A Political Trick.

"There is a good deal of pure moonshine," said a local warhorse now out of harness, "in the faculty of remembering names and faces which is attributed to most successful politicians. In nine cases out of ten they have no abnormal powers of that kind, and their apparent feats of memory are very easily explained. Take, for example, the case of a political personage at a public reception. He is sure to be surrounded by a group of local leaders who know everybody in town. Presently a valuable constituent approaches. 'Colonel,' whispers one of the henchmen, 'here comes Mr. Blank. He's an active party worker and a great admirer of yours. He met you here last fall.'

"The personage catches on promptly. 'What does Blank do?' he whispers back.

"'He's a produce merchant,' replies the henchman. By that time the valuable constituent gets in range.

"'How are you, my dear Mr. Blank?' exclaims the notable cordially. 'I'm delighted to see you again. And how is the produce business coming on?'

"Poor Blank has spasms of joy. That the famous man should remember him so accurately makes him as proud as a peacock, and 20 spectators proceed to tell the story in proof of the colonel's miraculous mental gifts. Thus reputations are made."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Bishop's Label.

Bishop Huntington once went down to a town in Connecticut to perform a marriage ceremony. He arrived the day before the wedding, and he left at the same time the bridal pair did, although he was driven to a different railway station. As he passed through the station, carrying his traveling bag, he was aware that he was creating a sensation, but was totally at a loss to account for it. In the car he found that he was still the object of amused attention. The porter positively snickered as he passed his seat, and finally just as the train drew out he came up and assisted the churchman to remove his overcoat.

"What is the matter with you, my man?" asked the bishop. The porter's snicker broadened into a laugh.

"Ain't you done lef' the lady, sah?" he chuckled.

"Eh?" exclaimed the bishop in surprise. Then his eye fell on the side of his traveling bag which the porter had just turned round. There glued to it was a wide strip of white satin ribbon on which was painted in large letters: "Married this morning."

The facetiously minded best man had mistaken the bishop's traveling bag for that of the bridegroom, and a chuckling black porter worked late in the night removing that ribbon.—Washington Post.

When Coal Gives Out.

The Adirondack region abounds with streams, most of which can some time be made use of as sources of power for carrying on industries, running railroads and furnishing light and heat. Indeed, the great problem at present is not at all to find available sources of power, but to devise means of transmitting the power with the minimum loss for long distances.

It is impossible to believe that with the success of existing plants and the prospect of practically unlimited power going to waste on every hand, to stimulate inventive genius, methods will not be devised before very long of overcoming this difficulty of transmission.

Whether it is by the discovery of a new conveyor or by using a succession of generating plants or by a means of storing the electricity and carrying it by freight or express or otherwise, the new power is bound in time to come into practically universal use. If the difficulty of transmission is not wholly obvious, it may be there will be some regrouping of industries and communities in the near vicinity of important sources of water supply.—Harper's Magazine.

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NOTICE OF PROBATE OF WILL.

In the County Court of Lancaster County Nebraska:

The State of Nebraska, to Hannah North, Catharine Alice Padelford, Ellen Emma Dobson, Jacob H. North, Alice Elizabeth Gardner, Emma North, Arthur Samuel North, Samuel Worthington North, and to all others interested in said matter:

YOU ARE HEREBY NOTIFIED, That an Instrument purporting to be the Last Will and Testament of Jacob North deceased, is on file in said Court, and also a petition praying for the Probate of said instrument, and for the appointment of Hannah North as executrix. That on the 9th day of October 1899, at 10 o'clock a. m., the petition and the proof of the execution of said instument will be heard, and that if you do not then appear and contest, said Court may Probate and record the same, and grant administration of the estate to Hannah North.

This notice shall be published for three weeks successively in the Nebraska Independent prior to said hearing.

Witness my hand and official seal this 6th day of September 1899.

S. T. COCHRAN,
County Judge.

LIFE AND LOVE.

True love is of a birth sublime;
It knows not space, it knows not time;
It has a guerdon from above,
For love is life, and life is love.

You, with your dangered gift of scorn,
Would seek to make true love forlorn;
Yet know where'er your wish may rove
That love is life, and life is love.

You flaunt new loves before my eyes,
I note them with a scant surprise;
You cannot spoil the treasure trove
That love is life, and life is love.

We mortals are compact of change,
We have a thought of wondrous range—
For boy and girl, for man and wife,
Yet life is love, and love is life.

Is't well to judge by human skill
What warrant serves true love to kill?
It stands, through all your nescient strife,
That life is love, and love is life.

I match remembrance with your word,
The truth may pierce you like a sword,
The truth may be a keen edged knife,
Yet life is love, and love is life.

False love is like the winding sheet
Figured in snow and blinding sleet;
The shelter whence you dare not move
Is—love is life, and life is love.

—Walter Harries Pollock in Longman's Magazine.

A WORLD OF TROUBLE.

Why the Apartment House Manager Had a Case of the Blues.

The manager of the apartment house, a well fed, well featured, well dressed man, was standing in the main doorway of his establishment, which, by the way, is owned by an out of town capitalist, who is not the most generous provider in the world and insists upon the flat being conducted upon the most economical lines. The manager was not happy, however fair he may have appeared to the eye, and he heaved a long drawn sigh as a friend approached and greeted him.

"What's wrong?" inquired the newcomer.

"Oh, we've all got our troubles!" was the vague and lugubrious reply.

"You oughtn't to have any."

"But I have, just the same."

"What, for instance?"

"Well, I'm worried sick because I haven't got an elevator boy."

"There shouldn't be any difficulty in removing that trouble, I should say."

"There is. I've tried 40 and can't get one to suit."

"You must be very hard to please."

"It isn't that," sighed the manager. "I'm all right, but it's this way: The old man insists on having the elevator boy wear a uniform, and he furnishes it. Uniforms cost money, and when the last boy retired he left a brand new uniform, and the old man won't get another. That's the rub. I can find plenty of boys of sufficient intelligence, ample experience, industrious habits, good moral character and fine address, but I'll be darned if I can get one that the uniform will fit, and there you have it. Now what the dickens am I to do? Ain't that enough trouble for any one man?"—Washington Star.

A Painful Discovery.

"It was about the witching hour," said the suburbanite. "I had left the station some distance behind me and was on my way up the road toward home. I had got comfortably cool by that time, and the charming influence of the starlit night possessed me and made me feel at peace with all the world. Nor did the fact that I and my new suit had made a hit with the friends I had been visiting detract from the fullness of my self satisfaction.

"All went well until I came to a street crossing my road. At the corner was a street lamp, which from some cause was not lit, and from this lamp fluttered what seemed to be a handkerchief. You know I am a little bit near sighted.

"I reached over to take it, but it was touched by the wind and waved just beyond my grasp. I reached over farther, leaning full against the lamp post. This time I was successful, and I found that the supposed handkerchief was a piece of paper on which was written in bold and dashing letters the legend 'Fresh Paint.'"—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The Real Reason.

Long ago he had taken the resolution always to be perfectly honest with his children.

"My son," he accordingly observed, "I am beating you with this trunk strap not for your own good, but because I am hot under the collar! No, it does not by any means hurt me more than it hurts you!"

In the face of such a luminous example it would be strange if a boy did not grow up to be an honest man.

It was perhaps possible to overdo this thing and render a boy so honest that he would be unable to earn his living in any of the learned professions, but that difficulty, if it existed at all, was theoretical rather than practical.—Detroit Journal.

With Pleasure.

McSwatters—I always love to hear that girl next door play "The Star Spangled Banner."

Mrs. McSwathers—I thought you said you couldn't stand her piano playing!

McSwatters—Well, when she plays "The Star Spangled Banner" it's a sign she's got through.—Syracuse Herald.

How It Happened.

Jones—What a funny looking house that is across the street.

Smith—Isn't it an oddity, though? I understand the owner instructed the contractor to follow all plans suggested by his wife.—Ohio State Journal.

Men quite incapable of writing themselves down fools in the old way do it very well with the help of a stenographer.—Detroit Journal.

There are many people who will never [illegible] because their habit is to spend it.—Evening Wisconsin.

The Frog and the Judge.

"I had been living alongside of Silver lake for 15 years," said the judge, "before I concluded to go fishing. I suppose I had seen five carloads of fish taken out of the lake during those years, and so I anticipated a great catch when I got around to it. One day I got out hook and line and set off in my boat. It was right after dinner, and I let the boat go drifting. The hook was baited with a frog for bass, and I distinctly remember of giving frog and hook a whirl and a cast. Then of course I waited for a bite."

"And you got one?" queried the man witht the new patent reel.

"I can't say that I did," replied the judge. "No, I have never been able to satisfy myself that I did."

"But what did you do?"

"Just floated around for five hours. I think I was busy most of the time preparing a case to come off the next week, but had a bass taken hold of that frog I must have felt it."

"But didn't you pull in your line at all?"

"I don't think so. If I did, it escaped my memory. Should I have done so?"

"Why, of course."

"For what reason?"

"To see if the frog was on the hook all right."

"Oh! There was no reason then," smiled the judge. "It seems that as soon as I cast him overboard he swam back and climbed into the boat, and at the end of five hours he came hopping over to me, as if to ask if I hadn't had all the fun I wanted. I decided that I had, and I unhooked him with apologies and rowed home."—Chicago News.

Bounced the Bill of Fare.

Stories of the generosity of Judge Poland of Vermont are constantly coming to light. One of the prettiest is about an old farmer, whom the judge invited to dine with him one day at the hotel in Lyndon, Vt.

The old man's shabby garments and uncouth manners did not prevent his host from being heartily glad to see him, and he was ushered into the dining room with all the deference that could have been shown the judge's most distinguished friend.

It was the farmer's first experience at a hotel, and when the waiter laid the menu card before him he asked quickly, "What's that?"

"The bill of fare, sir," replied the waiter.

"Take it away!" said the old man, with a look of triumph on his brown face. "Judge Poland isn't the sort that invites folks and then lets 'em pay their own bills. I've known him, boy and man, young feller! Perhaps you didn't know I'm a-vis'ting Judge Poland today."

The waiter bowed with the aspect of a graven image, but the judge and his guest smiled at each other in mutual friendliness and pleasure, and then the judge proceeded to order for two.—Youth's Companion.

The Missionary's Little Joke.

A native Maori chieftain, the descendant of cannibal kings, is now completing his medical education in Chicago. Cannibalism ended in his tribe, he says, when Bishop Selwyn converted his grandfather, but he tells some stories of it which have a distinctly humorous flavor. For instance:

It is said that once a chief captured a missionary who was anything but a toothsome morsel, as he was old and thin and looked as if his flesh would be tough. The missionary warned the chief that he would not make a good dinner and, pulling up his trousers, cut a slice off the calf of his leg and offered it to the chief.

The chief tasted it, said he didn't like it and passed it to a subchief. The sub tasted it, made a wry face and passed it on. The next man who took a bite of it spat it out. The missionary was released. After he had gone it was discovered that he were a cork leg.

The Fads of Authors.

How novelists write will always be of interest to readers. Each seems to have some favorite place for attacking the muse. Roe wrote "Near to Nature's Heart," Hay "At the Seaside" and Besant "All in a Garden Fair." Verne wrote "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," Dryden "In Sunny Lands" and Auerbach "On the Heights."

While Gibbon wrote "For Lack of Gold" and Payne "In Peril and Privation," Black wrote "In Silk Attire" and Haven "Out of Debt, Out of Danger."

Horatio Alger wrote "Slow and Sure," Williams "On and Off" and Pike "Every Day."

Most curious of all were Bellamy, who wrote "Looking Backward," and Parker, who wrote "Upside Down."—Puck.

From Hand to Mouth.

"I'll never speak to him again!" exclaimed the young woman in the pale blue jacket. "He called me his queen and asked if he might kiss my hand. I said yes, and—and after that he kissed me on the lips without asking."

"I suppose," said the young woman in the yellow buskins, "he followed along the line of least resistance."—Chicago Tribune.

Worth His While to Flatter.

Art Critic—Your portrait of Snaggins, the multimillionaire there, has a fine technique, but it doesn't look the least like him.

Fashionable Portrait Painter—Hush! How could I ever get $2,500 for it if it did?—Boston Transcript.

Orthodox Mohammedans are forbidden to make or use any "graven image." Consequently their chessmen have no resemblance to human figures.

If a man sows the wind, he is liable to catch a cyclone in his self binder some day.—York (Neb.) Times.

Chicago's Queer Indian.

An Englishman of rank and money visited Chicago recently and with him came his private secretary, a young, fresh faced, jolly fellow just out of Oxford university. The secretary brought letters of introduction to a Chicago man from a well known London actor and an equally prominent man of letters. The Englishman came direct to Chicago, making no stop in New York. The secretary called upon the Chicago man to whom he had letters and who did a little entertaining, inviting three city friends to meet the private secretary at luncheon at a noted restaurant.

It was after the cigars were lighted that the conversation turned upon things American. The Chicagoans knew that the Britons were credited with believing that they could shoot buffaloes under the shade of the Auditorium and shoot grizzlies along the Shokie, but they were not quite prepared for what was to come. The little luncheon party had been waited upon by a coal black negro with crisp hair curled tight to his head. The secretary throughout the repast had eyed the attendant with interest. When the waiter finally had left the room, the English guest turned to his host and said:

"Mr. Nelson, it seems to me that I read somewhere that the American Indians had straight hair. The hair of the one who waited on us curls like astrakhan."—Chicago Tribune.

Married With a Bump.

The marriage customs of the Negulos are peculiar. The young man who seeks a bride first obtains the favor of her parents and then pursues her, catching her in his arms. She breaks loose and runs and does not yield until he has caught her several times. Finally he leads her in triumph to her home. Here her father drags the youth up a ladder to her floor of their hut. The mother drags up the maiden. They are then made to kneel, and the father pours over them a cocoanut shellful of water. He then bumps their heads together, and the ceremony is completed. They spend their honeymoon in the depths of the mountains and for five days and nights are lost to sight, after which they come back to everyday life.

There is another marriage custom which is worth describing. Instead of the youth and maiden being dragged up the hut ladder they are made to climb two saplings that grow near each other. Then an elder of the group grasps the saplings and draws them together until the heads of the young couple touch, with a kiss or a bump, according to the force used. This makes them man and wife.—Forum.

Taking Umbrage.

A few idlers (no very unusual thing) were lounging in front of the shop of the bailie of the burgh, among whom the laird espied the village Aesculapius, who was his political oracle, and thus addressed him:

"How's a' wi' ye the day, doctor? Ony political news?"

"Nothing very particular," replied the doctor; "only it is said that the Dutch have taken umbrage at"— Here the doctor got a touch on his shoulder from his shop boy, who acquainted him that a valuable patient was waiting for him, and he broke off abruptly from his political laird.

"Ta'en Umbrage!" exclaimed the laird. "Mercy upon us! Hae they ta'en Umbrage? Bailie, ken ye if it's a wa'ed town or no?"

"A wa'ed town!" said the bailie; "nae sic thing. It's a sugar island and ane o' the sweetest o' them. The article's up already, but ye shall hae a stane weight hame wi' ye at the auld price."—Cornhill.

An Expensive Knife.

An old man went into a cigar store where pocketknives are on sale. He had a fancy for one of the knives, but thought the price, 75 cents, too high. After a parley with the proprietor he concluded to wager 75 cents against the knife and play a game of poker. He lost the money and then that much again. He continued to lose until he lost $121, all the money he had, but the proprietor made him a present of the knife.

In the afternoon he returned, saying he was dissatisfied with the knife. He had paid $121 for it, but would willingly exchange it for a $1 article. The dealer kindly made the exchange, and the man went his way rejoicing. He had no money to trouble him, but he had a knife, and, after all, a knife is a good thing to have.—Arizona Republican.

Significant Signs.

It has been insinuated that the Appleton-O'Bryanne wedding is off. If you want to know, go past the Appleton house. The sound of a half dozen sewing machines can be heard there from daybreak till late at night. When a marriage is given up for good, the sewing machine is idle, except when patches must be put on the old man's underclothes.—Atchison Globe.

The Druggist's Work.

There is a druggist in one of the suburban districts who advertises:

"The doctor prescribes; we execute."

Such advertising cannot fail to appeal to those who desire to be executed.—Boston Journal.

He Needed No Help.

"Help, help!" cried the man who was being relieved of his valuables.

"Calm yourself, my friend," said the easy going footpad. "I can take care of this job without any assistance."—Ohio State Journal.

Settling Down.

"I'm anxious to get married and settle down," said the fagged bachelor, "so that I can pick out one good club and stick to it."—Philadelphia North American.

THE FEAR OF SOLITUDE.

I woke at dawn and, risen from my bed,
Gazed at the new born day serene and suave.
Silver and gold and pearl were overhead
Like some sea shell new garnered from the wave,
And such faint music from the morning sped
As mourners' singing by a distant grave.

Far out at sea a beating vessel bore
Westward with scarce discoverable speed,
Creeping athwart a distant island shore
That traced an outline faintly filigreed
With creviced mountain whose low summits wore
A cloudy chariot yoked with fleecy steed.

At foot a little bay lay cradled deep
Whereon the idle fishing fleet was drawn,
No ripple hurt the waters' quiet sleep
That lay as peaceful as a garden lawn;
The lighthouse at the harbor mouth did peep
A flashing eye of red upon the dawn.

No voice I heard nor any certain sound,
Save when the hungry seagull cried awhile;
All was so hushed and lonely that I found
A nameless fear in all this silent isle,
As though the very sea might rise and bound
And overwhelm me. Lo, his treacherous smile!

Some men there be who glory in such case,
A mountain top immutable—a throne.
I am not such, and I am face to face
With this fierce question now immediate grown.
Am I afraid of God, who am so base
I dare not venture in such place alone?

—Henry Bell in Spectator.

The Hornet Of the Sea.

BY HARRY E. ANDREWS.

A Thief Was Stopped In the Nick of Time by a Stingaree.

"It's a coyote!"

"No coyote made that mark—it's a greaser!" And, lowering his lantern, Fritz Krantz pointed to the broad print made by a bare foot in the sand.

"I guess you're right," said Will, the younger brother, while Middy, the setter, who had been barking furiously, added, "I'm sure of it!" with a sniff and a wag and an eye flash.

The boys had been called out of bed by Middy's noisy alarm and the loud commotion among the fowls in the corral. They owned a chicken ranch in southern California, near the bay of San Diego.

Their invalid father had come with his family from the eastern states a few years before and started this little industry. He did not live to see it pay dividends, but he told his boys that if they would "stay with it" it would support them and their mother, and "always remember," said he, "that the Lord helps those who help themselves."

The young fellows mastered the hen problem. They bred those famous "mortgage lifters," white leghorns. The boys' broilers were the first in the market, their layers had scientific care and did business when others didn't, and their income from their enterprise was growing every year.

"He's got nothing," said Will at last, with an expression of relief.

"Good dog, Middy! Good fellow!" exclaimed Fritz fondly, patting the setter. "We can go to bed all right with you on guard."

But before going in, they could not help giving another look at the roost where perched drowsily their pair of pet cockerels, the pride of the coops and the hope of the young ranchers.

"Do you think they are winners, Will?" asked Fritz, as he cast a lantern glow over the plump, contented birds.

"I'm sure of it," said Will. "There isn't a pair in the country that can begin with them. Everybody says so."

The county fair was near at hand, and these young roosters were candidates for the special prize of $50 offered by an enthusiastic fancier for the best pair of white leghorn cockerels.

"Mucho bee-utiful!" cried old Esteban, the Mexican egg buyer, when he came around a few weeks later. "They win sure. Ay, la blancura! Only one pair come near them. They Manuel's, cross the bay, but not so white, no!"

They were beauties, every one could see that. Yes, they were rare and almost perfect specimens of their strain and fully deserved old Esteban's eulogy.

One afternoon the boys had gone back on the desert to hunt cottontail rabbits, which their mother knew how to fry so temptingly, and they were returning with full bags, Middy trotting along a few rods in advance.

As they neared their home in the little settlement by the sea, where only a few cottages stood, and those far apart, Middy came rushing back as fast as he could gallop, barking like mad and beside himself with excitement.

They soon ascertained what had excited the dog. There was a great hue and cry in the poultry yards, and one of the pens had been broken.

"That thieving greaser again, and in broad daylight this time!"

They hurriedly took a census of their stock.

"None missing here," said Fritz.

"No, they count up all right," replied Will, "and there are both the prize cockerels over yonder."

Fritz paused a moment and turned pale.

"But what's the matter with them?" he exclaimed, and both boys anxiously rushed to the birds.

"They're not our cockerels," cried Will. "See those yellow feathers!"

"And the white in their faces!" said Fritz. "I see through the trick. That greaser has swapped with us!"

"He's taken to the beach. See Middy! He knows. You go down by the old road and I'll take the steps. We'll catch him yet!"

The little colony sat on a bluff rising almost perpendicularly from the beach. There were two paths to the sea, one by an easily inclined road which wound around the cliffs, and the other by a long, steep flight of steps that scaled the face of the bluff.

Fritz and Middy anxiously scanned the heights and beat about the little eucalyptus grove before scrambling down the steps, but discovered nothing to encourage them. Will, who had made the long detour of the winding road, arrived at the foot of the stairs almost as soon as they did, hot and breathless, but with no trace of the fugitive to report.

"I wonder what that craft is about?" asked Fritz, pointing to a fisherboat, lying to, a short distance down the coast.

They hurried down the beach and at the same time the little craft hoisted a rag of sail and made toward them. She was almost opposite when Middy, who had been jumping around like a crazy dog gave out a loud yell and started back as if he had been shot.

The boys wheeled around and stared.

"Look!" they shouted simultaneously, and started after the dog.

A bare legged and swarthy Mexican had emerged from one of the large hollows worn by the sea in the bluff and was running down across the sand straight for the surf. They could see that he had a large sack in his hand.

Meanwhile a fresh breeze had struck the dory and it was making good headway in his direction.

"We shall lose him!" said Will. "He's going to swim for it."

"After him! Go for him, Middy!" yelled Fritz.

The dog needed no urging, but bounded down the beach and took to the water after the man with the bag.

The tide was out, but the fellow was already in the surf and the boat was rounding to, just outside the breakers.

"No use," said Will. "He has too good a start."

Just then a shrill cry of pain came from the surf, followed by another still louder.

The fugitive had halted. He staggered in the deep water that was now above his waist and turned and limped toward the shore, howling grievously as he slowly retraced his steps.

"What is it?" asked Will in amazement.

"I know—it's a stingaree," exclaimed Fritz. "The thief has a hot barb in his heel and it's cramped his leg. We have got him!"

With a cry of rage the fellow lifted the bag above his head and flung it as far as he could into the sea.

But the setter was too good a bird dog to wait for any command to swim for it and bring it ashore, and it was safe in his mouth before it could sink.

Hurrying to meet him, the boys found their precious cockerels in the sack, frightened half to death and their white plumes dripping, but not beyond recovery of animation or family pride.

As for the thief, the boys cut the barb out of Manuel's ankle, dressed the wound, gave him back his substituted birds and sent him home vowing solemnly to keep at an honest distance from other folks' chicken coops, with the burning smart of his injury to remind him of a virtuous resolution for many days to come, for the barb of the "stingaree" is steeped in poison.

It is the wasp of the sea, the sting ray, and the warm surf of the Pacific beaches is its favorite abode. It is a round, flat fish, varying in diameter from a few inches to a foot, with a barb an inch or two long reposing in a neat groove on the top of its tail.

The sting ray employs this weapon only for defense or retaliation. When a bather steps on the fish the barb flies up as if the indignant sting ray had touched a spring and lodges in the unlucky heel or ankle.

Of course the Krantz brothers' cockerels took the $50 prize, as no rivals approached their merits and magnificence.

This victory added to the fame of the young breeders, and eggs for hatching from their pens, now command a premium, adding much to their revenue and many to the comforts of their little home on the bluffs.—Boston Globe.

He Fights the Crows.

The king bird, a most active and pugnacious bird, may be found in fields and along the roadsides. He is commonly perched on a post or low bough on the lookout for insects. His sudden dart into the air or down to the ground, followed by a return to the post of observation, is extremely characteristic. Sometimes one may even hear the click of the bill which announces the fate of the unhappy insect. He is with us from May until September.

The king bird owes his name to the fact that he is the one small bird who ventures to attack the marauding crow, and that he always comes off victorious. Rising above his foe, he drops upon his back, attacking him with beak and claws until the unlucky intruder makes off in ludicrous consternation. The nest is usually placed at a moderate height on the horizontal bough of a tree in the orchard or by the wayside. Eggs are laid early in June. The note is a sharp twitter, often somewhat resembling that of the swallow.—Denver Republican.

A Brave Little Heroine.

Among the stories told by certain aged physicians at a reunion of medical men of the times when surgical operations were conducted without anaesthetics none was more touching than the following:

A little girl, not more than 8 years old, was injured in such a way that it was necessary to amputate one of her legs. She proved to be of wonderful pluck, and instead of binding her, as was customary in such cases, she was given her most cherished doll to hold. Pressing it in her arms, she submitted to the amputation without a single cry.

When it was done, the physician in charge, seeking to brighten matters up with a pleasantry, said, "And now, my dear, we will amputate your doll's leg."

Then the little girl burst into tears.

"No, no!" she gasped between her sobs. "You shall not! It would hurt her too much!"