

A DOCTOR'S MISSION

BY EMILY THORNTON
Author of "ROY RUSSELL'S RULE,"
"GLENROV," "THE FASHIONABLE MOTHER," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.—(Continued.)
Holding her away from him, he sought for another look at her beautiful face, he added:
"My child, you are the perfect image of your mother, and in my partial eyes she was the most beautiful woman I have ever seen."
These words were spoken to her as a compliment, but she did not catch their meaning, and murmuring in return that she must introduce him to the waiting physician, she allowed her to lead him forward, while she presented him as "my father."

Drawing close to her, as he went, she introduced, he turned a half quizzical look full upon her, which caused her to spring up hastily as she met it, exclaiming:
"Edward! Can this be my son Edward?"

"My own, dear mother! then you do know me after all these years?" was the answer as he held forth his arms to embrace her.

Amused at this unlooked-for revelation, Ethel and Lady Claire clasped hands in mutual sympathy, and looked on in silent wonder.

After this loud greeting, the duke turned and seized his sister's hand, while he held her ever near, after which he took Ethel's hand and leading her to his mother, said:
"Now, dearest mother, let me ask for a share of your love to be given to my daughter, Lady Ethel Worthington, for in her you see your own granddaughter."

"Edward, this is a surprise indeed," returned her grace, as she pressed the sweet girl in her bosom and kissed her bright young hair. "Ethel has already won our affection during her brief residence here, without knowing that she could lawfully claim them. But now, please, tell your mother who you married, and why you kept your marriage so long a secret?"

Before answering her question, my dear mother, will you please to open the package left in Ethel's charge?"

Taking the small bundle of what seemed papers and letters from his daughter's hand, the duke cut the strings and drew forth the contents.

The first thing to meet the eye was a marriage certificate, setting forth that on Oct. 18, 18—, just twenty-two years before, in New York City, Edward Worthington, only son of Charles, third Duke of Westmoreland, was united in marriage to Florence Neversall, daughter of the late John Neversall of London, by Rev. Henry Morris, D. D.

Next came to view a magnificent circle diamond ring which he had given to her at the time of their engagement, and a plain gold band, containing their joint initials and the date of their marriage. The last was his wife's wedding ring.

Then appeared a small basket, set with diamonds, containing the likeness of both, and as the duke gazed at the picture which it was attached, Edward's neck, he held her away, it hereafter, "for the sake of her parents."

As the duchess and Lady Claire looked at the beautiful face of Ethel's poor, young mother, they were each struck with the likeness she bore to the picture, and thought how might almost have been its original.

"Now, my dear mother and daughter, I will tell you I have so long concealed the fact of my marriage. You, mother, can scarcely blame me when you remember the set and stern disposition my father ever possessed. His will was law, his rule a rod of iron, and a child daring to disobey him was sure to be punished with the utmost severity."

"When I was only a stripling of nineteen years I had accompanied my father to a fox hunt, and after the chase was over, on our return ride he commenced talking about my being heir to his title and wealth, and about the influence he had that when I married I should select a wife from a certain number of ladies belonging to the nobility."

"Father," I replied, "I have always expected to love some sweet young girl, and to lead a private life. To this she consented, but my father's expectations were a sudden and grievous disappointment," was his stern reply.

"When his horse so that he faced me in the road, he extended his right hand towards me, and then and there took this solemn oath:
"Once for all, Edward, hear me and mark what I say: I solemnly call on heaven to witness that never will I consent to your wedding any person not in your rank in life! Never, boy, remember that. Never!"

"From that hour matrimony and ladies lost all charms for me. I, as you know, mingled little in society, and found my chief amusement in study, hunting and traveling. When about twenty-six years old I went to America, and while in New York I accidentally met Gertrude Neversall, who was the daughter of Sir Geoffrey Glendinning, our neighbor at the hall. She, in making what they considered a phibetian marriage, had been seduced and abandoned by her proud father and all her friends and relatives."

"With her husband and his young orphan sister, Florence Neversall, they had left England; and Neversall soon became a talented lawyer, respected and resolved into the best society in New York City."

"It was then, at their house, I first met and passionately loved my beautiful Florence. Infatuated to the wildest degree with this young lady, I could not leave the place, and before many weeks passed I discovered that she reciprocated my warm devotion."

"When she did confess her feelings, I saw at once that asking for the consent of my father would be useless, so I urged a private marriage. To this she consented, if I could gain the approbation of her brother and his wife."

"In remembrance of their own happy life, brought about by a marriage solely for love, their consent was given, and in their presence we were united."

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RUSSIA'S BEAUTY COLONY.

"An Earthly Olympus Peopled with Apollon and Hebe."
At the time of the Russo-Turkish war M. Reshetnikoff, struck with the inferior, ill-nourished physique of many recruits, set aside annually out of his large fortune the sum of 10,000 rubles for the purpose of eliminating the unfit by encouraging marriage only between young people of exceptional beauty, health and intelligence.

To attain this end he employed as workers on his estate only the handsomest and healthiest villagers. These he encouraged to enter upon matrimony by free grants of land, payments of all marriage fees and an annuity of 50 rubles a year for every child born.

He succeeded in removing from his estate by rather harsh means all deformed and sickly persons and attracting handsome girls from all parts of the province by granting them valuable privileges. Those who refused to marry the partners he selected were unceremoniously deported.

Since the institution of this human beauty farm forty model marriages have taken place and over 100 children have been born, nearly all of them being immensely superior to the average Russian peasant children in strength and beauty.

The girls in particular are remarkable for their graceful carriage and lithe, active forms.

A marriage has just been celebrated there with exceptional display owing to the fact that the bridegroom and his bride are the first couple both of whom sprang from unions arranged by M. Reshetnikoff.

The bridegroom, a handsome peasant named Vanilleff, of splendid physique, and the bride, a lovely girl of 18, were driven to church in M. Reshetnikoff's carriage and given as dowry a large wooden cottage and a plot of land. Hundreds of persons witnessed the ceremony, and at the wedding breakfast M. Reshetnikoff delivered an eloquent speech, in which he welcomed "the second generation of his nurslings who are to make holy Russia an earthly Olympus peopled with Apollon and Hebe."

A London playgoer, who had drunk deeply at his dinner, appeared at the box office of one of the principal theaters, and put down a sovereign, asking for the best seat in the house. His condition was so evident that the man in the box office politely declined to sell him a ticket. "What's the matter?" demanded the applicant, "what's the matter with me?" "Well, if you really want to know," responded the ticket seller, "you're drunk. The frankness of this reply had rather a sobering influence upon the playgoer. He sat up at the sovereign with dignity. "Of course I'm drunk," he said, cheerfully, as he turned to go; "I wouldn't come to see this play if I were sober, would I?"

At the Democratic convention, William J. Bryan was held up by a lot of camera fiends, for whom he obligingly posed. A stranger, accompanied by his five-year-old daughter, came up, announced that he had voted for Bryan twice, and asked the privilege of shaking hands with him. The privilege was granted, and Bryan also took the little girl's hand. As he did so, a camera flash shouted: "Hold her hand, Mr. Bryan." Mr. Bryan complied. More photographers appeared on the scene, and desired the pose to continue. It did continue for over five minutes. "I'm glad my wife isn't here," said Mr. Bryan, when he was at last released from his captivity, "holding a girl's hand this way for five minutes in a public street!"

QUEER STORIES

The man who first made steel pens got \$1 for each one.

It is said that the Turks were the first to bury their dead in cemeteries adorned with ornamental headstones.

The United States produced last year thousands of pounds of tea the past year; the farms being in North Carolina and Texas.

Johns Hopkins has one professor to every four students, Yale one to every nine, and Columbia, Harvard and Pennsylvania one to every ten.

Salomon Shattuck, of Hollis, claims to have the best teeth for a man of his years in New Hampshire, if not in New England. He is 63 years of age, and with the exception of four wisdom teeth, which were extracted several years ago, and one lost when a boy, he has all his teeth in perfect condition. Local dentists say his is the most remarkable case they ever knew of.

The United States constitutes the richest nation on the globe. Malhall furnishes these figures: United States, \$81,750,000,000; Great Britain, \$29,030,000,000; France, \$17,500,000,000; Germany, \$10,200,000,000; Russia, \$12,425,000,000; Austria, \$22,500,000,000; Italy, \$10,500,000,000; Spain, \$11,300,000,000. These computations are based upon values as shown by real estate records, buildings, merchandise and railroads, as well as the circulating medium in each nation.

Three of the day women on the Revolutionary War pension roll are New Englanders. They are Hannah Newell Barrett, of Boston, Mass., aged 208, pensioned by special act as the daughter of Noah Harrod, who served 16 years as private with the Massachusetts line; Esther S. Damon, of Plymouth, Vt., 98, pensioned as the widow of Noah Damon, who served in the Massachusetts line from April, 1775, to May, 1780; and Rhoda Augusta Thompson, of Woodbury, Conn., aged 82, pensioned by special act as the daughter of Thaddeus Thompson, who served six years as private in Col. John Lamb's New York regiment.

Prof. Hans Molisch of Prague has reported to the Vienna Academy of Sciences the discovery of a lamp lighted by means of bacteria, which he claims will give a powerful light and be free from danger, thus being valuable for work in mines and powder magazines. The lamp consists of a glass jar in which a living of saltpetre and gelatine, inoculated with bacteria, is placed. Two days after inoculation the jar becomes illuminated with a wonderful bluish-green light, caused by the innumerable bacteria which have developed in the time. The light will burn brilliantly for from two to three weeks, afterward diminishing in brightness. It renders faces recognizable at a distance of two yards, and large type is easily legible by it. Prof. Molisch asserts that the lamp yields a cold light, which is entirely safe.

A Hospitable Heart.
Frederick Goodall, of the Royal Academy, tells in his "Reminiscences" a good story of Jenny Lind. The Swedish singer never quite mastered our language, and her habits of thinking and feeling remained just what they had been in her childhood.

Her ideas in English were perfectly charming, although they were expressed with a foreign accent. The naïveté in many of her remarks was captivating.

Once when the talk turned on the subject of mice, an animal for which ladies are believed to entertain feelings akin to terror,—why I have never been able to understand,—Jenny Lind contributed to the discussion the quaint phrase:
"I have a hole in my heart for ze beetle mouse."

Sometimes it happens that a man is so cross around home that there is as much excitement when he smiles as there was when he smiled when he was a month-old baby.

A woman may enjoy having an operation performed by a noted doctor, but a man doesn't.

GOOD Short Stories

Captain Cuttle's famous watch, which would keep "correct" time only by various shakings and shufflings of the hands during the day, is matched by a Yorkshireman's clock. He resented the imputation that there was anything wrong with it. "It goes just what you want," he said, "when its hands are at twelve, it strikes two, and then at three, it strikes four, and then at four, it strikes five, and then at five, it strikes six, and then at six, it strikes seven."

De Wolf Hopper says that his small dog was given a diary, and one of his first entries in it was "got up at seven." He showed it to his mother, and she corrected his sentence. "Got up?" she exclaimed in horror; "does the sun get up?" It rises! The youngster carefully erased the offending words, and wrote, "Rose at seven." And on retiring for the night he carefully inscribed in his diary, "Set at eight."

An ordinary echo is a curious thing; but according to the statements of a Frenchman at a watering place in the Pyrenees, one echo on the Franco-Spanish frontier is far from ordinary. "As soon as you have spoken," said the Frenchman, who had secured an audience of wild-eyed tourists, "you hear distinctly the voice sent from rock to rock, from precipice to precipice, and as soon as it has passed the frontier it assumes the Spanish tongue!"

The story is told of a meeting of creditors who were trying to settle the affairs of a merchant who had failed for a large amount. He insisted that his assets were absolutely nothing—that his wife owned the house in which he lived; that the family farm was the property of his daughter; that the store belonged to his son. "I have nothing," he said, "except my body, which you can divide among you." "Well, shentleman," spoke up a Jewish creditor, "if you do not, I speak right now for his sake!"

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superstition about upsetting salt being long. In stretching out to dip his hand in the dish Judas is said to have upset the salt, and the ancient painters of that sacred feast often depict an overturned salt cellar.

Why Friday, a day sacred to Venus, should be considered unlucky it is difficult to say, unless we refer the idea to that Italian proverb which declares that Bacchus, Tobacco and Venus are the cause of all the misfortunes of men. The mysterious influence of horseshoes is still believed by an incredible number of people. This superstition owes its origin to the crescent moon, to the horned head-dress of Isis, and of Diana, who wore the crescent above her brow. Many curious superstitions are attached to portraits, which are derived from the mythology of the Egyptians. Certain persons gravely assure one that the wrath of the departed has power to materialize now and then, and to watch over the living members of his race so long as his portrait exists. It was to keep for the departed some portion of their earth life that the Egyptians devoted such attention to the preservation of the mummy. Superstitions are difficult to shake off. It is consulting if a trayful of glasses falls down to remember that broken glass is lucky; and if one is annoyed by a spider that persists in holding high revel on one's pillow, one likes to say to one's self that a spider seen at night is an excellent omen, and so on. However, like the belief in fairies, our superstitions will, no doubt, slowly disappear and only be remembered as subjects for jeering by the matter-of-fact mortals of the twenty-fifth century.—London Doctor.

Chinese school teachers do not strengthen the brains of children with algebra and calculus, but stuff them with Confucian morals, says a writer in the Chicago Record-Herald. He further declares that in China he found no wit or imagination, but tells the following incidents, which prove that the Chinaman has good unconscious substitutes for one of the other:

One day in Shanghai, when I was feeling sick, I called a Chinaman to me and said, "John, do you have good doctors in China?"

"Good doctors?" he exclaimed. "China have best doctors in world!"

"Eudon, over there," I said, pointing to a house covered with a doctor's signs, "do you call him a good doctor?"

"Eudon good doctor?" he exclaimed. "He great! He best doctor in China. He save my life once!"

"You don't say so?" I said. "How was it?"

"Me velly sick," he said, confidentially. "Me call Doctor Han Kou. Give me medicine. Get velly well sick! Me call Doctor Sam Sing. Give me medicine. Me grow worse. Going to die! Blimey call Doctor Eudon. He no get time, no come. He save my life!"

In Chicago my wife engaged a Chinese cook. When he came she asked his name. Shaking hands with himself and smiling, he said, "My name Yung Hang Ho."

"Oh, that's too long," said my wife. "I can't remember all that. I call you John."

"All right," he said, smiling. "What your name?"

"My name," said my wife, slowly, "is Mrs. Melville D. Loudon."

"Hi!" cried John. "Too long name! Can't remember all lot. Call you Charley."

MANY USES FOR PAPER.
Japanese Excel in Manufacture of This Product.

From the bark of trees and shrubs the Japanese make scores of papers, which are far ahead of ours, says the National Geographic Magazine. The walls of the Japanese houses are wooden frames covered with this paper, which keeps out the wind, but lets in the light, and when one compares these paper-walled "doll houses" with the gloomy bamboo cabins of the inhabitants of the island of Java or the small-windowed huts of our forefathers one realizes that, without glass and in a rainy climate, these ingenious people have solved in a remarkable way the problem of lighting their dwellings and, at least in a measure, of keeping out the cold.

Their oilied papers are astonishingly cheap and durable. As a cover for his load of tea when a rainstorm overtakes him the Japanese farmer spreads over it a tough, pliable cover of oiled paper, which is almost as impervious as tarpaulin and as light as gossamer. He has sometimes carried this cover for years, neatly packed away somewhere about his cart. The "riksha" coolies in the large cities wear mantles of this oiled paper, which cost less than 18 cents and last for a year or more with constant use.

An oiled tissue paper, which is as tough as writing paper, can be had at the stationers for wrapping up delicate articles. Grain and meal sacks are almost always made of bark paper in Japan, for it is not easily penetrated by weevils and other insects. But perhaps the most remarkable of all the papers which find a common use in the Japanese household are the leather-papers of which the tobacco pouches and pipe cases are made. They are almost as tough as French kid, so tough that one can nearly see through them, and as pliable and soft as calfskin. The material of which they are made is as thick as cardboard, but as flexible as kid.

Her Challenge.
They sat on the rustic bench counting the freddies.

"Darling," he whispered softly, "may I print a kiss on your cherry lips?" The beautiful girl stared at him searchingly.

"Do you belong to the Printers' Union?" she asked quickly.—Chicago News.

Reason Enough for It.
Cholly—Your dog looks sad.

Bobby—Yes; six says she guessed he knows I named him after you.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Some women wear white dresses too long.

OLD FAVORITES

Yankee Doodle.
Father and I went down to camp,
Along with Cap'n Goodby,
And there we saw the men and boys
As thick as hasty puddin'.

Chorus.
Yankee doodle, keep it up,
Yankee doodle dandy—
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy.

And there we see a thousand men,
Upon a slapping stallion,
And what they wanted every day
I wish it could be saved.

The lasses they eat every day
Would keep a house in winter;
They have so much that I'll be bound
They eat it when they're under ten.

And there I see a swampin' gun,
Larger as a log of maple,
Upon a deuced little cart,
A load for father's cattle.

And every time they shoot it off
It takes a horn of powder,
And makes a noise like father's gun,
Only a nation louder.

I see a little barrel, too,
The heads were made of leather;
They knocked on it with little clubs
To rattle the folks together.

And there was Cap'n Washington
And gentle folks about him;
They say he's grown so 'farnal proud
He will not ride without 'em.

He got him in his nesting clothes
Upon a slapping stallion
A civil order to his men—
I guess there was a million.

The flaming ribbons in his hat,
They looked too 'farnal fat,
I wanted kindly to get
To give to my mamma.

And then they'd fly away like fun,
And play on cornstalk fiddles,
And some had ribbons red as blood
All wound about their middles.

Old Uncle Sam came there to change
Some pan-cakes and some onions
For 'lasses to carry home
To give his wife and young ones.

I see another snarl of men
A-digging graves, they told me,
So 'farnal long, so 'farnal deep
They tended they should hold me.

It scared me so I hoked it off,
Nor stopped, as I remember,
Nor turned about, till I got home
Locked up in mother's chamber.—
Dr. Richard Shuckburgh.

Joke on the Joker.
One day in Milwaukee, Eugene Field was walking along with his friend, George Yenowine, when the latter halted in front of a bookshop and said:
"Gene, the proprietor of this place is the most serious man I ever knew. He never says a joke in his life. Wouldn't it be a good chance to try for that expurgated Mrs. Hemans?"

Without a word Field entered, asked for the proprietor, and then made the usual request.

"That is rather a scarce book," came the reply. "Are you prepared to pay a fair price for it?"

"For just a second Field was taken aback; then he said: "Certainly, certainly; I—I know it is rare."

The man stepped to a case, took out a cheaply bound volume, and handed it to Field, saying: "The price is \$5."

Field took it nervously, opened to the title page, and read in correct print: "The Poems of Mrs. Felicia Hemans, Selected and Arranged with All Objectionable Passages Expunged by George Yenowine, Editor of 'Isaac Watts for the Home.' The Fireside Hannah More, etc., with the usual publisher's name and date at the bottom."

Field glanced up at the bookseller. He stood there the very picture of sad solemnity.

"I'll take it," said Field faintly, producing the money.

Outside Yenowine was musing. At his office the boy said that he had just left, saying that he was going to Standing Rock, Dak., to keep an appointment with Sitting Bull.—Saturday Evening Post.

Photographing Lightning.
Any boy or girl who has a camera and a good stock of patience may secure a photograph of lightning. The patience is needed in waiting for the lightning. When a thunder shower comes at night keep a sharp lookout for an opportunity to secure your picture. You cannot get a picture of lightning during every thunder shower. Clouds or a heavy downpour of rain often conceals the flash from view, and we have "sheet lightning." It is useless to photograph this, but you may by its light get an interesting picture of the landscape.

When the sharp "chain lightning" comes, select a window from which you can see it well, or if it is not raining, go out of doors and set the camera on the tripod focused as for a distant view and pointed toward that quarter of the heavens in which the lightning is most frequent. The diaphragm should be set to the largest opening that is ever used, the slide drawn, and the lens uncovered as for a time exposure. Then follows a wait or two, five or even twenty minutes, until a bright flash comes within the field of view of the camera, when the lightning takes its own picture. Then cover the lens, push in the slide, and you are ready to try again on a fresh plate.—St. Nicholas.

Has a Level Head.
"That architect is making a big hit with his new scheme for suburban residence."

"What's the game?"
"To every man who gives him a contract for the building of a suburban residence he guarantees a constant supply of servant girls for ten years' time."—Philadelphia Press.

After a man has boarded a number of years, he begins to think a vegetable garden a more beautiful sight than a flower garden.

Some women wear white dresses too long.

LAD'S TROUT PRESERVE.

Discovery Made by Some Anglers in the White Mountains.
A little party of trout fishermen have been resting here for a few days after an excursion into the northern part of Maine. They had intended to try their favorite fly at its native place, Farmachenee Lake, and they were tired out, though not from landing fish.

The fine trout served for breakfast at one of the hotels excited their curiosity not a little.

"Caught right here, gentlemen, brought in just about alive by a slip of a boy no taller than that," was the reply their questioning brought.

A careful watch was set and the lad was captured as he came to the kitchen door with a tin full of handsome and uniform three-quarter pound fish. Liberal offers of silver induced him to take the men to his stream that evening.

At his suggestion the anglers took their customary tackle with them, though there was not much sense nor any fun about fly fishing in a two-foot brook in the depths of the Adirondacks with nine-foot rods. However, by following directions, standing well back from the water, and using very short lines, a few little trout were taken, some of them as much as five inches long.

"That's the way it used to be with me," commented their young guide, "it was a good while before I got into the way to catch the good ones. You hev to kind of work up to it, I guess."

Now, one of the anglers was up to most of the tricks of the trade, and he noted two facts which rather upset his faith in the good intentions of the guide. One was that the boy did no fishing himself and the other was that the fingerlings captured were in general appearance very unlike the crimson beauties furnished to the hotel.

This angler had a private interview with the lad before they parted, and by skillfully dangling a \$5 bill before his eyes managed to exact a promise from him to furnish further information respecting the trout fishery next morning.

Accordingly, last Tuesday, found the old angler and the lad at daylight in the heart of the woods, a mile or more back from the famous Notch, and a good half mile from the brook. Covered in by rank growing ferns and willow brush was an evidently artificial ditch, fifty yards long and three feet deep, fed by a mountain spring and trickling out through a stoutly plied dam of round stones.

Into this the youngster scattered handfuls of chopped liver and a pickle bottle full of another grasshoppers. The water was fairly alive with trout, which were seemingly accustomed to be fed by hand, as they were quite bold in coming to the surface after the hoppers.

Slipping back into the woods for a minute the lad reappeared with a square wire frame. This fitted into the sides of the ditch, between stones set for the purpose.

The young fisherman then stepped into the water a few yards below the screen, and walked up toward it. When about three feet from it he dug a scoop made like a square landing net with wire meshes into the water, and brought it up to the surface, full of beautiful trout, similar to those sold to the hotels.

The righteous soul of the angler was mightily grieved for the moment, until the gateless lad volunteered the information:

"It was warm and me worked this thing out. It cost \$15 to get the digging done, and then we bought the young fish from a traveling agent two years ago."

"There ain't such an awful lot of money in it as you'd think. Last year all we got was \$45, because the fish was only little. This summer what you're going to give me makes us \$80, and pop says maybe we'll get our 5 per cent out of it."

"Yep, 5 per cent, that's \$150, you know. The whole thing cost us \$30 all right enough. Pop says it's no sort of a 'restment as don't give 5 per cent."

The lad was no poacher after all. He was simply an active partner in a fish preserving company of original ideas respecting percentages.—New York Sun.

ELECTRICITY ON RAILROADS.

Experiment Tried in Great Britain Promises to Save in Cost.

Some interesting facts concerning the economy of operating motor-propelled trains upon the subsidiary and feeding sections of a trunk railroad, in comparison with the expense of maintaining and working similar lines of steam locomotives and short trains, have been furnished by the Taff Vale Railroad of Great Britain.

The running cost per train mile by motor car equals 4.18 cents, as compared with 10.22 cents by steam locomotive and four car