, wine, a spirit lamp and a telephone. With the latter they called up the hospice and asked for help. By the time they had finished a good meal a monk and a dog arrived to show them the way. The telephone at these shelters has saved many lives during the winter.

A Novel Insurance Case.

A friend in Mobile, Alabama, writes that recently a young man in that section bought a large quantity of fancy, high-priced smoking tobacco, had it insured for its full value, smoked it up and then put a claim in for the insurance, stating that it had been destroyed by fire. The case was taken to court, the judge deciding in favor of the young smoker. Next, the insurance company had the young man arrested for setting fire to his own property, and the same judge ordered him to pay a fat fine and also go to jail.

Vaccination in France.

Vaccination is now compulsory in France during the first year of life and revaccination during the eleventh and twenty-first years.

Autos in German Army.

Automobiles made for the German army haul five to eight-ton loads through hilly country.

People are never so careless as when they have a big lot of explosives around.

Bank records show some surprising things about "good" men.

Science AND Invention

A color scale prepared by J. F. Tocher, F. I. C., for classifying hair, represents 25 different colors of human hair.

To prevent train derailments a German railroad official, Herr Gehricke, has invented an adjustable rail, to be attached to the trucks of cars parallel with the axles, and carried about an inch above the track rails. If the wheels jump the track the cross rails just described will immediately rest upon the track rails and prevent the wheels from touching the ground, and the car will slide along, borne by the cross rails. To diminish the jar the cross rails are supplied with springs, and projections beneath them are calculated to prevent the derailed car from swinging aside from the track.

Not all fishes are dumb, but many species emit sounds and a few give remarkable concerts. Instances of the latter have been collected by Henri Coupin, a French author. On the western coast of Borneo, Dreyer one night heard musical sounds varying from the resonance of an organ to the soft tones of an Aeolian harp; and in the China Sea, a United States naval officer was struck by an extraordinary blending of the low notes of an organ, the noise of bells and the sounds of a great harp, the intensity causing the vessel to quiver. The porpoises or tambours of the tropical western coast of the Atlantic sometimes congregate about vessels, producing a maddening chorus.

The destructive power of naval guns becomes every year more terrible. The latest type of gun introduced in the British navy is remarkable for its great length, over 37 feet, combined with its relatively small diameter, 36 inches at the breech and 18 inches at the muzzle, and its comparative lightness, 28 tons. Its bore is 9.2 inches, its projectile weighs 380 pounds, and at 3,000 yards this missile can be driven through 11 inches of Krupp steel. The barrel is made up of an inner tube, enclosed in a jacket of wound steel wire. This gun is reckoned equal in destructive power to the 13½-inch bore guns that preceded it, which have more than double its weight. The muzzle velocity of the projectile is 2,900 feet per second.

The success of the ostrich-farms in California has recently led to the establishment of a similar farm in Arizona and another in Florida. It is said that the feathers of these American-raised birds are actually of better quality and command higher prices than those of South African ostriches. The birds on the farms are larger than those seen in travelling menageries, their weight running from 200 to 430 pounds, and their full height, with head upraised, from 6 to 8 feet. A blow from an ostrich's foot is dangerous, but it may be avoided by stooping low, as the birds cannot deliver an effective kick under a height of three feet. For this reason they are easily driven by dogs. In Florida a team of ostriches, broken to harness, is said to have paced a mile in 2:30.

TO SAVE CHILDREN.

Physical Culture as a Means to Ward Off Tuberculosis.

An athletic club, which fixes its dues at the extortionate figure of one cent a week, suggests an unusual departure in the world of clubs. Moreover, for many other reasons, the Children's Athletic Club of Philadelphia, composed entirely of the children of the poor, organized to fight by physical training the ravages of tuberculosis, marks an important innovation in the charitable work of that city. Mrs. Florence L. Williams, the founder of the club, has certain definite objects to accomplish with the sixty little pupils under her charge. That she is able not merely to bring muscle and health in place of weakness and even disease through a careful system of physical culture, but also to develop a trick team capable of performing acrobatic feats of no little difficulty, proves the efficacy of her methods.

For her clientele Mrs. Williams depends entirely upon the children of the crowded quarters of the city, where poor food and unhealthy surroundings render child life unwholesome and make physical development impossible. From the children of these quarters of the city Mrs. Williams has organized her classes, the membership of which has grown from three to sixty. But even here the selection of members is made from the weaker and the more anaemic; from the children who already show signs of the invasion of the "great white plague," whose tiny arms and hollow chests indicate lack of vitality.

With such subjects it is natural that at the outset the exercises of the classes should be of the mildest sort—five minute drills with the lightest of dumbells, interspersed with frequent rests. Special breathing exercises are prescribed for the new members, and they are expected to continue this exercise at home. One of these exercises consists in the usual exhaling and inhaling, but the method of accomplishing it is novel. The children are ranged in rows, with their hands on their hips, and each child puts a quill toothpick in its mouth. Then, at a word of command, they inhale deeply through the nostrils and then exhale slowly through the toothpick, this device making the exhalation slow and avoiding all chance of strain.

The fire drill is another important exercise in the development of lung power. As the little arms and legs get hard and the chests are developed the more advanced pupils are taught to take the weaker ones across their shoulders and carry them out of the reach of the fancied flames. But the ideal of all the children who belong to these classes is to develop strength and skill enough to join the trick team, for when the danger of disease has been banished and the puny little figures with narrow chests and round shoulders have been developed into erect, sturdy bodies, then the gymnastic feats of the more pretentious athletes are attempted and achieved before admiring public audiences.

The development of muscle is attended with a similar stimulation of the moral side of the child, and it is to accomplish the latter that the penny weekly fee is charged, giving the children a sense of membership and rightful claim to the advantages of the club, which is lacking in the mere charitable work, which does not permit even the slight contribution of the children themselves. The results of this physical training are striking. Children who, when they joined the club, were too weak to endure even the least tiring of the exercises, under this regimen develop strong, healthy and even athletic frames. Moreover, the tendency to consumption is checked, and with the increase of physical strength there is a corresponding mental and moral development. Finally, the lessons of the gymnasium, the knowledge of the proper method of breathing and of walking, are remembered long after the actual class work has ended, and serve to keep the health the exercise has won.—New York Tribune.

THIS CAT IS A PARADOX.

Adopted Four Mice Instead of Making a Dinner of Them.

Busy Body, a big Maltese cat who makes her home at the Indianapolis Union Railway shops, and is the pet of every one from the president down to the humble employe of the road, after establishing a record of killing more than 10,000 rats and mice, has, with charming feline inconsistency, adopted four tiny mice.

The case is one of the most remarkable on record and it is doubtful if scientists or menageries can point to a like one.

Three weeks ago Busy Body gave birth to four kittens and with them seemed in an element of happiness. But the little fellows required such a large amount of nourishment that she began to look emaciated and a good rat or mouse diet was suggested for her.

Thursday afternoon workmen about the shops discovered a nest of six mice in a sawdust pile, and, thinking of the faithful "tabby," caught them for her. They were alive and thrown into her box and the men expected to see an immediate slaughter.

Imagine their surprise when Busy Body merely looked up rather sleepily, took a look at the mice, carefully licked them over and then as they nestled beneath her, went back to sleep. Since then she has looked after them tenderly, as much as she has her kittens, and the kittens and mice take their nourishment side by side.

One of the mice died and another lost its life through an experiment. The men thought that if a rat would not so remarkably with a mouse that a dog would surely do likewise. One of them was carried to Fanny, a dog who is nursing a litter of pups, for her inspection. The inspection was a brief one, and before the men could prevent her Fanny had swallowed the mouse whole.

It has not been decided what will be done with the mice, should they grow up, nor are the men about the shops sure that Busy Body will not regain her old appetite for rodents and eat her adopted babies.

Busy Body belongs to Master Mechanic O. H. Jackson and is 6 years old. She was taken to the Union railway shops three years ago after she had lost an eye which disfigured her countenance. The shops were formerly overrun with rats and mice, but she has gained a remarkable record for killing them and it is asserted that no less than 10,000 is the number of her victims.—Indianapolis Star.

A Beautiful Custom.

In the mountains of Tyrol, it is the custom of the women and children to come out when it is bedtime, and sing. Their husbands, fathers, and brothers answer them from the hills on their return home. On the shores of the Adriatic such a custom prevails. There, the wives of the fishermen come down about sunset, and sing a melody. After singing the first stanza, they listen awhile for an answering melody from off the water, and continue to sing and listen till the well known voices come borne on the waters, telling that the loved one is almost home. How sweet to the weary fishermen, as the shadows gather around him, must be the songs of the loved ones at home that sing to cheer him, and how they must strengthen and tighten the links that bind together these dwellers by the sea!

Sent the Letter Anyway.

James H. Hyde, of New York, treasures a letter that was recently received by the insurance company with which he is connected. This letter runs as follows:

"Gentlemen—I am sorry to inform you that I have lost my insurance policy. Will you be kind enough to send me a duplicate policy at once? You will find a stamp inclosed.

"P. S.—Since writing the above I have found my policy. The duplicate, therefore, need not be sent. Pray do not trouble to return the stamp."—Washington Post.

Earthworms vs. Gophers.

Darwin concluded that the earthworm in five years brings up soil enough to cover the ground one inch thick, and that, therefore, the result of its labor is of vast importance. I reckon that the pocket gopher does this in five months. It does not do it in the same way or so effectively, because the earthworm actually digests the substance of its castings; but it is evident that the pocket gopher's method answers the purpose of fully disintegrating and mixing the dead vegetation with the soil to produce a rich and fertile black loam.—Century.

It Was Himself He Saw.

"Honest, now, Jones, did you see a burglar in your room when you called the police?"

"No; my wife had shifted the mirror in my room and I didn't know it."—Detroit Free Press.

The Main Consideration.

"Young man, have you stopped to think where you will go when you die?"

"Gad, no—I haven't even thought where to go on my summer vacation."—Puck.

OLD FAVORITES

A Forest Hymn.

The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them; ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems, in the darkling wood,
Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication. For his simple heart
Might not resist the sacred influences
Which, from the stilly twilight of the place,
And from the gray old trunks that high in heaven
Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound
Of the invisible breath that swayed at once
All their green tops, stole over him, and bowed
His spirit with the thought of boundless power
And inaccessible majesty. Ah, why
Should we in the world's riper years neglect
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
Only among the crowd, and under roofs
That our frail hands have raised? Let me, at least,
Here in the shadow of this aged wood,
Offer one hymn—thrice happy if it find
Acceptance in His ear.
Father, Thy hand
Hath reared these venerable columns, Thou
Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down
Upon the naked earth, and forthwith rose
All these fair ranks of trees. They in Thy sun
Rustled, and shook their green leaves in Thy breeze,
And shot toward heaven. The century-living crow,
Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died
Among their branches, till, at last, they stood,
As now they stand mossy, and tall, and dark,
Fit shrine for humble worshiper to hold
Communion with his Maker. These dim vaults,
These winding aisles, of human pomp or pride,
Report not. No fantastic carvings show
The boast of our vain race to change the form
Of Thy fair works. But Thou art here: Thou fill'st
The solitude; Thou art in the soft winds
That run along the summit of these trees
In music; Thou art in the cooler breath
That, from the inmost darkness of the place,
Comes, scarcely felt; the barky trunks, the ground,
The fresh moist ground, are all instinct with Thee.
—William Cullen Bryant.

MADE PURSUIT OF WEALTH.

Those Who Have Won a Competence Should Retire from Business.

In the United States leaders in every line of activity, in politics and business, have been conspicuously prone to die, as it is said, in harness. The death of Mark Hanna is a case in point. But the list of those distinguished for their successful attainment of wealth and fame, who have continued their activities long after the advance of age and the diminution of physical strength must have warned them of the approaching end, is a very long one. In the older countries of Europe, on whose civilization that of the United States is founded, it seems easier for men who have more or less successfully obtained the object they aimed at to retire and enjoy freely the prizes they have gained, although even there the old barbaric struggle is in many cases kept up to the end. Public opinion there, too, is more tolerant of those who lay off the harness before being compelled to do so by the decree of fate. In this country, however, there seems to exist in the mind of the ordinary man a certain contempt for those who give up the strenuous paths of labor and ambition before their strength has wasted away. The successful men of the United States who have sprung from the masses are imbued with this opinion. Until within the last twenty-five years the idea of retiring from active life and settling down to a life in which personal tastes and proclivities could be followed was regarded as at least eccentric.

There have always been two necessary steps to be taken before retirement from active life could with safety be accomplished; one was the acquirement of wealth and the other provisions for its safekeeping. As civilization progresses the second and more important step can be more easily managed. The individual no longer has to depend upon his own efforts to guard the store set aside for his future support. The power of corporations, originally directed simply to the accumulation of wealth, is now to a very great extent applied to its conservation.

In Great Britain there has always been a wealthy leisure class, and naturally there has been a systematization of the manners and customs consequent on such an association of wealth and leisure. Public opinion is more tolerant of a man who wishes to do what he likes with his own than it has yet become in the United States. The existence of a leisure class, able and willing to enjoy their lives rationally and intelligently, is a check on the wilder exhibitions of leisure on the part of suddenly acquired wealth. It also holds out something beyond mere money-getting as the goal of a successful life. It encourages retirement after reasonable fortune has been gained and discourages to some extent the piling up of exaggerated redundancy. The effect of a more philosophical view of life on the part of our own business men will tend to a more even distribution of wealth and a leveling of the inequalities now so frequently pointed out.—Banker's Magazine.

A Good Rule.

Look for goodness, look for gladness,
You will meet them all the while,
If you bring a smiling visage
To the glass, you meet a smile.
—Alice Cary.

JARGON OF ENGLISH TRAMPS.

It Dates from the Reformation and Is a Picturesque Language.

The English government is going to consider the vagrant. Vagrancy has engaged the attention of the authorities ever since it started in the wholesale line with the reformation. In good Queen Bess' days a vagrant was whipped for being one the first time, he had a portion of his right ear cut off if he repeated the performance, and if he was convicted a third time he was sent on a long journey from which there is no possibility of return. Milder statutes came with the Georges. Our present vagrant act was passed in 1824 and amended in 1898. The vagrant has not been amended at all.

Tramping runs in families. I have traced the history of a tramp family back over 100 years, and found that five generations of them have been born in the workhouse and all had been lifelong vagabonds.

They are a conservative people, and it is interesting to note that many of the words which were tramps' language when Harmon compiled his dictionary in 1560 are in the tramps' and thieves' vernacular at this very second that ticks from the clock. The "boosing ken" of the sixteenth century is the "boosing ken" of the twentieth. The "beak," a constable, has become the "beak," a magistrate. "Dudes," clothes, have become "duds;" "cassam" is still cheese, "autem" is still a church, and "mort," slightly altered, is woman, and an "autem mort," or church woman, a wife.

"Saltee" (sold) are still pence, and the thief and the vagrant still reckon in Italian. "Tray saltee" is threepence, "chinker saltee" is five pence, eight pence is "other saltee," nine pence is "nobba saltee" and ten pence is "dacha saltee"—Italian, tre, cinque, otto, nove, dieci—six pence is sometimes a "tester," which was its official name in the days of Henry VIII., and a shilling is a "beong," Italian, bianco—white. "Rome," which meant good or chief, is to-day "rum." In the language of the road in Elizabeth's time the queen was the "Rome mort," and London was "Rome ville." In buskers' slang, the manager of a theater or a show is to-day "the rum-cull."

The tramps are an ancient fraternity. If they are forced off the road into labor colonies, I wonder if their venerable jargon will gradually pass away? I don't think so, because it is a secret language, and at no time will a tramp find a secret language more useful than when he and his fellows are in difficulties. I can imagine no difficulty greater to the true-born tramp than hard work.—London Referee.

FOLLOWING THE LEADER.

This incident is quoted from the New York Evening Post, not as an example of one man's superiority to the common herd, but rather to show that masculine wisdom is not incompatible with considerable folly.

The man who had been discussing his fellows at length said, with a sad smile: "If anything were needed to prove that mankind are like sheep, the doubter ought to go to one of the elevated stations where the company has installed two ticket sellers. If half the people would go to one window and half to the other, nobody would be delayed. But nobody ever saw this happen.

"Suppose," he went on, "the place is empty at some particular moment, and that twenty-two men file in at regular intervals of four feet. The first man sees the nearest window and makes for it. Eight men follow him without looking to right or left, and there is congestion at once."

"And execration of the company," remarked a listener.

The speaker nodded and continued: "All of a sudden the ninth man gets to the top of the stairs and sees the vacant window. It is an inspiration, and he rushes over to it.

"Numbers ten to nineteen follow him, and they pile up there and fidget, while the first window is deserted. The last three men finally jump for it, and almost fight to see which gets his ticket first.

"It is often pointed out," concluded the critic, "that men know how to form in lines and wait for turns, while women don't. But to form in two lines is something men can't seem to learn."

For a Change.

There was good talk at a tea party given once at the observatory of Cambridge, England. Sydney Smith was there, and although he took the wonderful work of the place seriously, he had a light manner of expressing himself. The party had been led up to look at Jupiter, and this was his comment:

"Jupiter? If you hadn't told me, I should have taken it for a bad shilling."

"Where is Sir John Herschel?" asked one of the guests.

"He is at the Cape of Good Hope," said the astronomer, Airy. "He was ordered there to observe the stars of the southern hemisphere."

"Ah," said Sydney Smith, "I suppose you astronomers, when you are ill, are advised to change your stars just as we ordinary mortals are told to change our air."

A Carnation Farm.

A 200-acre ranch in Santa Monica, Cal., is devoted to carnations as an outdoor crop. The grower is a retired banker who follows flower culture as a recreation. He started with two acres, which have been increased to 20 acres, and it is expected that finally the whole of the ranch will be devoted to the culture of this flower. The carnation fields are yielding on an average from 6,000 to 10,000 flowers every day, and the demand is stated to be greater than the supply. A carnation field remains in bearing from two to three years, and is then renewed with plants obtained from cuttings. The plants are set in rows three feet apart, and the plants two feet apart in the rows, thus permitting cultivation with machinery.

It is easy to see what should be done; but only a few are able to do it.