

# THE DOUBT SECRET

BY FLORENCE MARYATT

## CHAPTER VII.

Number 24 Birkenhead square was a large and imposing mansion in appearance, but very dull. There was something of heroic fortitude in the feeling with which Evelyn Rayne approached the door. Her uncle was a stranger to her. He had never even taken the trouble to ask to see her since the day when she had paid him a visit, clinging to her mother's gown. She pounced the dingy steps that led to the melancholy-looking mansion, and rang the bell. A man servant in plain clothes answered it. He was an elderly man, and not at all smart, but he looked eminently respectable. He seemed very much surprised to see Evelyn standing there, and he asked her rather sharply what she required.

"I want to see Mr. Caryll, please."  
"You can't see him to-day; it's Sunday."  
At this moment, however, a sharp, gruff voice called out from the dining room.  
"What's that, Barnes?"

And a sudden courage, born of despair, made Evelyn Rayne start forward to the open door, exclaiming:  
"It's I, Uncle Roger—Evelyn, your niece. Oh, do let me speak to you!"  
Mr. Caryll was seated at his breakfast table, looking very rough and unkempt. He was unshorn; his white hair was tossed about in some disorder; and he wore a dark grey flannel dressing gown. But as he caught sight of Evelyn Rayne, he leapt from his chair and grasping her by the arm, regarding her fixedly in the face of the while.

"You—right, then; you are Evelyn Rayne—poor Mary's child?"  
"Yes," replied Evelyn, frightened at his manner; "but don't be angry with me, uncle. I have only come to speak to you for a moment."  
Mr. Caryll relaxed his grasp, and tottered back to his chair.  
"I'm not angry, child," he answered, "and then be covered his face with his hands, and muttered, "So like—so very like!"

Eve did not know when she was like, unless it was her dead mother; but she no longer felt afraid of her uncle. By and by she ventured to speak again.  
"You will think it very strange my coming here, I am afraid, when you have never asked me, uncle; but we are in great distress at home, and I came to you for information."  
"All right, sit down. What is it you have to say?"  
Evelyn took a chair, but Mr. Caryll did not look at her again, but listened with his head leaning on his hand.

"Will has not been home since yesterday morning, uncle. Auntie and I sat up till twelve o'clock last night to let him in, but he never came, and we are frightened. Can you tell us where he is?"  
"Oh! he's not been home, hasn't he?" remarked Mr. Caryll, from behind the shelter of his hands. "He's afraid to show his face there, as well he may be! Likely enough he'll never be heard of again, and lucky for him if he isn't!"  
"But, sir, what has he done?" inquired Evelyn, with a troubled face. "Is anything wrong, that you should speak of Will like that?"

"Wrong! Everything's wrong. The boy's an ungrateful scoundrel, that I feel ashamed to befriend. I took him from serving behind the counter of a button shop in St. Paul's Churchyard, and put him in a position in my office, where he might have risen to anything—anything; and he has requited my goodness by first robbing the firm, and then bolting from the consequences of his crime."  
"Oh, uncle, he didn't rob you, surely?" cried Evelyn.  
"He did worse, Evelyn. He stole my checks and forged my name. He hasn't even cleverness enough to be a good thief. He did the job so clumsily that a child might have detected the fraud. But he will meet with his deserts yet."  
"Will they send the detectives after him?" asked the girl, in a low voice of horror.

"Most certainly they will. The forged check was in the hands of the police last night, and if to-day were not Sunday, Master William Caryll would be in their hands by this time. As it is, they must wait till to-morrow. But they'll have him locked up by to-morrow night—you may depend upon that."  
"But, oh, uncle, will you not spare him?" cried Evelyn, leaving her seat and approaching Mr. Caryll's chair. "He is very young, you know, and this is his first offense."  
"No, my dear, it is not his first offense. He has stolen postage stamps and loose change over and over again, but I hoped he would take warning by what was said to him. But this is far more serious. He has committed a felony."  
"I can't think how he can have done it," said Evelyn, with the tears in her eyes.  
"He must have been on his own, and I am sure he is a thief. Oh, sir! Oh, sir! Oh, sir! You can't see him off this time, and give me some more chance? Think how his whole future will be blasted if you prosecute him for this terrible offense!"  
Mr. Caryll shoved his spectacles down upon his nose, and stared at her curiously through them.  
"What's your interest in this young man?" he asked.  
Evelyn blushed like a rose.  
"He is my cousin," she answered, looking down, "and he has lived with us now for two years. It would be terrible for both Aunt Maria and me if Will were to be put in prison—or transported. It would affect our name, as well as yours, uncle."  
"I know that; but I can't cheat the law for my own convenience. Besides, the matter is out of my hands. It concerns the firm, and Messrs. Tryndal and Masters are resolved to prosecute him on their own account. Such a young miscreant must be made an example of, or we shall have all the clerks in the office embossing and forging."  
Evelyn did not answer him this time. She was weeping silently.  
"Well, dry your eyes and go home, and don't waste any more tears over your cousin William. Perhaps I may see your aunt and you, after a few days, but I have no more time to talk to you now."  
And he shut up his Sunday papers, Mr. Caryll looked his face from view in them, and Evelyn, under a good morning, said adieu, meekly, as she turned away.

All day long Evelyn thought of nothing else, but how to save Will, and by night time she had matured her plans. When all the house was asleep, and she ventured to let Will enter her room again by the trap door, she whispered to him what had occurred during her interview with her uncle. The lad's look of hopeless despair was a picture.  
"It's all over," he gasped; "they will trap me, as sure as a gun, and I shall be transported for life. Oh, Eve, what shall I do? What shall I do?"  
"Hush! hush! dear Will. Don't cry, or you will upset my fortune as well. Listen to me, dear. I am going to save you! You must put on a set of my clothes."  
"Nonsense! they will never fit me."  
"I will make them fit you. I have a dark winter suit in my box, and I am going to sit up all night and alter it. And then you must change the color of your hair."  
"How can I do that?"  
"You have often laughed at poor Auntie for dyeing her gray hair brown. It is lucky for you now that she does so. I have got the bottle out of her room, and I am going to put it all over your head at once."  
Will put his hands up to shield his golden locks.  
"Oh, bother, I can't have that; you'll spoil my hair!" he exclaimed, in his conceit.

Eve looked at him with pitiful surprise.  
"And can you think of your hair at a moment like this? Why, Will, if they take you they'll shave it all off!"  
His face lengthened.  
"All right, then; go ahead, and get it over. But what am I to do next?"  
"My proposal is this," she whispered, as she began to damp his hair with the brown dye, "there are emigrant ships lying in the docks. Will, and two of them said to-morrow. I have some money for you—fifteen pounds—which I got by selling my mother's jewelry, and I think your best plan will be to walk out of the house boldly as soon as it is light, and make your way down to the docks, and take your passage as a girl, to America."  
As she had planned so it was executed, and the early dawn saw her cousin, disguised as a girl, safe out of the house, on his way to take ship for New York.

CHAPTER VIII.  
Monday and Tuesday and Wednesday passed without any news being gained of Will. Evelyn's heart was singing a hymn of gratitude the while, of which the refrain was "He is safe." The excitement and the dread of discovery kept her up for the first few days, but as the week wore to its close, and she realized that Will was gone, and there was no more immediate cause for fear, the fact of their separation, and the uncertainty of its duration, bore in upon her mind, and weighed her spirits to the very ground. She mourned the loss of her young lover as though he had been dead, and the burden was all the heavier to bear, because she was ashamed to confess its weight to any one.

One afternoon, about three weeks after Will's departure, as she returned home from one of her melancholy visits to the cemetery, she was met at the doorstep by her Aunt Maria, in a great state of flurry and excitement.  
"Here you are at last, Evelyn. What a terrible row's been! I've been watching for you for the last half hour."  
"No, my dear, it's not your fault. It's quite early yet; but I've a surprise for you. Who do you think is in the parlor?"  
Evelyn became as white as a sheet. Could Will have been caught, or returned?  
"I cannot guess. Please tell me quickly."  
"Your Uncle Roger, and he wants to see you."  
"Good evening, uncle," said Evelyn deferentially, as she entered the room.  
She was looking her very worst, poor child, with a pale face and dark rims under her eyes, and clad in a stuff dress of the ugliest shade of brown.  
"Hollo! what's the matter. Have you been ill?" exclaimed Mr. Caryll, peering at her through his spectacles.  
"Evelyn has not been well this last week or two—far from it," replied Miss Rayne; "she wants change of air, I think, and many things that I can't give her, Mr. Caryll, as you must well know, however good my will may be."  
She thought that since Mr. Caryll was there, she might as well put him in remembrance that he had a niece as well as a nephew.

"Of course—of course—naturally," he said, in answer to her remark, and then he turned to Evelyn. "Well, and so you're poor Mary's child?"  
"Indeed she is; and we've always considered her very like her poor dear mother," interposed Miss Rayne. "She's a regular Caryll, isn't she, sir?"  
The old man's brow contracted with pain, but he forced himself to look at the girl.  
"Yes," he said, after a pause, "you are right. She is a regular Caryll. There was a time when I was very fond of my sister, Miss Rayne. I am growing an old man now, Miss Rayne, and these late events have somewhat shaken me. I have been talking to my partners about quitting the firm. There is no necessity for my remaining in business. I have more money than I shall ever need, and I begin to feel my infirmities. So I have decided to live for the future at my country house. Perhaps you have heard that I have a place in Hampshire called Mount Eden—"

"Heard, Mr. Caryll," exclaimed Miss Rayne enthusiastically, "who has not heard of Mount Eden?"  
"I am going back there very shortly; but it's too big a house for a lonely old man. I shall be lost there by myself, and so I want to take this girl with me, if you make no objection."  
Miss Rayne clasped her hands and raised her eyes in gratitude.  
"Oh, Mr. Caryll, it's what I have prayed for! I've nearly broken my heart seeing you lavish all your favors upon that worthless Will Caryll, while you didn't seem to have a thought for your own sister's child. And she's a good girl, too, though I say it; she'll never requite you with ingratitude. I've brought her up since she was eight years old, and know every bit of her. And I feel proud, sir, that you should have thought of her name."

Evelyn, my dear, why don't you thank your good uncle for his generous offer?"  
But Evelyn was standing before them, dazed and bewildered. She had hardly understood Mr. Caryll's meaning, until her aunt replied to it. She felt weeping on her aunt's neck.  
"Auntie, I don't want to leave you. Let me stay here. Don't send me away from home."  
Miss Rayne was horrified in her turn. She saw Mr. Caryll's good intentions melting into thin air beneath this ungrateful rejoinder, and Evelyn left on her hands forever.  
"Evelyn, I'm ashamed of you! What will your uncle think of such rudeness? How, indeed! What home could you find like Mount Eden? And every comfort and luxury into the bargain. Well, I never! I believe you're going to turn out as badly as your cousin, and ingratitude must run in the blood."  
"Oh, aunt, I am not ungrateful! Please, sir," turning to her uncle, "don't think so; but I have lived with auntie since I was a little child. She has been like a second mother to me, and if I leave her now, who will help her with the house-keeping and the lodgers, and look after her when she grows old and feeble?"  
At this appeal Miss Rayne broke down herself, and even Mr. Caryll appeared moved.  
"Oh, my dear, my dear," cried the former, throwing herself into a chair and rocking backwards and forwards. "You're been a comfort and a help to me, there's no denying it, and I shall miss you terribly. But it's for your good, Evelyn—it's for your good! I might go any day, and I've nothing to leave behind me except these few old sticks, and you're too young, by a score of years, to keep a house like this by yourself. So, though I shall feel the separation, especially at first, I shall be glad and happy to think you're provided for, and I've no one but myself to thank of."  
Evelyn looked up, mystified, through her tears.  
"Do you mean you will really be happier without me, auntie?" she said, in a voice of pain.  
"Well, no, my dear—not exactly that perhaps—but more comfortable and easy with regard to the future. And you needn't fret about the extra work, Evelyn, because if you go to live with your uncle, I shall be able to keep a second servant, you know, and save myself from everything but the house-keeping. And then, when you come to see me, once in a way, you will find I have all the more time to attend to you, and hear what you have to say."

Evelyn stood by the table, silent and thoughtful. She saw plainly now that her place would be preferable to her company.  
"Well, what do you say?" inquired her uncle presently. "Is it to be or not to be? I don't want to take you to Mount Eden against your will, but I think you will find it is to your advantage. You don't look strong, and the country air will do you good. Do you love the country?"  
"Oh, dearly," exclaimed the girl, brightening up; "but I have never seen it since my mother died. I love the flowers, and the trees, and the birds—and everything. I only wanted to stay in Liverpool because it is my home."  
Mr. Caryll rose with some difficulty from his chair, and prepared to leave them.  
"I'm getting very stiff and old," he said, "and I think it is about time I left off work. Well, Evelyn, my dear, will you give me a kiss, and tell me you are not afraid of me?"  
"Oh, no, uncle, I am not afraid of you—not a bit—and I hope that I may be of use to you."  
"Be a comfort to me, my dear—that's what I want most of all—a little comfort," said Mr. Caryll, sighing. "Well, good evening, Miss Rayne, and let her be ready by the appointed time. I will write you particulars concerning the time of starting."  
And with these words he hobbled away.

CHAPTER IX.  
Miss Rayne had not exaggerated when she called Mount Eden a little paradise. Evelyn's first view of it made her hold her breath with surprise.  
"Uncle! uncle!" cried Evelyn, forgetting her shyness in the delightful scene around her, "look at the little rabbits—three-four of them—jumping out of that yellow gorse—and oh! what a beautiful bird! Whatever is it?" she continued, as a cock pheasant rose with a loud "whirr," and displayed his glistening plumage of gold and red and brown.  
She turned toward Mr. Caryll as she spoke, laying her hand upon his arm; but his head had sunk upon his breast, and his face was almost hidden from view. Her attention was too much for him. Her sight of Mount Eden, with the familiar paths, through which he had wandered with his dead wife and his poor drowned boy, was cutting his seared heart like a knife. At that moment he doubted the wisdom of ever having returned to the place. Evelyn was alarmed. She feared he must be ill.  
"Are you not well, uncle?" she asked; "does your head ache?"  
"Not my head, child—my heart. But there, I must shake it off. I have no right to bring you here to share my melancholy. Yes, it is a lovely place, Evelyn, and you will be able to rove through it as you choose. Nothing can harm you here. You will have plenty of room to play in, and companions, too. I mustn't cloud your young life because mine is gloomy. But here is the big house, as they call it. How do you like the look of your new home, Evelyn?"

"Oh, uncle, it is beautiful—magnificent! I never saw any house like it in my life before. And did you build it all yourself?"  
"Yes; I built it myself," replied Mr. Caryll, with a heavy sigh.  
How well he remembered what his wife—the love of his life—had said when she first saw the completed mansion, and what plans for future happiness within its walls they had laid together. And now his Marian was sleeping in the churchyard of St. Mary Ottery, and his son—the pride of his old age—was food for the fishes in the Brazilian seas. Oh, it was hard—bitterly hard—to have been made the sport of fate in such a remorseless manner. As he stepped from his carriage to enter the hall, where the servants, headed by Mrs. Wedderburn, the housekeeper, were waiting to receive him, Evelyn thought he looked much older and more decrepit than he had done in Liverpool, but that might have been only the effects of the long journey.

"Mrs. Wedderburn," he said, as the housekeeper advanced to assist him, "this is my niece, Miss Evelyn Rayne—my poor sister's daughter, you may remember—who will live with me for the future at Mount Eden. I seem to have forgotten the names and situations of the rooms here—my mind is a little hazy on that point; but you'll see that Miss Rayne has a nice one, and every attention, till I can arrange matters."  
"Certainly, Mr. Caryll; and for yourself, you would prefer, perhaps, not to occupy the old suite?"  
"Yes, yes, yes. Where else should I go? Where else should I go?" he reiterated, in a dazed and uncertain manner.  
After which, Evelyn was scarcely surprised to hear that her uncle did not feel well enough to come down stairs again that evening, but would take some refreshment in his own room.

From that day, though Evelyn's life was full of ease and luxury, it was very dull. At first she thought she could never be tired of roaming over the beautiful Hampshire hills, and through the rich pasture lands and water meadows, or sitting, lost in the recesses of the park, listening to the sounds, and inhaling the scents by which she was surrounded. But after a while she became so accustomed to the monotony of her new life that she began to miss the variety of the old one. Cooking dinners and running messages, and mending clothes may not be interesting, but it is more suitable employment for a gregarious animal than solitary brooding. And Mr. Caryll shut himself up almost entirely in his own room. He returned to the scene of all his joys and disappointments had brought memory back in such a flood upon his mind as almost to overwhelm him, and he found himself quite unequal to the task which he had set himself to do. He did not, however, forget his duty to Evelyn Rayne. He engaged an admirable resident governess to finish her education, and gave her every other advantage which money could procure. But the girl began to sicken in an atmosphere so artificial to her.

The Penalty of Freedom.  
A negro investigator, Dr. R. H. Johnson of Brunswick, Ga., has added his testimony as to the physical degeneration of the negro in the South. He bases his conclusions on facts and figures gathered from 285 Southern cities and towns. The figures, he says, show that the death rate of the race "is twice as large as that of the whites" dwelling in the same communities; and "not only is he (the negro) dying faster, but he is being born in less numbers, proportionately." These conditions, Dr. Johnson does not hesitate to say, are the results of three decades of freedom, with the ignorance, dissipation and carelessness of a race freed from restraint, and what is more important, freed from the supervision of their former masters, to whose interest it was that the slaves were well fed, comfortably housed and made to keep regular hours by the force of the patrol. "In ante-bellum days," says Dr. Johnson, "the negro seemed to be an immune to consumption, and many great medical writers and teachers boast of never having seen such among the negroes. Enforced temperate living and sanitary precautions made the black man a physical giant, but the blacks are coming on a race of smaller stature and decreased vitality."—New York Post.

The Indian Baby.  
In the Indian household, as in our own, children bear an important part. The baby is the constant companion of its mother; not that other members of the family do not share in the care of it, but the little one is kept closely under the maternal eye. Soon after birth it is laid in its own bed, which is often profusely ornamented, and is always portable. A board about a foot wide and three feet long is covered with a feather pillow or with layers of soft skins. Upon these the child's arms are bound under cover, but they are released when it awakes. A great portion of the infant's time is spent lying upon a soft robe or blanket, where it can kick and crow to its heart's content. If, however, the mother should be so engaged as to be frequently called out of the tent, the baby is laced upon its board, and hung up under a tree, or placed where there is no danger of falling. Should the mother have to go any distance from home, she will slip the strap of the board over her head, and the baby goes along, winking at the great world from its mother's back. Long journeys on horses are made by babies snugly packed and hung from the horn of the mother's saddle.—Century.

An Old Song.  
The tune to which "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" or "We Won't Go Home Till Morning" is sung was once a national air in France. In "Maribrouck" the death and burial of Queen Anne's great captain are burlesqued. The song is supposed to have come down from the Wallon country, and it was unknown in the French capital until fifty years after Maribrouck's death, when a Picardy peasant woman, coming up to Versailles to nurse the baby daughter, brought it with her, and sang her little baby charge to sleep with the old jingling rhyme. From this "Maribrouck" became popular in Paris, and ultimately it spread abroad.

With a Snailed.  
The bicycle stopped suddenly.  
The old man went over the handlebar and turned a complete somersault in the air.  
Then he sat down on the pavement—hard.  
"Now you know how it feels to be whacked there," said the boy.  
And with a merry laugh he disappeared around the corner.—Chicago Post.

Unsuccessful Author.  
"Brainerd doesn't seem to be much of a success as an author."  
"Not a success? Why, his book is the literary sensation of the day!"  
"Oh, his book is all right, but he can't lecture a little bit."—Cleveland Leader.

The actual strength of the United States army to-day is 27,582 officers and men.

and when the child is old enough a little brush should be put into his hand, and he should be taught the use of it. After this the mother or nurse should see that it is used regularly.

The month of every child should be examined two or three times a year by the dentist, and any little cavities should be stopped with a temporary filling. Indeed, as much care should be taken of the first set of the second set of teeth, for they are, in their temporary way, just as necessary to health, beauty and comfort.—Youth's Companion.

A Midnight Alarm.  
A tragedy with what may be called comical attachments is reported by the Indianapolis Journal, which professes to have the story from the mouth of the principal sufferer. It was one of those harrowing occurrences for which nobody is to blame, and at which the world feels itself at liberty to laugh.

"My wife has the nightmare once in a while," said a man in a neighborhood corner the other evening. "Perhaps you think nightmares are a trifling matter, but just wait until you hear how she served me. I haven't forgiven her yet, and perhaps I never shall."  
"We were traveling abroad, and had come to Trieste. When we retired all our inn my wife had a headache, and suggested that she would occupy a bed in her sister's room, next to our own, as she was likely to be wakeful and did not wish to disturb me."

"In the night I was aroused by frightful moans and cries in that room. Presently my sister called me in alarmed tones, and I rushed in to find my wife in a dreadful nightmare, groaning and screaming alternately. While we were trying to arouse her there came a violent banging and loud talking at the door of my bedroom."  
"Of course, I had to leave my wife and see what was wanted. When I opened the door there stood the landlord, his wife and half a dozen servants, all in most ludicrous and scanty attire, each with a candlestick in hand—the most grotesque torchlight procession I ever beheld."

"The landlord demanded to know what was going on in my apartments—who was being killed. My wretched German deserted me, but I finally stammered out, in an embarrassed manner, that my wife had the 'slumber sickness.' This explanation hardly seemed to satisfy the landlord, but as the screaming had ceased, the torchlight procession withdrew."

"In the morning, to my amusement, I was scowled at by every man, woman and child in the establishment; at the table, in the halls, on the piazzas, black looks greeted me. At last we overheard some one, pointing me out, say, 'There's the big brute who beat his wife last night.'"  
"Actually the impression had so pervaded the inn and the town that we took our departure; I couldn't stand it. My wife and her sister, of course, nearly laughed themselves to death over the joke, but to me it wasn't funny then, and it isn't funny now. The only really funny thing about it was that torchlight procession, which the women didn't see."

Edison, the Inventor.  
The great electrical inventor of the century, Thomas A. Edison, began his scientific career in a freight-car, in which he, a boy of 12, conducted chemical experiments. Says the New York Tribune:  
When one recalls the more important of Mr. Edison's inventions—the printing telegraph for stock quotations, the duplex and quadruplex systems of telegraphy, the incandescent lamp, the subdivision of currents (within a year of the oracular prediction by British scientists that it could not be done), his carbon transmitter for telephones, the megaphone, the phonograph, the magnetic separator and kinetoscope—it is hard to realize that he is only 50 years old.

# SCIENCE AND INVENTION

The lake of Urania, in Persia, contains more salt than the Dead Sea, which holds twenty-six per cent, or eight times as much as the ocean.

A celebrated family of lion tamers are reported to use electricity. A live wire is stretched across the cage, and serves as an impassable yet invisible barrier which protects the performer. It is said that one touch of the wire gives a lasting lesson to the fiercest lion.

Singers, actors and public speakers, since the introduction of the electric light, have less trouble with their voices, and are less likely to catch cold, and they feel better. This is due to the air not being vitiated and the temperature more even.

The largest bog in Ireland is the bog of Allen, which stretches across the center of the island, east of the Shannon, and covers nearly 250,000 acres. Altogether there are nearly 3,000,000 acres of bog in Ireland—that is to say, about one-seventh of the total area of the country is bog.

The method proposed by Herr E. Moyal for producing large artificial diamonds consists essentially in sealing pulverized coal, iron chips and liquid carbonic acid in a strong steel tube, and submitting to the action of the electric arc. Unlike other methods, this process generates enormous pressure during the operation of the electric current, and it is believed larger diamonds will crystallize out as the mixture cools.

Incandescent burners, having mantles similar to those used for a coal gas flame, are now made for oil and spirit lamps. The kerosene is drawn up into a small chamber by a number of wicks, vaporized there by a small external flame, and after two minutes and a half supplies sufficient vapor to keep the mantle at a white heat. The disadvantage of this burner is the delay of two minutes and a half before it is ready for use.

A project is on foot in St. Louis to remove to Forest Park, that city, from Camden County, Mo., what is described as a magnificent stalagmite of solid white onyx, six to ten feet in diameter, and between twenty and thirty feet in height from its base to its tapering summit. It is said to contain about 1,000 feet of pure white onyx, "more beautiful in design than could be made by a skillful sculptor." A hundred thousand years are given as the probable time passed in its formation.—New York Times.

A new style of pleasure boat is described in the Electrician. The boat in which the passengers and driver ride has rigidly connected with it, at the bow end, a swan-shaped tug containing an electric motor driving a propeller. The craft is steered by means of reins attached to the head of the swan, which turn a rudder of ordinary pattern. The driver has also close at hand a regulator, which gives him control over the machinery in the swan. The vibration of the boat is said to be much less than in one which carries its own motor.

An idea of the kind of weather that the gold hunters of the Klondike must face in winter may be gathered from meteorological records made on the Upper Yukon in the season of 1880-81, and recently published in the National Geographic Magazine. From the end of October a steady fall of temperature set in, and in December the thermometer touched 97 degrees Fahrenheit below zero. This was the lowest, the record for January being 41 degrees, for February 58 degrees and for March 32 degrees below zero. During the last named month the long cold was broken, but the ice did not start in the Yukon until the middle of May, and for several weeks thereafter floating ice prevented the navigation of the river.

Care of Children's Teeth.  
Because the milk-teeth must, in the course of nature, fall out in a few years, to give place to the permanent set, parents are apt to assume that it is useless to pay special attention to them; they think it will be time enough to instruct the child in the care of the teeth when he has his permanent set. This is a mistake.

In the first place, it is never too early to inculcate good habits in the child, and his permanent teeth will always be better taken care of if he has been taught to brush the temporary set from the time when he could use a toothbrush.

It is also in the interest of the child's and man's good looks, comfort and health that the milk-teeth should be preserved as long as possible. One of their most important functions is to keep a place in the jaws for the second set, and if they fall out too soon and the later teeth will not have room enough, and will be twisted sidewise or pushed in front of, or behind, the others in the row.

The first teeth, like the second, are required for the proper mastication of the food, which is all the more necessary in the growing child, who needs more nourishment than an older person of twice his size.

Finally, the appearance of a child with three or four open spaces among his teeth is far from being attractive, and parents should be ashamed to see them as a consequence of their own neglect in not watching properly over the preservation of the milk-teeth.

As soon as the teeth appear they should be cleaned with a soft cloth,

When a woman laughs at her husband's jokes, it as often indicates that she realizes the importance of keeping him good humored as that she loves him.

The only time a man enjoys having a woman with him on a trip is when he takes his wedding trip.