CLINTON'S MYSTERIOUS ....JUROR-DOCTOR....

Even as far back as 1870 Clinton was one of the most important interior towns of Missouri. Its people have always been hospitable to the stranger and encouraging to "newcomers." Therefore, when D. T. H. Morrison, young, handsome and skilled in his profession, sought a home in Clinton in the fall of 1870 and hung out his shingle, he was not pestered by the usual questions of curious old women as to whether or not he was married, nor by the often embarrassing inquiry of garrulous old men about his antecedents and prospects. In fact, nobody bothered Doctor Morrison with prying questions of any nature when he rented and handsomely fitted up an office in the principal building of the town. Everybody he met extended a warm welcome to him and hoped he would do well. Even the medical fraternity, headed by Doctor Britz, joined in welcoming Doctor Morrison to Clinton, and besides manifesting a natural interest to know from what college he had obtained his diploma, none of the doctors in competition with whom he was bound sooner or later to come annoyed him with questions about his former home or how long he had been practicing.

From the very first there was an air of mystery about Doctor Morrison which less gentle people than those of Clinton would have insisted upon penetrating. He was reserved in manner, answered politely but in monosyllables all questions asked of him, showed neither interest nor contempt for the affairs of others, kept a light burning in his office hours every night after even the night owls of the town had gone to bed, formed no companionships, yet was agreeable and always approachable, and in a thousand other ways deported himself in such a manner as would have excited to the point of frenzy the curiosity of the ordinary country town. Some of the more gossipy Clintonites predicted when Doctor Morrison first hung out his shingle that he wouldn't stay in the town long, for the reason that nearly all of the doctors then there except Doctor Britz "were almost starving to death." One of them tentatively remarked this to Doctor Morrison one day, and the Doctor only smiled and said something about "he supposed he would manage somehow to live."

Weeks rolled into months, and still not a citizen of Clinton or of Henry County called Doctor Morrison to attend a case of sickness. Still he continued to live at the principal hotel and to be the best dressed man in town. He wore a Prince Albert suit of black and a shimmering silk stovepipe hat. He paid all of his bills promptly, and asked nobody for the loan of a dollar. If he had an account at the bank there is no record of it. It is remembered that he bought four new suits a year, one for each season, though he always dressed in solemn black, and that the boy who cared for his horse and buggy always got his pay promptly. He attended all the meetings of the town and district medical societies and discoursed learnedly on the various phases of therapeutics. He was a regular attendant at church, showing no denominational bias and patronizing the fairs of all churches alike. His conduct was so genteel in all respects as to disarm prying curiosity, even if the people of Clinton had possessed their full share of that common human trait. His walk and talk were too conventional to give rise to unusual comment or to excite undue interest in him.

Doctor Morrison was permitted to live his life in Clinton as he saw fit to live it. As before remarked, nobody bothered him with questions about his past or future. Not a soul in the town except himself knew where he came from. In the course of a year Major Salmon observed that Doctor Morrison managed to get on every jury, except the grand jury, summoned in Henry County. He also noticed that every jury of which Doctor Morrison was a member returned verdicts that were declared by the lawyers to be the most surprising in the history of jurisprudence. The Major remarked this to Doctor Britz one day and that worthy gentleman said he was going to make a quiet investigation of Morrison "to see if anything was wrong." Both Major Salmon and Doctor Britz were busy men and didn't meet often. And so it happened that six months passed before the two were again brought together where it was convenient to discuss the case of Doctor Morrison. Then, when Major Salmon asked Doctor Britz if he had made any discovery with regard to Morrison the old doctor simply shook his head in oracle fashion and walked away without giving an answer.

A queer old character was Judge McBeth, who presided over the Common Pleas court. Judge McBeth was rugged and brusque and direct of speech. He did not permit the lawyers to circumlocute when examining a witness in his court. He made them go after the testimony by direct methods, and he pursued the same course in his examination of jurors. An important case, involving thousands of dollars, was before Judge McBeth for trial. When the jury was impaneled and sworn in Doctor Morrison was a member of it. When it was organized he was elected foreman. Nearly all of the juries on which he had previously served had honored him with the foremanship. The leading counsel for one side of the suit was Judge James B. Gantt, now a justice of the State Supreme Court. Judge Gantt had an acknowledged advantage over his adversary in having all of the evidence and the law on his side. Three days were consumed in the trial of the case. The jury deliberated on it twenty-four hours, and then returned a verdict against Judge Gantt's client. The court room was jammed when the verdict was announced, and everybody was astonished by it. Judge Gantt sat for a moment appalled. He was absolutely certain of winning the suit. So was everybody else who followed the trial. Judge McBeth had practically instructed the jury to find for Gantt's client. Nobody seemed more surprised than the trial judge, not even excepting Judge Gantt, when the verdict was announced the other way.

Behind Judge Gantt in the courtroom that morning sat Dr. Britz. "That verdict is atrocious," said Gantt to Britz in desperation, "and I cannot understand it."

"I understand it," replied Dr. Britz stoically.

"Then, in heaven's name, what is it?" replied Gantt.

"Why," nonchalantly responded Dr. Britz, "the foreman of the jury is crazy."

"Do you mean that?" anxiously inquired the lawyer.

"I do," solemnly answered the Doctor.

Without any more ado, Judge Gantt sprang to his feet and startled the

"DR. T. H. MORRISON IS INSANE."

crowded courtroom still more by moving for a new trial on the ground that the foreman of the jury was insane.

The motion was so unexpected that even Judge McBeth lost his equilibrium and asked Gantt if he meant what he said, and if he really knew what he had said.

"I do," replied Gantt. "I know exactly what I have said and I mean every word of it. I again charge that the foreman of the jury just discharged, Dr. T. H. Morrison, is insane."

Judge McBeth could not conceal his excitement. He squirmed uneasily in his big armchair for a moment, and then blurted out: "Dr. Morrison, come to the bar."

Slowly, and with measured, dignified tread, Dr. Morrison approached the bar. A cynical smile played over his immobile face. He stood like a statue, while Judge McBeth eyed him coldly for a minute.

Without any preliminaries, Judge McBeth brusquely inquired: "Are you crazy?"

"Certainly, I am not crazy, your Honor," calmly replied the strange young doctor.

"Morrison," again squealed the harsh voice of Judge McBeth, "What do you do for a living in this community, anyway? You say you are a doctor, but nobody has heard of you having a case since you came to Clinton, nearly two years ago. You are a mystery, and I want to know what your business is."

"Well, your Honor, since that question has been asked me from the bench, I suppose I will have to answer it," was Morrison's unconscious comment. "If you demand officially to know what my business is, I don't mind telling you that I am a United States detective on the trail of a band of murderers. I have rounded four of them up here in Clinton, and am ready to put them in jail. I will have all the others within a week if you don't expose my mission here."

By this time Morrison's face was aflame and his eyes had in them that unmistakable glare of insanity. His splendid form was aquiver with excitement, which increased as he warmed up to his subject. Judge McBeth was quick to set aside the verdict of the jury and hastily adjourn court. Morri-

"ARE YOU CRAZY?"

son retired to his office and locked himself in. That night he left Clinton as quietly and unostentatiously as he had entered it two years before. Nothing has been seen or heard of him since. That afternoon Dr. Britz told a crowd in the drug store of how a few months previously he had examined Morrison and discovered his insanity by asking him the very question which, when put by Judge McBeth, had set the strange young doctor off on his hobby.

And to this day the old citizens of Clinton who remember Morrison are still wondering how it was that he, being insane, exercised such a remarkable power over the minds of the jurors with whom he served. Some of them think that despite this insanity he was a hypnotist

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

How Mrs. Stowe's Book Was at First Received.

Mrs. Stowe's protest, or anathema (against slavery), the writing of a story, did not, of course, involve the fleetness of encounter that Charles Sumner endured. All lances seemed to hit his shield. Yet her book stirred the pulses of two continents and played a part that cannot be estimated in antedating by a decade the most momentous of all civil wars. When it appeared the slavery feeling was running high. The author had lived for years in Ohio, on the confines of Kentucky, with material constantly accumulating on her mind. Colored people were threatened everywhere, and her own house had been a refuge for fugitives. Such occasions enabled her to see and grasp the cruelty of slavery. But the germ of the story, that which launched Mrs. Stowe on a work almost Shakspearean in its range, was an affecting recital that she had read of a woman with her child escaping over the ice of the Ohio River. It was more striking than anything that had come under her observation, and with a mind fully alive to the relative merits of the dramatic and the commonplace, she accepted it as the germ of a novel that was to be pre-eminently true. The incident, dreadfully romantic and real, was in the abstract the root of the law she wished to combat. The first idea here, as in many other works of fiction, was supreme. The source of the story, it was also its climax. The germ was, after all, the great sensation scene. Neither Mrs. Stowe's experience nor her ingenuity could furnish anything better, which might or might not imply a want of invention. Thus she began and sent her manuscript to Dr. Bailey at Washington in chapters to be printed. The completeness of the book is one of its marvels, and proves the worthlessness of rules of composition.

When it was finished Mrs. Stowe despaired of its success. Over in England Macaulay praised it a little, Kingsley declared it "the greatest novel ever written," and Dickens criticised it as being of too wide range. He could not accept the writer's statement that the book had made itself. The purpose had been pressed, he thought, very injudiciously beyond what was true or probable. It is likely, as Dickens said, that Mrs. Stowe permitted too wide a horizon, which raises again the question so long discussed as to whether one does better with a cool head or a hot one. Four years after Macaulay first read "Uncle Tom," when Prof. Stowe estimated his wife's royalty at the price of a dress, he wrote to her from Italy that all authors there were being displaced by her, and Kingsley congratulated her on an original production that had reached a bigger sale than almost any other novel. Everybody read "Uncle Tom," and Jewett, the Boston printer, with all the presses he could get, could not meet the demand. Tom Taylor worked it into a play and produced it at the Adelphi Theater, London, by a company of theatrical artists who likely gave it more acceptably than has been customary with us.

BIG ANTS USED IN SURGERY.

How Indians in Deep Brazilian Forests Sew Up a Wound.

Down in the Brazilian forests surgeons are not always at hand and hospitals fitted with modern surgical appliances are few and far between. But these facts do not bother the Brazilian Indian. For centuries he has known how to take care of himself, how to treat wounds and cuts and distempers without medical or surgical aid, and one of the most novel of these rude surgical customs is that of sewing up wounds with the aid of ants.

Septicaemia and pyaemia have been banished from the world of surgery in civilization almost entirely by the progress made in antiseptic methods and the introduction of anaesthetics in surgery has made possible operations which fifty years ago would not be dreamed of. But no surgeon, even of the most advanced school, left to himself in a Brazilian forest without instruments or appliances of any kind could care for a cut as neatly as do the Indians. The means employed is a species of very large ant, which is furnished with very powerful mandibles, capable of biting through almost anything. The insect has no sting and no swelling or other painful results follow its bite. Its lower lip is a strange jointed organ, which the ant has the power of projecting far beyond the upper lip on occasion. At its extremity it has a pair of powerful forceps with which it can grasp and hold tenaciously small objects and nothing not encased in metal can resist their strength.

When the Indian receives a cut or wound from a knife or a thorn he proceeds to catch a number of these ants. Holding the lips of the wound close together, he applies the mouth of an ant to the edges and the insect at once bites through and holds on. Then the body of the ant is pinched off at the neck and the jaws remain fixed. Another and another ant is placed in position until there is a row of jaws along the wound, holding it firmly shut, and when it is healed the jaws are removed with a forceps or other instrument. This style of surgery is strictly antiseptic, since there are no evil after effects from the ants' jaws, and the bite itself does not cause any inconvenience, although the pain must be considerable at first.—Chicago Chronicle.

His Real Worth.

The spirit of thrift which pervades, or used to pervade, New England, is amusingly illustrated in a remark once made by a Vermont farmer.

He had been seriously ill in midsummer, but his strong constitution stood him in good stead and he quickly rallied. On being asked in the autumn how he was feeling, he said cheerfully:

"Oh, I'm fair to middling now, thank ye; but anyway it don't make so much difference, seeing the farm's pretty well slicked up. If I'd 'a' died in haying or harvesting time, it would have been full fifty dollars' damage to me." Then, after a thoughtful interval, he added: "Come to think of it, that's too low a figger—sixty dollars would be nearer."

Turpentine Soaps.

Turpentine soaps, which are very popular in Austria, are made of palm-kernel oil, with a little tallow and 20 per cent of resin, saponified with 25-degree lye, and brought to a clear paste. From 5 to 6 per cent of the black tar obtained by distillation in the manufacture of stearine is added and boiled therewith, the soap being salted out with strong lye or salt. After removing the lye the soap is ground in hot water to make it transparent, and 2 or 3 per cent of oil of turpentine crutched into the cold soap in the frames. The product, which may also be filled with waterglass, has a fine, dark, almost black color, and a pleasant odor of tar or turpentine.

It Is the Same Thing.

Jaggs—Gimme a loaded acrobat.
Barkeep—Wot's dat?
Jaggs—Tumbler full of whisky.

AGRICULTURAL NEWS

THINGS PERTAINING TO THE FARM AND HOME

Chapter on Farm Economy—Less Acreage, Free from Debt, More Desirable than Large Farms—Mushroom Culture—Horns a Nuisance.

Farm Economy.

The profits and receipts from a farm cannot easily be computed for a single year. Labor given this season may bring results for years to come. Walls and fences that are built, drains that are dug, and trees that are planted, are but labor exchanged for profit that will extend over a long series of years. Manure on some soils is lasting, and the beneficial effects of some fertilizers are more apparent the second season than the first. Labor expended in bringing new ground into cultivation is not supposed to yield adequate returns for several years. A crop of clover that gives a yield as hay may leave in the roots and sod much valuable nitrogen as a supply for some succeeding crop, all of which lessens expenses in the future by reducing the proportion of labor or manure which would otherwise be required. Profits on the farm are, consequently, much greater when the averages for several years are compared, as each year must bear its proportion of expenses, and a failure to secure a profit this year may not be a loss, because there may be a corresponding reduction of expense next year. Nor must we overlook the advantage of the opportunity offered the farmer of selling his own labor in the form of some product. Where a farmer makes only a small profit, but has derived a fair sum for the labor he personally bestowed, his gain is greater than the actual profit. The farm has increased in value as the labor or manure or other accretion has failed to yield a reasonable cash profit. On the farm the item of labor must be considered according to its actual cost as an expenditure. Though the labor of the farmer himself is an item of cost, and must be paid for, yet he pays it to himself, and it really is profit because of the employment secured by him on the farm. For that reason a small farm, or a small flock or herd, will always pay more, in proportion to expense incurred, than larger areas or an increase of stock. The personal supervision of the farmer, or the interest taken in the work performed by him, will also add to the gains because of the closer application given the economy practiced in every department. The labor on the farm, therefore, is the heaviest of all expenses, and it is the principal standpoint from which all profits must be estimated. But labor alone cannot make a crop. The soil must be fitted to derive the largest possible product by the proper use of plant food, which permits of the application of labor to the best advantage. Small farms can be made to largely increase their yields more easily and rapidly than large areas, because the manure or fertilizer can be concentrated instead of spread over a wide surface at an increased cost of labor for men and teams; hence, proportionately, as the yields increase the expense decreases. Expenses are reduced when the yields are increased because in many instances it requires but little more labor to secure a large yield than a small one, and expenses are also lessened when fertilizers are used to increase the yield because the cost of the fertilizers will be more than regained, as well as assist in securing greater results from the labor. The best mode of reducing expenses is to cultivate no more land than can be kept up to its highest limit of fertility so as to secure the largest yields possible.—Epitomist.

Small Farms the Best.

Farmers are beginning to see that a less acreage of land, free from the oppressive mortgage, is more to be desired than a burden of debt. Intensive farming is the basis of argument upon which our learned and scientific agriculturists build their estimates of rapid development and future permanent wealth. The increasing number of small farms, with better cultivation and better improvements, is certain to be followed by an increased production, an increased number of manufacturing industries, an increased population and greatly increased wealth of the State's resources.

Economy on the farm may be made to mean more than the saving of the little things. The reducing of the mortgage debt by reducing the acreage of the farm to the actual capacity to till and make productive will be in the line of economy. The changing of conditions whereby 100 bushels of grain is made to grow where formerly fifty grew is economy; the building of better homes and the enjoyment of better home comforts by the family on the farm is economy; the independence of actual ownership in a business which recognizes no rival in its business-sustaining attributes is economy to mind and body.—World-Herald.

Mushroom Culture.

Mushroom-growing in summer requires, as indispensable conditions, a cool, moist atmosphere, and a dark place from which flies may be excluded. The breeding of maggots in the mushrooms, as soon as summer weather begins, renders their culture unprofitable under ordinary conditions. A cool, dark underground cellar, however, may be used for mushrooms. The basket was well filled with prepared manure, firmly packed, mounded up in the center, covered with loam, and then spawned like an ordinary bed. Amateurs growing mushrooms in small quantities would find baskets or boxes very convenient for handling, and an economy of space. The general treatment is the same as when grown in ordinary beds.

About four years ago scientific attention was given, for the first time, to a very distinct variety of mushroom raised for market by a Long Island grower, who found it especially suited to summer culture. This mushroom (Agaricus subrufescens Peck) was rather coarser in appearance than the variety ordinarily grown (Agaricus campestris) and different in color, the gills being of a rusty reddish tint. The new mushroom proved to be of an excellent quality, a heavy yielder, and very easily grown, flourishing in open frames outside. The only drawback to its culture was the fact that many purchasers objected to its unfamiliar appearance, fearing that it might be an unwholesome variety.—Rural New-Yorker.

Growing Hogs Cheaply.

We still occasionally find writers on agriculture who believe that clover as the main feed is the best and cheapest way of growing hogs. We believe in clover as thoroughly as any one can, but it has its limitations. It is not adapted as the principal article of diet for an animal which has so small a stomach as a hog. It is in the fact of the hog's small stomach that its value as a producer of cheap meat largely consists. No other animal has so small a proportion of waste as a purebred, fine-boned hog. If it could be obliged to live mainly on clover, the amount of food it must eat would enlarge its stomach, and also, perhaps, increase the proportion of bone in proportion to meat. A very small proportion of clover given to hogs fattened on corn will enable them to digest it better, because the clover furnishes more of the material for growth and muscle than the corn does. But this can quite as well be furnished by oats or wheat middlings, with milk if it can be had. As succulent food in connection with grain, any kind of beets are, we think, preferable to clover. More of them will be eaten than of clover, and the beets will keep the digestive organs in good condition better than any other feed will do.—American Cultivator.

No Horns on Cattle.

Horns were unquestionably useful to cattle in their wild state; but since they have become domesticated they are only a nuisance and a danger. No animal except the horse is brought into so close association with man. In feeding cattle or in tying them up in stalls they will often whisk their heads in play or to get rid of flies, and unless great care is taken, the person who cares for them is liable to severe injury. We have known sight destroyed in one eye by the puncture of a sharp horn. The old plan was to put knobs on the tips of the horn, so as to make them less dangerous. Nowadays the practice is growing of dishorning cows and bulls, and better still, stopping the growth of horns with a little potash before they appear above the surface. If this is done once thoroughly no trouble from horns need be feared. The operation is only slightly painful, not nearly so much so as the horns would inflict if allowed to grow.

Making Cabbages Head.

Every year about heading time the grower of cabbages finds his crop deficient in growth, and unless stimulated by extra fertilizing not likely to make a marketable head. Now a cabbage that does not head is merely a bunch of loose leaves that cannot be sold at all. It does not matter what the cause of failure may be. Possibly the plant was originally a weakling, and with ordinary care and rich soil could not amount to anything. Or it may be that lack of cultivation or natural poverty of the soil is the cause of the failure to head. Either way the duty of the cabbage grower is plain. He should thoroughly cultivate the soil around the cabbage, and then apply a very weak solution of nitrogenous and mineral plant food, the latter in the form of phosphate. If this is done at once the cabbages will start into growth so quickly and also so strongly that, before the growing season closes, the grower will probably be obliged to partially uproot his cabbages to prevent them from splitting open with the excess of plant food with which they are furnished.

Pumpkins a Paying Crop.

There is no corp requiring so little labor that pays so well as pumpkins. There is always a market for them in city or village at prices much higher than pumpkins are worth for feeding to stock. Yet it is a bulky crop to handle, and unless there is a near market it may pay better to cut them up and feed the crop to stock. Remove the seeds always, as they are a powerful diuretic, and when fed to cows will excite the urinary organs far too much. Boiled pumpkins, with a little cornmeal or whole corn boiled with them, make a much better feed for fattening hogs than will whole corn. Finally the old-fashioned pumpkin pie, which the sons of New England have made famous throughout the land, is an institution for which nothing can be successfully substituted. Some may say that squash pie is richer; but it lacks the distinctive pumpkin flavor, and cannot replace it to any one who was brought up to like pumpkin pie.

Horticultural Notes.

Always puddle the roots of trees before planting.

Prune the currants every year, cutting out the old wood.

In storing beets for winter be careful not to cut or bruise them.

The peach tree should be grown on a well-drained, moderately rich soil.

Gooseberries and currants planted in partial shade are less liable to mildew.

Keep the asparagus bed clear of weeds and do not cut over before the third year.

The time will come when nut trees will be commonly grown for commercial purposes.

Summer pears should be gathered a week before they are ripe and autumn about two weeks.

The quince makes the best preserve of any fruit, we think, and it will grow in any mellow, rich soil.

Rich soil, deep plowing, high manuring and thorough cultivation will produce a good cabbage crop.

The soil in which fruit trees are to be planted ought to be pulverized twelve to eighteen inches deep.

It is now that the flowers you have taken so much pains with laugh you a welcome when you enter the garden.

In planting fruit trees cut off all broken or bruised roots. Do not shorten the tops, however, in fall planting.

When near a market the dandelion may be made a profitable crop. Many prefer it to any other kind of greens.

Mangel wurzels yield immense crops, and perhaps are the very best root for sheep, but they draw heavily on the soil.

Chicory roots are dug about the same time as carrots, and should be washed, sliced each way and thoroughly dried by artificial heat.

Angora Goats in Africa.

In addition to its flourishing gold and diamond industry South Africa has an Angora goat business which is important. There are now some 4,000,000 goats in that colony and, although not pure bred, the fleece is very fine, glossy and silky, from four to six inches long, weighs from five to six pounds and produces mohair as perfect in quality and as beautiful in luster as any furnished from Angora. Although the export of Turkish goats has been for some time forbidden 200 were allowed two years ago to be sent to the Cape, where they averaged $250, some bringing as much as $1,650. The goats are sheared in June and October, the wool baled and shipped to England, which receives one-tenth of its supply from the Cape, the value of the fleece in 1895 being about $3,500,000.

Not the Same.

Laura—What terrible fashions the European nobility have for remembering their ancestors.

Nonie—What do you refer to—their picture galleries?

Laura—No, I heard that every aristocratic house keeps a family skeleton in the closet.—Pittsburg News.

A foot of newly fallen snow changes into an inch of water when melted.

VAMPIRES.

Some of a Voracious Kind Are Found in the Human Family.

Once a year the old doctor spends two days in Newport. It is his one frolic. Last summer, on his way to the noted summer resort, he met his old friend Bent in New York and persuaded him to join him.

"This is the first holiday I have taken in five years," said Mr. Bent, as toward evening they strolled along the beach.

"But don't all the men in the city bank have vacations? You are cashier?"

"Yes; but these jaunts are somewhat costly, so I fight out the heat in town. I live very closely—very closely," pulling at his white beard with a thin, shaking hand.

The doctor watched him thoughtfully. He had known Tom when he was a stout, hearty young fellow, with a wife and two babies. How eager he and his wife had been to earn enough to buy a little home, give the children schooling and a chance to win their way in the world! Jack, the boy, had great talent, according to his mother. He would be, she thought, a famous lawyer, and go out to earn fortune and fame; and Polly, the daughter, would live at home with her old father and mother, as happy as the day was long. The doctor reminded Bent of these old air castles.

"Oh, yes; I remember," said the cashier. "Some things one remembers every day. My wife even had a design of the house—a plain, comfortable little place. She insisted that it should be near a river where I could fish. I was very fond of fishing as a boy. She never liked city life, poor girl; but she lived and died in town."

He turned his face away. The doctor was perplexed. Bent for thirty years had been the well-paid official of a wealthy corporation. He and his wife had simple, rational habits. He should have saved enough from his large salary to stop work, now that his children were educated, and rest during the years which were left him. They would not be many. The physician's eye detected certain signs in his old friend that indicated this.

"I see no reason, Bent," he said, "why you should not make Mary's plans real now. Your savings will enable you to live without work. You have done your duty to your children. You have a right to live your own life and indulge your own tastes in the time that is left you——"

"I understand you," said Bent. "Other physicians have warned me. If I stop work now, I shall have, perhaps, a dozen years of life before me. If I do not—it's a shorter road downward. Well, I must tramp it. I haven't saved a dollar. The children have needed my salary, and God knows I am glad to have given it to them, and to give it still. I can't stop work. Don't speak of it again. Come, look at this seine the men are drawing."

They hurried to the seine as if there were nothing as interesting as fish in the world. A dog-shark lay on the sand. Clinging to it were two or three of the hideous eyeless parasites which draw their life from that fish.

"We call them water vampires," said one of the fishermen. "They're a mean, onnatural kind of monster. Hain't no food nor life but what they suck out of the old shark."

At the moment a four-in-hand, driven by a very wealthy and well-known leader of society, drew up near the seine.

"Look!" whispered Bent excitedly. "That is Jack on the top of the coach—handsome man in English driving clothes! That is Polly on the box-seat. She is visiting some of the biggest swells here. She visits a good deal of the time. She is so caressed in society! I tell her she only comes home to her old father when she wants a check," he added, laughing feebly; "but Polly is ambitious. She says she means to marry a title."

The girl was beautiful and dressed with costly elegance. She and her brother recognized the old man with an indifferent nod of the head as the coach drove by.

"What is Jack's business?" asked the doctor.

"He's an artist. He does not paint pictures to sell. He worships art, and does not care for its trading side, he says; but somehow, art and society require a good deal of money," added the old man anxiously. "Come! Let us look at the fishes. What a hideous thing this vampire is!"

"Oh! I don't know," said the doctor, bitterly. "There are plenty of cold, bloodless creatures sucking the lives out of their fellows, quite content and happy. I should like to tell them that they are vampires!"

The old cashier looked at him, puzzled at his heat, and then walked gently on.—Youth's Companion.

All Sorts of Riches.

Was there ever such a season as this for picking up riches by land and water? Now it is a discovery of pearls, pearls by the bushel, that is distracting newspaper men. This tale from Arkansas beats the Dutch. Arkansas is the last place in the world where one would expect to tumble over real pearls as thick as pebbles on the beach; but wonders will never cease. If the Klondike gold fields are so difficult of access, then why not travel to Western Arkansas, and go to pearl hunting? The extent of these pearl deposits in the lakes and bayous reads like a fairy story. Nuggets of gold sound delicious, but how about "ropes of pearls?"—Boston Herald.

The Queen's Fondness for Dogs.

So fond of dogs is Queen Victoria that the Ladies' Kennel Association has sent her an address, voicing the gratitude and appreciation of the association for the interest taken by her Majesty in the welfare of the canine race. The address is engraved on white satin and signed on behalf of the association by its president, the Duchess of Teck. It was inclosed in a casket of solid silver, richly worked in repousse design, showing the royal arms, the rose, shamrock and thistle, and the date, "1897."

Price of Amber to Advance.

It is said that the price of amber is likely to advance considerably owing to the fact that the greatest deposit of this substance in the world is almost exhausted. This deposit is on the Samland Peninsula, which juts out into the Baltic Sea.

A Finnish Fish Story.

Finland appears to be a paradise for fishermen. One skillful native fisherman caught in five days 674 pounds of salmon and grayling. He is said once to have caught with the rod 1,600 pounds of fish in three weeks.

They had quarreled. "Do you love me?" she asked. "Yes," he replied, "but no one loves you as much as you love yourself."

Usually the epitaph on a man's tombstone would read differently if his widow were to express her true feelings.

AN OPEN LETTER To MOTHERS.

WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA," AND "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK.

I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, *of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of* "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," *the same that has borne and does now* Chas. H. Fletcher *on every bear the fac-simile signature of* Chas. H. Fletcher *wrapper. This is the original* "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," *which has been used in the homes of the Mothers of America for over thirty years.* LOOK CAREFULLY *at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought* Chas. H. Fletcher *on the and has the signature of* Chas. H. Fletcher *wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.*

March 8, 1897. Samuel Pitcher M.D.

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