

A MISSING WORD.

BY MARION V. DORSET.



HE Copleys were spending the winter in Munich so that Bert might go on to Heidelberg and Ethel pursue her medical studies under good masters. There was another reason, too. Their income was not what it used to be; and having decided that a sojourn in this German city was the most economical plan, they were soon busy settling themselves in a quaint old house on the Carlinen platz. Margaret found it quite possible to make the rooms look familiar and homelike. The same pictures, books and bric-a-brac were placed as they had been in the colonial mansion on Mount Vernon place, in far-away Baltimore; and it is the household gods, after all, that reconcile us to the inevitable changes. It was for her own room that she kept her father's portrait, the unopened brass box bequeathed to her in his will, and the dusty books which she alone found interesting. The months passed pleasantly and quickly while the Copleys were making acquaintance with the city of cathedrals and palaces, and their daily mail left them nothing to complain of in their friends across the sea. Paul Harcourt, the good comrade of Margaret's childhood and girlhood, had begun by writing her letters filled with enthusiasm for his profession and for the work he had planned to do as a specialist at the great Johns Hopkins hospital, where he had already won distinguished recognition for the successful operation of his advanced ideas in the department of clinic. He was intensely, eagerly modern, and held precedent in veneration only in so far as it gave the clearest reasons for the infallibility of its way and wherefore. As Margaret Copley's absence lengthened he no longer tried to restrain his pen from gliding into personal allusions which should convey some intimation of the hope he now held dearer than fame. One day she had been many hours at the Pinacotheca, drinking in the beauties of Raffaele, Rembrandt and Fra Bartolomeo, and threw herself, tired and aimless, upon the lounge in her mother's sitting room, and lay there in calm enjoyment of Ethel's skillfully-executed fantasy, when their rosy-cheeked maid brought in the letters. There were two for Margaret and several for her mother, who was returning calls. "One from Paul," she said to herself with delightful anticipations, "and one from Bert," with much less interest. From the next room the melody still rippled forth, and on a table close beside the couch a bunch of Parma violets breathed an exquisite fragrance, which with the music and the words of overmastering love on the written page, blent together in a soul-subduing minor trio. "He loves me! He loves me! Oh, dream of my life!" she cried, burying her face upon her folded arms as if to hide from unseeing eyes its supreme exaltation. A new glory had come upon the earth, the glory that crowns but the one moment of hope's fruition. She knew now that the rich promise, all the possibilities of Paul Harcourt's earnest, noble manhood were hers to share and encourage. She knew now that achievement and fame were less dear to him than her answering love. The Chopin fantasy rippled on, from faintest sounds to silence. Presently Ethel came in and picked up the paper that came with their mail. Scanning it over, she said, suddenly: "Here is something that will interest you, sister. It's about the Historical society. It offers a thousand dollars for some old records. Margaret, are you asleep?" "But no answer," said Ethel, tiptoeing away. "I thought she would wake from the dead if anyone mentioned old records." When her sister was out of hearing Margaret raised herself on her elbow and reached for the flowers. "Ah," she said, laying them against her flushed face, "I don't want to think about the dead past just now, but about—about—the radiant future!" It was not her habit to mention getting a letter from Bert until after she had read it, for fear it should contain some confidence not intended for any eye or ear but hers. He had promised to confess to her if he should be guilty of even "gentlemanly peccadillos," as he termed his waywardness; so it was not until she had kissed her mother and Ethel a happier good night than usual that she sat down by her own lamp to read this one. Bert had been very complaining of late, and it was always money, money. She had been sending him nearly all of her own allowance and did not see how she could do more; but the first few lines showed her that there was something worse than a renewed demand for money, and that disgrace, open disgrace, would be the penalty if it were not forthcoming. With white lips and eyes aflame with indignation she read on; each word branding shame upon her heart and brain. It ran: "My dearest and best of sisters: Do you remember what you said to me on the ocean, 'Don't help me out of a scrape? Well, I'm in the worst one you could imagine, and Margaret, you must help me, or our good name, papa's good name, will be blackened forever. While half crazed with wine I took eight hundred dollars from my roommate, Shimson—you recollect him—and a dozen of us went on a ten days' spree. I didn't know what I was doing. Sis, indeed I didn't; and that cad says he always despised our pretensions and will certainly give me over as a scoundrel unless every cent is refunded in a month. 'I feel more for you and mamma than for myself.' 'Yours, in everlasting regret, Bert.' She sat like one to whom the death sentence has just been read—wide eyed, dazed. Slowly the reality of it all, its horrible truthfulness, left its outward sign of her inward conflict. The letter fell from her trembling fingers to the floor, where it lay with its flippant announcement of a great crime flaunting itself shamelessly; a crime whose consequences were so brutally thrust upon her. "This is a mere 'gentlemanly peccadillo,' I suppose," she said, in a harsh, unnatural voice. "A Copley—a Copley! O, my father; that a child of yours should have done this thing!" and she threw herself prostrate before Alec Copley's unresponsive effigy. "Help me to keep disgrace from your dear, dear name. At any cost to me, O, my father, it shall be kept unsullied!" She lay there till the great cathedral clock struck one, trying to make a way out of this terrible difficulty, yet finding none. She knew that their quarterly income was not due for weeks, and besides, she had breathed a vow to her father, whose spirit she felt to be a real presence, that her sweet, timid mother and Ethel should be spared all knowledge of Bert's sin if she alone could prevent its exposure. Suddenly, like an inspiration, she thought of what her sister had said about the notice in the Baltimore paper when she had been so wrapt in love's young dream that she scarcely heeded her. She took her night candle and cautiously made her way downstairs. There lay the papers, all was still, the quiet sleepers unconscious of the tragedy being enacted under the same roof that sheltered them. Back in her room once more, she sought the paragraph with feverish eagerness, till at last it caught her eye. A long account of the Maryland Historical society wound up by saying: "And these old records, dating from about 1635 to 1700, have never been found. Among them is supposed to be a list of those who emigrated to the province at that time; and for the sake of important work to be completed the society offers a thousand dollars for such information from an authoritative source." "The brass box!" she cried, hysterically. From the secret drawer of an antique escritoire in the corner of the

room she took a tiny key with a bit of black ribbon tied to it and hastily fitted it into the curious lock which she had studied and wondered about from toddling infancy. In all her imaginings she had never dreamed that, like Pandora's box, it held her own woe. There were dozens of parchments, some of which dated back to Claiborne's time; and there, tied together with personal letters of Sir Lionel Copley's, was the long-missing list. The old fascination came over her in full force. She set books, paperweights, anything on the curling parchment, flattening it out on the table before her. There were many familiar names—those of her lifelong friends, and many of which she had never heard. Low down the list her eye fell upon the words, pale, dim, but legible: Paul Harcourt—valet. Minutes ticked off into hours and she still sat gazing till all the page seemed covered with valet, valet, and presently the odious word began to move upon the time-worn document. It had legs, arms, a periwig! It was bowing servilely. Now it is brushing a pair of top boots, and—ah, look! it is bringing towels and the bath. All the cavalier blood in her veins seemed beating, beating in an angry surge against her throbbing temples, and misery, the like of which she had not thought it possible for mortal to suffer, laid hold upon her soul. The shame of Bert's conduct was nothing to this shame—nothing. "Oh, heaven!" she groaned in an agony of spirit, making a groping effort to find the window, "I am going mad!" She got the sash up and let the damp, refreshing night air blow in from the dark, echoing square. "This trouble of Bert's has been too



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ment to our bank on the day of its receipt. Send it now, and please don't ask me any questions; I'm tired," and she turned her quivering face to the wall. Some days later, Margaret, pale and sad eyed, was lying once more on the sitting room lounge. Her own room was a horror to her. For the first time in her life its antiquity seemed naught but ghostliness, and she felt that its atmosphere would stifle her feeble efforts toward regaining health and strength. Bert sat beside her, waiting to take his mother to a choral service in the cathedral. "By the way, Sis," he said, carelessly, "whose name do you suppose I saw on that old list, or whose ancestor's, rather?" "Whose?" she answered faintly, deftly holding a large feather fan at a screening angle. Bert leaned back in his chair and gave one of his dare-devil laughs. "Why, I happened to lay my magnifying glass down on your table one day, when I first came, and going to pick it up later I saw under it, 'Paul Harcourt and valet,' as big as primer letters." "And valet?" she queried, below her breath; no, that was not there. "Oh, but it was," Bert insisted, "I swear by my eternal gratitude to you, I saw the 'and' as plain as day through the glass, but it was too faded to see without, so I traced the letters in pale ink and made them look just like the rest. It wasn't any harm, was it?" On the instant the great bell rang out its first jubilant note and she was left alone with more music in her heart than was pealing from the throats of all the choristers in Munich. —Kate Field's Washington



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much for me. It is only my crazy fancy. That is not there at all." Still moving unsteadily she opened a cabinet near by and took out a finely-finished photograph. "No, no," she said, sternly; "that brow, those thoughtful eyes, that patriarchal nose, that sensitive mouth did not come of a valet's stock. But why am I trying to convince myself? Don't I know it was all an optical illusion?" Replacing the manly presentation of the modern Paul Harcourt in the cabinet, Margaret Copley stood irresolute, and then, as if moved by an irresistible impulse, dragged herself back to the table and leaned against it, toying with its contents while delaying the moment of sure conviction. A small bronze statuette of Clio, with recording quill in hand, weighted one corner of the record. She snatched it up and flung it through an open window. "Break into a thousand pieces, liar!" she cried passionately, "break as you have broken my heart," and stooping quickly she once more saw the—towels and bath. "Father," she sobbed despairingly, her vehement emotion having spent itself and left her numb with pain and bewilderment, "father, I loved him so, and—love him still. I would give my life to keep the world from seeing this blasting word; but I am your daughter; I will save the name of Copley. That day—you went away—you said: 'Do what is best with them.' Oh, it is best to sell this thing to save ourselves, or best to destroy it for Paul's sake?" She fell heavily, closing down the lid of the brass box with a metallic crash that brought her mother and Ethel running, panic-stricken, to her room. They hurriedly got her into bed and sent for a physician. "She has worn herself out over those dusty papers," Mrs. Copley complained, resentfully. "My poor, dear child will kill herself worrying over such things." In the delirium of fever which followed she talked so incessantly about Bert that the doctor ordered him home. "I shall certainly send it, Bert, never fear," she whispered to him when he bent down to kiss her one day. She thought he had just come, but he had been there a week. "My head is quite clear now. Go get that parchment on the table. You will see a list of names on it. Yes, that's it. Seal it up and direct it to the Maryland Historical society and inclose a note telling the librarian it was among papa's papers; he'll know. And tell him he must telegraph pay-

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—One of the largest Sanskrit classes in America is that in Boston university. It began the year with twelve members, and is closing with eleven. —It is claimed that a college graduate's chance of obtaining a fair degree of eminence are as 250 to 1 as compared with the men who have not been to college. —A report of M. Laskowski, professor at the university of Geneva, on women medical students, is highly encouraging. During the past seventeen years 175 women have been admitted to the faculty. Fifty were Poles, of whom only four are known to have completed their studies. —Prof. Thomas Day Seymour, of Yale college, who is a graduate of Western Reserve of the class of 1870, and was professor of Greek in his alma mater for ten years, is to deliver the memorial address upon ex-President Cutler of Western Reserve at the forthcoming commencement. —One of the Unitarian churches in Boston is lighted by a ceiling of subdued glass. When this was put in Mr. Arthur Gilman is said to have remarked that it was the first time he had ever heard of trying to raise Christians under glass, adding that he now knew what was meant by "early Christians." —It is stated that the Salvation Army is considering the project of securing a large body of land in Mexico, upon which to settle some of the denizens of the slums of New York and other cities who are willing to reform, and thus carry out in this country the plan of Gen. Booth in London.—Christian Statesman. —The prevailing religion of Siam and Laos is Buddhism. The Presbyterians, north, have in the Laos country 10 ordained, 5 medical, 6 lady missionaries, and 1 ordained native, 8 churches and 1,600 communicants; and in the Siam mission 7 ordained, 2 medical, 4 lady missionaries, and 1 native evangelist, 7 churches and 350 communicants. —Among the results of Christianity in Japan there is none more striking in its influence than the orphan asylum at Okayama. There is a romance in it. Its founder was Juji Ishii, now thirty years of age, an ex-physician, and now a practicing physician. The asylum was started with a little girl who was rescued from being buried alive in her dead mother's coffin. —A bill has been introduced into congress by Gen. Black, of Illinois, based on suggestions from Gen. Lew Wallace and Librarian Spofford, providing for a college of twenty-five persons "distinguished in literature, science, art and invention," modeled somewhat after the Institute of France, called "the Forty Immortals." A committee of the senate and house will name the first five members of the college, and these five are to elect twenty other persons. The body will be a continuous one, and is to be provided with a meeting room in the new congressional library building, with proper service, and have the use of all the publications of the library. The college is to make reports from time to time to congress upon language and literature. Great Britain, Germany and other countries have similar national bodies.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

A RUSSIAN SCHOOL. There lived a lad in Moscow, Named Ivanitch Facoskow, Who went to school And followed rule Of old Professor Boskow. His comrades were Wyzniskid, And Fedor Duchinski, And Scarovitch, And Polonitch, And Paderow Poloniskid. It took Professor Boskow Full half a day in Moscow To call the roll And name each soul Who came to him in Moscow. To read and write did Boskow Next teach the lads in Moscow, But called to spell They did rebel, So queer were names in Moscow. This roused the ire of Boskow, Who shook the small Facoskow, With Scarovitch, And Polonitch, And Gortachoff Fenoskow. He flogged them all and sent them home, Did old Professor Boskow, Till they could well Pronounce and spell Each proper name in Moscow. —J. T. Greenleaf, in St. Nicholas.

WHEN ROVER EXPIRED. It gave a Pang to His Young Owner Which is Remembered Still. Not long ago I heard Dr. Beale, formerly of Johnstown, Pa., lecture upon the flood in the Conemaugh valley. Among other things he related was the saving of the family dog. The doctor's son carried the pet to the attic when the rush of waters came, and, when the household was about to leave the wrecked building, the boy begged to carry the dog with him. "And," said Dr. Beale, "I told him he might try, for a dog is very dear to the heart of a twelve-year-old boy." I felt a peculiar force in these words, for I remembered how dear a dog once was to another twelve-year-old boy. The first time I saw Rover was on a winter's day when my father brought him home and called me out to see him. I lifted the long-haired, shiny-coated little fellow, with those almost human eyes of his, out of the sleigh and carried him to the woodshed. From that day I was his slave. A shy, retiring boy, not caring much for the society of other children, I found in this beautiful roly-poly puppy a most congenial playmate; and our confidence in each other never weakened. All that winter Rover is my most intimate friend. By and by the last snows of March go hurrying down the roadside gutters and winter is gone. There comes more of business and less of pastime into Rover's life. Instead of tearing up doormats he has to chase chickens, and the energy he formerly used in hunting up bones is now turned to driving cows. When farming begins in earnest he devotes himself to the horses. When we are mowing his interest amounts to interference, and he is tied in the barn to keep him away from the sharp knives. Here he whines and tugs so at his chain that I always leave him as unhappy as he. One afternoon I tie him close by the open barn door, where he can lie in the shade or watch us working. When the mowing is done for that day I scamper home to loosen him and have a frolic. When I get in sight of Rover I notice the hot afternoon sunshine pours full upon him as he lies with his back toward me. I hurry, and at the sound of my steps a slight quiver passes over his body and I hear a choking sound. A curious chill comes over me. He tries to move again. Now I see why he is so quiet. His three feet of chain are shortened by a dozen twists to one foot, and every struggle draws the strap tighter about his neck. His tongue hangs from his mouth and he gasps for breath; his eyes are dull and filmy. With nervous hands and a headache I loose the strap and carry him into the shade. He gasps, looks up at me and wags his tail. Father brings a bunch of new-mown clover and lays the panting dog upon it. I creep close to him and pillow his head upon my lap. Presently I slip one hand between his cheek and my knee, while with the other I gently stroke his silky, jet-like coat. But he pays no attention; and as I lean over him to

ing upon earth dearer to me than life. If he cannot live with me I want to die with him. If he must die I will always stay by his body. He may not be able to show his love for me, but I shall never cease to love him, never, never, never—and my voice becomes almost a scream. My father tries to quiet me, but I thrust him from me, and as the sobbing becomes less violent he leaves the heartbroken boy and his dying playfellow lying side by side in the shade. The afternoon wears away and the sun is near setting now. Slanting beams steal in under the overhanging branches. I raise my head and look at my dying comrade. The gasps seem less violent. A throbbing hope comes to me. I lean over him and call his name. But those quick ears are dull now. The wringing feet have pattered on their last errand. More than a dozen years have gone by since the June day when Rover's brief life was hushed under the "old sweetening tree," yet the memory of that afternoon is still full of sharp pain and keen agony; and I never see a shepherd puppy without recalling an orchard fragrant with new-mown hay, and a sobbing boy lying under an apple tree beside his dying playfellow.—W. B. Sheddian, in St. Louis Republic.

BEARS COSTLY FUR. The Sea Otter, Its Home and Its Little Understood Habits. Just at present the sea otter is the favorite of the millionaires, and his fur is the costliest in the world. I wonder if any of the wearers of this beautiful fur—so costly that the price of one set would feed a hungry family for two whole years—ever stop to find out how the first wearer was born on a bed of kelp, floating out in the open sea, on the icy-cold waters of the Pacific, and literally "rocked in the cradle of the deep;" how he was brought up on the heaving billows, and, when bedtime came, found a soft resting-place on his mother's breast, while she floated upon her back and clasped him with her paws as he slept; how the only land he ever knew was the rugged, rock-bound shores of Alaska or Washington. Now and then, when the ocean was very rough, and before the hunters were so bad, he used to crawl out upon a rock and lie there, while the roar of the breakers boomed in his ears and the spray dashed over him in torrents. But then, it is probable that not one woman out of every five hundred takes the trouble to learn the life history of the creature whose furry coat she wears. The sea otter is the largest of the marten family, and is very unlike the animal after which the family is named. It has a thick, clumsy body, which, with the round, blunt head, is from three and a half to four feet in length. Unlike those of all other otters, the tail is short and stumpy, being about one-fifth the length of the head and body. As if to increase its value, and hasten its destruction, the skin is much larger than the body, like a misfit coat, and lies loosely upon it in many folds. For this reason the stretched pelt is always much wider and longer than the animal that wore it. The coat of the full-grown sea otter is very dense, very fine, and its color is shimmering, lustrous black. Ever since the earliest discovery of the sea otter by the Russians, its fur has been eagerly sought by them, and the cash prices of skins have always been so high that there is not, in the whole United States, a museum rich enough to afford a good series of specimens. Mr. Charles H. Townsend, the naturalist of the United States fish commission, writes me that in 1891 the price of the best skins had reached \$400 each, and their value has been since increasing. On the northwest coast of the state of Washington, where sea otters are still found along a thirty-mile strip of coast (from Gray's harbor, half-way to Cape Flattery), they are shot by hunters from tall "derricks" from thirty to forty feet high, erected in the surf half-way between high tide and low tide, and the hunter who kills four otters in a year considers his work successful. Owing to the persistent hunting that has been going on ever since Alaska came into our possession, the sea otter is rapidly following the buffalo to the state of extermination. The favorite food of the sea otter is not fish, as one might suppose from the habits of the common otter, but clams, crabs, mussels and sea-urchins. Its molar teeth are of necessity very strong, for the grinding up of this rough fare, and the muscles of the jaws are proportionately powerful.—W. T. Hornaday, in St. Nicholas.
Johnnie's Sympathy. The other day Johnnie saw a branded mustang on the street. "Oh, mamma," he shouted, "just look how they've gone and vaccinated the poor thing!"—Harper's Young People.
The Very Opposite. "Did you tender your resignation?" said a man to an ex-office-holder. "I resigned by request, sir, but there was nothing tender about it. It was tough, sir."—Pittsburgh Chronicle.
Proud Mother.—Isn't my son Algy charming? Young Lady—Yes, indeed; he's a perfect little lady.—Good News.
No Doubt About That. Woman is not much of a philosopher, but she is, nevertheless, a clothes observer.—Texas Siftings.

THE SEA OTTER.



I'M AFRAID IT'S ALL OVER, HE SAYS.

speak in his ear my hand finds his head wet with bead-like drops. I lay my cheek beside his, clasp my arms about his neck and say: "Rover, Rover," many times very softly. After a long time I hear a step and I hastily lay my dumb friend's head upon the ground. My father comes up. He looks at him, feels his paws and shakes his head. "I am afraid it is all over," he says. "In an agony of grief I throw myself face downward upon the sod and cry aloud without reserve. My mother touches my shoulder, but I do not notice her. I have a mad longing to gather my dead playmate in my arms and say he shall not die; I won't give him up. In that moment there is noth-