

# THE FRASER MILLIONS

IMPUDENCE, I call it," said the fair young widow Marston, "when you know I start for London tomorrow. Marry you, Sim Parker! You! Why, I may be a ladyship before I come back with all that money."

"You may. Some folks 'lows as you mayn't," said Mr. Sim Parker, totally unmoved by Celinda's scorn. "You've sold up everything?"

"Everything," said Celinda, decidedly. "Everything, even the cow and the pig. Chub cried for the pig; but the cow and the pig were sold in one lot because they're such friends."

"But s'pos'n'," delicately hinted Sim, "when you gets to London there ain't nothin' in this yer yarn about them millions?"

"I can't suppose anything of the sort. No one but a—a groundhog like you, Sim, would think of such a thing."

"I may be a groundhog—groundhogs is very good eatin' when you can't git nothin' else—but you're spendin' all the money you've got, after you've paid off the late lamented's mortgage, Jess to fetch theseyer millions. How do you know they're yours?"

"How do I know? Sim Parker, you make me tired. I—I feel it, I tell me. Wasn't my maternal great-grandfather a Fraser; and haven't I all the papers proving my descent from the Frasers of Ochiltree? There's a matter of four millions waiting for me. Pounds, mind you, not paltry dollars. All I have to do is to go over to London, walk into the Bank of England, say, 'I've come for the money,' and they'll give it to me straight off, or I'll know the reason why. I reckon to stay just two days in London, and then home again. I want to buy the Judge's place when I come back."

"You're goin' to take the baby with you?"

"Chub? Of course I take the darling with me. You don't suppose I'd go without him?"

"And you won't take me?"

"To London, or marry you?"

"Both."

"Neither, thank you. I don't think you could live up to the Fraser millions."

"You've sorter set folks' backs up," delicately hinted Sam, "with theseyer high-falutin' notions of yours. They're glad you're goin'."

The youthful widow turned upon him with a glorious light in her beautiful black eyes. "And you, Sim? You're—you're not asked?"

"See that tree?" asked Sim, pointing to an ancient rock elm which leaned crookedly against the side of Celinda's pretty little house—the house she had just sold.

"Of course I do! What has that got to do with it?"

"You'll find me leavin' agin it when you come back; that's all." The young fellow's blue eyes impressed her with a sense of power. Her own fell beneath his masterful gaze.

"Creak away," she said, scornfully. "If I've need of you when I come back, I'll ask for your forgiveness."

"That'll do me," said the imperturbable Sim. "That'll do me, your—your ladyship."

"Her ladyship" made him a pretty courtesy, and held the infant Chub, aged two and a half, more closely to her. "You'll be a lord when we get the money," she said, ecstatically, to that sleeping cherub; "and I'll dress you up with a gold crown."

"Take my advice, sonny," said Sim to the interesting infant, "and don't have nothin' to do with it. You'll have a heap more fun with the pig. I washed him a-purpose yesterday." He laboriously produced a document from his pocket. "I've brought you a letter."

"What for?"

"It's for a big Canadian lawyer settled in London—Hiram Gould. I've sent him fifty dollars and told him to give you a show for the money."

"You dared to do that?"

"Of course. I reckoned you wouldn't take me along. Somebody's got to take you round and give you a good time."

Celinda was touched. "You mean well, but you're so ignorant, Sim."

"I'm not too ignorant to know you're the prettiest girl in the Ottawa valley."

"You mustn't. I'm not a girl, Sim. I'm a widow."

"If wishin' could have made you a widow, you wouldn't have waited all this time. He was a bad lot."

"He was," calmly acquiesced Celinda. "Most men are. That is why I want the money to be independent of them. I wonder who bought my house, Sim?"

"I wonder."

"If you're very good, when I come back I'll get you to manage things for me."

"I'd rather manage you," said the servant Sim.

"Don't be so familiar. Remember, I'm a great lady."

Sim shrugged his shoulders. "No one says nothin'!"

There was a big but unsympathetic procession to see Celinda start from the wharf next day. Four Cornerites vaguely resented Celinda's airs and graces, and did not believe that she would get the money. But she looked so radiant and confident that even the case-hardened editor of the Four Corners Gazette offered to adopt Chub until she came back. Celinda, haughtily conscious of the hostility of her former friends, was coldly distant, and rather resented Sim's accompanying her to Montreal.

But when the boat was slowly "tugged" out from the wharf, and she saw Sim's handsome face receding in the distance, Celinda, conscious of certain misgivings, took the radiant Chub down to her cabin and cried over him a little. The story of her being the heiress to the Fraser millions was noted about all over the ship. For the last two years Celinda industriously studied up the family pedigree, and there was no flaw in the evidence. As far back as 1750 Fraser of Ochiltree's eldest son had emigrated to Canada. When Fraser of Ochiltree died his son had never claimed his money, which presumably continued to accumulate. One of the Montreal papers said that it amounted to four millions. All Celinda had to do was to prove her identity and bring back the money. She wanted to settle down in the Judge's house and show people what she thought of them. But when the vessel got outside Quebec, Celinda would have given all the Fraser millions to be back at Four Corners.

But in time she recovered. Chub (he declined to be senesick) made violent love to the captain, whom he persisted in looking upon as a parent, greatly to that worthy's embarrassment. He was a married man, and told Chub so; but Chub only laughed and gurgled, and wanted him to "tiss nummy"—a proposal which sent a blush to the young widow's pretty cheeks.

When Celinda reached Liverpool the captain obtained permission from his owners to take her up to town, and leave his first officer in charge. Celinda had refused to marry the first officer four times, the second officer twice, the third officer thrice, but they none of them bore malice, except to pity the captain for being a married man. "You see," said the first officer to his companions in misfortune, "we can afford to look down on him, because he's out of it—married. Now, if the widow comes back with us for the return trip, we can go on proposing until she gets tired and takes one of us. It looked at first as if the old man had the bulge on us, but you just wait until he goes home and tells his wife all about it."

II.

Sim Parker went into what had once been Celinda's pretty house and gazed at it with an air of satisfaction. Everything was just as it had been before Celinda went away to fetch the hypothetical four millions. Chub's cradle, already aired, stood in one corner. Sim gave it a thoughtful push with his foot and set it rocking. Some interesting works of art on the wall shone in fresh frames. The rooms had been repapered and the kitchen ceiling whitewashed. At the sale Sim had been the only bidder for five photographs of the late unlamented Dick Marston. With a certain delicacy he took them into the kitchen and put them in the stove, as if he thought they would thus rejoin the person whom they portrayed. The "hired girl" wore a new frock, presented to her by Sim. Celinda's little pig, no longer an outcast, in spite of his pitious entreaties, had been scrubbed by Sim into a state of pinky perfection, in case Chub wanted to "love him." The black and white cow looked out from her stall and loved to a pretty little black and white calf which had mysteriously appeared upon the scene. The calf wore a collar with the word "Chub" in brass letters.

"So far that's all right," said Sim, as he went round the veranda and noticed a belated hummingbird hovering over a big fuchsia in his green tub. "Now, if person and his wife will only come in time Celinda'll git here just after dark, and nobody be any the wiser."

He looked at a telegram from his agent in Montreal, and smiled. Then he frowned.

"I dunno," he mused. "I dunno as it's fair to Celinda to force her into it. Reckon she'll be feelin' pretty bad."

He heard the whistle of the night boat as she fussed up to the long wharf. I'd like to wring the neck of that whip-poor-will," mused Sim, taking his position against the tree he had mentioned to Celinda. "Makes me feel that lonesome, it gives me the chills."

The inhabitants of Four Corners were all indoors enjoying their evening meal, and the stage, after vainly waiting at the wharf to bring up passengers, crawled emptily into Four Corners.

"Juss so," said Sim, placidly continuing to smoke. "Juss so. She ain't gair to come up in the stage, and have half the place rambin' out to four at her. Not much. No, sir. Not much. By and large, Celinda's pretty cute."

"Are you there, Sim?" asked a pleasant voice, as the parson's wife approached a tree.

"You bet I'm here, Mrs. Clarke," said Sim, with a smile; "but it's sort of lonesome."

"You'll be very gentle with her," hesitated the minister's pretty wife. "You'll be very gentle with her, Sim. True love is never harsh or unkind."

Sim nodded cheerfully. "You bet I'll be gentle. Minister in there?" He pointed to the little parlor, in which the lamp shone brightly.

"My husband? Yes; he's very hungry, Sim. Don't be longer than you can help."

"I've got a deputation of our 'leadin' citizens' hiding behind the barn," grinned Sim. "Had to pay old Parker ten dollars afore he'd come, and Chris Johnson five dollars; but they've learned their speech."

"You're a good man, Sim," said the little lady, and tripped away to join her husband.

Presently, as Sim stood leaning against a tree, a slight figure stole timidly through the dusk. In its arms it carried a bundle. A sob rose to its lips as it looked at the cozy little house. Then it turned sadly away. Chub, who was weary, began to cry.

"I wouldn't go if I were you, Celinda," said Sim, softly.

Celinda gave a little sob also, then choked it back. "I—I wanted just to have one look at it again. I might have known you'd be here, Sim."

"Of course," said Sim, quietly. "Didn't I say so?"

"They laughed at me," faltered Celinda. "I went to the Bank of England with Mr. Gould, and they were quite satisfied with my proofs. The only difficulty was that there wasn't any money. It had never been lodged at the bank at all, and no one knew what had become of it."

She turned away bitterly.

"Where are you going to put up, Celinda?"

"Anywhere—anywhere. I'm going into the bush," she said, fiercely. "I haven't a friend left here. It serves me right. I—I'm only grieving for Chub's sake."

"I wouldn't do that if I was you, Celinda. Here's your own house waiting for you, all fixed up cumerfable."

"My—own—house?"

"Of course." Sim took Chub from her tired arms. "Your own house, Celinda. Shall I carry the little feller in for you?"

"But I sold it."

"Well, I bought it back for you. You've no call to thank me," said Sim. "You! You!" She knelt at his feet.

Sim held Chub with one hand and raised her with the other. "I'll go away if you don't want me," he whispered, brokenly. "Only, there's a deputation waitin' to welcome you back, and parson's in the parlor. Brace up, Celinda. Brace up."

"Sim, dear, will you forgive me?" she whispered, and kissed him with a heart and a half. "I've been wicked, so unkind, so brutal to you."

"You've kissed me," said Sim. "Kissed me! That answers everything."

He led her proudly to the house as she wiped away her tears. Once inside, Celinda "braced up" and received the greetings of the parson and his wife with shy cordiality. "Would you please marry us, and then we'll have supper?" she said, with characteristic decision; and the parson understood.

"The deputation" staggered in as the brief ceremony finished. "You kin git out again," said Sim. "You've been asleep behind the barn."

"Ain' s'lep a wink. Wansh earn ten dollars," hiccupped old Parker. "We, the undershined—" He looked helplessly round.

"Citizens," hiccupped Jimmerman.

"We, the undershined—"

"Well, you kin juss go and shine somewheres else," said Sim. "I'm a married man, I am, and I can't have two cranks like you foolin' round."

After making three unsuccessful attempts to find the door the deputation withdrew.

"We'll take them home," said the parson, making a sign to his wife. And they followed the devious footsteps of the deputation.

Outside, the river murmured at its own sweet will. All the happy souls who had ever loved shone down upon them with radiant, starlit eyes as Sim placed sleepy Chub within the empty cradle. Slowly, slowly Celinda turned and hid her face upon his breast.—Black and White.

**Cause and Effect.**

"I beg your pardon," said the young doctor, who had recently settled in the neighborhood; "did I understand you to say yesterday that you never had any sickness at your house and therefore never engaged a family physician?"

"No," replied Krotchett. "I said I engaged a family physician and therefore never had any sickness at our house."—Philadelphia Ledger.

**A New-Fangled Alarm Clock.**

A Philadelphia has devised a novel arrangement of alarm clock and phonograph combined, which not only wakes him in the morning, but tells him why he should arise. The spring which starts the alarm starts a moment later a phonographic attachment, which says: "Get up, you lazy loafer! It's 7 o'clock!"

A man who is nearly 80 years old, is sick, and says he can't imagine what is the trouble. We can tell him: he was born too long ago.

After all, can you blame people for not being so nice as they pretend?

Some people are so mean that they can insult with a compliment.



The late surveys of the English coast show a loss of land of forty thousand acres since 1867, although in some places, as at New Romney, the solid ground has been pushed out two miles or more in the sea.

The city of Toronto counts on getting 125,000 horse-power from Niagara Falls, although its distance from the great cataract is ninety miles. The electric current is to be carried the entire distance from the generating plant, which will be constructed on the Canadian side, by cables supported on a double-pole line.

Evidences of the favorable action of X-rays upon lupus and cancer continue to increase. The action is not yet understood, one theory being that it kills the bacteria, while a more probable suggestion is that the inflammation set up brings an accumulation of phagocytes and leucocytes, and these "scavenger" cells attack and destroy the morbid tissues.

Excessive muscular development is pronounced by an experienced physician to be not only unnecessary, but positively dangerous. On ceasing athletic training, which every person must do sooner or later, the system adapts itself very slowly to new conditions, and digestive and liver troubles are very liable to follow. The great lungs, not needed in sedentary work, degenerate, often leading to consumption.

The bacteria mining lamp of Prof. Hans Molesch, of Prague, consists of a glass jar lined with a compound of saltpetre and gelatine, previously inoculated with luminous bacteria. In this culture the bacteria showed enormous increase. In two days a bluish green light filled the jar, sufficiently brilliant to show faces two yards away, and to enable a person to read large type, and this light remained for several days, gradually fading away in about a fortnight. The light is cold and quite safe in mines filled with the most dangerous gases.

All readers of Scott's novels must vividly remember the Peak of Derbyshire. This elevated region is to be made a source of water supply for four cities—Sheffield, Derby, Nottingham and Leicester. The gathering ground of the water lies from 500 to 2,070 feet above sea level, and covers fifty square miles. Virtually, the entire sources of the river Derwent will be collected, but one-third of the water must be restored to the river to protect vested interests along its course. The cost is estimated at \$50,000,000. A temporary town, with houses of galvanized iron lined with match-board, and with a school, a church, a hospital and a concert hall, has been constructed for the army of laborers, who will be employed for a dozen years. There are to be five reservoirs with an aggregate capacity of 10,508,000,000 gallons.

The project of climbing the loftiest mountain on the earth, Mount Everest, in the Himalayas, whose tremendous head rises, according to trigonometrical measurements, 29,002 feet above sea level, has now reached a stage immediately antecedent to the actual attempt. A party, led by Mr. Eckenstein, an experienced climber, has set out for the foot of the great peak. Several celebrated mountain climbers have expressed the opinion that the feat is feasible, but only by the method of gradual ascent, whereby the adventurers may become inured to the effects of a rare atmosphere. Months and even years may be spent in ascending to higher and higher levels, a long pause being made after every considerable advance. The highest ascent now on record is that of Aconcagua, in the Andes, the elevation of which is 23,080 feet, 5,922 feet, or more than a mile, less than the height of Everest.

**NO STYLE ABOUT JACKSON.**

His Cook Was Called an Interpreter to the French Diplomatist.

"Although 'Old Hickory' was a blunt man in all matters of business and reached his purposes by the straightest road," said an old newspaper man, "still he was courteous in an eminent degree and had a high respect for the forms of social intercourse. While president of the United States his reception of foreign ministers and eminent citizens was distinguished by courtesy and noble bearing. It is related that on one occasion a foreign minister just arrived had a day and an hour appointed by Mr. McLane, then Secretary of State, to be presented to the President, and, misunderstanding the premier's French and perfectly at fault by the apparent simplicity of republican manners, the minister at the appointed time proceeded to the White House alone and rang the bell."

"Je suis venu voir Monsieur le President," said the plenipotentiary to the Irish servant.

"An' what the devil does that mean?" muttered Pat, and continued. "He says President, though, an' I s'pose he wishes to see the general."

"Oul, oul," said the minister, bowing.

Without further ceremony the gentleman was ushered into the green room, where the General sat complacently smoking his corn-cob pipe, and on the instant he commenced a ceremonious homage in French, of which "Old Hickory" did not understand one word.

"What does the man want, Patrick?" asked the General, without concealing his surprise at what he witnessed.

"It's French that he's speakin' in, an' with your lave I'll send for the cook to find out what the gentleman wants."

In due time the presiding officer of the kitchen arrived, the mystery was explained, and to the astonishment of the cook, the servant and the old General an accredited minister from a foreign government was developed. Fortunately at the instant the Secretary came in, a ceremonious introduction took place and all parties were soon at ease.—Washington Star.

**SAVE THE LAMP CHIMNEYS.**

Care Will Prevent Much Breakage and Consequent Expense.

We are assured by a contemporary that the breaking of lamp chimneys is mainly due to unequal expansion and that this can be remedied by making perpendicular cuts all around the "bulging part" of the chimney with a diamond ring.

Well, really! Why did no one think of this simple remedy until now, when lamps burn blue, and, indeed are in danger of going out forever before the radiance of the garish electric light?

The beauty of the suggestion lies in its extreme practicability and its ready utilization of the means at hand. It is so simple, so convenient. Everybody owns diamonds and everybody wants to save dimes. Some people will urge that they have to work so hard directing trust companies and checking off the social calendar that they do not have time to sit down once a week or so and scratch lamp chimneys. Their course, however, is perfectly clear. They must provide the butler with a set of diamonds and let him attend to this economy.

What a burden is removed from the shoulders of the ordinary housekeeper. No more worry over breaking lamp chimneys. A few flourishes with her diamond and she has insured herself against every chance except the light-headedness of the hired girl.

There are people, of course, who will carry this thing to excess. They will not be satisfied with perpendicular cuts. Oh, no! They will begin to itch for triangles and asterisks and chrysanthemum patterns. The daughter of the house will quit pyrography to expend her artistic yearnings on the decoration of the lamp chimneys, and as, of course, fancy cuts cannot be achieved with any old kind of a diamond it will be necessary to have certain styles for certain cuts, so that a regular outfit for a lamp chimney decorator will probably cost several thousand dollars. Shades will go out of fashion in order to show off ornate lamp chimneys. Fierce rivalry will develop in the fashionable set and common people will go mad on the subject and the manufacturers will take the matter up and the first thing we know we shall see cut glass chimneys on the market. The question then will be, considering the extreme fragility of cut glass, is not the last state of the housekeeper worse than the first?

But it is folly to look far ahead. Save your dimes now and you may be able to afford cut glass chimneys when they come in fashion.—Philadelphia Ledger.

**FEARS CONDUCTOR'S PUNCH.**

Messenger Boy Who "Flips" Street Cars Is Getting Wary.

The street-car conductor's punch is becoming the nemesis of the messenger boys who "flip" the cars. The conductor snatches a cap from a messenger carrier's head, punches a hole in the visor, and the work is done. That little hole in the bill of the cap is a tell-tale mark, and when the employers see it they know the boy has been hitching on to the street cars.

The use of the punch for tagging the "flippers" has made the youngsters deadly enemies of the street-railway men, and has incidentally enriched the curbstone vernacular by two picturesque names. One is "nickel snatcher," a name given to the conductor, and the other is "wire biter," as the messengers have dubbed the gripman.

The other night three "flippers" were "hitching on" to a North Clark street cable car. While one of the boys was watching the conductor the gripman reached out his long arm and lifted the boy's cap from his head. He handed the cap to the conductor, saying: "Put your mark on it."

"Now, gimme it," yelled the boy. "Doncher punch it. You want to get me freed? I ain't done nothin'."

The conductor set the jaws of the punch over the visor, and the messenger set up a wall. He knuckled his eyes and cried like a baby.

The conductor placed the boy's cap back on his head, took him by the coat collar, and set him down in the street. When he was safely out of the clutches of the "nickel snatcher," as he called the conductor, he lifted his cap off his head and carefully examining it to see if the punch had taken out a bite. When he saw it was all right he clapped it back on his head and "hitched on" to the rear end of the last car, yelling "wire biter" and "nickel snatcher" at the gripman and conductor.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

**Gout Worse Than Wooden Legs.**

"There's a poor man at the door, sir, 'as two wooden legs, sir, and 'e says, sir, would you be good enough, sir, to—"

"You go back and tell the poor man with the two wooden legs that he's blamed lucky. Tell him I've got the gout in both feet."—Boston Globe.

**Aluminum.**

Aluminum is superior to any stone for sharpening cutlery.

Don't look for praise; the more praise you get, the harder the race will be.

**EFFECT OF ANÆSTHETICS.**

Patients in Dentist's Chair Often Ask Queerly Under It.

"As I entered the dentist's office," said a woman the other day, "I saw a man sitting in a chair rocking violently and with a wild look of misery written on every feature. Next him sat a demure looking trained nurse. After a few minutes, during which we all three sat and pitted each other, the dentist entered, dressed for out doors, and he beckoned the man. The unfortunate wretch responded and then we knew. The doctor never draws teeth himself, but takes such patients as have need of that gentle art to a brother dentist, who in his turn makes a specialty of drawing, always administering gas for it."

"The nurse turned to me with a smile. 'I wonder what he will do when he comes out of it?' she said, meaning the anaesthetic."

"Why, what do you mean? I asked. 'Don't you know?' she answered. 'My patients always say or do something silly either when they take it or when they come out of it.'"

"I was interested at once and begged her to tell me some instances."

"Why, let me see," said she. "To begin with, women always yield to the influence of an anaesthetic more easily than men do, possibly because they are not so strong-willed. Anyway, women make better patients. They are less trouble and so afraid of pain or even of death."

"In almost every case I have had the women rather welcome chloroform, although almost all of them fight ether, and I don't blame them. After the first whiff a woman will almost invariably make love to the doctor, calling him all the sweet things she ever knew and demanding his affection in return. Then she quiets down and the operation begins. When coming out of it if she is a particularly sweet and refined woman she will use the most villainous language and carry on generally in a manner calculated to shock a new nurse almost out of her senses."

"Now, on the other hand," she continued, "the woman who ordinarily uses Billingsgate (and there are quite a few) will babble of childhood's days, angels' faces and peaceful green fields. This seems strange, but it is nevertheless true. Of course, we seldom tell them what they have been saying or doing. It wouldn't do—she broke off. 'Ah, here comes the dentist and his patient. See how wild he looks. You just ask the doctor what he did. See if it wasn't funny.'"

"The doctor came in, ushered his patient into the operating room, spoke a few words to the nurse and followed his patient."

"I came for something to relieve my patient," she said to me in explanation. "She had a violent toothache."

"The doctor returned with a small package, which he handed to the nurse. He then spoke to me, saying that he would be ready in a few minutes. When I turned I found the nurse had gone."

"Usually I am not in a hurry to get into a dentist's chair, but, being a woman and a curious one at that, was anxious to hear what that man had said or done when under the influence of the anaesthetic."

"Did you notice that man?" asked the dentist as he carefully filled my mouth with cotton. I tried to look at intelligently as my gaping mouth would let me. 'He has just taken gas to have a nerve killed and taken out,' continued the doctor. 'When he was returning to consciousness he pulled a great roll of bills out of his pocket and insisted upon throwing them all over the place giving them to everybody he met in the halls and acting generally as a millionaire philanthropist gone mad. After he had quieted down a little he told me confidentially that he experienced the finest jag he had ever had in his life. And the funny part of that remark is that neither I nor anybody else that knows the man has ever known or heard of his taking a drop of liquor. In fact, he has always asserted that it was strictly against his principles to touch liquor in any form. This is surely a funny business.'"

"And shaking his head mournfully," continued the woman, according to the New York Times, "the doctor proceeded to make things lively for me."

**Misunderstood.**

McQueery—"You're not so attentive to Miss Roxley as I thought you would be."

Hunter—"No. You see—er—she told me she didn't go in for social pleasures since her father had failed."

McQueery—"Poor old man! He is falling dreadfully. Quite a physical wreck?"

Hunter—"Gee whiz! Is that what she meant?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

**Cannot Escape.**

"Do you think the person who committed the crime will be punished?"

"Empathically, yes," said the police official.

"But you haven't discovered his yet."

"No. But we'll keep saying we suspect somebody and thereby keep him suffering the terrors of a guilty conscience."—Washington Star.

**Appropriately Named.**

Famer—"Gee whiz! What sort of a cigar is this?"

Givver—"Oh! I bought it for a nick. I don't just recall the brand, but I think it was named after some bum actor."

Fumer—"Ah! No wonder it won't trav."—Philadelphia Press.

**Why Inquire of a man when you meet him, "How are you?" He won't tell you, if there is anything wrong.**

**A good many of the men hired to ship are simply in the way.**