A DOCTOR'S MISSION

BY EMILY THORNTON

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

CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)

"My peerless darling, would I need not leave you. But a very few weeks will reunite us, never again to be parted. As soon as I return I shall want my wife. Shall I have her?"

"Yes; Earle, my Earle, will you surely be back by October fifth?"

"Yes; positively. This is but the last of August; I shall have plenty of time to reach here then. But what is to happen on that date?"

"It will be my twenty-first birthday, and then, as I told you once, a package I hold is to be opened, and I shall learn my true name, and receive a small sum, enough for my support. Had you forgotten this? Will the uncertainty of my relationships cause any change in your feelings? My dear aunt assured me there was nothing to be ashamed of in my family record."

Ethel asked this question with a sudden timidity of feeling, a dread she could scarcely account for. This dread, however, was instantly dispersed by his answer.

"Change in my feelings? Nothing but my death can change my love for you! I only hope the news you will learn on that date will increase your happiness. Whatever it may be, it shall not delay our union one hour, I promise you that; will you promise me the same?"

"I will," she murmured, "since ours will be a marriage founded on the purest love, no worldly expectations or disappointments shall sever us."

Happy in their reciprocated love, they fondly embraced and parted. Little they thought as they each passed from sight what important changes would take place in the fortunes of at least one of them before they met again.

CHAPTER XXIII.

After Dr. Elfenstein had left the castle he leaped into his gig with a light step and lighter heart, and, touching his horse with a whip, started off at a rapid pace for a village about fifteen moles distant. On the way he passed the post-office, and running in asked for his letters and papers.

Among the letters was one from New York, and the black envelope filled him with dismay, as he felt sure it was the forerunner of sorrowful news. Opening it with a trembling hand, he found his worst fears fulfilled. It contained the dreadful news of his mother's death, just two weeks before.

Poor Elfenstein! the shock was to him a terrible one. He had loved his mother tenderly, and was anticipating the greatest pleasure in soon seeing her again, and perhaps inducing her to accompany him back to his English home. Now all was vain.

Controlling his feelings as best he could, the mourning son resumed his seat and drove onward, resolved, although dazed by the suddenness of this blow, to attend to his duties to the living, even though his own heart bled.

We will not follow him upon that ride, which proved successful—a physician of well-known capability being secured to attend to his patients during his absence—nor will we paint the incidents of his voyage, which proved to be short and propitious, but will present him next to our readers when just entering Mr. Rappelye's house at Yonkers. His appearance was expected, as he had telegraphed of his arrival in New York, and intention of leaving for his residence on the early train.

A bright smile greeted him, and the firm pressure of his hand told that he was truly welcome. The sick man certainly had gained some strength since he had left, for now he sat beside a window, in a large easy chair, and it was evident that he could carry on a conversation without the presence and aid of Mr. Gray, his lawyer.

After a few polite and friendly remarks, Dr. Elfenstein drew a chair close to his side, and laying a finger upon his pulse, smilingly said, as he did so:

"I am going to see now, my dear sir, how much news you can bear to be told. Do you feel strong enough to bear a good large amount?"

Grasping his hand in one of his thin ones, the poor man answered, eagerly:

"Yes, indeed I do! If you have news that I yearn to hear, it will be better than all the medicines I have swallowed in a lifetime. Doctor, tell me at once, has the mystery been solved? Is my innocence established?"

"Perfectly established. Your brother was not murdered, only terribly abused. He has been found, and died a natural death in my own house."

Clasping his hands together, while large tears rolled over his pallid cheeks, the innocent brother raised his eyes to heaven, and murmured, reverently:

"For this, Thy great mercy, I thank Thee, O God!"

A long pause ensued, Elfenstein purposely refraining from saying more, until his first agitation had passed away. Then, as discreetly as possible, pausing every once in awhile to note the effect on his feeble form, and to watch his varying pulse, he slowly told him the whole story, leaving the reading of the affecting journal until another day.

"Oh, my brother, my poor, dear brother! how terrible must have been his feelings all those years of solitude and despair! Doctor, thus you see my own troubles have been but a speck upon the ocean compared with his."

"Most true; and now, dear sir, you must also be aware that, since both brothers are dead, you have become possessor of title and estate. Allow me to be the first to congratulate Sir Fitzroy Glendenning."

The old man received the kind pressure of his hand and tender words with deep emotion, then suddenly exclaimed:

"And to you I owe this speedy discovery and this great joy."

Bowing his head upon his clasped hands, he remained thus silent and thoughtful for several minutes. At length he broke the spell with these strange words:

"Since God in his great goodness has thus established my innocence, I am no longer afraid to own, and claim my son, and he need never be ashamed to call me father!"

"Have you, indeed, a son, my dear friend? This, then, will be to him also a joy. I did not understand that you had been married."

"I had been secretly married, and my wife, Clara Mowbrey, who was the orphan daughter of the late Presbyterian minister in a small village, came with me to America, unknown to any one, for she had no near relatives. She embarked, I say, with me, bringing our little boy, aged two years. A fever broke out on the ship, during our long passage, and my darling wife died, just two days before we arrived in port. It was after she had been lain away to rest in Greenwood, that my sickness came upon me, caused by great grief and trouble, and Mr. Elfenstein came to my relief. It was to him I solemnly gave my only child, my little Earle. I then assumed the name of Rappelye, not even his wife knowing of the change."

"Sir, what can you mean? Did I hear aright?" exclaimed Elfenstein, starting forward, pale with surprise, as this singular assertion fell upon his ears.

"You did! My dear son, you did! You are my own child and heir, Earle Elfenstein Glendenning, and to you will fall at my death my title and my estates. Come to my arms, my dear boy, for it is twenty-five years since I have held you there!"

Clasped then in a close, fond embrace, father and son shed tears together—tears of thankfulness and joy.

Thus, while Earle Glendenning still mourned for the only mother he had ever known, his mother by adoption, the wound, so suddenly inflicted, was partially healed by the gift of a fond father, over whose feeble health and declining days he now had a perfect and tender right to watch and guard.

By the time they reached Glendenning Hall Sir Fitzroy was able to walk around with a cane, and really seemed to have taken a new lease upon health and life.

With joy Earle marked this change, and when he saw how intensely happy he was thus to be restored to his own home and rightful place, and how proud to boast an honorable name and righteous life, he thanked heaven and prayed that he might be spared long to its enjoyment, for his lengthened days he knew would add to his own pleasure, as it was so sweet to own a father's love, a father's blessing.

But in his heart he felt that no hope of permanent change for the better could be possible, as his maladies were innumerable; therefore, he redoubled his watchfulness over his beloved form, standing ready to aid by skill and advice, as far as Providence would permit, to check the great weakness he felt sure would ensue as soon as a reaction, after all this excitement, should take place.

I need not describe the intense delight of the lovers when they were again united, or the surprise Ethel felt on being told that Earle had found a father since he left her, and a new, but rightful, name and inheritance. This news he had not written, preferring to tell it in person.

Sir Fitzroy was delighted with his future daughter-in-law, for Earle could not rest until he had taken Ethel to the hall, in order to make them acquainted.

His feeble health made this visit perfectly proper, and certainly gave great pleasure to the old gentleman. From that time he, as well as Earle, looked forward to the wedding day, which was finally decided to take place by the twentieth of October, with profound pleasure.

A few days after their arrival at the hall, Sir Fitzroy told his son that he felt sufficiently recruited from his fatigue, to visit the ruins, and see the room so long the prison of his unfortunate brother, and, leaning on Earle's arm, he proceeded to the mournful place.

It was well a skilled physician attended him on this sad visit, as he was greatly overcome by all he saw, that so vividly told of the cruel sufferings one he had loved had endured for twenty-five long years.

The tears he shed over each symbol of that long captivity were almost unnerving, and Earle led him away from the spot, resolving that all these harrowing remembrances should, if possible, be removed from the place. If not in his father's lifetime, at least as soon as he had passed away. But to his great surprise, after he had rested and become calm, Sir Fitzroy said voluntarily:

"I never, never wish to go there again! I have seen it all once, let that suffice. Now I wish the old ruined part with the concealed room torn down as soon as it can be done."

Earle waited for no further orders, but that very day engaged workmen to at once demolish all evidences of that sin-dyed spot, and soon an elegant gallery, for pictures and statuary, stood where had been hitherto but neglect and decay.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The time for opening the package left in Ethel's charge by Mrs. Nevergail was now fast approaching, it being the first of October, and consequently she began to feel excedingly anxious in regard to the unknown parent, who was to present himself upon the fifth.

What sort of a person should she find in him, and would he be satisfied with her attainments and appearance? These questions were continually presenting themselves to the mind of the poor girl.

On the morning of the second, a letter was placed in her hand by one of the servants, and as "private" was written on the outside, she at once repaired to her own room in order to read it while alone. The contents, to her surprise, ran as follows:

"Very strange will it seem, my daughter, to recive this, your first letter from an entirely unknown parent. Not from any lack of paternal feling have I denied myself the pleasure of seeing my only child, until she reaches her twenty-first birthday, but from a train of circumstances which made this course the wisest. I, however, am now counting the days when I shall at last clasp her in my arms, and give to her a father's kisses and blessing. I presume you have in your possession a package to be opened on that eventful day. I have seen Mr. Rogers, and he has told me of the death of your foster mother, and that you are residing at Castle Cairn. My child, I shall leave Liverpool on the morning train, reaching the castle at noon. Until my appearance on the scene, I prefer that you do not open the package. Together we will break the seal. Until then I will only sign myself your affectionate FATHER."

Noon of the long expected day at length arrived, and her grace, the Duchess of Westmoreland, who condescended to feel considerable interest in the young governess of her granddaughter, together with Lady Claire, were seated in the drawing room, striving to calm the unusual agitation of anxious and excited Ethel, who restlessly paced up and down the elegant apartment, or flitted from window to window, in order to watch the drive, to catch the first glimpse of her coming sire.

At length her weary watch was rewarded by seeing a hansom dash up to the entrance, and an elegant looking gentleman descend. One moment passed, then the door opened, and the stranger entered.

Tall, and exquisitely proportioned, with an air at once distingue and easy; handsome features and large, dark eyes; hair and full beard a rich brown, in which blended a few gray threads. This was the picture of the one who paused a moment near the threshold to survey the little group of ladies. Then, as Ethel advanced a few steps to meet him, he exclaimed:

"My darling daughter, I am rejoiced to see you!" at the same time folding her to his bosom in a joyful embrace.

(To be continued.)

GEESE CATCH FISH FOR HIM.

Canny Way in Which a Scotchman Gets His Dinner.

"An old Scotchman and neighbor of mine," says an enthusiastic angler from Rockland county, "has a method of taking fresh water fish which, to my way of thinking, excels all others for the ease ,repose and success with which it is conducted. The fisherman living on the border of Rockland Lake desires, we will say, a mess of pike, perch or pickerel, with which the waters are amply stocked. Well, he simply goes out to his barn-yard and selects a big goose or a half dozen geese as the case may be, and ties a baited line about five feet long to their feet.

"On reaching the edge of the lake with a basket containing one or more geese the fisherman turns the birds in the water. The geese swim out and the old Scotchman lights his pipe and sits down. In a few minutes a fish sees the bait and seizes it, giving the goose a good pull. The bird starts for the shore at full speed, frightened half to death, dragging the fish upon the bank where it is unhooked."

Taking Life Too Seriously.

Taking life too seriously is said to be an especially American failing. This may be true; but, judging from appearances, it would seem to be world-wide, for, go where you may, you will find the proportion of serious, not to say anxious, faces ten to one as compared with the merry or happy ones. If "the outer is always the form and shadow of the inner" and if "the present is the fullness of the past and the herald of the future" (and how can we doubt it?), how many sad histories can be read in the faces of those we meet every day! The pity of it is, too, that the sadness is a self-woven garment, even as is the joy with which it might be replaced. Ruskin says: "Girls should be sunbeams not only to members of their own circle, but to everybody with whom they come in contact. Every room they enter should be brighter for their presence." Why shouldn't all of be sunbeams, boys as well as girls, all along the way from twenty-five years and under to eighty-five years and over?

Love Letter Romance.

Half a century ago a young Englishman, while traveling, met a beautiful girl and promptly fell in love with her.

A few days later he returned home, and his first act was to write her a love letter. In it he told her that he could not be happy without her, and that if she regarded his proposal favorably he would expect a reply by the next mail.

To this letter he received no answer, and so disappointed was he that from that time until his death, which occurred recently, he shut himself up in his home and lived like a hermit. Most of his time was spent in reading, and the day after his funeral the heirs began to search the books in his library, for they thought it quite possible that the eccentric old man might have hidden some bank notes in them.

They found none, but in a tattered old pamphlet they found another kind of note, the love letter which was written fifty years ago, and which the writer had forgotten to mail.

The Origin of Pyrography.

About a century ago an artist named Cranch was standing one day in front of a fire in his home at Axminster. Over the fireplace was an oaken mantelpiece, and it occurred to Cranch that this expanse of wood might be improved by a little ornamentation. He picked up the poker, heated it red-hot and began to sketch in a bold design. The result pleased him so much that he elaborated his work and began to attempt other fire pictures on panels of wood. These met with a ready sale, and Cranch soon gave all his time to his new art. This was the beginning of what is now known as pyrography. The poker artist of to-day uses many different shaped tools and has a special furnace in which they are kept heated. The art has been elaborated greatly. The knots, curls and fibers of the wood are often worked into the design and delicate tinting produced by scorching the panel.

Jewels on an Idol.

The jewels of an Indian idol must be worth stealing if many of those remarkably hideous images possess such valuable head ornament as one made for the idol Parthasathy, in the Triplicane temple at Madras. The ornament is worth some fifty thousand rupees, and is made of sovereign gold, studded with diamonds, emeralds and rubies, the largest emerald being valued at one thousand rupees and the biggest ruby and diamond at three hundred rupees apiece.

Papa's Blessing and a Check.

Willful Daughter—Now, papa, we're married and you might as well give us your blessing.

Papa (resignedly, reaching for his checkbook)—Well, if I must, I must. How much do you want?—Baltimore American.

Not Particular.

"What kind of tobacco does he smoke?"

"Well, he never objects to mine."—Detroit Free Press.

As men grow wealthy they begin to inquire into their ancestry.

The minimum rainfall at which trees will grow is twenty inches.

HUMOR OF THE WEEK

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

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

"I met your friend, Goodman, yesterday."

"He's no friend of mine."

"What! Why, when I saw him he was buying half a dozen etchings for your parlor."

"That's just it. They came home last night and it took me three hours to hang them the way my wife wanted them."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Lost Faith and Other Things.

"Yes," said the man who had been generous with his friends, "I've lost faith in humankind to some extent."

"To what extent?"

"Well, to the extent of about $1,000 in blocks of five and ten at a time."—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Startling Prospect.

Mrs. Benton Holme—Doctor, my husband's heart beats very weakly.

Dr. Phil Graves—I'll soon stop that.

On the Park Bench.

Ernie—The professors say that there are more microbes in summer.

Jack—Well, there is more kissing in summer.

But Often.

"She's an actress; married, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Has she been married long?"

"Not long at a time."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Qualified.

"What makes Jenksey think that he can get into the Russian army?"

"He's a champion long-distance runner."—Detroit Free Press.

Taking Him Seriously.

"I will lay my fortune at the feet of your daughter," said Count Fucash.

"I understand," said Mr. Cumrox, "You mean the fortune you expect to get after you are married."—Washington Star.

A Theory.

"Why is it that so many people attempt literature and so few succeed?"

"The trouble is," answered the cynical publisher, "that when a man gets something on his mind that isn't sufficiently entertaining to interest his friends he goes away and writes a book about it."—Washington Star.

Scattering Sunshine.

"Have you done anything to make people happier?"

"Of course I have," answered Senator Sorghum. "Every time I write my name on a check some one feels happier."—Washington Star.

He Would Not Stoop So Low.

Farmer—Come, beat my carpet an' I'll give you a good dinner.

Tramp—I'm sorry, but I don't beat my way, thank you.

Woes of the Suburbanite.

Somehow he isn't filled with joy,
Because the winter's gone;
For where he used to shovel snow,
He now must mow the lawn.

A Training School.

Parker—Your friend Stone always speaks well of everybody.

Kerwin—Yes; merely force of habit.

Parker—What's the explanation?

Kerwin—He's a marble cutter, and his specialty is carving epitaphs on gravestones.

Friendly Sarcasm.

Romantic Ruth—I took a long tramp into the country yesterday afternoon.

Practical Prue—Indeed! And what was the name of your tall friend?

Snappy.

Borem—I hear she rejected you. I'll bet you felt foolish about that time.

Lover—Yes, I guess I felt just as foolish at that time as you look all the time.—Philadelphia Press.

An Insinuation.

Maude—I had some new photographs taken last week.

Clara—Did you, really?

Maude—Yes. The artist says the likeness is absolutely perfect.

Clara—And did you refuse to take them?

He Had Better Not Try It Again!

Miss June—You are married, Mrs. March, and you ought to know. Do you believe in love at first sight?

Mrs. March (looking grimly at Mr. M.)—Well, I think it can happen once.—Somerville Journal.

Following Instructions.

Judge—What was your object in assuming a disguise and passing yourself off as J. P. Morgan at that hotel?

Prisoner—Well, you see, judge, my wife is always asking me why I don't "try to be somebody," and I was doing my best to comply with her wishes.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Her Alma Mater.

"Mrs. Gossipe an alumnus," exclaimed Mrs. McFlub in surprise. "Of what institution is she a graduate, I'd like to know?"

"I'm sure I'm not aware," responded Miss Sulfuric, "but from her conversation I should imagine that it's the 'School for Scandal.'"—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The Serious Part.

Mrs. McCall—I tell you this discussion of the servant girl question is a very serious thing.

Mrs. Hume—It is, indeed. You can't tell what minute the servant girl will overhear you.—Philadelphia Ledger.

On the Jersey Coast.

Mysterious raps were heard on the walls of the summer hotel.

"Great goodness!" cried the frightened widow in room 13. "I wonder if that could be my departed husband?"

"No," growled a man in room 14, "it's people on the other floors killing mosquitoes with their slippers."

Retroactive.

"Why do you sell this brand of shirts only?" asked the transient customer.

"Because it is the most fashionable," replied the swell haberdasher.

"Indeed? What makes it the most fashionable?"

"The fact that we sell it."—Philadelphia Press.

A Wise Lecturer.

"Yes, he's got a lecture on the north pole with moving pictures and real ice."

"Indeed? When does he start out?"

"Oh, not until the weather gets very hot."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Mystery.

Garnish—I see you have my novel. I'll bet you had to look at the last page to see how it came out.

Miss Quizzer—No, I looked at the name of the publishers on the title page to see how it came out, and even now I can't understand how it was.—Boston Transcript.

Red-Headed Ones Are Smart.

Customer—You advertise typewriters half-price.

Dealer—Yes.

Customer—Well, I want to hire a red-headed one at $4.50 a week.—Somerville Journal.

Baseball Term.

A Home Run.

Domestic Bliss.

Husband—You are always looking for bargains. Was there ever a time when you wasn't a bargain hunter

Wife—Yes, dear; when I married you.

The Main Trouble.

"Does it bother you much," inquired Mrs. Pilkington, "to keep the chickens out of the garden?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Bilkington, "but what bothers me most is keeping the garden out of the chickens."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Forever Silenced.

"Does your husband find any fault with your cooking?"

"Certainly not," answered Mr. Meekton's wife. "My husband has the chafing-dish habit and is not in a position to find fault with anybody's cooking."—Washington Star.

An Oversight.

"De world owes us a livin'," said Plodding Pete.

"Yes," answered Meandering Mike, "but it neglected to make arrangements so dat we could clip it off from day to day like coupons."—Washington Star.

A Logical Assertion.

"Skimmins is one of the people who don't know the value of a dollar."

"Why, he has millions."

"Yes. But he wears a 50-cent hat and doesn't realize that one costing $1.50 is worth the difference."—Washington Star.

Timely.

"Mamie declared that she'd never say yes when the minister asked her if she would obey her husband."

"What did she say?"

"Nobody knows. There was a frightful crash of thunder just as she said it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Projectiles We Use.

We have now armor-piercing projectiles, deck-piercing projectiles, semi-armor-piercing projectiles, common forged and cast steel projectiles, cast-iron projectiles, shrapnel, and so on, in endless variety. As the work the gun, whether ashore or afloat, will have to do can be pretty clearly predicted, it would appear as though one, or at most two, kinds of projectiles were enough. These two would naturally have, the one a high penetrative power, and the other a large capacity for internal charge, giving great destructive power when the shell is burst. No one who has not examined carefully the effect of bursting a shell in a closed space can have an idea of its destructiveness. A small six-pounder shell, of about two and one-quarter inches diameter, containing three or four ounces of powder, burst in an ordinary room and breaking into twenty or thirty fragments, would probably destroy everything in the room.

In a man, that which is called conscience is largely a fear that he may be found out.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

Michael Donnelly, who has been directing the strike against the packers, is President of the Amalgamated Meat Cutters and Butcher Workmen of America. He was born in Ireland, but came to this country with his parents when quite young, and was reared in Kansas City, where he learned the trade of cattle butcher. In 1896 he succeeded George Berger, by appointment, as President of the international body, was formally elected in 1900, and has been re-elected without opposition since that time. When Mr. Donnelly first became chief of the organization it numbered but fifteen unions, with 800 members. Now there are 270 local unions, with about 40,000 members, and all the packing centers of the country are organized. It is said of Mr. Donnelly that in past years he has been successful in preventing strikes, but nevertheless has procured better wages and conditions for the industry he represents.

M. DONNELLY.

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Senator Stone, of Missouri, tells a story illustrating the differences of pronunciation in different parts of the country. "It is related," says the Senator, "that when the first tide of New England settlers began to drift to Kansas, Missourians tied a cow at each crossing of the Missouri River. If the emigrant said 'cow' he was permitted to cross, but if he pronounced it 'keow' he was told to return to the East, because the natives were satisfied that he was an evil-minded abolitionist. The Kansas people evened up by tying a bear on their side of the river, and if the emigrant said 'bear' he was given the right hand of fellowship, but if he pronounced it 'bar' he was given an hour to get back to Missouri, because he was an advocate of slavery."

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Ackley Hubbard, of Spencer, Iowa, who was recently elected president of the Iowa Bankers' Association, is a native of New York and was born in St. Lawrence County, in the Empire State, Sept. 15, 1849. He is to-day one of the most popular and well-known of the conservative bankers of his State. In 1869 he located at Spencer, Clay County, Iowa, and has since that time, with the exception of one year in California, made his home there. He was elected clerk of the courts of Clay County in 1872 and was married that same year to Miss Martha Hunt. He studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1876 and was a successful lawyer for eight years. He began his career as a banker in 1891. He is a prominent lodge man and has taken a great deal of interest in the State Bankers' Association since its organization and has been present at every one of its yearly meetings.

ACKLEY HUBBARD.

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Dr. Conan Doyle confesses that he began his literary career at the early age of 6, with a story which he wrote about a tiger that swallowed a man. He used to make up stories to tell to his schoolmates, who, for the privilege of listening to his tales, would pay him in jam tarts, of which he was inordinately fond. Young Doyle had his own way of extracting the price he wished. He would get his story worked up to some such climax as this: "While holding the rocky edge of the cliff with a grip of desperation, the hero could hear below him the continued growls of the enraged bear." Having proceeded thus far, he would refuse to proceed further unless the price paid in current tartlets of the schoolboy realm was doubled.

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To establish Christian Science in New York requires a personality of some force. Mrs. Augusta E. Stetson, the wife of a Boston shipbuilder, became a disciple of Mrs. Eddy nineteen years ago and was given New York as her field of work, where she founded the first church of the new cult and later was instrumental in securing the erection of a million dollar edifice as a place of worship. Mrs. Stetson is still in middle life and is spoken of as the successor of Mrs. Eddy in the event of the death of that lady.

MRS. STETSON.

Remarkable These Days.

"That's a remarkable child of Goodley's."

"Think so? He struck me as being a very ordinary and quiet sort of kid."

"Exactly. He is quiet and he always obeys his parents."

Diagnosis.

Softleigh—I say, doctah, do you—aw—think I have the bwain fevah?

Doctor—No, indeed; but you have the fever, all right.

The Very Reason.

Scribbles—I think I'll write a sonnet to Miss Lovey.

Crittick—Don't do it. It may turn her against you.

Scribbles—I thought she liked poetry.

Crittick—So she does.—Philadelphia Press.

England receives every month about £5,000,000 worth of new gold from Africa, and about $7,000,000 worth from Australia.

A DOUBLE RESCUE.

James F. Dockery, of the police force of St. Louis, recently received a medal for saving two boys from drowning at the risk of his own life. The story of his heroism is told in Everybody's Magazine. Dockery is used to saving life, but this was a case of swimming eighty feet into the Mississippi and bringing the boys back, in spite of the fact that one of them had a strangle hold on his neck.

Dockery was standing one evening by Wiggin's Ferry, talking with two acquaintances, when a cart containing a man and two boys drove down the levee into the river. The teamsters along the water front make it a practice, when the day's work is over, to drive their carts into the water and wash them. It seems these boys had caught on to the cart behind, and the teamster, who was a young fellow, drove right in with them.

When the water was up to the hubs he tried to turn his mule round in line with the bank, but the animal would not obey. He seemed to want to go right over to East St. Louis. In a minute mule and cart were out in the current, with the driver standing on the seat and the boys screaming with fear.

Assoon as the driver found that they were being carried off, he dived from the seat and left the little fellows to their fate.

Dockery ran down the levee like a flash, shedding his coat and helmet as he ran, jumped into the water and swam for the two boys. They were little fellows, nine or ten years old. When they saw Dockery coming one of them leaped out of the cart and floundered round in the current.

Dockery grabbed him with his left hand and kept on after the cart, which was getting farther out and sinking deeper every minute. When he got near the cart the other little fellow jumped on top of him and grabbed him round the neck, and they all went down together.

Harney and Denief, two other policemen who were waiting on the levee, thought they would all be drowned; but presently Dockery came up, puffing and blowing, and striking out with one hand.

How he ever made way, under the circumstances, is amazing, but he said afterward that he had not the heart to reach up and break that child away from the hold that was strangling him. However, just as he thought he should be obliged to do it, little Trudell slipped out of his grasp and sank out of sight. Then, with the other boy hanging to his neck, Dockery streaked for the bank.

Denief and Harney had a plank ready and were wading out to meet him. When he reached them they broke the hold of the Reddish boy and took him in, while Dockery turned back for little Trudell. When the policeman got near him the youngster was going down for the third time. Dockery dived, got him, and swam back. He was pretty well exhausted when Denief and Harney finally helped him up the levee.

My Kid.

I tell you what, you'll seldom find a kid
Much smarter than the one 'at calls me "Paw,"
If I begun to tell you what he did,
The trouble 'at he gives me an' his Maw,
'Twould take a month o' Sundays, I sh'd say.
He's allus cuttin' up some sort o' shine,
An' then, by Jucks! he's got the slickest way
O' workin' me, that little kid o' mine.

The racket 'at he makes around the place
Beats all git out, for one as small as him.
The heap o' dirt he gits upon his face
An' han's is suthin' won'erful. The limb
Keeps both of us a hustlin' 'round, an' then
We never sorter make him toe a line.
But I can't keep a mad up at him when
I think it's jest that little kid o' mine.

It's kinder lonesome when them noises cease
At night an' he is tucked up in his bed.
We reerlize 'at quiet isn't peace
An' ruther have him 'round a raisin' Ned.
I tiptoe up to where he lays asleep,
All rosy—an' I ask the Pow'r Divine
'At, if it's all the same to Him, to keep
The Devil in that little Kid o' mine.

—Leslie's Monthly.

All Signs Failed.

Words are the only means of expressing some ideas. As two of the characters argue in one of Dr. Hale's stories, gestures will not express the Declaration of Independence nor the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." A funny instance of the failure of signs appears in a story told by the New York Sun:

"I shall never forget my first visit to Madrid," said a lady. "I was the only member of our party who knew any Spanish, and I knew but one word, that one being 'leche'—milk—but by means of gesture we managed to get along until breakfast was served. Then, as luck would have it, the maid brought my coffee without any milk, and, also, as luck would have it, I promptly forgot the one word of Spanish I knew, and which of all words was the one most wanted at the moment.

"This time neither gesture nor yelling was of any avail, so at last in desperation I seized a piece of paper and pencil, and drew a picture of a cow. Thereupon the maid tripped off, and came back with three tickets to the bullfight.

Not Four.

"Yes, she's swell enough," said the Chicago girl.

"But her forefathers?" suggested the Boston girl.

"Oh, gracious, don't make it any worse than it really is! She's only nad three."—Philadelphia Press.

It is surprising how young a man is when his folks decide that he is too old to be allowed to spend his money, and how old another man is when his family think he is still young enough to be earning it.

We'll bet you are a great big baby when you are sick.