Brutus never licked a Roman postage

an honorable man. Edward VII. looks after the household in person now and makes the toadies stand in line.

Education is the best cure for crime. It costs less to build additions to schoolhouses than it does to enlarge our jails.

The idea of an island for anarchists is not a bad one. Why not buy Iceland and let the king-killers till the soil there?

He can go there and marry a school not been encouragingly successful. But It is reported that a lot of more or

There are now additional opportuni-

manly art of self-government. A Western woman tried to commit she received a number of offers of mar-

The disappearance after an earthquake of a high mountain in Japan is dies, even the most progressive and is as I supposed. The man who exearth of ours isn't so thick and solid all but when home cooking and industries over as it might be.

Brooklyn has a preacher who before entering the ministry was a member of the city police force. The influence of Like Home?" habit, if nothing else, should cause him to arrest the attention of his congrega-

A horrid man has planted himself firmly in the pathway of civilization and progress and is demanding that his wife, who has become a missionary, come home and look after her four children. The brutality of man continues to assert itself.

A man in a New York hospital has had his head opened and a clot of blood removed from the brain, so that he is on the high road to recovery from total paralysis. We seem to be nearing the point where a human being can be taken entirely apart and put together again as good as new.

Our Presidents are oftener attacked because they oftener expose themselves to attack. Assassination is commoner among them than among any other chiefs of state because it is easier. All the customs of their office invite it and throw wide open the door of opportunity to every maniac or fanatic who may be seized with a murderous impulse.

Because a man is born into the world with this mental distortion, which permits him under the influence of others to become a murderer, society requires for its reasonable protection that he shall not have the incentive to murder put upon him through the words of others, and if he indicates the least disposition in that direction that he shall be securely confined as one whose incapacity for orderly reasoning was likely to lead him to take the life of an-

An advocate of the metric system argues that our present weights and refrains from similar controversies measures put us out of touch with the abroad, even when he knows the lancommerce of the world, except that of guage of the country. Therefore for-England, and even there he discovers some amusing discrepancies. The articans will not altogether lose their cles we send her, he notes, are mainly grain, sold by the bushel, which differs from the English bushel; petroleum, sold by the gallon, which differs from the English gallon; and meat and cotton, sold by the pound, which fortun- er extremities, and he explains his ately corresponds with the English statement as follows: "The moment

The enormous extent of the summer hotel business in this country is but little understood or appreciated. The Hotel Gazette estimates that we spend \$500,000,000 a year for summer vacations. Upward of 10,000,000 flee annually from the cities to the mountains and seashore. There are between 20,000 and 25,000 summer hotels in the counth the Southern foot is accounted for in try and they employ about 300,000 peo- the same way-that is, of course, the ple, New York State alone has about Southern man's foot. The women never 4.000 summer hotels. The largest sin- elevate. Englishmen have whopping gle resort in the country is at Atlantic big feet, which they keep plastered City, with a summer population of down on the ground or floor at all about 200,000, and an average of 15,000 times, as if afraid of letting something employes. It is estimated that \$20, get away from them. They have gout 000,000 is spent at Atlantic City every in their feet in consequence."-New season for this form of entertainment. York Press.

There is an evolution in small things as well as in great ones, and perhaps it is the small things that tell which way the winds of evolution blow. In the days when cardboard air castles hung from chandeliers and decorated snow shovels leaned conspicuously against marble mantels it was the fashion to place mottoes worked by feminine hands upon the walls of our homes. These mottoes were usually of a religlous character and were in the nature of a prayer to the Delty to "bless our home," or "feed our lambs." It is still the custom to hang quotations upon private walls, but now they usually express the possessor's own theory of life and serve as reminders of his responsibilities. A favorite quotation that is now winning the distinction of wall space is from Robert Louis Stevenson and runs as follows: "To be honest, to be kind-to earn a little and to spend a little less, to make upon the whole a family happier for his presence, to renounce when that shall be necessary and not be embittered, to keep a few friends but these without capitulation -above all, on the same grim condition, to keep friends with himselfhere is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy." Of course, to hang a quotation upon the walls of of an Atchison school, with an address head; the cadet might be so disheartone's own house is a different thing he had learned by heart, and the chilfrom hanging it upon the walls of one's | dren are still "mocking" him. heart, and it is quite possible to stare every day at a hand-painted motto without once making an effort to make it a thing of practice, but that such the plate is apology enough for any ficer of the guard suddenly came across sentiments should be sufficiently popu- man.

lar as to be deemed worthy of frames and places of honor upon domestic walls is a proof of a prevailing healthy

moral tone Is the housewife becoming extinct? Madame Henri Schmall declares that she is. She gives reasons for her belief, which is a hope as well as a belief. Madame Schmall is an Englishwoman, the wife of a Frenchman, and has devoted herself largely to the instamp behind its back-and Brutus was terest of "woman's rights" in France. According to this independent lady the extinction of the housewife is greatly to be desired. Woman has progressed beyond the state of servitude to the home, and in the near future the wife "will have nothing whatever to do with her husband's dinner except to partake of it." Of course husbands will continue to eat and to have dinners as formerly, but Madame Schmall expects the cook and the kitchen to disappear from the household, and the dinner to be served by a "universal provider." The idea is neither strictly original nor even novel. It has been tried in sevties for a young man in the Philippines. eral instance in this country, and has

tifled in assuming that when she has or eyes in the back of your head." less damaged American puglists are the direction of the enterprise it will keepers and servants jobbing by the him?"

> at least, is no longer the easily plucked bird he was once. As a consequence he has lost the popularity he once enjoyed to be plundered is not respected by those who do the plundering, but he is no longer so much sought after. The hotel servants say that the Americans are now the least profitable of their silly prodigality. They got it partly name on it." through ignorance. They did not know the legitimate charges or tips in foreign countries, were unwilling to ask about That ignorance is passing away. The of men in this great city?" number of Americans who make freland and France, is increasing. Little few minutes he returned, saying: by little these tourists have learned the ropes. They have found out the phone, West 6309." foreign scale of remuneration for cer- I had risen as he entered, but I stagthat scale. They do so all the more overcome. igidly when they recall past occasions when they have been imposed on. But every year Americans are going to Europe for the first time, full of inexperience and full of the notion that it is and not to make a row when overcharged. The man who at home will argue for half an hour with a street car conductor over a question of 5 cents eigners who live by plucking Ameri-

American harvest. Why They Don't Have Gout.

A writer says that typical Southerners very rarely have gout in their lowone sits down he looks about for some object upon which to elevate his feet, usually resting them on a chair or window sill if indoors or the balustrade if on the porch or plazza. Now, the location of gout being simply a question of specific gravity, it does not descend to the feet because of this habitual elevation. If it should get there it would be obliged to climb. The smallness of

The Lost Flag.

As H. M. S. Ringdove was cruising past one of the Solomon group of islands in the Pacific, the lookout reported that the British flag was not flying. An How One West Point Cadet Avoided armed body of marines was promptly sent ashore to inquire the reason.

The chief did not, according to a British Columbia paper, waste words in replying. He summoned his favorite to her. She was clothed from head to foot in the missing Union Jack, the flag having been cut and fashloned into a

loose-fitting blouse and skirt. This, of course, does not settle the question whether trade follows the flag or the flag follows trade in the cannoncovered advance of empire, but it does who "flunked" in his final examinaprove conclusively that the ladies of the tion in his fourth year. He was a pop-Pacific islands, when they acquire civ. ular fellow and his classmates felt sorilization, will not need to take lessons of ry for him. They were all to doff the their Angle-Saxon sisters in the art of gray for the blue in a few days and the "making over."

enough to speak before school children, of a class of more than 60. and advise them to mind the teacher. and behave, and study, and become before graduation day Mr. X .- let him great men and women, but school chil- be called that-was obliged to be on dren are flerce critics. A little man sentry duty. The officer of the guard recently appeared before the children that night got a sudden idea into his

When a woman burns the steak she odds were against his future. thinks that a flower laid beside it on It was a dark, rainy night. The of-

SHERLOCK HOLMES, JR

CHICAGO PARODY ON DOYLE'S WONDER DETECTIVE.

An Example of His Marvelous Powers of Deduction as They Strike the Mod- a test of the cadet's soldierly qualiern Newspaper Writer-History of ties. The answer came quickly to the an Exchanged Umbrella.

Sherlock Holmes, Jr., was seated at | cadet came to a "right shoulder shift," his desk with his back toward me as I as it was called in those days, paced by

entered. "Good morning," he said, writing away without turning his head, "that's a fine umbrella vou're carrying."

A queer feeling came over me as he must be in league with unseen powers. was so good it could not keep, and it I carried the umbrella under my arm, and even if I had struck the floor with "Sherlock," I said, "you cause my

me you know by deduction that I carry ly to be put back for another year's avoid meeting her. There was an etia fine umbrella, but that will not satisfy me. There is nothing to deduce high honors in the following June and perhaps the conditions were not favor- from. I cannot account for it only on | was my commander in the Philippines able, and Madame Schmall may be just the theory that you have second sight six months ago."—New York Journal.

"My dear Whatson," he said, smiling going to Cuba to teach the natives the result in a perfection satisfactory to and swinging around in his chair, "you the most advanced woman. Whether are unusually dull this morning. Don't the world will be better or humanity you see that I have the mirror over the happier when madam, the house- there hung so that no one can enter the suicide and failed, and right afterward wife, has disappeared, and whether door without passing within the range the "universal provider" will fill the of my vision, even though my back is riage. This shows how advertising bill of "home cooking," are questions turned? I arranged that all myself. which must be answered by experi- Who but the greatest of all deducers ment and not by pure reasoning. There would ever have thought of it? Ah, is every disposition to gratify the la- let me examine your umbrella. Yes, it most thoroughly emancipated ladies; changed with you is blind. Poor fellow! He hasn't been that way long, man and the girl who became his wife. have been turned over to restaurant- though. Are you going to return it to

> hour, shall we still feel a thrill of emo-Panting with excitement over the into a chair and stared helplessly at him for a moment. When I was able The American abroad, or in England to speak again I asked:

"How do you know he is blind and that he has been so but a short time?" hind, as if she were ashamed to glean as a gypsy's, and a clear olive complexion quite sure." with London cabmen and porters. He decline to answer those questions just to her, "My child, whose daughter are may be held in higher respect than he now. You haven't said whether you you? What is your name?" was, for the tourist who allows himself intend to return the umbrella or not." "How am I to return it," I asked, 'when I don't know whose it is.'

"That should be easy." he said, reaching for it, and unbuttoning the strap that held it neatly folded. Then he customers. It is well that the Ameri- half opened it, exclaiming: "As I guesscans should lose their reputation for ed. Here is a little silver plate with his though our father is pretty well-to-do,

I was dumfounded at the man's clev

"Holmes," I said, "there is only one them, and preferred to run the risk of man in the world who would ever have giving too much rather than of giving thought of doing what you have done. too little. Even when they have thought Oh, if I could only deduce as you can. they were being imposed on they have But his name alone is there, you see. often felt that it would not be dignified It seems to me that we are as far away to make a fuss about it. Ignorance and from him as ever. How are we to find false pride have cost them a great deal. him among the hundreds of thousands

"Wait a moment," he replied, as he quent trips abroad, especially to Eng- put on his hat and left the room. In a "He lives at 7643 Paradise road; tele-

tain services and they stick rigidly to gered back and fell into a chair again,

gasped.

"There is a city directory in the drug store across the street," he calmly replied. "Do you wish to call him up and a mark of gentility to be open-handed tell him that you have his umbrella? You can at the same time ask about his blindness."

> Almost overcome by the man's uncanny air I permitted him to conduct me across the hall into an office where there was a telephone that he was permitted to use. It was as he had said. The man who owned the umbrella had suddenly gone blind a little while before, but the doctors were going to operate on him and hoped to restore his

When we had returned to the great amateur detective's room I said, almost shuddering:

"Now, tell me how you knew he was blind and that he had lost his sight only recently." He smiled half wearily, half in pity.

as he replied: "Ah, my dear Whatson, I'm afraid you'll never become much of a deducer. If he could have seen he would never have taken the old umbrella you carry, mistaking it for his own. And men who are long blind develop a delicate sense of feeling that makes it possible for them to know their own by a mere touch. So it was plain that he was blind and that he had not been so long enough to recognize things by feeling them. Don't bother me any more this morning, please. I am working on a very abstruse problem. An Ohio man resigned a public office the other day. I have been commissioned to find out what's the matter with him."-Chicago

Record-Herald. SAVED BY HIS WIT.

"There was an officer in the regular army who is stationed not a hundred mfles away from Governor's Island. this very day," said a West Pointer yeswife, and when she appeared, pointed terday, "who would never have graduated at the academy hid it not been for his cool nerve plus his quick wit on a trying occasion." And the West Pointer went on to tell of the cause and effect of that nerve and quick wit.

Twenty odd years ago, when he was at West Point, there was a cadet there poor fellow-it had leaked out despite regulations-would be declared on grad-It is supposed that anybody is good uation day "deficient"-the only one out

It so happened that a night or two ened that he would be neglectful of his duty. He would test him-see if he had 'soldier stuff" in him, even though the

the cadet's post.

The click of steel at the same time warned the intruder that the sentry's eyes were upon him-at least, that his quick hearing had detected the stealthy steps on the wet sod. Then came out in a half muffled voice: "Who goes there?"

This was the moment the officer of the guard had fixed in his mind for sentry's challenge: "Nobody."

To the amazement of the officer, the him and said: "All right, my orders are to let nobody pass, major."

The cadet has recognized the officer. His answer, even if not regular in a military sense, was correct, but it was one to the other. But in another sense friends. If you could help me to find her spoke. Surely, I thought, this man a tough one on the major. The story those days fled with awful swiftness, for you would do her family a very great went to Washington.

"To make a long story short," said it, how could be have known that it the West Pointer, "that answer, unwas not an old, cheap one-or a cane? der the circumstances, won influence enough for that cadet not to leave and it was an understood thing that I "and you're a young man, and would nohair to rise. I suppose you will tell the academy as 'deficient,' but mere- should immediately quit the room, to tice her more.' chance. Result? He graduated with quette in her resentment which I was

In the Harvest Field.

Frederic Mistral, the Provencal poet, tells a charming story of the first meeting of his father and mother. Like all romances it has its like in a more ancient legend, suggesting, even to the scene, the ever-beautiful story of Ruth and Boaz. Mistral was born at Maillane, a village at the foot of the Alps. He was the child of a second marriage, contracted when his father was about 55, a marriage of pure romance. This was the meeting of the middle-aged One year, on St. John's day, Maitre Francois Mistral was in the midst of young girls, gleaning, followed the reapers, and raked up the ears that fell. Maitre Francois, my father, noticed a beautiful girl who remained be-The young girl replied, "I am the

daughter of Etienne Poulinet, Maire of Maillane. My name is Delaide."

"What! the daughter of the Maire of Maillane gleaning?"

"Maitre," she replied, "our family is large, six girls and two boys, and alas you know, when we ask him for clothes he replies, 'Girls, if you want finery, earn it.' And that is why I came to glean." Six months after this meeting. Maitre

Francois asked Maitre Poulinet for the sey people believe ourselves as perfect privilege. Yet my promise to Julia hand of Delaide, and of that marriage

Catching Tigers.

Capturing tigers by a novel method is now being adopted in Sumatra, and is proving almost invariably successful. As soon as a tiger's lair has been found, natives are employed to con- self in a mild sarcasm to that effect, but not come out again soon, for I saw a bonstruct a wooden fence nine feet long it was lost upon her. She gazed at me net reached out of the window. If she and four feet wide a short distance solemnly with her large black eyes, which were gone to buy a bonnet she was safe and four feet wide a short distance away from it, and in this inclosure is then placed as a bait a dog, which is tied to one of the fence posts. A nartical to one of the fence posts and the fence posts are the fence posts are the fence posts are the and there, deftly concealed under and a drive in the afternoon, and go to release me from the promise she had exearth, leaves and boughs of trees, is bed very early. Good gracious! it's torted from me when she was in the placed a strong steel trap, which is so enough to drive me mad! designed that any animal that places its foot on it is certain to be held captive.

This trap is of recent invention, and consists of strong steel plates and equally strong springs. When it is set the plates form a sort of platform, and as soon as the tiger which has been lured thither by the dog sets his foot thereon the springs are released, and the cruel steel grips the leg and holds it fast.

Powerful as a tiger is, he cannot free bimself from such bondage, and as here last autumn," she said, "alone, as those who have set the trap are never far away he is in a short time either killed or securely caged. At the same time the dog is released, and, indeed, he could not be removed from the inclosure as long as the trap was set, since this instrument, strong as it is, nevertheless is so delicate that the pressure even of a dog's foot would release pursued my patient, with a tone of exulthe springs and cause the animal's leg to be crushed in a twinkling.-London pretty as a picture. All the young men Telegraph.

What He Might Do.

The custom of preserving the business name of a firm years after the founders have passed away or disappeared finds its reproof in a story related by the New York Evening Post. A young man who was sent out to interest entered the office of a firm of

great prominence and said: "I should like to see Mr. M."-mentioning the first name of the firm. "Very sorry, sir, but Mr. M. has been

dead three years," was the answer. "Well, in that case, I should like to see Mr. N."-the second name of the

"Mr. N. retired from the firm over a year ago," said the clerk, with a smile. last name of the three.

"Mr. O." replied the clerk, "sailed last week for Europe, and won't be back for a month yet; is there anything I can do for you?"

"There is," answered the canvasser, with the utmost suavity; "some day, when you have time, you might bring the firm name up to date."

If In Doubt, Work It Out. A Cambridge university professor,

who dreams in figures, has done the following atrocity. 1 times 9 plus 2 equals 11. 12 times 9 plus 3 equals 111, 123 times 9 plus 4 equals 1111. 1234 times 9 plus 5 equals 11111.

12345 times 9 plus 6 equals 111111.

123456 times 9 plus 7 equals 1111111.

1234567 times 9 plus 8 equals 11111111. 12345678 times 9 plus 9 equals 1111111111 1 times S plus 1 equals 9. 12 times 8 plus 2 equals 98. 123 times 8 plus 3 equals 987. 1234 times 8 plus 4 equals 9876. 12345 times 8 plus 5 equals 98765. 123456 times 8 plus 6 equals 987654.

1234567 times 8 plus 7 equals \$876543. 12345678 times 8 plus 8 equals 123456789 times S plus 9 equals

987654321.

The Doctor's Pilemma By Hesba Stretton

I......

• CHAPTER XIII.

they were hurrying us both, my mother service." and me, to a great gulf which would soon, far too soon, lie between us. Every afternoon Julia came to spend

arrival was always formally announced, bound to observe. I had not taken up any of my old pa-

tients again, for I was determined that everybody should feel that my residence you catch at any chance of an acquaintat home was only temporary. But about ten days after my return the following note was brought to me, directed in full "Did not Messrs. Scott and Brown send to Dr. Martin Dobree: "A lady from England, who is only a

visitor in Guernsey, will be much oblig- off her guard and startled her. She hesied by Dr. Martin Dobree calling upon tated, stammered, and finally denied it her at Rose Villa, Vauvert Road. She with more than natural emphasis. is suffering from a slight indisposition; "I could take my oath I don't know and knowing Dr. Senior by name and any such persons," she answered. "I

the lady, I resolved to go. Rose Villa something of her. But nobody except me visitors during the season, and the Vau-vert Road was scarcely five minutes' "Well," I said, rising to take my leave his wheat, which a company of har- vert Road was scarcely five minutes' tion when we sing, "There's No Place man's wonderful powers, I dropped vesters were reaping. A through of walk from our house. Julia was paying "all the information I can give you is at a loss for something to do, so I went either last winter or since. It is quite at once.

"Pardon me, my dear Whatson, if I like the others. He drew near, and said to match. Her forehead was low, but There was not a trace of refinement could not be related to Olivia! My new patient did not inspire me with than I had ever done about Olivia's sestyle of her beauty.

doctor.

as any class of the human family. "I have been here a week," she replied, her.

"Try Jersey," I suggested. "No, I'll not try Jersey," she said. "I mean to make my way here. Don't you

know anybody, doctor, that would take pity on a poor stranger?" "I am sorry to say no," I answered. She frowned at that and looked disappointed. I was about to ask her how she knew the Seniors, when she spoke again.

Guernsey late in the autumn, as late as October?" she inquired. "Not many," I answered; " a few may arrive who intend to winter here." "A dear young friend of mine came I am, and I've been wondering ever since I've been here however she would get along amongst such a set of stiff, formal. stand-offish folks. She had not money

enough for a dash, or that would make a

difference, I suppose." "Not the least," I replied, "if your friend came without any introductions. "What a dreary winter she'd have!" tation. "She was quite young, and as would know her, I'll be bound, and you amongst them, Dr. Martin. Any woman who isn't a fright gets stared at enough to be known again.

Could this woman know anything of Olivia? I looked at her more earnestly and critically. She was not a person I should like Olivia to have anything to do with. A coarse, ill-bred, bold woman, whose eyes met mine unabashed, and did canvass leading lawyers in a certain not blink under my scrutiny. Could she be Olivia's step-mother, who had been the ruin of her life?

"I'd bet a hundred to one you know her," she said, laughing and showing all her white teeth. "A girl like her couldn't go about a little poky place like this without all the young men knowing her. Perhaps she left the island in the spring. I have asked at all the drapers' shops, but nobody recollects her. I've very good news for her if I could find her-a slim middle-sized girl, with a clear, fair skin and grey eyes and hair of a bright "Indeed; then may I see Mr. O."-the brown. Stay, I can show you her photograph."

She put into my hands an exquisite portrait of Olivia, taken in Florence. There was an expression of quiet mournfulness in the face, which touched me to the core of my heart. I could not put it down and speak indifferently about it. My heart beat wildly, and I felt tempted run off with the treasure and return no more to this woman.

'Ah! you recognize her!" she exclaimed triumphantly.

"I never saw such a person in Guernher face. A sullen and gloomy expression came across it, and she snatched the portrait out of my hand. "You want to keep it a secret,"

said, "but I defy you to do it. I am come hasn't drowned herself, and the earth hasn't swallowed her up. I've traced her as far as here, and that I tell you. She crossed in the Southampton boat one voice. dreadfully stormy night last Octoberthe only lady passenger-and the stew-

"I assure you I never saw that girl quiries have you made after her?" "I've inquired here and there and everywhere," she said. "I've done nothing afternoon Such generosity

I should find her. It's a very anxious In one sense time seemed to be stand- thing when a girl like that disappears ing still with me after my home return, and is never heard of again, all because so like were the days that followed the she has a little difference with her

> "Why do you fix upon me?" I inquired. "Why did you not send for one of the resident doctors? I left Guernsey some time ago. "You were here last winter," she said,

"There are other young doctors Guernsey," I remarked.

"Ah, but you've been in London," she answered, "and I know something of Dr. Senior. When you are in a strange place

"Come, be candid with me," I said. you here?" The suddenness of my question took her

reputation, she would feel great confi- don't know who you mean, or what you dence in the skill of Dr. Senior's friend." | mean. All I want is quite honest, There I wondered for an instant who the is a fortune waiting for that poor girl, stranger could be, and how she knew the and I want to take her back to those who Seniors; but as there could be no an- love her, and are ready to forgive and swer to these queries without visiting forget everything. I feel sure you know was a house where the rooms were let to and her other friends have anything to

her daily visit to my mother, and I was that I never saw such a person here, possible she went on to Jersey, or to I found a very handsome, fine-looking Granville, when the storm was over. woman; dark, with hair and eyes as black | That she did not stay in Guernsey I am

I went away in a fever of anxiety. The smooth and well shaped; and the lower woman, who was certainly not a lady, part of her face, handsome as it was, had inspired me with a repugnance that was far more developed than the upper. I could not describe. Surely this person about her features; yet the coarseness of to guess in what relationship to her she them was but slightly apparent as yet. could possibly stand. I felt more chafed much sympathy; but she attracted my cret. I tried to satisfy myself with the curiosity, and interested me by the bold reflection that I had put Tardif on his guard, and that he would protect her, "You Guernsey people are very stiff But that did not set my mind at ease. I with strangers," she remarked, as I sat never knew a mother yet who believed opposite to her, regarding her with that that any other woman could nurse her close observation which is permitted to a sick child as well as herself; and I could not be persuaded that even Tardif would "So the world says," I answered. "Of shield Olivia from danger and trouble course I am no good judge, for we Guern- as I could, if I were only allowed the bound me to hold no communication with

pouting her full crimson lips, "and have I had strolled down some of the quieter not had a chance of speaking a word, ex- streets of the town whilst I was turning cept to strangers like myself who don't this affair over in my mind, and now as I crossed the end of the Rue Haute, I That, then, was the cause of the little caught sight of Kate Daltrey turning Indisposition which had obtained me the into a milliner's shop. There was every honor of attending her. I indulged my- reasonable probability that she would first heat of her anger and disappointment. It was a chance worth trying. If her on the table, and her velvet slippers I were free to declare to Olivia my love for her, I should establish a claim upon just been taken off. Very worn and brown her full confidence, and we could laugh at further difficulties. She was of age, sured me she had been wearing them a and therefore mistress of herself. Her friends, represented by this odious woman, could have no legal authority over

I turned shortly up a side street and "Do you have many visitors come to walked as fast as I could towards the At last I caught sight of a head rising house which was to have been our home. By a bold stroke I might reach Julia's presence. I rang, and the maid who answered the bell opened wide eyes of astonishment at seeing me there. I passed by quickly.

> wish to speak to Miss Dobree." I said. "Is she in the drawing room?" "Yes, sir," she answered, in a hesitat-I waited for nothing more, but knocked at the drawing room door for myself,

and heard Julia call, "Come in."

CHAPTER XIV. Julia looked very much the same as she had done that evening when I came reluctantly to tell her that my heart was not in her keeping, but belonged to another. She wore the same kind of fresh, light muslin dress, with ribbons and lace about it, and she sat near the window with a piece of needlework in her hands; yet she was not sewing, and her hands lay listlessly on her lap. A mingled feeling of sorrow, pity and shame prevented me from advancing into the room. She looked up to see who was standing in the loorway, and my appearance there evintly alarmed and distressed her.

"Martin!" she cried. "May I come in and speak to you, Juia?" I asked. "Is my aunt worse?" she inquired hur-"Are you come to fetch me to

her? "No, no, Julia," I said; "my mother as well as usual, I hope. But surely you will let me speak to you after all this time?"

"It is not a long time," she answered. "Has it not been long to you?" I asked. "It seems years to me. All life has changed for me. I had no idea then of my mother's illness." "Nor I," she said, sighing deeply.

the troubles I shall have to bear must plead with you for me!" "Yes, Martin," she answered; "yes I am very sorry for you." She came forward and offered me her

hand but without looking into my face. I saw that she had been crying, for her the kangaroo, which are used for sewsey," I answered, looking steadily into eyes were red. In a tone of formal po- ing severe wounds, will hold for about iteness she asked me if I would not sit four weeks before they break away. down. I considered it best to remain Silk thread will remain much longer, standing, as an intimation that I should not trouble her with my presence for ong. I had no time to lose, lest Kate here to find her, and find her I will. She Daltrey should come in, and it was a very difficult subject to approach.

"Aunt is in great sorrow about It preys upon her day and night that you will be dreadfully alone when ardess recollects her well. She landed she is gone, and-and-Martin, she wishes here. You must know something about to know before she dies that the girl in Sark will become your wife."

The words struck like a shot upon my here," I replied evasively. "What in- ear and brain. What! had Julia and my mother been arranging between them my happiness and Olivia's safe that very else ever since I came. It is of great ible. I could not believe I had heard importance to her, as well as to me, that aright.

"She has seen the Julia, in the same husky tone, "and the is convinced she is no adventures. hanna says the same. They tell me is a unreasonable and selfish in me to you to the dreadful loneliness I feel Aunt Dobree asked me to pluck out at Aunt Dobree right eye just now, I could not refus. It is something like that, but I have promised to do it. I release you from every promise you ever made to me, Mar-

a. "Julia!" I cried, crossing to her and bending over her with more love and admiration than I had ever felt before 'this is very noble, very generous."

"No," she said, bursting into tears; "I am neither noble nor generous. I do k because I cannot help myself, with aunt's white face looking so imploringly at me. I do not give you up willingly to that git in Sark. I hope I shall hever see her or you for many, many years. Aunt says you will have no chance of marrying her till you are settled in a practice some where; but you are free to ask her to be Aunt wants you to have your wife. somebody to love you and care for you after she is gone, as I should have done "But you are generous to consent to

it," I said again. "No," she answered, wiping her eyes and lifting up her head; "I thought I was generous; I thought I was a Christian but it is not easy to be a Christian when one is mortified, and humbled, sad wounded. I am a great disappointment to myself; quite as great as you are to me. I fancied myself very superior to what I am. I hope you may not be diappointed in that girl in Sark."

Her hand was lying on her lap, and [stooped down and kissed it, seeing on it still the ring I had given her when we were first engaged. She did not look at me or bid me good-bye, and I went out of the house, my veins tingling vita shame and gladness. I met Captain Carer coming up the street, with a basket of fine grapes in his hand. He appeared very much amazed.
"Why, Martin!" he exclaimed, "cta

you have been to see Julia?" "Yes," I answered. "Reconciled?" he said, arching his eye brows, which were still dark and bushy, though his hair was grizzled.

"Not exactly," I replied, with a stiff smile exceedingly difficult to force; "nothing of the sort indeed. Captain, when will you take me across to Sark?" "Come, come! none of that, Martin," he said; "you're on honor, you know, You are pledged to poor Julia not to visit Sark again.' "She has just set me free," I answered:

him all that had just passed between as His eyes glistened, though a film came across them which he had to wipe away, "She is a noble girl," he ejaculated: ". fine, generous, noble girl. I really thought she'd break her heart over you at first, but she will come round again now. We will have a run over to Sark to-morrow," I felt myself lifted into a third heaves of delight all that evening. My mother and I talked of no one but Olivia, The present rapture so completely eclipsed the coming sorrow that I forgot how soon it would be upon me. I remember now that

my mother neither by word nor sign suf-

fered me to be reminded of her illness.

She listened to my rhapsodies, smiling

and out of the fullness of my heart I told

with her divine, pathetic smile. There is no love, no love at all, like that of a mother! Swiftly we ran across the next day, with a soft wind drifting over the sea and playing upon our faces, and a long It was almost low tide when we reached the island. I found Tardif's house cor pletely deserted. The only sign of life

door was ajar, and I pushed it a little more open. There lay books I had leat were on the floor, as if they had only were the little slippers, but they reas

short time ago. I returned through the fold. All the place seemed left to itself. Tardifs sheep were browsing along the cliffs, and his cows were tethered here and there. from behind a crag, the rough shock head of a boy, and I shouted to him,

making a trumpet with my hands. "Where is neighbor Tardif?" I called, "Down below there!" he shouted back again, pointing downwards to the Havre Gosselin. I did not wait for any further information, but darted off down the long. steep gulley to the little strand, where the pebbles were being lapped lazily by the ripple of the lowering tide. Tardife boat was within a stone's throw, and saw Olivia sitting in the stern of it. shouted again with a vehemence which made them both start. "Come back, Tardif," I cried, "and

take me with you!" The boat was too far off for me to see how my sudden appearance affected Olivia. Did she turn white or red at the sound of my voice? By the time it neared the shore and I plunged in knee-deep to meet it, her face was bright with smlles. and her hands were stretched out to help me over the boat's side. If Tardif had not been there I should

have kissed them both. As it was, I tucked up my wet feet out of reach of her dress and took an oar, unable to utter a word of the gladness I felt.

"Where are you going to?" I asked, addressing neither of them in particular. "Tardif was going to row me past the entrance to the Gouliot Caves," answered Olivia, "but we will put it off now. will return to the shore and hear all your adventures, Dr. Martin. You come upon us like a phantom and take an oar in ghostly silence. Are you really, truly

(To be continued.)

Thread Used in Surgery. The modern surgeon employs in his work dozens of different kinds of "If I had known it," I continued, "all thread for sewing up cuts and wounds. this might not have happened. Surely Among them are kangaroo tendons. horsehair, silk and very fine silver wire. Many of these threads are intended to hold for a certain number of days and then naturally break away. The short, tough tendons taken from sometimes six months, while the fine silver wire is practically indestructible. With the entire outfit a surgeon is able to select a thread that will last as We were talking of you to-day," she long as the wound takes to heal and said at length, in a hurried and thick will then disappear completely. To accommodate this assortment of threads special varieties of needles are required. Besides the needle craned in different segments of a circle, surgeons use needles shaped like spears, javelins and bayonet points. Some are as long as bodkins, in a point like a miniature kaife blade. Others have the sharpened end triangular.

Don't say you work like a slave, slaves do not work ery hard.

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