

BY BLANCHE STERLING. (Copyright, 1902, by Daily Story Pub. Co.) When I came to Boston as a student two years ago, I little expected to be living on Beacon Street at the end of my course. My sojourn in New England began very modestly. My room had been arranged for before I left home, and I had consented to share it with some unknown young woman, in order to lessen expenses. For weeks that individual occupied my mind to the almost entire exclusion of everything else. I conceived of her as an example of every type common to the human race, and then as a composite personage typical of nothing. Of course, she would be a Southerner, and I felt in my Southern soul that my provincialisms would get the discipline they needed.

"Miss Latham, this is your new roommate, Miss Courtenay, of Baltimore." I am afraid I was a little nervous as I shook Miss Latham's hand, but there was not the slightest trace of self-consciousness on her part. We were soon talking easily and naturally, and fifteen minutes of pleasant commonplaces dissipated my nervousness. Then she said: "I shall have to ask you to excuse me now, Miss Courtenay. I am doing newspaper work, and must finish an article this afternoon."

She went to her desk and began to write. She did not look formidable, and was so utterly oblivious of my presence that I knew she could not be criticizing me. Indeed, in less than a fortnight, I found that, as far as Miss Latham was concerned, I might as well have been without provincialisms.

Miss Latham and I talked much of our work. She almost never mentioned her personal affairs, and though I felt I really did not know her, I began to admire her thoroughly. Her quiet, steady way of doing things, her self-possession, and even her reserve attracted me.

I soon noticed that she was working too hard. As her physical strength lessened, I saw there was underneath her quiet calmness something pathetic. On Christmas eve I came home in a particularly bright mood. I ran lightly up the steps—feeling sufficiently buoyant to do away with the elevator—and opened our door, waving two letters triumphantly.

"Two lovely Christmas letters, Miss Latham! The dearest sort of a letter from home; and just the jolliest, chummiest one from Brother Don."

Miss Latham sat in the arm-chair by the window, also with an open letter—her mother's—in her hand. She was very still, and I walked over to where she sat. As I reached her, I saw a tear fall on the letter. It was too much for my impulsive Southern temperament. Forgetting the reserve I knew so well, I said unhesitatingly: "What is it, Jean?"

But I didn't wait for any answer. I settled down on the arm of the chair, and drew her head close to my shoulder. We sat there in perfect silence for awhile. Presently, she began to talk, and I soon understood the pathos under Jean's dignity.

"It happened twelve years ago, Helen, when I was only eleven. Dick was ten years older than I. We lived on a farm in Vermont, which had been in our family for generations. Father's strongest wish was to have Dick stay on the farm. But Dick didn't like farming, and went away to learn a profession. Father was very angry. He forbade Dick to write to us, and mother's heart nearly broke. Two years ago father died. We had then lost all trace of Dick, and mother went to live with Sister Louise. I came to Boston to earn my living, and look for Dick. If I could only find him, Helen, and give him back to mother, I don't believe there would be anything left to

"Two lovely Christmas letters!" wish for. Before father died, someone from our village saw Dick in Boston, and somehow I can't help thinking he'll come back here sometime." She stopped talking, and I felt that I wanted to spend the rest of my natural life looking for Dick Latham. I quietly hid Don's letter from Jean's sight.

Of course, I haunted the place. All that Christmas week, I came and went every day, but Jean never once knew I was with her. One morning, I found the doctor beside her. He had the kindest, truest blue eyes I ever saw, and I knew I could trust him. On New Year's eve, I waited in the corridor over an hour, watching for him. He came at last, and when he saw me, his face lighted up with a sympathetic smile.

"Your friend will know you to-morrow," he said. "There is no doubt of her recovery now."

He was right. Next morning Jean greeted me with a weak smile of recognition. A nurse came in just then, and said cheerily, "Miss Lottom is doing very well."

"Miss Lottom!" I said in surprise, and glanced down at the temperature chart on the table. I saw written there "Miss J. Lottom."

"There has been a mistake made in my friend's name," I said. I supposed the fault is mine, for it was I who wrote the name for the head nurse. She is Miss Latham."

"Latham!" said the nurse "What a coincidence! She has been attended by a Dr. Latham."

At the words "Dr. Latham," Jean's



"She's Jean—Jean Latham!"

hand in mine gave a convulsive clasp, and there came into her eyes a look of painful, incredulous supplication. I, too, had become almost too excited to speak, but managed to gasp in lambelec iteration, "Dr. Latham!"

"Yes," the nurse replied. "Dr. Richard Reese Latham, of New York. He was resident physician here five years ago, and has just spent a month with us. He returned to New York last night, and sails at five this afternoon for Bremen."

That last statement, added to the general excitement, was too much for Jean. She fainted, and fifteen minutes were spent in reviving her. But in those fifteen minutes I had formed a plan of action. I must go to New York and stop Dr. Latham from going to Europe. In Jean's weakened condition, I knew the disappointment of losing what she had sought for two years, and had at last grasped, would be fatal. When she became fully conscious, I said:

"It's all right, Jean. I'll bring him back. Don't be afraid. To-morrow you will have Dick."

I shall never be able to tell just how I contrived to catch that New York train. I did not have time to think, scarcely to breathe, till I found myself seated in the coach rushing southwest. I bought a newspaper on the train, and learned from what dock the Prinz Regent Luitpold would sail. I did not know Dr. Latham's New York address, and decided I could not risk looking it up. I might miss both him and the boat. I would go directly to the steamship from the railroad station, and await his coming aboard.

At fifteen minutes to five, when I had begun to nervously fear that I should be carried off to Bremen, and that without Dr. Latham, I saw him coming aboard. I went to meet him. "I came from Boston, where I saw you at the Massachusetts General Hospital treating my friend," I said.

"I remember," he replied politely. "I hope Miss Lottom is doing well."

"Yes, but she isn't Miss Lottom. She's Jean—Jean Latham, and you didn't know her."

He looked puzzled a moment, as though trying to decide how best to dispose of the apparent lunatic before him. Then a sudden startled look flashed into his eyes, and he said quickly, "You can't mean Jean—our little Jean."

"Yes, your sister Jean. Her father is dead, and Mrs. Latham lives with Louise in Vermont. For two years Jean has been looking for you."

The mention of these familiar names evidently convinced him that I was sane, and knew his family. Then he wasted neither time nor breath in inquiries. I immediately resigned command of my own expedition, and left all details of management in the man's hands, as only a Southern girl can. In an incredibly short time, he had placed me in a cab, and we were whirled back to the station. Once fairly settled on the Boston train, he wanted to know everything, and I did my best to satisfy him.

SOFT CORE

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Stanford White is one of the largest collectors of antique statuary in America. Not only is his house in Gramercy Park, New York, a veritable museum of Greek and Roman art, but the lawn is now filled to overflowing with other examples.

There are altogether in Yucatan seven cities, thirteen towns, sixty-two ruined cities, 143 villages, fifteen abandoned settlements, and 33 haciendas. Scarcely any of these places has as many as 10,000 inhabitants, the population of the great majority falling below 1,000.

American Roman Catholics contributed during 1900 for foreign missions \$71,230, the amount being sent to the Central Council of the Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith. The headquarters of the propaganda are in Paris, France, and from there the money is sent to support weak missions in all parts of the world. The American contribution is much larger than previous ones.

It isn't against the law in Minnesota to kill a gambler if he has been cheating, and will not return the money to his victim. At least, a case at Granite Falls has just been decided to that effect. Dr. Wintner pulled his pistol and shot a gambler with whom he was playing cards, because the gambler had cheated and refused to pay the money on demand. A jury declared upon oath that Dr. Wintner was not guilty of murder.

"Future punishment? Let's not discuss the theological side of it just now," said the old clergyman, gently, to his hot-headed young parishioner. "But did you ever think of it from the domestic and family side? When these babies of yours begin to grow up, and you see them imitating your faults and hampered by your weaknesses, and know that you're to blame—ah, there's a kind of future punishment there can be no two opinions about!"

He began his trip on the Seine and he is now on the Marne. He will sail down the Yonne, the Saone, the Rhone and its small branches flowing into the Mediterranean. Then he will go on the Loire and end his voyage through France on the Rance, which will conduct him to St. Malo, where he will take a steambot to Jersey. The name of his canoe is Oithona, and is so constructed that it can be wheeled on terra firma whenever its occupant gets tired of being on the water.

The Rochester Theological seminary may be removed to New York in the near future, plans to that end being under consideration by the president and trustees of the institution. The reasons for the proposed removal, as stated by President Strong, are that modern tendencies toward the great cities make it necessary for institutions of learning to seek large centers because of the superior opportunities in reach of students, and also the fact that a large part of the support of the Rochester seminary comes from New York City.

The London Lancet, a high medical authority, says that the habit of self-drugging has grown to be a source of untold mischief. The practice has been greatly assisted by the enormous improvements in pharmaceutical preparations. Treating symptoms without medical advice may be temporarily satisfactory, but what if the physical disturbance be the sign of fatal disease? A little knowledge, coupled with overconfidence, is a dangerous thing in dealing with the ailments which come in so many forms. Varying the adage, it may be said that a man who is his own doctor has a fool for a patient.

Some amusing letters find their way into the government archives. One federal officeholder recently made an appeal for screens for the building where he worked, saying that within a hundred yards were three livery stables, one mule boarding house, one horse sanitarium with operating table, and one fish morgue. He added that his handwriting had been spoiled by the constant endeavor to write and keep off flies at the same time. He had pasted ten sheets of sticky fly-paper, and while they carried off thousands of victims they seemed to occasion no vacancies in the ranks of the survivors. The pathetic appeal was in vain. "Uncle Sam is rich enough to give us all" screens, but he is too hard-hearted to do it.

During the famous Douglas and Lincoln debate and subsequent campaigns the point was frequently brought out by the supporters of "the Little Giant" that Mr. Lincoln had served only a single term in Congress, but that Senator Douglas had enjoyed for years a national reputation. This point, says a writer in Lippincott's, was urged in a heated discussion between an ardent supporter of Douglas and a German voter who favored Lincoln. Finally the former, thinking to overwhelm his opponent, said: "Who is this Lincoln, anyhow? Nobody ever heard of him until Senator Douglas brought him into notice by noddling a joint debate with him. Senator Douglas, on the other hand, is a great statesman. Why, he has had his eye on the presidential chair for the last ten years!" "Vot is dot you say?" was the reply. "You say Meester Douglas have hat his eye on der president chair for ten years?" "Yes, that is just what I said." "Vell, you shoost tell Meester Douglas if he will keep his eye on dot chair shoost a leedle viler longer he will see old Abe Lincoln sitting down in it." This closed the debate, amid a roar of laughter from the bystanders.