A DOCTOR'S MISSION

BY EMILY THORNTON

Author of "ROY RUSSELL'S RULE," "GLENROY," "THE FASHIONABLE MOTHER," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

In his unusually pleasant office on Broadway sat Lemuel Gray, a middle-aged man and successful lawyer, in deep thought. In his hand he held a letter, which, after a few moments, he again carefully read. As it refers to people and events to be mentioned often in the remarkable story about to be related, we give the contents entire:

Yonkers, April 15, 18—.

Mr. Lemuel Gray:

Dear Sir—It is with great difficulty that I pen the following, being very ill, but as the object I have in view by thus addressing you is of great importance, I will write in as few words as possible.

You are aware, being my confidential adviser, that I expected to sail for Europe shortly, in order to attempt to unravel the mystery surrounding the death of Sir Arthur Glendenning, in whose fate I am so deeply interested.

I wished to visit, in some disguise, the town where Glendenning Hall is situated, to become acquainted with the present baronet and Lady Constance, his wife, with the nephew and niece residing with them, and to learn something, if possible, about the only sister who married without the consent of her family, and who, therefore, was disowned by her relatives as well as a young girl whom it was said they had adopted.

I desired, also, to make inquiries in regard to the private character of Antoine Duval, the valet of the present Sir Reginald Glendenning, and to study everything that might bear upon the mystery of the case.

I regret to say that my physician declares it impossible for me to undertake, with safety, this journey. What do you thing of my sending thither a substitute? I have in mind a young physician, Dr. Earle Elfenstein, who resides in your city. I write to ask you to hunt him up for me. Please make a few inquiries as to his circumstances, disposition and above all, whether he is an energetic and conscientious man.

Inform me in regard to these matters at an early date. If favorable, set a time when you can meet him at my residence and explain to him the peculiar mission I wish him to undertake in my behalf. Your presence will be absolutely necessary, as the disease with which I am afflicted forbids my entering into the long explanations that must be given, in order to instruct him in the performance of the work.

Yours, etc.,

LEON RAPPELYE.

To this, a few hours later, the following reply was penned:

N. Y., April 16, 18—.

Mr. Leon Rappelye:

Dear Sir—Upon the receipt of yours of the 15th, I examined the city directory without delay. I find Dr. Elfenstein's address to be 47 Exton street.

Going at once to the neighborhood, I learned from a reliable source that the young man has a very small practice, therefore, finds it difficult to support his widowed mother and himself in comfort.

This state of his finances is not due to lack of energy, for he is indefatigable in his efforts to benefit his patients, but those who apply to him for advice are, unfortunately, the very poor in the region of his home.

He is an exceedingly conscientious and good man, and from all I can learn, just the one to undertake the important business which you propose, and which I fully approve.

I will meet him at your residence, on the evening of the 18th. It would be well to send him a telegram to that effect as soon as you receive this. Yours sincerely,

LEMUEL GRAY.

* * * * * * *

It was a dull and dreary picture that the eyes of Dr. Earle Elfenstein rested upon as he draw back the lace curtains that draped the parlor window of his cosy home.

His practice was not large and far from lucrative. Times were unusually hard, and his bills for services rendered, poorly paid, so that he had, indeed, a hard struggle to live.

This afternoon he was peculiarly cast down, for his mother had reminded him that the month's rent for the flat in which they resided would be due in three days, and he knew he had not one quarter of the amount required.

It was no wonder, then, that a sigh escaped him as he turned to greet the sweet looking lady about fifty years of age, who entered the room, holding an envelope in her hand.

"Here is a telegram for you, Earle. What can it be?"

"I cannot say, as I expected none," he replied, opening the missive. "This is singular. I am requested to leave the city by the 8 p. m. train for Yonkers, to see a gentleman, who is an invalid, on a matter of business. His name is Leon Rappelye, a strange name to me."

"What shall you do about it?" asked the mother, anxiously.

"I shall go, of course. The message says, 'you will be met at the station.' I have just about time to answer a call, and meet the train."

"What time shall you return?"

"It will be late, I know, perhaps not until morning. Good by, little mother. Who knows but this will bring better things for us?"

Later, closely protected by a comfortable ulster from the heavy rain that was falling, with a train of serious thoughts in his mind, occasioned by his poverty, Dr. Elfenstein wended his way to the Grand Central Depot and entered the cars that would bear him to his destination.

The rain was falling in torrents as the train came thundering to the station at Yonkers, and upon stopping, the usual crowd hurried out, and passing through the waiting room to the street beyond, were soon lost in the gloom. The doctor had scarcely a moment to wait, when a private coachman approached, whip in hand, and accosted him.

"I have been sent to meet a gentleman from New York named Elfenstein. Are you the one?"

"I am."

"Then please follow me."

The young man was soon seated in a handsome close carriage. Street after street was traversed, until finally they turned into the extensive grounds of an elegant residence.

As the young man stepped across the piazza, the large doors were instantly opened by a colored waiter, who motioned him to enter and proceeded to assist in removing his overcoat and wet overshoes.

Crossing the marble floor of the long hall, he was ushered into a room elegantly appointed. The bright grate fire cast a cheerful glow around, while the velvet carpet scarcely gave back a footfall. The table was laid for one, and very soon a sumptuous dinner was served, of which he alone partook.

Leaving the doctor to enjoy his solitary meal, we will precede him to the story above, and to the presence of the invalid, whose urgent telegraphic dispatch had brought him to the place.

The second story back room was large and commodious, opening into a room beyond, where every luxury abounded, for the comfort of the master.

"Has he come?"

These words issued from the pale lips of the sufferer, who was half sitting, half reclining upon the bed.

"Has Dr. Elfenstein come? I thought I heard the carriage."

"You did, and he is here," returned the nurse and housekeeper. "I thought it best to have him take dinner before you saw him. I presume you have much to say and would prefer not to be interrupted. He will be with you in a few moments now."

"Has my lawyer come?"

"Not yet. But the door bell rings. I think that is he."

"Set that stand with writing materials close by my bed, then go down and show both gentlemen to this room; after which, you can leave us to ourselves until you hear me ring."

Making herself known to the doctor, the nurse introduced him to Mr. Gray, then led the way to the sick man's presence.

"Here is Mr. Gray, Mr. Rappelye, and this is your expected friend, Dr. Elfenstein."

Reaching forth a thin, white hand, the old man smiled feebly, and between struggling breaths managed to say:

"I am very glad to see you."

Taking the emaciated hand in both his, Earle Elfenstein pressed it tenderly, and in a low tone full of feeling responded:

"I am glad I could come to you, but sorry, very sorry to see you so ill!"

"You must wonder why I summoned you, an entire stranger, to my side in this unceremonious way, but I have important business to transact. Talking is such an exertion, my lawyer, Mr. Gray, must explain for me my wishes, and why I sent for you."

These words were uttered at intervals, for his short breathing prevented long sentences, and gently releasing his hand Elfenstein took the seat close beside the bed, while Mr. Gray seated himself in a business-like way beside the table.

CHAPTER II.

"Dr. Elfenstein," said Mr. Gray, "my client and friend, Mr. Leon Rappelye, is, as you see, extremely ill. Our friend is a lonely man, having no relatives living to whom he wishes to leave his large fortune. He has dictated his last will and testament, and as he desires to sign it before he may be unable to do so, it was necessary for him to see you personally, previous to placing his name to the document, in which, I may add, you are deeply interested."

Earle Elfenstein started as he heard these words, and looked from the lawyer to the invalid beside him.

"You are surprised, naturally," again resumed Mr. Gray, "and probably wonder what Mr. Rappelye knows of you. I will explain this at once. Your father was George Elfenstein, a well-known banker; in years gone by he did Mr. Itappelye a never-to-be-forgotten service. His arrival in this country was followed by a long and dangerous illness, when he lay alone among strangers, almost neglected, and he attended to his wants like a brother, until he was entirely convalescent. They met often afterward, and then lost sight of each other. Years of silence passed, when accidentally he learned about three months since that his benefactor was dead, and his only son was a struggling physician in New York. He has heard of your fearless, conscientious manner of meeting your engagements, and this was a characteristic he particularly wished to find in some young friend. When, therefore, his health entirely failed, he determined to send for you, and perhaps place his affairs in your hands."

"Anything that I can do within the range of honor and integrity, I shall be pleased to undertake," Earle answered.

"We felt so. The case then is this; but, of course, you will recognize the fact that the history of our friend's life, which I shall be obliged to unfold to you, is told in strict confidence. Will you promise to regard that confidence as a sacred trust, never to be told to another, until all that is now mysterious has been swept away?"

"I will."

"Then I will proceed. Our friend was the youngest son of Sir Geoffrey Glendenning, residing in a large town near Liverpool. This gentleman had one daughter, who married against his wishes, and three sons. Arthur, who would in case of his death succeed to the title; Reginald, two years younger, and Fitzroy, the gentleman you see before you, whose severe domestic misfortunes have been so great that for the last twenty-five years he has been obliged to live in this country, under the assumed name of Rappelye."

"A short time after the death of his parents, for they expired within a few months of each other, and after his brother Arthur had come into possession of his title, little turmoils arose between the brothers, and seemed to embitter them exceedingly.

"Reginald, the second son, had an ugly, morose disposition, that was peculiarly exasperating, and whenever the opportunity occurred he delighted in getting Fitzroy into disgrace with the young baronet.

"These young men had a very pretty cousin, in whose society they each took extreme pleasure. Her name was Constance Leonore Glendenning. It was soon discovered that the affections of the young girl were centered upon Sir Arthur, and this knowledge was immediately followed by a betrothal.

"Reginald, being somewhat disappointed that he could not win the prize, undertook to report several little interviews of a purely innocent and accidental nature that Fitzroy had with this lady to his brother, casting a very sinister light upon them, and assuring Arthur that Fitzroy was endeavoring to supplant him in her favor.

"This artful story infuriated the young nobleman, and caused a very bitter interview. Fitzroy indignantly denied every thought of interference, declaring the truth, that his love for Constance was merely cousinly. This Sir Arthur refused to believe, and they parted in anger, Fitzroy exclaiming in a moment of unguarded passion as he left him:

"'Very well, think so if it suits you; but, mark me, you shall yet repent your unjust accusations, and, as I live, shall never repeat this insult.'

"Closing the door as he spoke, he stepped into the hall and stood face to face with Antoine Duval, the valet of his brother Reginald, and from the conscious look he gave him, Fitzroy knew that he had either purposely listened or accidentally heard the unfortunate remark.

"The brothers did not meet again that day, but early the next, Fitzroy was awakened by an unusual tumult. To his horror he was told that Sir Arthur had disappeared during the night. His bed had been occupied as usual, but he had probably been murdered, or very badly wounded, as while no traces of his body could be found, evidences of a contest were on every side.

"Blood was upon the bed and floor, the window seat was covered with it, as though he had been dragged through it, and then by means of a rope let down to the ground below. From the grass to an ornamental lake not far distant were irregular patches of the same human gore. Beyond that, nothing was ever discovered! That lake was thoroughly dragged for the body; the grave by the side of it was searched, not a spot being left in which a corpse could be buried—to no effect.

"But, while stupefied with grief over his brother's loss, our poor friend was made aware that the finger of suspicion pointed to him with singularly fatal evidences of guilt.

"A dagger with his name engraved upon the handle was found by the bedside, on the floor, its blade still wet with blood. Beneath the window seat, caught upon a nail, was a fragment of cloth which, upon search being made, fitted exactly into a rent in a dressing gown of his, that was found hanging in his own closet.

"All he could conclude was that some unknown enemy had struck the fatal blow, and after stealing these articles from his private rooms, had left the dagger purposely upon the floor, and returned the torn and bloody gown to the closet, in order to fasten suspicion upon him, and thus shield themselves.

"To make a long story short, in due time the trial took place, and Sir Reginald Glendenning, who had succeeded to the title, testified to the bitter feeling that had existed between the brothers. He also identified the dagger and dressing gown as belonging to the prisoner. Antoine Duval testified as fully to the threatening language used to the deceased on the day previous to the murder by his brother.

"The trial was quite lengthy, but resulted in his acquittal and discharge from custody. But although freed by law, the popular opinion remained unchanged, and, unable to endure the cold, averted looks of his former friends, he left his home and embarked for America under an assumed name.

"Arriving in New York, the strain of grief that he had undergone so told upon his nervous system that he was laid upon a bed of severe illness. Then it was that your father sought him out and nursed him so tenderly. After his recovery, he resolved to devote himself to business, and thus forget his troubles and misfortunes."

(To be continued.)

Why Mary Did Not Sing.

An able but easily embarrassed and somewhat absent-minded young teacher was about to begin a singing lesson one day when a knock at the school-room door interrupted proceedings. The teacher went to the door and ushered in a delegation from a prominent local woman's club. When the ladies were comfortably seated and each had assumed a critical, listening attitude, the teacher resumed the singing lesson. It was one of her most stringent rules of action that when company was present everything should go on exactly as usual.

One of her pupils, Mary Holmes, a somewhat shy girl, had a good alto voice, and the teacher was anxious that she should display it to advantage.

"Now, Mary," she said, encouragingly, "when I count four, you be sure to sing. Attention, children!" raising her baton. "One, two, three, ready—sing!" The children sang lustily, but Mary's alto voice was missing.

"I didn't hear your voice that time, Mary. Remember, when I count four you are to sing. Next verse, children! One, two—" Mary watched the motion of the teacher's lips anxiously, "three! Ready—sing!" The children's shrill treble rang out unaided by Mary's strong alto.

"Don't you feel like singing, Mary? Try this verse, now—one, two, three. Well, what is it?"

Mary had risen, and was shyly twisting her fingers. "Please, Miss Brooks," she said, breathlessly, "you told me to sing when you counted four and you only count just to three every time!"—Youth's Companion.

Pirates in the Gulf Stream.

Captain Luigi Montani of the steamship Sardegna, which has just arrived at Naples from the United States with a large number of emigrants on board, recounts an extraordinary story of adventure. Shortly after entering the gulf stream, near the Mexican gulf, a suspicious-looking brigantine hove in sight from which piercing cries were heard proceeding. Captain Montani immediately gave orders for pursuit, and a threat of sinking the vessel brought her to a halt. He then armed his crew, boarded the strange craft and began to search the vessel.

It proved to be a private ship. Twenty-five pirates, who sought to slink away in small boats, were surrounded by an overwhelming force and captured. They were all Caribbean negroes or creoles, reports the London Chronicle. Two beautiful girls were discovered bound to the timbers of the ship, with their mouths gagged, and on being freed they had a heart-rending story of brutality to tell. The brigantine had been seized by these pirates, who wounded the original crew and the captain, whose guests the girl were, and then threw them overboard. The pirates thereupon steered the vessel, which had a large cargo of she goats, toward the Antilles. Captain Montani ends by saying that he transferred the pirates to the Sardegna, kept them in irons and made for Boston, where he delivered them over to the American authorities.

Great Pumping Plant.

The greatest pumping plant in the world is one which draws 5,000,000 gallons of water a day 387 miles to the gold fields at Bulla Bulling, Australia.

Sometimes a man makes a fool of himself because his wife lets him have his own way.

GREAT GOVERNMENT BUILDING AT THE ST. LOUIS FAIR.

—Copyright 1904 by Louisiana Purchase Exposition Co.

The United States Government Building at the St. Louis World's Fair is the largest exposition structure ever erected by Uncle Sam. It is 764 feet long and has a width of 250 feet. It is distinguished among the other exhibition structures by the durability of its construction. Huge girders of steel support the superstructure, leaving an interior absolutely free from pillars. The display from the National Museum and the Smithsonian Institution is unrivaled. The original treaty between France and the United States, by which the Louisiana Territory was transferred to this country, is exhibited by the State Department.

THE OLD, SWEET FIELDS.

Yonder, where the valley is—
 Where the rivers rush,
"Welcome!" sings the mockin'bird,
 "Howdy!" pipes the thrush.
And to the host o' them we say,
"We've come to spend a holiday!"

Sure, that bird's sweet singing
 Sounds familiar still;
Valley-voices bringing
 Echoes from the hill!
That voice—we heard it far away—
Sweet calling to a child at play.

And there are wild, sweet joys there,
 Where barefoot fellows roam—
Just as of old, the boys there
 They drive the cattle home.
And some one near the battle-bars
Looks winsome 'neath the twilight stars!

O loved, remembered places!
 I greet you once again;
Recalling in strange faces
 Youth's passion and its pain!
But, more than all, its joy—that seems
An echo in an old man's dreams!

—Atlanta Constitution.

BETWEEN ACTS.

ANNICE WHEATLEY strolled to the window and gazed idly out. This was strictly in accordance with the instructions conveyed in the little blue-covered book of typewriting, which read:

"And I will explain it all to you. (Gertrude walks to window R and gazes idly out."

Considering that this was the 217th time she had done this, the view from the window had lost somewhat of its novelty.

She knew exactly what she would see there. At her right would be a huge electric calcium pouring its green rays upon her white dress. It had been decided that green would be better than blue. The moon had been green ever since the night when the stage manager had arrived at this decision.

There were also a couple of stage braces holding up the scenery, and sometimes a couple of stage hands in very dirty sleeves lent animation to the view.

Though the men were absent and Annice was able to give her whole attention to the floor, on which some one had chalked, "I love you," in a clear print.

She wondered idly who might have done this. Some stage hand, probably considering it a good joke. Surely no one would make such an open confession and expect to be taken seriously.

She was still wondering when she heard the cue, which was her signal to turn with a cry of horror to perceive Lady Gwendolin prostrate upon the floor, struck down by Hugh de Maltravers, who in private life was a most unvillain-like villain.

After that it was a busy time until the fall of the curtain, when she had to run for the dressing-room for a change to the third-act costume. She gave the chalk marks no further thought until the following evening.

There, again, were the eloquent words neatly chalked for her inspection. She was the only one required to use the window. She could not suppose that the message was meant for any one else.

Gradually the legend began to annoy her. Every evening the same words appeared, only to disappear before it came time to make the change for the next act.

She complained to the stage manager, but that official could offer no practical suggestion. He was certain it was none of the stage boys, and that was all the satisfaction she could obtain.

The matter both annoyed and interested her. It takes but little to make talk in a company, and she wisely held her peace; but she kept a sharp eye out in the hope of discovering the offender.

She even made a practice of running to the window the moment the curtain fell in the hope of discovering the writer erasing the lines, but by that time the marks had been obscured and she could only wait for time to unravel the mystery.

On the 250th performance Agnes Carleton celebrated the event by introducing a new gown. In place of the white satin, which was beginning to show the marks of wear and tear, she appeared in a handsome black satin, which caused every woman in the audience a pang of jealousy and incidentally got her several newspaper items.

As usual, Annice stood by the window wondering who her unknown admirer might be. Lady Gwendolin gave her customary shriek and Annice turned with a scream of terror to behold the villain's wicked work.

To-night she supplemented her stage horror with a cry more natural. Lady Gwendolin fell with her face toward the audience, that they might marvel at the play of her facial expression as she slowly died from the effects of Maltravers' cruel blow. There on the back of the black satin were the marks of a man's fingers clearly outlined in white.

In a flash it all came to her. Hugh Cameron, who played Maltravers, was the only person who left the stage. He made his exit from the very window out of which she had been looking. All of the other characters were supposed to enter from the castle on the opposite side of the stage.

It was an easy matter to chalk the legend while she was having her scene with Miss Carleton. Then when he fled from the consequence of his murderous assault he could rub out the chalk marks.

Only the black satin dress had been out of his calculations. When he had grappled with Lady Gwendolin, the chalk from his imperfectly cleaned fingers had left their mark. On the old white dress they had not been noticeable.

All through the last act the incident kept running through her head. She liked Cameron very much, better than anyone else in the company. He had been so kind to her in many ways, so deferential, she could not believe that he had sought to insult her. She could not even imagine him doing such a thing even for a joke. He was not that sort of a man.

It hurt her to think that he had a hand in his joke. Just as the curtain fell at the close of the act she turned to Cameron.

"I should like to speak to you after you have changed," she said simply.

He bowed, but it was with no easy heart that he awaited her coming on the dark stage.

She broached the subject directly. "Mr. Cameron," she demanded, "why do you annoy me by chalking such absurd sentiments underneath the window in the second act?"

"How do you know?" he countered.

"You left chalk marks on Miss Carleton's black dress this evening," she explained. "Now I want to know why you played such an absurd prank."

He colored like a guilty schoolboy.

"Believe me," he said, earnestly, "it was no prank. I meant it, every word. One night I stood by the window. The stage hands were all busy with a card game at the rear and I knew no one would see it before I came off after the murder. I picked a piece of chalk off the call board and wrote the words. You see, while I play villain on the stage I am anything but a bold man off. Just as I was going to sign them I heard the cue that brought you to the window and I had just time to whisk round the corner. I have been trying every night since then to get the courage to sign my name, but if it hadn't been for the blessed dress I never should have done so. I mean it, every word of it, Miss Wheatley. Won't you believe me?"

By special request Miss Carleton will wear her black dress at the wedding.

Life Easy on This Railroad.

There is a small railroad in Michigan which doesn't figure on the map. It is only forty miles long and meanders through the countryside in a casual sort of way, touching such brisk villages as Parsons Mills, Sleepy Corners and Appledale. Trains do not run on this road—they creep. The locomotives appear to be heirlooms of antiquity, say of the year 1000 B. C., and the antediluvian rolling stock suggests the ark. The road is operated on the good old easy-going principle that haste makes waste, and it is said, doubtless with malicious exaggeration, that a cow once poked her head through the car window and ate all the lunch in a picnic basket while the train was going by.

One day a woman and her little boy took a trip on the road. By the time Dandelondale and the Junction were passed the pair had succumbed to ennui and slumbered in their seats.

"Tickets!" drawled a brass-buttoned Charon with a punch in his hand. The lady woke up and presented two tickets, her own and the boy's. The conductor eyed the youngster and remarked that he guessed he was much too old to ride on a half-fare ticket.

"Of course he is," the mother replied. "But he wasn't when we started."—Chicago Record-Herald.

DRESS WITH MUCH TASTE.

British House of Commons Is the Best Garbed Body in the World.

Taking it all round the House of Commons is the best-dressed assembly in the world. It has an air of good breeding, of men accustomed to drawing-rooms and good society. The general deportment comes up to a fairly high average. You see honorable members wearing their hats in the house and the sight offends, but that is not a point of manners, but a custom with a picturesque history at the back of it. You sometimes, too, see honorable members asleep and you often hear unmannerly interruptions from the Irish and tory benches. On the other hand, you never see an English M. P., as I have often seen an American Congressman, enjoying the luxury of a "dry smoke" and relieving himself by profuse spitting.

The House, too, is much more punctilious than Congress on the small points of order. Whenever a member violates them he is instantly hauled up, not merely by the speaker, but by his fellow members, to many of whom it is part of the spice of life to pounce upon offenders. As for the oratorical standard of the House it is difficult to speak with precision. The late Empress of Austria used to say that she saw more good and more bad riding in the English shires than anywhere else in the world. Much the same sort of criticism might be passed on parliamentary eloquence. Some of it is exceedingly good, better, I think, than anything one is likely to hear in Congress, but much of it is atrocious. On the whole, in this, as in many other spheres of Anglo-American comparatives, I should be inclined to say that, while the House of Commons best is better than the Congressional best, the House of Commons average is below the Congressional average.—Harper's Weekly.

She Gets Cigars.

A nice looking woman walked into one of the stores of the tobacco octopus the other night and asked to see some of the store's best cigars. The clerk handed out a dozen boxes in a jiffy.

While the new patron was taking a dry whiff of each fifteen men lined up along the counter to make various purchases. They might just as well have been wooden Indians as far as the one clerk was concerned. But just about the time the entire line began to display a nervous desire to get away, the fair one selected a 12-cent cigar with a bright band, and asked the customer next in line if he didn't think it was a good one.

"I've been smoking thirty years and couldn't have selected a better one myself," he replied gallantly.

"Then will you please wrap this one up?" she said, tendering the clerk a $20 bill.

It took the clerk five minutes to change the bill, and then he tripped on an empty cigar box and dropped all the coin. It was finally handed to the purchaser. When she had her hand on the door knob she thought of the coupons. She turned back.

"Don't you give trading stamps with cigars?" she asked sweetly, whereupon the clerk thrust a quarter's worth of coupons into her hand.

"It does beat all how dead easy a lady can paralyze a cigar store," said one of the men in line when he finally got the package of tobacco for which he had waited twenty minutes.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Population of Japan.

The population of Japan was estimated at 43,152,998, according to the last census, taken in 1898. There are four classes, in the following proportion: Imperial family, 53; nobility, 4,551; gentry, 2,105,696; common people, 41,050,568. In these figures are included 17,573 Ainos, of Hokkaido, 70,801 Japanese living abroad, and 12,664 foreigners. In addition, however, are the 3,000,000 inhabitants of Formosa, so that the present population is estimated at 50,000,000. Hondo, the chief island, is the most densely populated part of the empire, having 381 people to the square mile, and its southern districts have 475 inhabitants to the square mile. Of recent years there has been a rapid concentration of population in the cities. There were 78 towns, according to the census of 1898, having a population of 20,000 or over.

The Miss and Her Mission.

"What sort of a girl is she?"

"Oh, she is a miss with a mission."

"And her mission is seeking a man with a mansion."—London Tit-Bits.

Carved Furniture.

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Chicago Portland Special 9:00 a. m. via Huntington.	Salt Lake, Denver, Ft. Worth, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago and East.	4:30 p. m.
Atlantic Express 8:15 p.m. via Huntington.	St. Paul Fast Mail.	10:30 a. m.
St. Paul Fast Mail 6:00 p. m. via Spokane	Atlantic Express.	7:30 a. m.

70 HOURS
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OCEAN AND RIVER SCHEDULE
FROM PORTLAND.

8:00 p.m.	All sailing dates subject to change. For San Francisco—Sail every 5 days.	5:00 p. m.
Daily Ex. Sunday 8:00 p. m. Saturday 10:00 p. m.	Columbia River Steamers. To Astoria and Way Landings.	3:00 p. m. Ex. Sunday
6:45 a. m. Mon., Wed. and Fri.	Willamette River. Salem, Independence, Corvallis and way landings.	3:30 p. m. Tues., Thu., Sat.
7:00 a. m. Tues., Thur. and Sat.	Yamhill River. Oregon City, Dayton and way landings.	4:30 p. m. Mon., Wed. and Fri.
Lv. Riparia 4:00 a. m. Daily except Saturday	Snake River. Riparia to Lewiston	Lv. Lewiston 8:00 a. m. Daily except Friday.

A. L. CRAIG,
General Passenger Agent, Portland, Or
T. J. KINNAIRD, Agent, Hood River.