The Doctor's Dilemma

By Hesba Stretton

CHAPTER XXIV.

I, Olivia Foster, take up the thread of the story—the woful, weary narrative of my wanderings after leaving my island friends.

Once more I found myself in London. I had more acquaintance with almost every great city on the Continent. Fortunately, Tardif had given me the address of a boarding house, or rather a small family hotel, where he had stayed two or three times, and I drove there at once. I went to several governess agencies, which were advertising for teachers in the daily papers. When a fortnight had passed with no opening for me, I felt it necessary to leave the boarding house which had been my temporary home. Wandering about the least fashionable suburbs, where lodgings would cost least, I found a bedroom in the third story of a house in a tolerably respectable street.

In this feverish solitude one day dragged itself after another with awful monotony. As they passed by, the only change they brought was that the sultry heat grew ever cooler, and the long days shorter. Think what a dreary life for a young girl! I was as fond of companionship, and needed love as much as any girl. Was it strange that my thoughts dwelt somewhat dangerously upon the pleasant, peaceful days in Sark?

Now and then, when I ventured out into the streets, a panic would seize me, a dread unutterably great, that I might meet my husband amidst the crowd. I did not even know that he was in London; he had always spoken of it as a place he detested. His habits made the free, unconventional life upon the Continent more agreeable to him. How he was living now, what he was doing, where he was, were so many enigmas to me; and I did not care to run any risk in finding out the answers to them. Twice I passed the Bank of Australia, where very probably I could have learned if he was in the same city as myself; but I dared not do it, and as soon as I knew how to avoid that street, I never passed along it.

I had been allowed to leave my address with the clerk of a large general agency in the city. Towards the close of October I received a note from him, desiring me to call at the office at two o'clock the following afternoon, without fail. I had a long time to wait. The office clock pointed to half-past three before I caught the clerk's eye, and saw him beckon me up to the counter. I had thrown back my veil, for here I was perfectly safe from recognition. At the other end of the counter stood a young man in consultation with a clerk. He looked earnestly at me, but I was sure he could not know me.

"Miss Ellen Martineau?" said the clerk. That was my mother's name, and I had adopted it for my own, feeling as if I had some right to it.

"Yes," I answered.

"Would you object to go into a French school as governess?" he inquired.

"Not in the least," I said eagerly.

"And pay a small premium?" he added.

"How much?" I asked, my spirits falling again.

"A mere trifle," he said; "about ten pounds or so for twelve months. You would perfect yourself in French, you know; and you would gain a referee for the future."

"I must think about it," I replied.

"Well, there is the address of a lady who can give you all the particulars," he said, handing me a written paper.

I left the office heavy hearted. Ten pounds would be more than the half of the little store left to me. Yet, would it not be wiser to secure a refuge and shelter for twelve months than run the risk of not finding any other situation? I walked slowly along the street towards the busier thoroughfares, with my head bent down and my mind busy, when suddenly a heavy hand was laid upon my arm, grasping it with crushing force, and a harsh, thick voice shouted triumphantly in my ear:

"I've caught you at last!"

It was like the bitterness of death, that chill and terror sweeping over me. My husband's hot breath was upon my cheek, and his eyes were looking closely into mine. But before I could speak his grasp was torn away from me, and he was sent whirling into the middle of the road. I turned, almost in equal terror, to see who had thrust himself between us. It was a stranger whom I had noticed in the agency office. But his face was now dark with passion, and as my husband staggered back again towards us, his hand was ready to thrust him away a second time.

"She's my wife," he stammered, trying to get past the stranger to me. By this time a knot of spectators had formed about us, and a policeman had come up. The stranger drew my arm through his, and faced them defiantly.

"He's a drunken vagabond!" he said; "he has just come out of those spirit vaults. This young lady is no more his wife than she is mine, and I know no more of her than that she has just come away from Ridley's office, where she has been looking after a situation. Good heavens! cannot a lady walk through the streets of London without being insulted by a drunken scoundrel like that?"

"Will you give him in charge, sir?" asked the policeman, while Richard Foster was making vain efforts to speak coherently, and explain his claim upon me. I clung to the friendly arm that had come to my aid, sick and almost speechless with fear.

"Don't," I whispered; "oh! take me away quickly."

He cleared a passage for us both with a vigor and decision that there was no resisting. I glanced back for an instant, and saw my husband struggling with the policeman. He looked utterly unlike a gay, prosperous, wealthy man, with a well-filled purse, such as he had used to appear. He was shabby and poor enough now for the policeman to be very hard on him, and to prevent him from following me. The stranger kept my hand firmly on his arm, and almost carried me into Fleet street, where in a minute or two we were quite lost in the throng, and I was safe from all pursuit.

"I do not know how to thank you," I said, falteringly.

"You are trembling still!" he replied. "How lucky it was that I followed you directly out of Ridley's! If I ever come across that scoundrel again I shall know him, you may be sure. My name is John Senior. Perhaps you have heard of my father, Dr. Senior of Brook street?"

"No," replied, "I know nobody in London."

"That's bad," he said. "I wish I was Jane Senior instead of John Senior; I do indeed. Do you feel better now, Miss Martineau?"

"How do you know my name?" I asked.

"The clerk at Ridley's called you Miss Ellen Martineau," he answered. "My hearing is very good, and I was not deeply engrossed in my business. I heard and saw a good deal whilst I was there."

He called an empty cab that was passing by. We shook hands warmly. There was no time for loitering; so I told him the name of the suburb where I was living, and he repeated it to the cabman.

"All right," he said, speaking through the window, "the fare is paid and I've taken cabby's number. If he tries to cheat you, let me know; Dr. John Senior, Brook street. I hope that situation will be a good one, and very pleasant. Good-by."

"Good-by," I cried, leaning forward and looking at his face till the crowd came between us, and I lost sight of it.

I felt safer when the cabman set me down at the house where I lodged, and I ran upstairs to my little room. I kindled the fire. Then I sat down on my box before it, thinking.

Yes; I must leave London. I must take this situation, the only one open to me, in a school in France. I should at least be assured of a home for twelve months; and, as the clerk had said, I should perfect myself in French and gain a referee. I should be earning a character in fact. The sooner I fled from London again the better, now that I knew my husband was somewhere in it. I unfolded the paper on which was written the name of the lady to whom I was to apply. Mrs. Wilkinson, 19 Bellringer street. I ran down to the sitting room, to ask my landlady where it was, and told her, in my new hopefulness, that I had heard of a situation in France. Bellringer street was less than a mile away. I could be there before seven o'clock, not too late perhaps for Mrs. Wilkinson to give me an interview.

No. 19 was not difficult to find, and I pulled the bell handle with a gentle and quiet pull. A slight, thin child in rusty mourning opened it, with the chain across, and asked in a timid voice who I was.

"Does Mrs. Wilkinson live here?" I asked.

"Yes," said the child.

"Who is there?" I heard a voice calling shrilly from within.

"I am come about a school in France," I said to the child.

"Oh, I'll let you in," she answered eagerly; "she will see you about that, I'm sure. I'm to go with you, if you go."

She let down the chain, and opened the door. There was a dim light burning in the hall, which looked shabby and poverty stricken. I had only time to take a vague general impression, before the little girl conducted me to a room on the ground floor.

"I'm to go if you go," she said again; "and, oh! I do so hope you will agree to go."

"I think I shall," I answered.

"I daren't be sure," she replied, nodding her head with an air of sagacity; "there have been four or five governesses here, and none of them would go. You'd have to take me with you; and, oh! it is such a lovely, beautiful place. See! here is a picture of it."

She ran eagerly to a side table, on which lay a book or two, one of which she opened, and reached out a photograph, which had been laid there for security. It was clear, sharply defined. At the left hand stood a handsome house, with windows covered with lace curtains, and provided with outer Venetian shutters. In the center stood a large square garden, with fountains, and arbors and statues; and behind this stood a long building of two stories, and a steep roof with dormer windows, every casement of which was provided, like the house in the front, with rich lace curtains and Venetian shutters. The whole place was clearly in good order and good taste, and looked like a very pleasant home.

"Isn't it a lovely place?" asked the child beside me, with a deep sigh of longing.

"Yes," I said; "I should like to go."

I had had time to make all these observations before the owner of the foreign voice, which I had heard at the door, came in. At the first glance I knew her to be a Frenchwoman. Her black eyes were steady and cold, and her general expression one of watchfulness.

"I have not the honor of knowing you," she said politely.

"I come from Ridley's Agency office," I answered, "about a situation as English teacher in a school in France."

"It is a great chance," she said, "my friend, Madame Perrier, is very good, very amiable for her teachers. She is like a sister for them. The terms are very high, very high for France; but there is absolutely every comfort. I suppose you could introduce a few English pupils."

"No," I answered, "I am afraid I could not. I am sure I could not."

"That of course must be considered in the premium," she continued; "if you could have introduced, say, six pupils, the premium would be low. I do not think my friend would take one penny less than twenty pounds for the first year, and ten for the second."

The tears started to my eyes. I had felt so sure of going if I would pay ten pounds, that I was quite unprepared for this disappointment. There was still my diamond ring left; but how to dispose of it, for anything like its value, I did not know.

"What were you prepared to give?" asked Mrs. Wilkinson, whilst I hesitated.

"The clerk at Ridley's office told me the premium would be ten pounds," I answered; "I do not see how I can give more."

"Well," she said, after musing a little, "it is time this child went. She has been here a month, waiting for somebody to take her down to Noireau. I will agree with you, and will explain to Madame Perrier. How soon could you go?"

"I should like to go to-morrow," I replied, feeling that the sooner I quitted London the better. Mrs. Wilkinson's steady eyes fastened upon me again with sharp curiosity."

"Have you references, miss?" she asked.

"No," I faltered, my hopes sinking again before this old difficulty.

"It will be necessary, then," she said, "for you to give the money to me, and I will forward it to Madame Perrier. Pardon, miss, but you perceive I could not send a teacher to them unless I knew that she could pay the money down."

I did not waver any longer. The prospect seemed too promising for me to lose it by any irresolution. I drew out my purse, and laid down two out of the three five-pound notes left me. She gave me a formal receipt in the names of Emile and Louise Perrier, and her sober face wore an expression of satisfaction.

"There! it is done," she said. "You will take lessons, any lessons you please, from the professors who attend the school. It is a grand chance, miss, a grand chance. Let us say you go the day after to-morrow; the child will be quite ready. She is going for four years to that splendid place, a place for ladies of the highest degree."

At that moment an imperious knock sounded upon the outer door, and the little girl ran to answer it, leaving the door of our room open. A voice which I knew well, a voice which made my heart stand still and my veins curdle, spoke in sharp, loud tones in the hall.

"Is Mr. Foster come home yet?" were the words the terrible voice uttered, quite close to me it seemed; so close that I shrank back shivering, as if every syllable struck a separate blow. All my senses were awake; I could hear every sound in the hall, each step that came nearer and nearer. Was she about to enter the room where I was sitting? She stood still for half a minute as if uncertain what to do.

"He is upstairs," said the child's voice. "He told me he was ill when I opened the door for him."

"Where is Mrs. Wilkinson?" she asked.

"She is here," said the child, "but there's a lady with her."

Then the woman's footsteps went on up the staircase. I listened to them climbing up one step after another, my brain throbbing with each sound, and I heard a door opened and closed. Mrs. Wilkinson had gone to the door, and looked out into the hall, as if expecting other questions to be asked. She had not seen my panic of despair. I must get away before I lost the use of my senses, for I felt giddy and faint.

(To be continued.)

"SENT WHIRLING INTO THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD."

KING AND QUEEN AT HOME.

Interesting Glimpses of the Ruler of Greece and His Consort.

Some interesting glimpses of the king and queen of Greece are given in the introduction to Eugene Schuyler's essays, just published. When Mr. and Mrs. Schuyler were about to leave Athens, in the 80s, they were invited to the king's country palace at Dekeleia to say good-bye: "It was all quite charming and leaves a pretty picture in one's mind—the king making jokes with the children and running upstairs two steps at a time to see if the queen was ready to receive the guests, the queen taking Mrs. Schuyler into her bedroom to show her an ikon which had belonged to Peter the Great, and saying, 'Do you think Mr. Schuyler would be shocked if I brought him in here?' " When they were asked to write their names in the visitors' book, and it was found that a queen's writing materials go astray like other people,s, she called out, as any other wife might call, on the man of the house for help: "Oh! Villee, Vil-lee, I have no pen; I have no ink." The king, though known to the public as "George," is "Willie" to his own family.

It was at breakfast that the king spoke to Mrs. Schuyler of his early life in Greece and of having come there a boy of 18, of another religion and another language. "My boy will have an easier time of it than I had," he said, "but, thank God, I have had a happy marriage." A lady spending a day at Dekeleia was asked to "come upstairs and see the prettiest thing you ever saw." She went up, and there was the queen giving the baby its evening bath, while the king looked on and handed sponges and towels. The other children were put to bed, and their mother went round and kissed them all goodnight, making the sign of the cross over each one.

American Supremacy.

First London Burglar—Eh, Jimmy, wot you doin' around here? W'y ain't you at work.

Second Burglar—Aw, I'm all right. I'm waitin'.

"Waitin' for what?"

"For my new Yankee tools to arrive."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The marriage ceremony is a combination lock.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

Distribution of Immigrants.

The number of immigrants coming into this country between 1820 and June 30, 1900, was 19,115,221. Prior to 1820 the government did not take account of immigration, but the generally accepted estimate of the total immigration between the adoption of the constitution and 1820 is but 250,000. This number is not included in the above total.

The character of the immigration has changed in a most interesting way. From 1821 to 1850 2.3 per cent of our immigration came from Canada and Newfoundland; during the next decade, 1851 to 1860, the percentage was the same, and during the last decade only 0.1 per cent of the immigrants were from those sections. From 1821 to 1850 24.2 per cent came from Germany, and in the next decade 26.6 per cent, this being the highest percentage reached by the Germans. During the last decade the Germans supplied only 13.7 per cent of our foreign immigration. During the period first named, 1821 to 1850, Great Britain furnished 15 per cent of the immigrants, and in the next decade 16.3 per cent. Then came a large increase from Great Britain between 1861 and 1870, the percentage being 26.2; from 1871 to 1880 it was 19.5, while for the last decade it was but 7.4. From 1821 to 1850 Ireland furnished 42.3 per cent of our immigrants, and between 1851 and 1860 35.2 per cent. Since then there has been a rapid decrease, and between 1891 and 1900 Ireland furnished but 10.5 per cent of our immigrants. Those from Norway and Sweden constituted only 0.6 per cent between 1821 and 1850. The Scandinavians increased in numbers between 1881 and 1890, when their proportion was 10.8 per cent; during the last decade it was 8.7 per cent.

The immigration from the whole group just named, Canada and Newfoundland, Germany, Great Britain, Ireland and Norway and Sweden, shows a marked relative decrease. While the immigrants from these countries constituted 74.3 per cent of the whole number of immigrants during the entire period under discussion, they furnished between 1821 and 1850 84.4 per cent of the total, and during the next decade 91.2 per cent, since which time there has been a rapid decrease, this group of countries during the last decade furnishing but 40.4 per cent.

These figures enable us to bring into direct and sharp comparison the immigration from countries which fifty years ago furnished hardly any increment to our population. From 1851 to 1860 Austria-Hungary sent no immigrants to this country, or not enough to make any impression upon the statistics, but between 1861 and 1870 the immigration from that country was 0.4 per cent, during the next decade 2.6 per cent, from 1881 to 1890 6.7 per cent, while during the last decade it was 16.1 per cent. Italy, beginning with 0.2 per cent during the period from 1821 to 1850, increased to 2 per cent between 1871 and 1880, and to nearly 6 per cent during the next decade, while during the last decade that country furnished 17.7 per cent of our total number. The proportions for Russia and Poland are almost identical with those of Italy. Those two countries, taken together, beginning with only 0.1 per cent of our total number of immigrants between 1821 and 1850, increased but slightly until between 1881 and 1890, when they contributed 5 per cent, and during the last decade 16.3 per cent. These three sections—Austria-Hungary, Italy and Russia and Poland—taken together, contributed during the last decade 50.1 per cent of our immigrants, as against 40.4 per cent, as stated, for the group of five countries first named; 9.5 per cent came from elsewhere.

During the year ending on June 30, 1900, the total number of immigrants was 448,572. Of this number, 2,392 belonged to the professional class, 61,443 were skilled laborers, 163,508 were laborers, while 134,941, including women and children, had no specified occupation. The State having the largest percentage of foreign born in 1900 was North Dakota, that element constituting 35.4 per cent; the next largest being Rhode Island, with 31.4 per cent. The other extreme is found in the Southern States, where the lowest percentage is in North Carolina, her foreign born constituting but 0.2 per cent of her total population. Nearly all the States in the southern section come below 5 per cent. The number of foreign born in some States seems to be decreasing; in fact, the percentage in the whole country has decreased 1 per cent.

CARROLL D. WRIGHT,
United States Commissioner of Labor.

Women Should Preach.

Women should be substituted for men in the pulpit as evangelists and expounders of the gospel. Women preachers would present the woman's side of religion, and that is something that the men preachers rarely or never do. How frequently and with what unction the preachers select and dwell upon the thirty-fifth chapter of Proverbs, in which the worth of virtuous women is put far beyond rubies and fine gold.

"But virtue in women is given such a narrow interpretation by many. It has so much broader significance. By this I mean that a virtuous woman is a woman who is a good mother, one able to conduct her household in the best way, who could manage a business or any large enterprise.

"This is the woman whose worth is not to be measured by rubies or fine gold.

"Again, sermons dealing with 'The Increase of Mother Love' are very popular, but how often do you hear one on 'The Responsibilities of Fatherhood?'

"If women were in the pulpit they would handle these subjects from their point of view and show to men that they, too, have responsibilities that must not be disregarded.

"The virtuous woman of the proverb is increasing in numbers every day. You will find her in nearly every business—as clerk in a coal office, as stenographer in a bank, as bookkeeper in a department store—in a score of other occupations.

"She is self-supporting and therefore independent. She has numerous avenues of effort opening before her. She does not have to marry; she does not have to ask any one for money.

"It is this independence that will finally solve the social problem.

"Let the womanhood of to-day realize that strength, wisdom and every talent or grace which develops Christian character affords an example that shall last through the ages. And the heart of the pulpit should hold ascendency over the intellect, as truly as the heart of the individual should control the brain.

ELIZABETH B. GRANNIS,
President of the National Christian League for the Promotion of Social Purity.

Laws Against Anarchy.

The anarchist is not the foe of one nation or form of government, but the enemy of all. For this reason there should be joint action in every civilized land to stamp out the brood entirely. For an attempt on the life of a President I would make the penalty much more severe than for an ordinary assault. Life imprisonment, probably, would be a fitting punishment for the crime. We have outgrown the idea of inflicting the death penalty for a lesser crime than murder, and I would not return to it. Nor would I make such imprisonment at solitary confinement, as has been recommended. The object of punishment is twofold—to serve as an example to others and to protect society by removing the criminal from a position where he might further endanger lives and liberties. As to the deterrent effect of the punishment upon others, life imprisonment would probably serve as well as capital punishment. Conspirators against the life of a ruler or high official of our own or any country, when the conspiracy results in the death of the person plotted against, should be held equally guilty with the one by whose blow death is inflicted, and all doubt should be removed, so that there should be provided the same degree of punishment as for the murderer.

Laws should also be enacted making it a misdemeanor, punishment by long imprisonment, either in writing or by spoken words, to incite to violence against the life of any person. This law should be, however, carefully safeguarded so that it would not interfere with the rights of free speech guaranteed by the constitution. Incitement to acts of general violence during a strike or other disturbance, for instance, should not be punished so severely. The law should especially aim to prevent the promulgating and teaching of the doctrine of anarchy.

There is, in my opinion, no necessity for amending the constitution of the United States to secure proper laws for the treatment of anarchy. State laws are or can be made amply sufficient, and the prosecution for conspiracy or other outcropping of anarchy properly belongs in the State where the crime is committed. Convictions are more readily and quickly secured, also, under the State laws.

At present the punishment provided by the federal statutes for such crimes as have been mentioned is wholly insufficient. No one has thought of the possibility of anarchy and attempts upon the President's life, and hence there is none in force where Congress has jurisdiction to sufficiently punish the criminals and avert such calamities as that at Buffalo.

Anarchy differs from rebellion in that it opposes all law and seeks the overthrow of all government. It is a crime not against a nation but against civilization, and must be so treated.

FOSTER M. VOORHEES,
Governor of New Jersey.

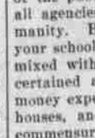
Labor Unions and Workingmen.

The question of organized labor is not a question of wages. It is a question of more vital importance. It is a question of administration, of running your own works in your own way.

I have nothing to do with labor organization, but if I was a workingman, and I was at one time, I would not belong to a labor organization. They put all men on the same level. If I was a bright, alert, competent man, I would not be put in the same class with the poorest man. Organized labor means that no man can advance unless all the others advance.

CHARLES M. SCHWAB,
President of the U. S. Steel Corporation.

American Schoolhouses.



The school houses in this country are for the most part dreadful and are a matter of the greatest surprise to me. I have seen some which are little more than barns and which seem positively unsafe and unhealthful. Such a state of affairs is not right in this land, where there is a justifiable boast of the public school system, the best of all agencies in the advancement of humanity. But I know the trouble with your schools—you have too much politics mixed with your education. I have ascertained approximately the amount of money expended by the people for school houses, and the results are not at all commensurate. There should be a better showing for the generosity of the people, but there has been a dreadful leakage, and the people will have to be generous again to remedy the conditions.

ELIZABETH P. HUGHES,
Educational Agent of the British Government.

"THE WOMAN DID IT."

A Pointed Conversation Overheard in the Street Car.

Since the time of Adam men have been laying the blame for all the ills in the world to women. Do they fail in business—the women of the family did it. Do they become inebriates—they were driven to drink by the frivolity of their wives and daughters. Do they wear shabby clothes and become careless about the cut of their hair—the extravagance of those who are dependent on them has divorced them from their pride and left them nothing but rags to wear.

Even those of the sterner sex who admit that their forefather of the Garden of Eden was hardly gallant and was a bit of a coward are prone themselves to put the blame where it doesn't belong sometimes. There was a man in a car yesterday who was apparently of this class. He wore the conventional afternoon dress of frock coat, striped trousers and tall hat, and every time he leaned toward his companion the pile of his immaculate headgear came in contact with the prow-like brim of her hat and was rubbed the wrong way.

After the man had repaired the damage twice his patience gave out. "You'll never get me to wear a silk hat again when you are wearing that thing on your head, so you needn't ask me to," he exploded—his tone was the irritated one of a relative.

"I didn't ask you to wear it this time, did I?" asked the woman.

"That doesn't make any difference, you'll never get me to do it again; I'm not going to spoil an $8 hat for your pleasure," growled the man, and disregarding the surprised look if his companion he sunk into a gloomy silence.

Directly a fuse blew out of the car wheel and the vehicle came to a halt. The man roused himself from his abstraction. "Don't you ever ask me to ride out in the suburbs with you again," he said with much concentrated energy; "here we are two miles from home, and I'll be late at the meeting of my society. I was to read a paper, too."

"Goodness gracious!" replied the woman, using a favorite feminine ejaculation in her impatience. "I did not ask you to come; you asked me. You said 'Let's go somewhere where we can be peaceful, and quiet and happy, and I came. Don't you ask me to come any more with you, for I won't do it. If the skies fell, I believe you'd blame me for it."

The man opened his lips to reply, but his case must have seemed weak even to himself, for he shut them again, and a silence profound and unbroken fell over the car.—Baltimore News.

POPULAR PRESIDENT'S WIFE.

Dolly Madison Was a Remarkable Mistress of the White House.

Beautiful, vivacious, affable and rich, Dolly Madison dispensed a lavish hospitality at her husband's house while he was Secretary of State and presided at such social functions as took place in the White House during Jefferson's days. Becoming regularly installed as its mistress at her husband's inauguration in 1809, she was the leader of Washington society for sixteen years.

No lady of the White House ever approached her in popularity except Harriet Lane, the mistress of the mansion at the time of the bachelor president, Buchanan, and Mrs. Cleveland. Mrs. Madison never forgot the name of a person she had once met. She always recollected every incident of consequence connected with the history of every person presented to her, thus making every one feel that he held a high place in her esteem. In this way she disarmed much of the hostility to the weak administration of Madison and won him many friends whose support was of the highest value to him and to the country during the tempestuous days of the troubles between the United States and England. Worthy as Madison was, says Leslie's Weekly, Mrs. Madison was a much greater person in her field than he was in his.

Lions and Florida Water.

A small girl writing to Our Dumb Animals tells an amusing story of a lion delighted with the perfume of Florida water:

We have often heard that animals were very fond of perfumes, so Mamie and I saved our pennies and bought a bottle of Florida water, which we took with us to the zoo. You just ought to have heard the racket in the lion house. It was very near their dinner-time and they were all hungry. The old lion and his wife were prancing round their cage, roaring with all their might. Their noise started the puma, and when he began he started the panthers. It was, I assure you, pandemonium let loose.

So Mamie poured half of Florida water on a piece of raw cotton and threw it in the lion's cage. He stopped his noise, sniffed at it, rolled all over it, and acted just like a good-natured puppy dog. He rolled over and over with his four big strong legs in the air. He was perfectly happy and forgot that he was hungry. Then Mrs. Lion came up and had a roll, and he never once snarled at her as he so often does. They both were as nice and quiet as two pussy-cats. Mamie and I didn't regret having spent our money on the perfume.

Shoppers as Detectives.

Professional shoppers are employed by a large dry goods firm to test the abilities of their clerks. This firm owns over thirty large shops, and employs nearly one thousand assistants. To find out whether every customer is politely served, a number of lady customers are employed to call at the various shops. They are told to give as much trouble as possible, and sometimes to leave without making a purchase after looking at nearly everything in the shop. Should the unfortunate assistant's temper not be equal to the strain, or should a single word be said that might offend, a report will infallibly reach headquarters and lead to the dismissal of the sorely tried handler of silks and ribbons.

Pressure in Ocean's Deepest Depths.

There are spots in the ocean where the water is five miles deep, and if it is true that the pressure of the water on any body in the water is one pound to the square inch for every two of the depth, anything at the bottom of one of "five miles" holes would have a pressure about it of 13,200 pounds to every square inch.

Timour the Tartar

Tamerlane, the Tartar conqueror, had a club foot. His real name was Timour Lenk, or Timour the Lame.