

"JIM."

"Mordant" she called him. In a novel book His fond mother found the name she gave to him; I don't like it, for I'd kinder took A sort of notion favorable to "Jim." But when she looked up at me from the bed, Half-dead, but happy, an' she said: "I want That you shall name him, after all," I said: "Why, blame it all, of course it is Mordant." She knew the way I felt about such names, An' this was a sacrifice, for she Had often heard me say that honest "James" Had just about the proper ring for me; But though 'twas disappointment, still I thought She was the one that had the right to choose. An' I—there wasn't any question—ought To reconcile my wishes to her views. He was so delicate—so teeny small, But smarter than the cracker of a whip; I don't believe he ever cried at all— Somehow he'd pucker up his little lip An' look at you until you was ashamed. Of all the sins you know he knew you'd done. I often thought he grieved because we'd named By such a name a helpless little one. An' thinkin' that, when we two was alone I called him by the name I liked so well; His mother would 'a grieved if she'd a-known, But neither Jim nor me would ever tell. We never told. He'd laugh an' crow to hear Me whisperin' so happily to him: "Yer name's Mordant, old boy, when mother's near; But when there's only me about it's Jim." We never told our little secret, and We never will. We never, never will; Somewhere off yonder in a flow'ry land A little baby's toddlin', toddlin' still, A-seekin' in the sunshine all alone The God that gave an' then that sent for him. Mordant's the name carved on the little stone. But in my heart the name is always Jim. —Chicago Record.

A DOUBLE DEATH.

AS I look back now it seems to me that I must always have been in love with Bertha Maxwell. Certainly I know that if I try to fix the time when it became an accepted fact, upon which I thought while awake, and dreamed a thousand tender dreams while sleeping, I find it quite impossible to do so. As a matter of fact, we had grown up together. Herbert Maxwell, the banker of B—n, and my own dear old governor, who was a retired colonel and lived on his pension and a small but convenient income, which, alas! is now mine through his death, had been life-long friends. And so when my father returned from 20 years' service in India, it was taken for granted that he would settle down in B—n and pass the evening of his life with the dear old chum of his boyhood.

Whether these two, as they sat over their evening "grog," laid plans and wove schemes for the united fortune of Bertha and myself I have never quite known; but the ill-concealed grief my father displayed when certain untoward events came between us, and for a long, dreary, hopeless time blotted the sun from our sky, led me to believe so.

At any rate, Bertha's budding girlhood and my awkward boyhood were spent together. We played tennis, we went fishing, we took long walks through the beautiful country which surrounded B—n, and so we insensibly grew into each other's lives, and became a daily necessity to each other.

At this time Bertha was to me the most beautiful of human beings—in-gleed, she is so still—and never for a single moment has anyone else seemed quite so fair or so lovely. Her figure was lithe and graceful; her step, when she walked, buoyant with overflowing health; and her cheeks dyed with that rich hue so often seen in those of southern birth; while her eyes were at once serene and thoughtful, or brimming over with mirth and mischief. She had a thousand little ways peculiar to herself, all of which, I now know, endeared her to me.

However, I must come to my story, for if I run on about Bertha I shall never cease. The hair is frosty about my temples now, and my step is not so quick as it once was, but a little lady who now walks beside me through the same green lanes often looks up archly in my face and says: "Dad, you do like to talk about mother!" And so I do.

Well, the time came for me to go away to complete my education. When we parted—I remember it as if it were yesterday—Bertha kissed me over and over again. It was, however, only as a young and innocent girl she kissed me; and as she stood in the doorway between my father and hers, waving a tearful farewell, it was to a chum and a playmate of childhood only that her "adieux" were given.

Four years passed swiftly away. I occasionally saw Bertha, and I, at least, knew that the camaraderie of our childhood was at an end. Bertha had grown into the most queenly creature in the

world, and had taken her place, quite undisputed, as the belle of B—n. Her manner with me was as charming as ever, but there was a slight constraint at such times as we were altogether alone; not the constraint of formality, but that of diffidence. For my part, I found that instead of decreasing her attractions to me, my absence had served to enhance them. To me she was then, what she ever has been, the one woman in the world. Every day I resolved to put my fate to the test, but hesitation, born of timidity, prevented me, and the time passed away without my ever giving utterance to the words of love and passion which I longed to speak.

But if I hesitated, there were others more bold—indeed, Bertha, at every "garden party," or other social function in the neighborhood, was always the center of a group of devoted admirers. Among them all Royal Phelps was preeminent alike for his handsome person and for a certain fascination of manner which made him popular with men and women alike. He stood over six feet, had fair hair and blue eyes, and an athletic frame in which grace and strength were equally apparent.

Bertha, while appearing to share the general admiration for him, never seemed quite at ease in his presence, and it was perhaps this evident constraint whenever he was present which led my father to chaff me pleasantly one evening after dinner by saying:

"Charlie, my boy, you had better not let your bird of paradise remain uncaged much longer, or some one else may catch it!" And then the dear old fellow laughed and winked at me mysteriously, as though he were quite in the know.

I think it was the presence of Royal Phelps and many suggestive hints about his devotion to Bertha which finally determined me to put to the test my chance of happiness with her.

It was a bright and lovely day in June, and a large party had assembled upon the spacious lawn in front of our "bungalow," as my father always called his house. Bertha had never seemed to me so fair, so altogether worthy of my love and my life. Early in the afternoon, for she had come before the rest, to aid us in arranging for our numerous guests, I had seen her color rise as I made some slight remark about her appearance, and as our hands met I thought hers trembled. Was it my imagination? Or was she, too, like me, longing to acknowledge her love?

"I shall not be with you long, Bertha," I said, hoping thus to prepare the way for my proposal. "I shall be leaving for Hong Kong within a month to take up my appointment."

"Yes, yes, Charlie, I have heard it all from father; he says you passed your 'exams' with flying colors. I am so glad."

"Glad! glad of the fate which banishes me from England, and from—!" But she did not let me finish the sentence.

"No, of course not that; it will be awfully lonely without you, and the old place won't seem like itself a bit; but still, you're a man, and you have got to make your name and way in the world, and I'm glad that you are making so good a start."

"I could look forward to my life in the east, Bertha, dear, with a great deal more joy if the prospect were not so lonely." Bertha's eyes fell before my ardent gaze, and I fancied that her lips trembled, and I hastened to put an end to the tension we were both under, when a rollicking voice broke in upon us:

"Ah! here you are, Bertha! What, and Charlie, too! Ah! I hope I am not de trop. Shall I come again? Ha! ha!" and Royal Phelps' laugh rang out clear and loud, but with a touch of cynicism in its ring.

"Not for the world," replied Bertha, crimsoning to her hair; "we were just arranging the games for the day, and now you can help us." And so the golden moment passed, and the word I had been longing to speak remained unspoken then, and alas! remained unspoken for many bitter years.

Tennis, and gossip, and tea, and laughter, and merrymaking soon sped the afternoon. I had succeeded with the aid of Bertha's cousin, Eva Winthrop, in beating Royal and Bertha at tennis, and had then given myself to the duties of hospitality.

At last, however, I found myself free, and went in search of Bertha, resolved to endure my uncertainty no longer. I approached the library window, and had almost entered the room when I heard Bertha's voice. It was clear and cold and positive:

"No! I have told you how impossible it is. I should wrong you and myself. I cannot marry you, because I do not love you!"

I was about to beat a hasty retreat from my false position when Royal's words chained me to the ground:

"It's for that proud brute, Charlie, I suppose, I'm thrown over! Oh! well, take him; but, curse him, I'll—"

"You forget yourself; I have not said I love another, certainly I have not said I love Charlie. We are old friends, that is all, nothing more. He is no more to me than you—"

But I could stay to hear no more, and with heart beating I gained my own room, and hid my grief from the curious eyes about me. And so this was the end: "He is no more to me than you—" Oh! cruel words! And

I—ah! there, to me she was more than all the world beside.

"Governor, if you don't mind, I think I'll spend the next few weeks in London. I've a good deal to do before sailing, and if you will run up with me we can be pretty much together until I leave."

"All right, my boy, I shall be delighted; but I thought—ah, well, never mind what I thought. I shall be ready whenever you are."

And so the next day we slipped away to town, I leaving a brief note for Bertha, saying I hoped to see her again before sailing, though I knew full well that I should not dare to see her with those words still ringing in my ears: "He is no more to me than you!"

I will not dwell on the days my dear old father and myself spent together in London. They were the last I ever spent with him. He died three months after I left England. We were as brothers together then, and he entered into all my plans with greater zest than myself; and when at last I told him how and why I had come to resign all thought of Bertha, his dejection seemed as real and as deep as mine.

Dear old dad, next to my wife, he was the best chum I ever had; and I can see him now as he stood waving his umbrella on that foggy day when the Oriental carried me away from home and all I loved to China.

Of my life in Hong Kong I need not speak in detail. It was a combination of hard work, which soon led to promotion, and such sports as are to be found in the island. Having been a "blue" at Oxford, I was soon well to the front in cricketing circles; and, singularly enough, it was my interest in cricket which led to consequences—to Bertha and myself—as far-reaching as they were sad. I had been chosen as one of the eleven to represent Hong Kong against Shanghai, upon the sad and memorable occasion when the Bokhara was wrecked on the return voyage, and, with a few exceptions, all hands were lost. By what seemed to me the merest fluke at the time, I managed to cling to a plank, and after being tossed about, till nearly dead, by the surf, was thrown ashore thoroughly exhausted. The news of the catastrophe cast a gloom over the entire European population, and it was cabled home that all were lost. Before the news was corrected Bertha was married—and married to Royal Phelps.

Her father, shortly after the death of mine, had succumbed to pneumonia, and Bertha with her mother had—greatly to their surprise—been left in comparative poverty. So that when Royal renewed his suit Bertha had yielded, and to gain a home for her mother, had consented to an early marriage. And when the news reached England that I with two others had been saved from the Bokhara, Bertha was already the wife of another. I shall never forget the effect upon me of the news that she was no longer free. The meaning seemed to have been taken out of life, and for me there was no joy in the present, no hope in the future.

Two dreary years passed away, and I came home, having resigned my appointment in the east, resolved to settle down in England, and devote myself to those literary pursuits for which I believed myself to be better suited than for public service. I had no intention of settling in B—n. The place was too full of sad suggestions to prove inviting to me. I was compelled to go down there, however, shortly after my arrival, to attend to the disposition of certain family belongings, and it was then, for the first time since that fateful afternoon, that I again saw Bertha. How changed she was! Not that she was less beautiful; but her proud face was, oh! so sad. It seemed as though she had gone through a world of sorrow since I last saw her. Her greeting was one almost too painful for either of us, and when she said: "We all thought you were drowned; you are as one risen from the dead." I realized that she would never have been the wife of Royal Phelps but for the news of my death. What I saw and learned in B—n made me resolve to stay there, for the present at least. I do not know how I came to suspect it, but the suspicion grew, and at last became absolute knowledge, that Royal Phelps was turning the life of the only woman I had ever loved into misery. I had always known him to be of a reckless disposition, but I had not dreamed that he was addicted to gambling, drunkenness, and debauchery. I did not see him often, and I scarcely ever saw Bertha; when I did, her face was so sad—so silently and uncomplainingly sad—that it was all I could do to look at it and remain quiet. As for Royal, he had grown gross in person and coarse in manner, and scarcely ever seemed quite sober. And so the days passed; from a distance I watched my proud, beautiful darling pine and fade, till I feared that death might step in to interfere where I was powerless. Thus things went on, till one night I was summoned by a message from Bertha's mother: "Come quickly, we are in great trouble."

I went, and found the doctor there before me, and learned that an hour before Royal had come home drunk, and upon meeting his wife had first abused her, and then struck her a cruel blow, which had left her senseless at his feet.

He had then sallied forth again, leaving his wife, for all he knew, dead. There was little I could do but creep back to my solitary misery and spend the night in agonizing reflections upon the past. But, when the day at length broke, I had resolved that the man who had robbed me of my darling, only to maltreat and make her miserable, must answer for his brutality to me.

There is, however, a higher power than any we can wield, which often intervenes in the affairs of man when least expected; and, before I ever saw Royal Phelps again that power had placed him forever beyond the reach of earthly retribution. While still half wild with drink, he had mounted to follow the hounds, and a few hours afterwards was carried home—dead.

We never speak of those dreadful days, now long passed. In the old home—to which Bertha clings with tenacious affection—we are living a life as nearly perfect in happiness as ever falls to mortal lot. The old light has come back to my darling's eyes, the old-time buoyancy to her step. As I write these lines, upon lifting my eyes I see her and a smaller Bertha laughing and playing upon the lawn together, and I know that if the news of my death was the beginning of misery for her, she is, at least, happy forever.—St. Paul.

ELECTRICITY IN DENTISTRY.

Coming to Be a Great Boon to Suffering Humanity.

In dentistry cataphoresis is supplanting many of the primitive methods, from the reproach of which even that progressive profession has for many years past vainly endeavored to escape, and has made actually painless operations at least possible. For by this method cocaine can be applied not only to the soft tissues of the body, but to the hard substance of the tooth. The teeth, although coated by a superficial skin—the enamel—internally are composed of a tubulous structure called dentine, quite capable of conveying current, since within the little tubules is inclosed a gelatinous filament rich in salts and fluid, which make it a good conductor of electricity.

If a cavity in the tooth—which is constituted a cavity for the reason that the enamel has been destroyed and a portion of the dentine has been encroached upon—is filled with a pledget of cotton saturated with a solution of cocaine, and to this pledget is applied a piece of platinum wire connected to the positive pole of an ordinary galvanic battery, and a very small current is allowed in a period varying from six to 30 minutes, according to the ability and knowledge of the operator—the shortest period recorded is a minute and a half—the cocaine will be conveyed by the electric current down the tubules to the nerve itself, and the dentist can proceed with the dreaded preparation of the tooth without pain to the patient. The tooth can be excavated, filled, or even extracted without the infliction of the slightest suffering.

If one takes into account the steady and accumulated agony of dental operations throughout the world, and considers the wear and tear of protracted pain which they entail, he may easily comprehend what an enormous boon to suffering humanity such a process as this will be when generally applied in dentistry.—George H. Guy, in Chautauquan.

HE ALWAYS STUCK TO THINGS.

So He Told His Wife, But the Joke Was on Him.

It happened in one of the parks one Sunday, and the maddest man in Chicago failed to receive a bit of sympathy from anyone who happened to be within earshot.

He was walking with a woman, evidently his wife, and a small boy, presumably their own, and he had the air of a man who had brought his family out for a pleasure trip and left his temper at home.

Running along the walk, the small boy tripped and fell, rending the air with shrieks entirely disproportionate to his size. The woman ran to pick him up and soothe him, while the man sank upon an adjacent bench entirely oblivious of a small placard upon it, and proceeded to deliver a lengthy lecture upon the evils of running anywhere and in the park in particular.

The child's clothes were somewhat dusty, and his mother vainly reached for her handkerchief to remove the traces of his mishap. Finally she said, timidly: "James, will you lend me your handkerchief to dust off Willie's clothes. I am afraid that I have lost mine."

"That's right," retorted James, as he fished out the article and threw it at her. "Throw 'em away; I can pay for more. Money's no object. Look at me; do I ever lose anything? Now, do I?"

"No, James," replied his wife, meekly, "but—"

"But—there's no but about it. I stick to things and—"

"Yes, dear," said his wife, meekly, as she completed her task and rose to her feet. "I know you stick to things, and perhaps," her voice grew meeker yet, "perhaps that is why you sat down on that freshly-painted bench!"—Chicago Times-Herald.

John Huff died at Hyden, Ky., at the age of 99, leaving 78 grandchildren, 142 great-grandchildren and 14 great-great-grandchildren. His immediate family was a large one.

GREASE STOPPED ENGINE.

Exciting Incident Responsible for Nicknaming of an Eastern Road.

"When the road was first built," the story-telling railroad man continued, "which now runs from Harrisburg to Canandaigua, N. Y., it was nicknamed the 'Davy Crockett,' and for many years thereafter the name clung. It was brought about in this way:

"One dark night, when the conductor was taking three passenger cars through to Sunbury, he noticed the headlight of a locomotive in the rear. He instantly informed the engineer of the fact and both began speculating what it meant. The train was running at a high rate of speed, but the headlight in the rear was gaining steadily on them. As there was no lights in the rear of the headlight, they concluded it must be an empty engine. That road twists in and out among the mountains and skirts the banks of the Susquehanna river in such a way as to permit anyone looking back to observe what is going on in the rear for a considerable distance.

"The conductor ordered the engineer to put on more steam, and the latter pulled the throttle wide open. Then followed a wild chase through the night. Pursuer and pursued tore along at the highest speed. Everybody on the cars believed that the engineer of the pursuing engine was either drunk or crazy.

"At last a bright idea struck the engineer. He recalled the fact that a locomotive can make little progress on greasy rails. The contents of two large cans of lard oil were poured on the tracks from the rear of the last passenger coach. The idea proved a great one. Soon the headlight of the pursuing engine grew dim in the distance. When it was safe to do so the train stopped and backed up to solve the mystery. A very funny sight was revealed.

"One of the finest engines on the road, called the 'Davy Crockett'—they gave the locomotives names in those days instead of numbers—had broken away from a hostler up in Williamsport and started down the track on a voyage of destruction. The oil poured on the track had baffled all the destructive abilities that locomotive possessed. There stood the 'Davy Crockett,' puffing and snorting like a Texas steer, the driving wheels buzzing around on the greased track like a flywheel in a machineshop, but hardly moving an inch."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

THE WILD HOG OF MEXICO.

A Vicious Brute Which Seems to Have No Notion of Fear.

"The most vicious and fearless of the brute creation is the peccary, or wild hog, of Mexico," says C. W. Bartlett, of Laredo, Tex. "This animal seems utterly devoid of the emotion of fear. I have never seen it turn a hair's breadth out of its path for any living thing. Man is its special bete noir. It displays an intelligence in fighting the human stranger at variance with its apparently complete lack of mental instinct. They are rarely found singly, but go in droves of from hundreds to thousands. Their ability to scent men is particularly marked. I have known a drove of them to scent a man a mile off and strike as straight for him as an arrow flies. There is no use to try to frighten them with guns. The cannonading of a full battery would have no more effect on them than the popping of a fire-cracker. The only thing to do when they get after you is to run away from them as fast as a horse can carry you. And then there is no certainty that they won't catch you. They are nearly as swift as a horse and their endurance is as great as their viciousness.

"A friend of mine encountered a drove of them in a wild part of Mexico a few years ago and his escape was miraculous. He very foolishly shot and wounded a number of them. Then he took refuge in a tree. The peccaries kept him in the tree all that day and through the night. They circled round the tree, grunting and squealing their delight at the prospect of a feast. He soon exhausted his ammunition and brought down a peccary at each fire. But this had no terrors for the beasts. Along toward morning the brutes began to eat the ones he had killed, and when they thus satisfied the cravings of their stomachs they formed in line and trotted off. If they had not had some of their own number to devour they would have guarded that tree until my friend, through sheer exhaustion, dropped from his perch and allowed them to make a meal off him. The wildcats and tigers that infest the Mexican wilds flee from the peccaries with instinctive fear, and even rattlesnakes keep out of their path."—St. Louis Republic.

Murderous Baboons.

A species of baboon inhabiting the colony of the Cape of Good Hope has become a pest to the farmers by destroying their lambs. The baboons haunt the clumps of cactus scattered through the fields and exhibit much cunning in keeping out of the reach of their human enemies. It is asserted that they have taken note of the fact that women do not carry firearms, and therefore need not be feared. But when a man appears the baboons instantly take to their heels. On this account the farmers have lately devised the plan of dressing in women's apparel when they set out to shoot baboons.—Youth's Companion.