A DOCTOR'S MISSION

BY EMILY THORNTON

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

CHAPTER XX.

Drawing an easy seat close to the center table for Mrs. Clum to occupy, Dr. Elfenstein seated himself in his own office chair, and laying the wallet before him, said:

"This, Mrs. Clum, is a little bag containing something very much valued by the poor man who has just left this world. I presume it will acquaint us with the residence and address of his near relatives. In order that they may be notified of his death, I deem it my duty to immediately examine its contents, and as I do so, I wish you to be present, as a witness to the transaction."

The key to the wallet Dr. Elfenstein found tied close to the edge of the handle. Inserting this in the lock, he at once opened it and drew forth its contents.

All that presented itself to his notice was about fifty pounds in money, and a package of closely written papers. These were without address or signature, but seemed a short journal of daily events.

Little did Dr. Elfenstein dream, as he so coolly turned over these leaves, that they contained matters so vitally important to himself and his future life!

Seeing no other mode of ascertaining who the dead man really was, the doctor commenced at the beginning to read as follows:

"June18—My God, my God! Why hast Thou forsaken me? is now almost daily my cry. Alone, horribly, cruelly alone! how can it be that I still exist?

"Nearly eighteen years have I survived this dreadful solitude, and not until today have I gained from my unnatural keeper the slight boon of pen, ink and paper. This gained, I will divert myself by noting down some incidents of my life. But to what purpose do I write? Who can ever read what, out of an aching heart, I shall commit to these pages?

"Yet, after my death, some person may penetrate this living tomb, and then they shall here see recorded the terrible wrong, the fearful fate that has thus befallen an unhappy peer of the realm!

"Have I been missed from my home? Has any one mourned over my unexplained absence? Has my poor Constance wept over my loss? And has my dear brother Fitzroy forgiven my harshness now that he thinks me dead?

"Dead? Yes; all think me dead! I see clearly at this late date the whole of Reginald's fiendish plot. He used that dagger on my arm to draw blood, in order to leave the impression that I had been murdered, before he shut me into this living tomb.

"Yet I live. I, Sir Arthur Glendenning, Bar't, am alive to-day, incorcerated in this concealed room, built in the ruined part of my own residence."

"Ha!" exclaimed Earle Elfenstein, starting to his feet, as he read thus far. "What have I here? If this be true, we have before us an explanation of Sir Arthur's fate. Mrs. Clum, we must have others present at the reading of this important paper. Let us both seek instantly for the presence of our neighbors. Will you summon Lawyer Huntley, who lives next door, while I go for Rev. Mr. Lee? Not one moment will we waste, for who knows but yonder corpse may be all that is left of poor Sir Arthur Glendenning?"

Replacing the papers and keeping the precious wallet in his hand, Earle at once left the house for the manse, while Mrs. Clum ran out to summon Mr. Huntley. In less than half an hour they both returned to the physician's office, accompanied by the above named gentlemen.

Then, while eager attention was to be seen on every face, the doctor again opened the wallet, and read, as far as we have written above.

"Merciful heaven, can this be true?" exclaimed Mr. Huntley. "Doctor, please read that last clause once more. I am so dazed with surprise that I can scarcely understand it."

"Yet I live. I, Sir Arthur Glendenning, Bar't, am alive to-day, incarcerated in this concealed room, built in the ruined part of my own residence," again read Dr. Elfenstein, and after a pause he continued:

"The fact that this room existed was known only to my father, Sir Geoffrey, and he, shortly before his death, confided the secret to my brother Reginald and myself. We three were alone together when he taught us to open the panels by the aid of a sharp pointed knife, and after leading us inside this strange apartment, he charged us to keep the existence of the place a profound secret, as the time might come when such a hidden retreat might prove of immense importance.

"Dear father! how little did he dream that Reginald, for the sake of usurping my lawful title and estates, would drag me hither, in the darkness of night, and, by chaining me like a beast to the floor, by the help of his valet, Antoine Duval, keep me a prisoner for months, year, life!

"It was the only time I ever saw this room, until the night I was thrust within it by my inhuman brother Reginald, two days and one night after I was forcibly taken from my bed.

"Ah, that night! when they overpowered me in my own room; shall I ever forget it? I had retired rather earlier than usual, and had fallen immediately asleep. About midnight, I should judge, I was awakened by feeling a hand pressing something to my nostrils.

"I instantly had my complete senses, so dashed the hand with the chloroformed sponge from my face, then sprang with a bound upon the floor.

"Two men stood above me, and firm hands seized and pressed me back, while a gag was forced into my mouth. A dim light was burning and I saw that, although masked, one figure was like Fitzroy's, and his dressing gown was wrapped around his form.

"Oh, how I struggled to free myself! Once I did get a hand loose, and tore the mask from one face, to find it was not Fitzroy, but Reginald who was perpetrating this outrage upon me, his elder brother. Turning then to the other, I recognized the form and voice of Antoine Duval.

"In the course of the conflict Reginald drew out a dagger and plunged it into my arm, then threw the dagger, red with blood, on the carpet, saying grimly:

"'Fitzroy's dagger. Lie there and testify that he did this deed!'

"Oh, my brother, my innocent brother! have they dared accuse thee of my death? This question harrows me night and day. Alas! I tremble for Fitzroy, when such a fiend as Reginald has proved himself to be is let loose upon his track.

"But to go on: Binding my hands—for all my strength could avail little against two hardy men—they passed a rope around my body, after first putting on my clothing, and, dragging me from the window, swung me from the balcony to the ground below.

"Carrying then my helpless form to the lake, they there bound up my wounds, staunching the flow of blood, which until then they had allowed to drip as it would, then turned and noiselessly bore me to a lonely cave, situated in the heart of Demon's Wood—a place never frequented, and, I presume, the existence of which was unknown.

"This place had been prepared for my reception, and after fastening me firmly to a staple with a chain they had in readiness, they left me, gagged and helpless, then alone, for two days and one night. Twice they both came with food, and, while one stood with a pistol over my head, to prevent a word, the other fed me.

"On the second night they visited me about midnight, and, merely saying:

"'All is now ready for your reception, rise and go with us,' they placed me in a wagon as before and took me back to the Hall.

"Leaving the wagon concealed outside the grounds, they between them carried me to the ruined part, and, entering, conveyed me into this, my prison, which they had secretly arranged for my use. I was not brought here at once, it seems, because on the very night of their daring outrage they had discovered that some revolving iron shelves they had fitted to the entrance could not be securely fastened, as the large screws to be inserted were too short. Not wishing to postpone the horrible business, they had hastily prepared the cave, and held me there until other screws could be procured.

"Now all was ready and here, just eighteen years ago, I was thrust and kept a prisoner by means of a long chain fastened from my ankle to an iron bolt in the wall. I was securely fastened, then the gag was taken from my mouth, and the ropes from my limbs.

"From that hour I have seen no human face, heard no human voice! These walls, I know, are several feet thick, built so that no sound can issue from them. Not a movement can be heard, unless the panels are open, and then but faintly.

"Oh, innocent, ruined brother! Oh, forgetful Constance! When shall I cease to think of these two?"

Earle Elfenstein paused when he reached these last words, and large tears of sympathy still rolled over his cheeks, as they had often done during the reading, while every one of his intent listeners were similarly affected. Conquering his emotion by an effort, he again read on:

"May 24, 18——Nearly seven years since I last wrote on these pages. Not once during that time has there been a change in my lot until to-night.

"Tonight a different hand opened the panels. I knew instantly that it was not Reginald's. Something certainly must have happened to him. The jerk was wanting.

"A soft, uncertain way of pushing them apart attracted my attention. There was a longer pause, a seeming study of the modus operandi of the revolving shelves, and a slighter push made them turn more slowly. Yes, I am sure a stranger has been let into the secret of my confinement; and that stranger, I think, must be a timid woman.

"June 6, 18——Something terrible has happened to my brain. I am wild! I am undone! I can remember nothing! Who am I? Where am I? Ah, yes; I have it! I was a peer; I am so no longer.

"I am a poor minister of the gospel, confined here for the sake of religion. I am, in short, Rev. Edwin C. Stiles. How strange that I am here! I can remember nothing.

"But I have a Bible, and I read and preach long sermons, and pray continually. Yes, some day I shall, I think, be released. I shall preach the gospel. How strange my head feels! Sometimes I think I am going mad!"

"July 18.—I am preaching and praying constantly. Night and day I plead with God to send me a knife. Will my prayers be granted? Shall I ever have a knife? Can I ever cut my way out of this weary prison, out to liberty, and preaching?"

"July 19.—Hallelijah! My prayer is heard! A knife came to me with my food; sent me, I presume, by accident. It was forgotten, and now it is mine! I shall write no more. I shall instantly get to work; I shall soon be a free man.

"But these pages, written as it were, with my heart's blood, I shall never once leave out of the reach of my hands. I am Rev. Edwin C. Stiles, a minister of the gospel, and these lines are my diploma, my badge of office. Ha, ha; a knife is mine; my own! And now I shall work myself free!"

Elfenstein paused and passed his hand over his forehead in deep thought. A sudden idea had seized him; it was this:

Ethel Nevergall and he must have been in the corridor when this poor creature escaped! Yes; poor creature! These last lines told that he must have been insane, or nearly so, at least, when he escaped.

But he had no time to think; a few more words remained to be read, and his audience were eagerly waiting. These were written in pencil, and the letters were crooked and feeble, as though done in great weakness.

"August 18.—I am sick, dying perhaps! O joy! if this should prove to be death! I am weary, tired, worn out, but I thank God I am again myself.

"Now I know I am Sir Arthur Glendenning. Lately I have been confused, and thought myself a minister. My brain, my poor brain, was unstrung. At last I am myself.

"A knife came to me and I took out the screws from the shelves, opened the panels after pushing the shelves aside, and escaped from my prison.

"In the corridor I came upon a young girl and a man. Strangers; I knew that at once. Both were strangers. Yet I feared recapture.

"I rushed forward, dashed the light from them, and then another frenzy seized me, and my poor head nearly burst with pain. I uttered a cry in my agony. Then another, as I rushed through the well-known ruins.

"The night air revived me. I had not felt its cheering influence, drawn a fresh mouthful of outside air, in twenty-five years. I opened my mouth, I expanded my chest, I drank it all in.

"What cared I for the storm, the howling wind, the falling rain? It was delight, it was rapture! I was free! I was free!

"I knew not where to go, but sped away, away, and rested not until I was hidden in the cave in Demon's Wood. There I slept and rested. There I quieted my overwrought nerves, and thanked God for the blessed knife.

"Morning came, and again I tried to think. My brain seemed heavy, and I could scarcely remember my own name. But it came to me after awhile. Rev. Edwin C. Stiles, a minister of the gospel. But how could I preach in these threadbare clothes? I must get suitable garments. I had money; I always had had money. I had it in my pocketbook when cast into prison. My persecutors did not rob me.

"So I took the cars and went to Liverpool, where I bought a suit of clerical clothes, and books, and papers to sell. I bought also a little wallet, in which to lock up these pages. Something tells me I must never part with these my papers.

"Yes; I have them safe. Now lying here, the wallet is safe in my hands. I returned to the village then, and must have wandered around, selling my books as Rev. Edwin C. Stiles.

"But now, I am sane. My senses have returned. I am Sir Arthur Glendenning, and I am dying. I know I must have been insane, or partly so, for the last few weeks; but my mind is clear, perfectly clear to-night.

"In this cave I was taken ill, and could scarcely move for days. I had food to last for a week or more, and I crawled out, once in a while, for water.

"But now food has gone. I am too weak to drag myself to the spring. I thirst. I am burning with fever. I think I shall die! Farewell earth! I shall write no more; but with my latest sigh, I thank God that I die a free man."

CHAPTER XXI.

This, then, was the end of it all! The wayfaring man, dead, in his upper room, was not the Rev. Edwin C. Stiles, but Sir Arthur Glendenning, the lost baronet.

Lost! Yes, indeed, lost to his friends, but not murdered. And Dr. Elfenstein felt a thrill of joy pass over him as the next thought came. His employer was now Sir Fitzroy Glendenning, and he was entirely cleared of the heinous crime with which he had so long been charged. He was ready to be received joyfully back to his own estate and home.

Yes! his summons could bring him, for he alone knew where he resided. He should start for New York immediately, and accompany and care for him on his return voyage.

Then another thought came!—a thought that made his heart throb tumultuously, and that thought was this: His pledge had been fulfilled!

Sir Fitzroy's name was cleared, and now he was free to woo and wed the girl of his choice. But, as gladly as his heart throbbed one moment before, so suddenly had it sunk again, like lead in his bosom. Was this girl—this one girl that he so devotedly loved—worthy? Had she a knowledge of that hidden crime? Was her hand the one that nightly opened those panels, and shoved in that repulsive food to a human being—a peer of the English realm! Again, with a smothered groan he felt that it was she!

He remembered her wild entreaty, that he should neither light a candle nor search that corridor, on that dreadful night. And he had been fool enough to listen to her pleadings. Yes! He was convinced that she had aided the inhuman brother in carrying out his wicked purposes!

But again he thrust away the idea; and at last resolved to see this girl, just once more, accuse her of being an accessory to this foul wrong, and then hear her reasons for so doing. Possibly there might be some extenuating circumstances, some unexplained reason why she had lent herself to this purpose.

(To be continued.)

HOW SLEEP MAY BE WOOED.

Movements of the Feet Will Quiet the Nervous Brain.

Most of the mental devices for wooing sleep have failed because they have nearly always tried to resort to "local treatment;" in other words, they have made a homeopathic attempt to stop thinking by thinking about something else—a process which might also be called "elimination by substitution." But all thinking, spontaneous or forced, draws more or less blood to the brain, prevents deep inhalations and bars the gate to the kingdom of dreams. Any device, on the other hand, which will make one take deep, long breaths spontaneously (the invariable forerunner of sleep) may be counted upon as a genuine remedy for insomnia. Even deep breathing which is forced is better than any purely mental attempt to win sleep. But if the deep breathing can be produced involuntarily one is sure of a passport to Nodland.

After several nights of experiment to this end the present writer decided to apply the principle adopted by the masseurs, who begin their manipulations "at the point farthest from the seat of difficulty," which, in the case of insomnia, would be the feet. Lying on the right side, with the knees together, and considerably flexed, the victim of insomnia should begin to pedal both his feet slowly up and down, with the movement entirely in the ankles. The pedaling should keep time with the natural rhythm of respiration and be continued until it is followed by deep and spontaneous breathing.

Several people who have tried this remedy report that involuntary deep breathing invariably begins before they have pedaled up and down a dozen times. In obstinate cases of insomnia the patient may need to keep up the pedaling two or three minutes, or even more, with intermissions, if necessary. The treatment may also be varied by moving the feet alternately, instead of simultaneously, though the latter method has proved the more speedily efficacious in the cases known to the writer. The explanation of the result obtained is probably simple. The blood is pumped from the head, and with the removal of brain tension a general relaxation follows, with a sequent deep respiration and its resulting sleep.—Good Housekeeping.

Damning Evidence.

Mrs. Watkyns—The Bjohnsons are not in real society, are they?

Mrs. Wylkyns—Mercy, no! Why, they have show books on a marble-top center table in the parlor.—Somerville Journal.

Tested.

Wiggles—Are those $3 shoes that you have on?

Waggles—No. They cost $3, but they are $1.50 shoes.—Somerville Journal.

The average man clings tenaciously to his own opinions, but he expects other people to change theirs.

What dotn it profit a man to have brains if he lacketh the ability to use them?

QUEER STORIES

Uranus is the only one of our system of planets which rotates backwards.

Peat has about half of the heating power of coal and double that of wood.

A farthing has been found in the stomach of a codfish at Eyemouth, England.

Timber is now vulcanized in England by forcing a boiling solution of sugar into its pores.

The propellers of the Turbinia, at a speed of 34½ knots per hour, made two thousand revolutions per minute.

The proportion of policemen to population is one to 307 in Paris, one to 408 in London, and one to 458 in New York.

Cress is the quickest growing of plants. Under perfect conditions it will flower and seed within eight days of planting.

Mrs. Abram Van Howe, of Codus, N. Y., 81 years of age, has cut her third set of teeth. Recently she experienced a peculiar soreness in her gums where her teeth had once been, although she lost them all many years ago. A physician was called in and found that a full new set of teeth was struggling to get through the gums on both jaws.

Prof. Woodward has gone over the calculations of Leplace by the aid of modern data, and concludes that though in theory the length of the day on earth must be increasing owing to the increasing mass of the planet due to the constant deposit of meteors, etc., yet the change is so infinitesimal that there has not been a half second of difference in ten million years.

A British physician, Dr. C. Templeman, has been making an elaborate study of the statistics of cancer, and finds that the death rate from that cause has doubled in twenty-five years. Perhaps the most striking point that he makes is that the increase has been chiefly in parts of the body accessible to infection, and he urges this as evidence that the disease is due to a microbe. Dr. Templeman discredits smoking as a cause of cancer of the throat, and thinks that worry, to which some have attributed the increase, is not responsible. Perhaps no disease is attracting more scientific attention now than cancer, and such statistical investigations as this help to clear the ground and suggest promising lines of study.

SANITARY HOUSING.

What Is Being Done in Germany in That Line of Service.

According to United States Commercial Agent Harris at Eibenstock, a great deal is being done in Germany for the benefit of the working people, especially in the matter of providing them with suitable dwellings. Large manufacturing establishments, municipal bodies, charitable organizations and private speculators, Mr. Harris says, have each and all done much toward bettering the hygienic conditions and general welfare of the skilled workman and his family in every part of the empire. Since 1842 the Prussian government has expended about $2,000,000 in dwelling-houses for the coal miners in the district of Saarbrucken and the miners repay the loan by monthly installments without interest. Similar methods were adopted with success by the royal munition factory at Spandau. The building societies of Gladbach, Barmen, Dresden and other cities of the empire have also proved successful in that respect. The Krupp establishment at Essen takes the lead in providing comfortable houses and cottages for the laboring classes. In 1901 the value of the dwellings used exclusively by its workmen was $3,875,000. There were 1,000 houses of two rooms each, 1,869 houses of three rooms each, 448 houses of four rooms each, 150 houses of five rooms each, sixty-three houses of six rooms each and eighty-four houses of seven rooms each, making a total of 4,274 houses. During the last ten years a great improvement has taken place in the conditions surrounding the dwellings of laborers and the increased attention on the part of municipal authorities to sanitary arrangements and the police laws against too many persons occupying one room, Commercial Agent Harris says, have had a salutary influence.

Women as Educators.

As to the charge made that women should not become teachers for the reason that they only regard the profession as a makeshift while awaiting settlement through marriage much may be said. If teaching has been done by women as a "makeshift," it has been done as often by men for that same reason. This is proved by the life records of many prominent men, not to mention those not prominent who have done tutoring and odd jobs at teaching to "help along." The head of one of the large boys' schools in this State could be named as an example. Indeed, I think it is safe to say it is the exception when a man starts from his university with the intention of teaching continuously. As a matter of fact, there are graduated as professional teachers yearly a greater proportion of women than of men. That many of these women expect to marry, and to give up teaching when they do, does not imply that they mean to marry merely to escape teaching. It means chiefly that, in looking to the natural and desirable complementing of their natures, they recognize that the duties, as well as joys of wife and mother, will confine their activities mainly within the home. Just because teaching is a calling that, unlike journalism or lecturing, cannot now be entered without training for it, those women who take it up are more apt than not to continue its pursuit, for even marriage does not always interfere with its prosecution.—Harper's Weekly.

As They Can Be.

Mr. Smythe—I think Miss Debutante is just as pretty as she can be.

Miss Spiter—Most girls are that.—New Yorker.

If we knew a man who loved his enemy, we would despise him. That's asking Too Much.

CHEAP R. R. TRAVEL ABROAD.

Advantage Gained by Taking Limited Tickets Through Switzerland.

Consul Washington, writing from Geneva, Switzerland, makes public the following facts interesting to traders:

Reference has been made in the annual commercial reports from this consular district to the very inexpensive tickets that permit the holder to travel throughout Switzerland upon most of its railways and lake steamers at will for periods from fifteen to thirty days. This information was submitted for the benefit of our exporters desirous of introducing their goods throughout the country.

It seems, however, that the information would be of value to the thousands of citizens of the United States who yearly travel extensively through this country and who could, by availing themselves of the opportunity thus offered, effect a considerable saving, or, perhaps, see much more of Switzerland at a cost equal or less than that of the more restricted tour previously planned.

These tickets are obtainable at all large railway and boat stations in Switzerland. They may be ordered through any station, however. A delay of from one to two days is usual, and a photograph, size known as "carte de visite," is required.

The tickets permit continuous and unlimited travel at will during the period of their validity upon most of the railways and lakes in Switzerland; and upon some fifteen of the small roads not embraced in the ticket privilege (usually funicular roads) a reduction of from 20 to 50 per cent upon usual fares is extended.

The rates of fare are:

Limit—	First class.	Second class.	Third class.
For fifteen days..	$14.50	$10.61	$ 7.72
For thirty days...	22.19	15.44	11.58

Upon these rates 96.5 cents is reimbursed at the end of the period. Longer periods of travel—three, six and twelve months—are also provided for.

No luggage is transported free on the Swiss railroads.

It is a useful point of information for travelers that trunks may be sent by post throughout the country and thus may be delivered at hotels to wait the arrival of owners. This is a practical plan for medium-sized and small trunks and valises. The trunks must be sent to the postoffice, but are delivered on their arrival.

"My Ma, She Knows."

My pa, he scolds me jes becus
He says I'm gettin' "tough;"
He says my face is never clean,
My hands are always rough;
I'm not behavin' like I should,
An' goin' wrong, I s'pose,
But ma, she takes an' pats my hand
An' smiles, becuz she knows.

My pa hain't got no use for boys,
He wants 'em always men;
I wonder if he's clean forgot
The boy he must a' been;
Fer ma, she says they're all alike,
'Bout face, an' hands an' clothes,
An' says I'll learn to be a man;
An' ma, I guess she knows!

My pa, he says I ain't no good
At doin' anything;
I'd rather fool away the time
An' whistle, play, an' sing;
But ma, she smiles an' says I'm young,
An' then she up an' goes
An' kisses me an' shows me how;
For ma, you bet, she knows!

My pa, he says I'll never be
A business man like him,
Becus I hain't got any "drive,"
An' "get up," "pluck" and "vim;"
But ma, she says, so solemn like,
A man's a boy that grows,
An' boys must have their playin' spell;
An' ma's a trump, an' knows!

My pa, he shakes his head an' sighs
An' says he doesn't see
Where I got all my careless ways
That seems jes' born in me;
An' ma, she laughs, an' laughs, an' laughs,
Till pa's face crimson grows,
An' then she says, "'Tis very queer;"
But somehow, ma, she knows!

My ma, she knows 'most everything
'Bout boys and what they like.
She's never scoldin' 'bout the muss
I make with kites and bike;
She says she wants me to be good
An' conquer all my foes,
An' you jes bet I'm goin' to be,
'Cuz my sweet ma, she knows!

—Detroit Journal.

The Korean Emperor's Tooth.

An amusing story on the prevalent state of manners and morals in Korea is furnished by a little incident recorded in a London paper. It appears that during the great feast which he gave a short time ago to celebrate the anniversary of Korean independence, the Emperor of Korea had the misfortune to break a tooth. The immediate result of the accident was that the chief cook and all his assistants were thrown into prison to await trial for lese-majeste. But there happened to be a dentist at Seoul who was traveling to see the country, and he managed to stop the resulting toothache without making use of any steel instruments, which would have frightened the Emperor and have made him refuse to submit to the operation. The dentist received 1,000 yen, or about $500, for his fee, and then attention was turned to the peccant cooks. The underlings were dismissed with a caution but the chief cook was sentenced to work for three months without any pay and the Emperor at once ordered another great feast to celebrate his recovery from tootache. Happily for the cook, as well as for the sovereign, no more imperial teeth were broken.

Posterity.

"So," said the exasperating critic, "you are writing for posterity."

"I am," answered the poet.

"Well, every man to his taste. But I can't see the excuse for a lot of people who will mispronounce your name and who will tell a lot of anecdotes about you that are mostly silly and untrue."—Washington Star.

When there is a guest at your house, and he eats heartily, do you say: "Of course, I'm glad he enjoyed his dinner, but how he did eat!"

There are many "outrages," and so many people hold newspapers responsible for them.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

For the first time in twelve years the Populist party has put a candidate of its own in the field for the Presidency. In the last two campaigns it indorsed Bryan, the Democratic nominee, because that party had practically espoused all the principles of Populism. Now that there has been a return to conservative lines by the older party, the Populists again launch an independent candidacy, with Thomas E. Watson, of Georgia, as the head of their ticket. The platform demands that only the government have power to issue money, declares for government ownership of railroads and telegraph lines, and denounces trusts. The nominee of the convention, which was held at Springfield, Ill., is no stranger to national politics of lesser importance, having been the candidate for Vice President in 1896, with Bryan, on the Populist ticket. Before that he was a member of Congress. Watson owns fine farms, has a good law practice, and is accounted a rich man in the region where he lives.

THOS. E. WATSON.

-:—:-

Paul Morton, chosen by the President to be Secretary of the Navy, is one of the most successful railway men of the country. He is a son of the late J. Sterling Morton, Secretary of Agriculture in the Cleveland cabinet, and was born at Detroit in 1857. At the age of 16 he became a clerk in the Burlington office, and at 21 was appointed assistant general freight agent of the system. In 1886 he was made general passenger agent. He resigned in 1890 to engaged in the coal and iron business, being for a time vice president of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, but in 1895 he returned to railroading, assuming his present office with the Atchison Road. Mr. Morton is an entertaining conversationalist, and is said to rival Senator Depew as an after-dinner speaker.

PAUL MORTON.

-:—:-

Mr. Perdicaris and Mr. Varley are free, but their late host is making himself a more considerable nuisance than ever. The British and American governments are pressing the Sultan of Morocco to punish the brigand, who is now a Moorish governor, and by all his titles a highly respectable personage. He administers a district as big as a province, and extending to the very gates of Tangier. He is, in short, a more important ruler than the Sultan himself. As this dignity is compatible with no interests save his own, the powers wish to be rid of him. But he has threatened that if the Sultan's troops make war on him he will raid Tangier, and carry off more Europeans, to whom he will not figure in the character of a delightful host. He talks of blood, and defies the world. How this comedy is to end it is impossible to say.

BANDIT RAISULI.

-:—:-

Jacob H. Gallinger, head of the merchant marine commission, is the senior United States Senator from New Hampshire, and has been a leader for many years in the politics of the Granite State. He was born in 1837 in Cornwall, Ont., was a printer in early life, and then studied medicine, receiving his degree in 1868. He began the practice of his profession at Concord, N. H., in 1872, and the same year was elected to the legislature, being president of the Senate in 1879 and 1880. After serving in the Forty-ninth and Fiftieth Congresses he was elected to the national Senate, taking his seat March 4, 1891. Senator Gallinger was chairman of the State delegation to the national Republican convention, and for several terms has been chairman of the New Hampshire Republican State committee.

J. H. GALLINGER.

Genius.

Halton—Yes, that girl can do some wonderful things with ice skates.

Starwood—Why, I never saw her go skating in my life.

Halton—Who said anything about skating? She can open a can of corn with an ice skate.

Just to Accommodate.

Prisoner—Jedge, ef yo'll gimme a little time, I kin prove mah innocence.

Judge Knox—All right. Sixty days.

To Peep Through.

"I wisht I wuz president of the lumber trust," said Jimmy, "and de baseball managers had to come ter me fur de boards fer deir fences."

"Why?" asked Tommy.

"Why, I wouldn't sell dem a bloomin' board dat didn't have a knot-hole in it."—Philadelphia Press.

Up in the Air.

Bobby—Say, pop, where's Atoms?

Pop—Atoms?

Bobby—Yes. The place where the Japanese blew that Russian cruiser.

MUST WEAR GOOD-LUCK CHARM.

Women Show Favoritism by Wearing a Bangle of St. Joseph.

If you haven't a good-luck charm about you, either carried in your purse or fastened on a chain, then my advice is to get one immediately and see how soon your fortune will improve. The favorite charm for women is a bangle or statue of St. Joseph, the patron saint of matrimony, though the young women who wear his image insist that they do so because St. Joseph will bring them good and true friends. This may be a clever little subterfuge, but it is true, nevertheless, that some of them earnestly believe that their increased circle of devoted friends, both men and women, is due to the quaint little statue. Bachelors of both sexes are fond of these St. Joseph charms, and it is not unusual to see a man with one fastened to his fob or carried loose in a pocket.

The favorite animal charm is the elephant, and one of the prettiest of these creatures was purchased at the world's fair. It was made of polished coral, or shell, that showed the most delicate pinkish white, shaded with a deeper pink. Little pigs, boars and almost every animal imaginable was there carved out of this substance and fitted with a tiny gold ring, so that it could be worn on a chain.

The handsomest lorgnette chains are made of rather fine gold and platinum links, set at regular spaces with cabuchon or cut stones. Amethysts are fairly popular, while jade, chrysophrase, amazonite and brilliants of almost every tint, including beautifully shaded aqua marines, look exceptionally well against gowns of certain coloring. To the ends of these chains it is now the fad to fasten good-sized crosses, preferably ornaments made of stones to match those in the chain. A three or four inch cross suspended on a jeweled chain is far more effective than the usual lot of chatelaine ornaments, though some of the newest mirrors for chains are really beautiful little works of art. The covering for these is an art nouveau design in which translucent enamel plays an important part, and so delicate is its tint and substance that the glint of the mirror beneath may be seen through it.—Grand Rapids Herald.

HOW TO KILL AN OCTOPUS.

Fish Story from the Philippines Which Has Just Reached Us.

To kill an octopus, seize it firmly and bite its eyes out. This simple method has been proved in practice to be effective. It forms the subject of a thrilling fish story that has drifted in from the Philippines.

On the northern coast of Luzon a giant octopus was seen swimming near some fishing smacks. A Filipino fisherman, wearing only a breech cloth, and wholly unarmed, sprang overboard and attacked the monster. It is not made exactly clear why the fisherman sought battle with the squid, but eyewitnesses agree that the fight took place.

The daring Filipino grappled two of the tentacles near the back of the monster and the fight was on. An American who claims to have seen it says it was beyond doubt the most extraordinary contest that ever took place in the Philippines.

The weak point in the octopus is its eyes, and these were the objective of the fisherman. He fought with his teeth and hands. When the octopus felt his grip it dived below the surface, but as the water was only up to the Filipino's shoulders he succeeded in keeping a foothold. The arms of the octopus were wrapped around the man's body and a black fluid emitted by the creature discolored the water. Repeatedly the octopus attempted to drag the Filipino under the water, but he was strong enough to successfully resist. The Filipino kept biting savagely at the eyes of the octopus. The fight lasted fifteen minutes. At the end of that time the octopus had lost both eyes and gave up the fight. Its tentacles were as large as a man's wrist and measured fifteen feet across. Although severely bruised, the Filipino sustained no dangerous injury.

An Unuttered Thought.

Two Irishmen serving in an English regiment were good chums until Rooney was raised to the rank of sergeant. Forthwith his chest expanded, and from that time on he looked down on McGrane.

One day McGrane approached Rooney, and said, "Mike,—I mean sergeant,—s'pose a private stepped up to a sergeant and called him a conceited monkey, phwhat wud happen?"

"He'd be put in the gyard-house."

"He wud?"

"He wud."

"Well, now s'pose the private on'y thought the sergeant was a conceited monkey, and didn't say a wurd about it. Wud he be put in the gyard-house?"

"Av coorse not."

"Well, thin, we'll lave it go at that."

Lesson in Boston Anatomy.

The following anecdote is being told of a youthful Bostonian who was asked by her school teacher, during a lesson in physiology, to describe the divisions and constitution of the human body.

"The body," she answered confidently, "is divided into three sections; the head, the thorax and the abdomen. The head contains the eyes, ears, nose, mouth and brains—if any; the thorax contains the lungs and the heart; the abdomen contains the stomach and the vowels, which are five, a, e, i, o and u."—Harper's Weekly.

People of Korea.

The people of Korea are neither Japanese nor Chinese. They are Mongolian, and have a polysyllabic language, with a phonetic alphabet. They have a recorded history, of disputed authenticity, which claims for them a continuous existence as a Korean people of about 5,000 years, the earlier part of which, of course, is shrouded in the mists of tradition and fable.

A New Thought.

According to Charles Booth, of the Salvation Army "the poverty of the poor is mainly the result of the competition of the very poor."

Some circulars are so-called because they are not on the square.