

# THE CHARITY GIRL

By EFFIE A. ROWLANDS

## CHAPTER XXVII.

Jack had gone. He had waited on at the little cottage a weary week after that evening when Jean had crept down and so gently as possible had told him of Audrey's strange aversion to seeing him. "It is only a whim," Jean said, hurriedly; "we must humor her."

That same night it was, when they were sitting alone in the tiny dining room, that Jack suddenly poured into the poor miserable soul of Jean's ears the story of that ball; of how he had been hoisted into driving over to see Mr. Benson, who had never sent for him; of all the horrible things he had heard about Audrey; and, lastly, of how he had come upon her in the summer house, with Beverly Rochester at her feet kissing her hands.

"Put yourself in my place, and judge as I judge. Do not view things as they are now, or you will be harder upon me than I deserve," he said, as he looked his weary, sad eyes on his hand. "I will not be hard upon you at all, Lord John," Jean said, very gently; "for I think I should have been misled by your being so apparently strong circumstantial evidence. I am glad you have spoken out to me, and I only wish Audrey had done the same, for she has almost certainly been misled."

"What is it you mean?" Jack asked, looking up at her, eagerly. "I mean that I now am convinced that Willie is right, and that there was some plot contrived against you both at that ball. I have no definite proof, only a woman's intuition to work upon, but that shall be enough. This must be sifted, Lord John, sifted to the very dregs. I love you both," she continued, tears dimming her eyes. "You have been more than good to me, and now that Audrey's mother is gone I feel I must be friend, sister and mother in one. You will see that I am right, and you and my dear one were both the victims of some conspiracy. On the face of it the whole affair is absurd. Don't you love each other better than all the world? I shall write to Willie and tell him all my doubts."

And the result of that letter was to put Willie Fullerton on the track of Murray, whom Jean seemed convinced could throw some light on the subject. A week had gone, and Audrey was wonderfully better; it was her first real day of convalescence, and Jean was sitting with her, reading downstairs Jack's letter, trying to comfort himself with the familiar voice accented him, and he found himself shaking hands with Marshall, Marshall, grown older, and looking very wan in her simple black for her beloved mistress. It somehow comforted Jack to see her; she seemed to bring back a little of the sweet influence that had surrounded Constance Fraser.

She had come direct from seeing Mr. Fullerton, who had briefly told her all, and she now asked to see Audrey at once. "Let me nurse her, my lord," she pleaded; "her, my dear's own child. Will you go up and tell her I'm here, my lord? Perhaps I'd best not go straight without saying."

termination and common sense she possessed, and withal how large a heart! Certainly Willie Fullerton was to be envied. "I am afraid she will fret when she is told all," Jean added, thoughtfully; "still it is best all should be known. I shall keep nothing from her, either now or in the future," and, when at last she spoke of Jack's departure, Jean very gently but thoroughly put all the facts before Audrey that Mr. Fullerton had managed to glean about the masked ball and its miserable results. She was shown Murray's confession, signed and attested by Sheila Fraser. She was given all the information there was to give, and then Jean very sensibly, and with more than ordinary tact, went softly away, and left her alone to fight the battle out by herself.

When they met again there were tears in the girl's white face, but she was wonderfully quiet. "Will you send for Jack's mother, please, Jean, and ask her to come home? Now—now I am alone I should like her advice. It is only right and proper as his wife I should consult his mother."

Ten days later news came to Mountberry that Craighlands was preparing to receive her Grace of Harborough, who was returning with her son, Lord Iverne, and her daughter-in-law, Lady John Glendernwood, and, as may be supposed, the village was greatly exercised in its mind over this intelligence, having had its curiosity whetted considerably by the vague and unsatisfactory rumors that had been circulated about the same said Lady John.

Dinglewood House was shut up, and it was understood vaguely that Miss Fraser was visiting, though where no one exactly knew. It was generally voted annoying that Sheila should have been absent just now. She could have thrown light on a good deal of what was perplexing, and have, moreover, given the real account of what had happened at the ball; whether it was true that Lady John had flirted and behaved so abominably, or whether Dr. and Mrs. Thorngate were correct in saying that somebody had imitated her ladyship's domino, and cleverly tricked the whole room of guests into imagining that it was Lady John who so thoroughly disgraced herself and her husband's name. Then Sheila, too, could have given the exact history as to what had occurred between Lord John and his wife, and what was the meaning of all the extraordinary rumors that had been circulated.

But Sheila was not on hand to be questioned, and, in default of encouragement, it was really wonderful how soon the excitement and curiosity began to die away and how readily everybody grew to consider Audrey as having been most injured by the trick that had been so maliciously played upon her. In fact, by the time Christmas was due, Lady John and her belongings were a theme too old to be mentioned anywhere, and the affairs at Craighlands would have been passed over as almost indifferent and uninteresting, but that, just as the joybells were proclaiming the birth of a new Christ-child, the icy fingers of the death angel were laid upon the heart of Duncan, Marjory's death to another, but no answer had been vouchsafed, and the lawyer could not but entertain strong doubts as to whether the new Marquis of Iverne was gone still further on his travels, and so the message was unward.

Craighlands was very sad in those days. The duchess seemed to break down altogether after her son's death. Yet, despite all this, she was gentle and kind to Audrey beyond description; she could not have given the girl more love if she had been her own child. They were quiet days, and peaceful. Audrey found many little duties to perform which helped to make the hours fly. She was very pale and delicate, but she refused to allow Jean to consider her an invalid, and was never weary of fitting about the duchess, eager to do all and anything in her power to alleviate the sorrow which was depressing the mother's heart. The only distraction was Willie Fullerton's weekly visits, when his breezy, happy manner seemed to change the very atmosphere.

Now had fallen heavily and it lay on the ground during the whole month of January and February. Despite this, however, Audrey would persist in going out as much as possible. "It does me good," she said to Jean, who was fearful of every cold wind that blew on her darling. "I must go, Jean. I—I feel sometimes as if I should go mad in the house."

She had this restless feeling on her one afternoon toward the middle of February. "I shall walk into Mountberry. I want to see Mrs. Thorngate—do you mind, dearest?" she asked the duchess, who sat half dozing, half dreaming, by the fire. "Take care of yourself, Audrey. Put on stout boots! This snow is so penetrating!" Audrey walked briskly over the snow, a slender, graceful figure in her heavy, black garments, her lovely face lovelier than ever in its somber setting. She was warmly greeted by Dr. Thorngate, who was just leaving the vicarage as she arrived. Audrey thought he looked worn and troubled. "My wife will be rejoiced to see you," he said, and his gaze followed the girlish form in an affection that was deepened only by admiration and respect. Mrs. Thorngate was troubled, too, and though she welcomed Lady Iverne with all her old love, she was not herself. Audrey felt pained and full of sympathy. "I am sure you would rather I did not stay, dear Mrs. Thorngate," she said, simply, rising and drawing on her wraps again. "You have something on your mind, and will be better alone."

had written to his aunt that morning. He was in a terrible predicament. Two years back he had committed forgery out in Africa; he had cleverly escaped detection, and had come to England, thinking all danger gone. Unluckily for him, his movements and real name had been discovered; he had been tracked. If the money were not forthcoming in the next twenty-four hours he would be handed over to justice.

"Audrey, what can I do? What can I do? I cannot sit here and know that he, the boy I have loved, is condemned to a felon's cell. He has been my joy, my one delight, and Gus refuses to let me help him."

Audrey felt her heart beginning to beat with a sense of pain and apprehension. The very mention of this man's name felt like a black shadow on her heart. She trembled as she recalled all the evil his cold-blooded treachery had worked between herself and Jack; the memory of his passionate love words raised a blush of shame to her face even now, but she put her own feelings on one side to minister to Mrs. Thorngate's sorrow.

"Will you let me take this of your shoulders?" she asked. "Hush! Not a word. We are friends, are we not? Rest, and be at peace, for by God's will, I will save him from what you fear!" (To be continued.)

OLD STYLE CLOCKS SIMPLE. Still Manufactured and Sold by Dealers and in Good Demand. Conspicuous by their simplicity or their quaintness or both among the many simple clocks of more modern designs shown in the salesrooms of a clock-manufacturing concern were a few of the old styles. There were old-time, so-called Gothic clocks, once a favorite style; not a very big clock and with the top not flat but carried up to a ridge line like a sharp-pointed roof, with the gable end to the front, and having as its base, on either side, at the top of the body of the clock, a little spire, the lower section of the door of the clock, below the dial, painted with some sort of design.

There were cottage clocks, these smaller than the Gothics, and like all the other old-time clocks are simple, and trim looking, with upright, square-cornered cases. And then there were bigger clocks, larger than the Gothics, clocks with their long door deeply recessed within a wide bordering molding, tall, square, cornered, prim-looking and yet engaging clocks, such as, once made of mahogany or mahogany veneer, stood on many and many a mantelpiece, clocks with big dials and long hands and with a sonorous tick.

Among these large clocks there were some with cases less severe in design and finished, with some ornamentation about them and gilded half-columns, one on either side of the case, in front, clocks such as once adorned the shelves of many an old-time parlor. These old-style clocks were not old clocks, but new clocks. Such are still manufactured and sold. "Clocks are now made of many materials as to their cases and in innumerable styles," said the salesman, "and we are adding new styles all the time, and the great majority of people buy these clocks of later designs. But we still continue to sell clocks of a few of those once familiar old styles. Some of these old-style clocks we make with modern spring improvements within their old-time cases and others of them we still make with the old-time clock-weights."

"Of all these new old-style clocks comparatively few are sold in the city. They go mostly to smaller towns and to the country. But it would not do to say that they are bought by old-time people clinging to old-time ways and styles. They may find such buyers but other buyers anywhere may fancy them for their quaintness or for old-time associations."

Then from the mossy woodland bed Where thickly lies the "mast" Bobs up each bristly, avish head, With sideling glances cast. And then with many a grunt and squeal Homeward is turned each cloven heel. And while the dead leaves rustle dry, Faint sounds again that signal cry—"Poo-ee, Poo-ee."

And with his ridged and horny hands And crumpled hat forlorn, The chore boy at the feed lot stands, With store of shining corn, His arms across the hickory bars, His eyes upon the drowsy stars. While resonantly comes his cry Quaintly, melodiously, shrill and high—"Poo-ee, Poo-ee, Pig, Pig, Poo-ee."

Marjory, somewhat tenacious of her individuality, was of course late, so the family looked up from its respective plates with varying expressions of disapproval while Aunt Lavinia sniffed obtrusively. Marjory opened her letter, and her pretty eyes grew round and bright as she mastered its contents. "How perfectly glorious," she exclaimed at last, "my godmother is dead and has left me one thousand pounds!"

The family was with one accord thunderstruck. The godmother in question had quarreled violently with Marjory's parents and had ceased all communication with them ten years before, the chief cause of her displeasure being the rabid narrow-mindedness of Mr. and Mrs. Stanhope, who made a point of "disapproving" of everything

they did not understand, or were not concerned in, and imagine the one and only spot of importance in the world was their own ivy-clad manor house, in a wee straggling village, six miles from the nearest railway station and telegraph office.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanhope rarely left their own home and only at rare intervals drove to the nearest market town, from which excursion he returned in a blustering passion at other people's "underheadness," and his wife with a violent headache; they always went together, and always returned with the same results.

They owned with much reluctance that the one great mistake of their otherwise blameless and exemplary lives had been the sending of Marjory to school in London, the three younger girls and their brother being educated at home under the austere rule of a fearsome, awesome fraulein of uncertain age and doubtful accent.

"Marjory," her mother would say patently, "has been a sad disappointment," by which might be inferred that the young woman in question had imbibed various sensible, up-to-date, and go-ahead doctrines and qualities, and used the firmness of will which she inherited from her paternal relative in a manner that ruffled the domestic peace of Stanhope Manor not a little. "I think, Marjory," said her mother, "perfectly glorious," he said the right term to apply to the lamented death of your godmother. "Poor, dear Juliana," sobbed Aunt Lavinia, dabbling her eyes. She knew little and cared less about the defunct lady, but always made a point of weeping whenever occasion served. "What shall you do with the money?" inquired Marjory's sister Geraldine. "Golly! how fine," was the expressive remark of the son and heir, upon which he was requested by the twins "not to be vulgar."

"I'm glad Juliana has recognized, even at the eleventh hour, that she did wrong to displease us," announced the head of the family pompously. "It would have shown better taste to have left the small legacy to your mother or to me; still, I regard it as a graceful act of reparation, and it will be a nice little income for you, Marjory, if I invest it properly for you."

"I don't want stock," said Marjory. "I want a motor car." "Had she announced that she proposed introducing a band of performing alligators into the domestic circle, the astonishment and excitement could not have been more.

Not only did Mr. Stanhope strongly "disapprove" of automobiles, and considered it execrable taste to appear in public in anything more to progressive than a victoria drawn by a couple of fat, lazy bays, or his trap harnessed to a stubbony old mare, but his wife deemed a woman capable of driving in such an "infernal machine" as a being wholly depraved and quite devoid of decency; a creature utterly and completely outside the pale of "refined gentility."

"I'm going to have a motor," said Marjory, and have a motor she did. In vain her parents fretted and fumed, stormed, entreated, and even threatened disinheritance. The sollicitors of the deceased lady had upheld the legate in her determination, laying stress upon the special condition named in their client's will, and Mr. Stanhope gnashed his teeth in despair and baffled rage, while his wife and Aunt Lavinia wept it concert.

Marjory interviewed the rector, their own family lawyer, and the village doctor, and won them all to her side, so that they gave no ear to her father's diatribes. A portion of her legacy went to the purchase of a little gem of a machine, complete to its minutest detail; she commanded the person and services of the most intelligent and mechanical youth in the village contained, and sent him to a famous garage in London, where he was thoroughly instructed in all that appertained to the driving and management of a motor. She invested in suitable, and, strange to say, quite becoming motor garments, and all these things being accomplished, and the fury of the storm at home having worn out most of its strength, Marjory, her man, and her motor went spitting through country lanes, visiting far-off towns and distant hamlets, and she enjoyed herself thoroughly.

Stern disapproval of the doings of their degenerate daughter was still shown by her parents. Aunt Lavinia wept at the possibility of her niece being brought home a mangled corpse, fratricide wept at the "derrible egg-sample ob so disobedient a dander," and the younger folk wept because they were not allowed to accompany their sister on her excursions, so that altogether there was a damp time at the Manor.

Then suddenly Hugh, the 11-year-old son, was stricken with pneumonia, and day by day anxious hearts beat at Stanhope Manor. The offending motor was forgotten, and while it remained in the dim obscurity of the coach house, its owner and the professional nurse shared the duties of the sick room, and Mr. and Mrs. Stanhope wandered tearfully hand in hand through the rooms and corridors, calling upon every one to share their grief, but doing nothing whatever for the good of the patient.

One evening the old doctor's anxious face told the other watchers that a crisis was approaching. "I must have another opinion," said he to Mr. Stanhope. "Whom shall we get?" asked the agonized father. "Young Dr. Raymond, of Crayminster," responded the old man. "He has a special oxygen treatment. I've read that he has done wonders, but in this out-of-the-way hole we only hear of such things. If only we could get him here by morning we might save the boy's life."

Crayminster was twenty miles away, the telegraph office in town would be closed; it was hopeless to dream of reaching the doctor before morning. Mr. Stanhope groaned. Marjory heard the doctor's last words, "save the boy's life," and her heart gave a throb of terror. "It's surely not as bad as that," she whispered. "I fear so," was the reply, "he has got rapidly worse during the last hour or two." For a moment Marjory seemed stunned, then, giving herself a little shake, she whispered a few words to the doctor.

He looked at her for a minute, then at the boy on the bed. Then he gave Marjory a little pat on the shoulder. "It's the only chance," he said. In a flash Marjory was gone. She never knew how she got ready, nor how the car was put in motion, she merely has a recollection of tearing furiously through the night, heedless of speed limits and gradients, through sleeping villages and scattered hamlets, until at last her car snorted and bounded into the deserted streets of slumbering Crayminster.

Roused from his sleep, Dr. Raymond confronted the breathless, eager girl and listened to her tale of their urgent need. He promptly grasped the situation. He had forced Marjory to take some food, while he bore out heavy oxygen cylinders and stored them in the buzzing car; then he carefully wrapped her in a rug, and seated himself beside her. "Right away," he said, cheerfully. "You had better run the car yourself, there will be plenty of time to rest when we get there. Please God, we'll be in time."

The car leaped forward into the darkness, and as the first gleams of a new day lighted up the east they stopped before the door of Stanhope Manor.

Yes, thanks to Marjory and her motor car, they were in time, and when the girl awoke from her sleep of utter exhaustion it was to learn that Hugh was out of danger.

Mr. Stanhope and his family now consider motor cars the most wonderful of inventions, but there are a few benighted folk in Crayminster who consider it a pity that young Mrs. Raymond should be "mad, absolutely mad, my dear, about that car of hers. She talks about it just as if it were a human being!"—Philadelphia Telegraph.

It's a queer coincidence that mosquitoes and peckaboo shirt waists appear about the same time.

## POO-EE!

The oak trees in the twilight stand Majestically tall: And fences by the sunnash spanned Fringe the dark forest wall: And 'mid the acorn cups the swins On the plump, russet acorns dine. Until, as the night winds rustle by, There comes apace a mellow cry—"Poo-ee."

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A Maid and a Motor

HEEDLESS OF SPEED LIMITS.



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## THE DESERTED SANDWICH.

It Had the Fatal Gift of Beauty and It Was Coveted by Many. "Don't leave your sandwich up there on the advertising boards," said Tommy's mother; "the train will come along soon and you will forget it."

But Tommy did not heed the warning, the train came and went away with Tommy and his mother and the others, bound for Coney Island, and the sandwich remained, says the New York Sun.

It was a remarkably neat package for a sandwich. Lying there on top of the advertising boards it looked as if it had been done up by a jeweler, so rectangular was it and so precisely were the ends of the wrapper folded over.

An elderly man stood near by reading his newspaper. He had heard the talk about the sandwich and he noted that the event had turned out as Tommy's mother had predicted.

A young girl came up the stairs and walked along the platform. She saw the neat package and looked from it toward the man. He drew a step nearer to it, glanced at it as if to assure himself that it was still there, and resumed reading his paper.

Several passengers alighted from the next train, and as they passed the sandwich most of them saw it and the man and tried to decide whether it belonged to him. One young fellow strolled back, after going as far as the door of the waiting room, and walked slowly up and down the platform.

The elderly man stepped to the edge of the platform and looked along the track, as if to see whether the train was coming. Just as he turned to take his former position he saw the young man lingering close to the sandwich.

He cleared his throat with a loud "Amen!" and rested his arm on the advertising boards a few feet away from the package. The young man took the next train that came along.

A large woman rigged out in clothes that she evidently thought were just the thing hurried up the stairs and was rushing toward the train that had just come in. Her eye caught the package, with its jewelry store appearance, and she did not enter the train.

She looked up and down the track and glanced toward the sandwich, and from it toward the man. He folded his paper, put his reading glasses in his pocket and again stepped to the edge of the platform and looked along the rails.

The woman eyed him and the package alternately. The roar of a train was heard. As it slowed down the man, all unmindful of the package, hurried toward one of the car gates. The man stood on the car platform as the train moved out.

By leaning outward as the train rushed away he could watch the package long enough to see the large woman grab it from the top of the signboards, thrust it under her summer wrap and hurry down the platform stairs faster than she came up. Quite naturally he smiled.

FEW DOGS GO MAD. Many Authorities Have Never Identified Case of Rabies. The Woman's Pennsylvania S. P. C. A. is out with a timely and valuable statement calculated to prevent unnecessary alarm and suffering of human beings as well as of animals. It is commended by many of our famous physicians. A part of it follows here-

It has been observed with regret that numerous sensational stories concerning alleged mad dogs and the terrible results to human beings bitten by them are published from time to time. Such accounts frighten people into various nervous disorders and cause brutal treatment of animals suspected of madness; and yet there is upon record a great mass of testimony from physicians asserting the extreme rarity of hydrophobia even in the dog, while many medical men of wide experience are of the opinion that if it develops in human beings at all it is only on extremely rare occasions; that the condition of hysterical excitement in man described as "hydrophobia" is merely a series of symptoms, such dread being caused by realistic reports acting upon the imaginations of persons scratched or bitten by animals suspected of rabies.

The late Dr. Hiram Corson, whose practice extended over a period of seventy years, during which time he searched diligently for the disease in man or animal, wrote under date of January 18, 1896: "I have never had a real case of hydrophobia."

Dr. Thrall Green, a physician like Dr. Corson, accurate in observation, careful in statement, and whose practice also extended over a long period, wrote under date of January 28, 1896: "I have never had a case of hydrophobia, nor have I ever seen a case in the practice of other physicians."

Dr. Matthew Woods, who has been in quest of the disease for twenty years, and who during two summers personally visited every case reported in Philadelphia, asserts that he never saw hydrophobia either in man or animal, and although six years ago, at the conclusion of a paper on the subject read before a large audience, he offered \$100 to any person bringing him such a patient, yet so far no one has claimed the reward.

Dr. Charles W. Dulles, who has corresponded on the subject with most of the distinguished medical men of Europe, a physician familiar both with the literature of rabies, the history of Pasteur and the institutions called by his name, and who in addition has performed the almost incredible task of investigating either personally or by correspondence, with the physicians or others in attendance, every case reported in the newspapers of the United States for the past sixteen years, believes that hydrophobia is extremely rare, having after sixteen years of investigation failed to find a single case on record that can be conclusively proved to have resulted from the bite of a dog.

No man was ever brought up in what he regards as the proper way when he turns out to be a failure. A fool can answer questions that a wise man would be ashamed to ask.

# Sermons of the Week

Wealth.—Wealth is power, but power must be swayed by humanitarian purpose or its exercise tends to make one a heartless tyrant instead of a kindly and lovable human being.—Rev. David Utter, Unitarian, Denver.

The Magnet.—The personality of Jesus is a magnet that attracts the hearts of all and all men ought to be able to find the answer to their inherent search for God.—Rev. G. R. Van de Water, Episcopalian, New York City.

The Idea of God.—Any idea of God involves the thought of the supernatural; of a being, not against the law, but above the law; one whose existence is beyond and outside the range of our earthly rules and conditions.—Rev. Beverly Warner, Episcopalian, New Orleans.

Possibility of Development.—With all our imperfections we have this one divine heritage, the possibility of infinite development, of limitless growth in any normal direction we may select. The outcome depends upon the amount of force which we put into our efforts, and not upon outside conditions.—Rev. N. H. Nesbitt, Independent, Tacoma, Wash.

Moral Sanction.—Christ's good work was to redeem men by the preaching of the gospel, by moral suasion, not by the promulgation of dogma, nor the rack, nor the faggot. But the church has men in her, even in this day, who would expel, yes, curse, those whose love for men's souls is greater than their love of dogma or canon law.—Rev. E. E. Washburn, Episcopalian, Newburgh, N. Y.

The Physical Man.—In primitive times people laid stress upon the physical strength and manly force of their leaders. Now we have a different standard as intellectual and moral excellence count for so much in those who guide and govern us. Then experience has taught us that there may be a small soul in a large body and a great soul in a small body.—Rev. J. S. Lindsey, Episcopalian, Boston.

CONTAMINATED WATER. Precautions of England's King Recall a Rather Startling Incident. Many of the most honored "nature writers" tell us that when a troop of elephants are on a march the baby elephants are sent ahead over the bridges, says the Brooklyn Eagle.

Nobody can blame King Edward for sending his special sanitary inspectors ahead of himself when he is invited to one of the castles of England, Scotland or Wales. Some of these structures are centuries old; they were built before modern plumbing was dreamed of, and most of them are filled with typhoid germs. The English people are not likely to forget the narrow escape that the present king had from death by typhoid fever in the early '70s. The malady was contracted during a visit to an ancient ducal castle. The cistern from which the water was served had been in use 300 years and there wasn't any record that it ever had been cleaned.

This recalls an incident told to me by a friend who last year bought a fine old place on the Hudson. Water was supplied to the house from a large tank that had been built upon a hillside back of the building. After the family had moved in and made itself comfortable my friend investigated the water supply. To his surprise and horror he found that the tank was swarming with attenuated green water snakes. The ophidians were less than a foot in length, but there were bushels of them.

At the moment of discovery a small toad had fallen into the tank and the entire mass was in commotion. The snakes were ravenously hungry and several hundred of them simultaneously attacked the unfortunate toad, dragging him to the bottom, and tore him to pieces with their sharp teeth.

How to kill the serpents was a problem. A proposition to poison the contents of the cistern wasn't to be thought of, because it was the intention of the owner of the property to continue to use the water supply for the barn and fountains. Having had an electric light plant installed, the electrician suggested that two wires be carried to the tank and an end of each of the covered conductors submerged at opposite sides thereof. This was done and in the space of one night every living thing in the tank was killed. Although this water supply was disconnected with the house, except for fire purposes, many members of that family feel to this hour that they are afflicted with strange, creepy feelings. They have a greater aversion for snakes than before.

King Edward will not take any chances on his health. Why should he? The job of being king is an easy and lucrative one and it is for life. Why should he want to give it up!

Honesty. "I have here \$5,000 which I would like you to invest in stocks for me." "My friend," responded the Wall Street broker, "if that is all you have, I advise you not to risk it."

"Of course," the broker explained later to his partner, "there's a little rake-off gone to the bad, but a rep. for honesty is capital, and we need capital."—Philadelphia Ledger.

But the Kitty Got It. "John, Mr. Brown telephoned that he'd like to have you come over to a little game to-night."

"Er—er, he did?"

"Yes, I suppose he's been hunting; you'd better go and maybe he'll give you a bid to bring home."—Houston Post.

You can tell a married man when he passes through a screen door by the way he fights the flies.