A DOCTOR'S MISSION

BY EMILY THORNTON

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CHAPTER I.

In his unusually pleasant office on Broadway sat Lemuel Gray, a middle-aged man and successful lawyer, in deep thought. In his hand he held a letter, which, after a few moments, he again carefully read. As it refers to people and events to be mentioned often in the remarkable story about to be related, we give the contents entire:

Yonkers, April 15, 18—.

Mr. Lemuel Gray:

Dear Sir—It is with great difficulty that I pen the following, being very ill, but as the object I have in view by thus addressing you is of great importance, I will write in as few words as possible.

You are aware, being my confidential adviser, that I expected to sail for Europe shortly, in order to attempt to unravel the mystery surrounding the death of Sir Arthur Glendenning, in whose fate I am so deeply interested.

I wished to visit, in some disguise, the town where Glendenning Hall is situated, to become acquainted with the present baronet and Lady Constance, his wife, with the nephew and niece residing with them, and to learn something, if possible, about the only sister who married without the consent of her family, and who, therefore, was disowned by her relatives as well as a young girl whom it was said they had adopted.

I desired, also, to make inquiries in regard to the private character of Antoine Duval, the valet of the present Sir Reginald Glendenning, and to study everything that might bear upon the mystery of the case.

I regret to say that my physician declares it impossible for me to undertake, with safety, this journey. What do you thing of my sending thither a substitute? I have in mind a young physician, Dr. Earle Elfenstein, who resides in your city. I write to ask you to hunt him up for me. Please make a few inquiries as to his circumstances, disposition and above all, whether he is an energetic and conscientious man.

Inform me in regard to these matters at an early date. If favorable, set a time when you can meet him at my residence and explain to him the peculiar mission I wish him to undertake in my behalf. Your presence will be absolutely necessary, as the disease with which I am afflicted forbids my entering into the long explanations that must be given, in order to instruct him in the performance of the work.

Yours, etc.,

LEON RAPPELYE.

To this, a few hours later, the following reply was penned:

N. Y., April 16, 18—.

Mr. Leon Rappelye:

Dear Sir—Upon the receipt of yours of the 15th, I examined the city directory without delay. I find Dr. Elfenstein's address to be 47 Exton street.

Going at once to the neighborhood, I learned from a reliable source that the young man has a very small practice, therefore, finds it difficult to support his widowed mother and himself in comfort.

This state of his finances is not due to lack of energy, for he is indefatigable in his efforts to benefit his patients, but those who apply to him for advice are, unfortunately, the very poor in the region of his home.

He is an exceedingly conscientious and good man, and from all I can learn, just the one to undertake the important business which you propose, and which I fully approve.

I will meet him at your residence, on the evening of the 18th. It would be well to send him a telegram to that effect as soon as you receive this. Yours sincerely,

LEMUEL GRAY.

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It was a dull and dreary picture that the eyes of Dr. Earle Elfenstein rested upon as he drew back the lace curtains that draped the parlor window of his cozy home.

His practice was not large and far from lucrative. Times were unusually hard, and his bills for services rendered, poorly paid, so that he had, indeed, a hard struggle to live.

This afternoon he was peculiarly cast down, for his mother had reminded him that the month's rent for the flat in which they resided would be due in three days, and he knew he had not one quarter of the amount required.

It was no wonder, then, that a sigh escaped him as he turned to greet the sweet-looking lady about fifty years of age, who entered the room, holding an envelope in her hand.

"Here is a telegram for you, Earle. What can it be?"

"I cannot say, as I expected none," he replied, opening the missive. "This is singular. I am requested to leave the city by the 8 p. m. train for Yonkers, to see a gentleman, who is an invalid, on a matter of business. His name is Leon Rappelye, a strange name to me."

"What shall you do about it?" asked the mother, anxiously.

"I shall go, of course. The message says, 'you will be met at the station.' I have just about time to answer a call, and meet the train."

"What time shall you return?"

"It will be late, I know, perhaps not until morning. Good by, little mother. Who knows but this will bring better things for us?"

Later, closely protected by a comfortable ulster from the heavy rain that was falling, with a train of serious thoughts in his mind, occasioned by his poverty, Dr. Elfenstein wended his way to the Grand Central Depot and entered the cars that would bear him to his destination.

The rain was falling in torrents as the train came thundering to the station at Yonkers, and upon stopping, the usual crowd hurried out, and passing through the waiting room to the street beyond, were soon lost in the gloom. The doctor [illegible] a moment to wait, when a [illegible] gentleman approached, whip in hand, [illegible] him.

[illegible] to meet a gentleman [illegible] name of Rappelye.

Are you the one?"

"I am."

"Then please follow me."

The young man was soon seated in a handsome close carriage. Street after street was traversed, until finally they turned into the extensive grounds of an elegant residence.

As the young man stepped across the piazza, the large doors were instantly opened by a colored waiter, who motioned him to enter and proceeded to assist in removing his overcoat and wet overshoes.

Crossing the marble floor of the long hall, he was ushered into a room elegantly appointed. The bright grate fire cast a cheerful glow around, while the velvet carpet scarcely gave back a footfall. The table was laid for one, and very soon a sumptuous dinner was served, of which he alone partook.

Leaving the doctor to enjoy his solitary meal, we will precede him to the story above, and to the presence of the invalid, whose urgent telegraphic dispatch had brought him to the place.

The second story back room was large and commodious, opening into a room beyond, where every luxury abounded, for the comfort of the master.

"Has he come?"

These words issued from the pale lips of the sufferer, who was half sitting, half reclining upon the bed.

"Has Dr. Elfenstein come? I thought I heard the carriage."

"You did, and he is here," returned the nurse and housekeeper. "I thought it best to have him take dinner before you saw him. I presume you have much to say and would prefer not to be interrupted. He will be with you in a few moments now."

"Has my lawyer come?"

"Not yet. But the door bell rings. I think that is he."

"Set that stand with writing materials close by my bed, then go down and show both gentlemen to this room; after which you can leave us to ourselves until you hear me ring."

Making herself known to the doctor, the nurse introduced him to Mr. Gray, then led the way to the sick man's presence.

"Here is Mr. Gray, Mr. Rappelye, and this is your expected friend, Dr. Elfenstein."

Reaching forth a thin, white hand, the old man smiled feebly, and between struggling breaths managed to say:

"I am very glad to see you."

Taking the emaciated hand in both his, Earle Elfenstein pressed it tenderly, and in a low tone full of feeling responded:

"I am glad I could come to you, but sorry, very sorry to see you so ill!"

"You must wonder why I summoned you, an entire stranger, to my side in this unceremonious way, but I have important business to transact. Talking is such an exertion, my lawyer, Mr. Gray, must explain for me my wishes, and why I sent for you."

These words were uttered at intervals, for his short breathing prevented long sentences, and gently releasing his hand Elfenstein took the seat close beside the bed, while Mr. Gray seated himself in a business-like way beside the table.

CHAPTER II.

"Dr. Elfenstein," said Mr. Gray, "my client and friend, Mr. Leon Rappelye, is, as you see, extremely ill. Our friend is a lonely man, having no relatives living to whom he wishes to leave his large fortune. He has dictated his last will and testament, and as he desires to sign it before he may be unable to do so, it was necessary for him to see you personally, previous to placing his name to the document, in which, I may add, you are deeply interested."

Earle Elfenstein started as he heard these words, and looked from the lawyer to the invalid beside him.

"You are surprised, naturally," again resumed Mr. Gray, "and probably wonder what Mr. Rappelye knows of you. I will explain this at once. Your father was George Elfenstein, a well-known banker; in years gone by he did Mr. Rappelye a never-to-be-forgotten service. His arrival in this country was followed by a long and dangerous illness, when he lay alone among strangers, almost neglected, and he attended to his wants like a brother, until he was entirely convalescent. They met often afterward, and then lost sight of each other. Years of silence passed, when accidentally he learned about three months since that his benefactor was dead, and his only son was a struggling physician in New York. He has heard of your fearless, conscientious manner of meeting your engagements, and this was a characteristic he particularly wished to find in some young friend. When, therefore, his health entirely failed, he determined to send for you, and perhaps place his affairs in your hands."

"Anything that I can do within the range of honor and integrity, I shall be pleased to undertake," Earle answered.

"We felt so. The case then is this; but, of course, you will recognize the fact that the history of our friend's life, which I shall be obliged to unfold to you, is told in strict confidence. Will you promise to regard that confidence as a sacred trust, never to be told to another, until all that is now mysterious has been swept away?"

"I will."

"Then I will proceed. Our friend was the youngest son of Sir Geoffrey Glendenning, residing in a large town near Liverpool. This gentleman had one daughter, who married against his wishes, and three sons. Arthur, who would in case of his death succeed to the title; Reginald, two years younger, and Fitzroy, the gentleman you see before you, whose severe domestic misfortunes have been so great that for the last twenty-five years he has been obliged to live in this country, under the assumed name of Rappelye."

"A short time after the death of his parents, for they expired within a few months of each other, and after his brother Arthur had come into possession of his title, little turmoils arose between the brothers, and seemed to embitter them exceedingly.

"Reginald, the second son, had an ugly, morose disposition, that was peculiarly exasperating, and whenever the opportunity occurred he delighted in getting Fitzroy into disgrace with the young baronet.

"These young men had a very pretty cousin, in whose society they each took extreme pleasure. Her name was Constance Leonore Glendenning. It was soon discovered that the affections of the young girl were centered upon Sir Arthur, and this knowledge was immediately followed by a betrothal.

"Reginald, being somewhat disappointed that he could not win the prize, undertook to report several little interviews of a purely innocent and accidental nature that Fitzroy had with this lady to his brother, casting a very sinister light upon them, and assuring Arthur that Fitzroy was endeavoring to supplant him in her favor.

"This artful story infuriated the young nobleman, and caused a very bitter interview. Fitzroy indignantly denied every thought of interference, declaring the truth, that his love for Constance was merely cousinly. This Sir Arthur refused to believe, and they parted in anger, Fitzroy exclaiming in a moment of unguarded passion as he left him:

"'Very well, think so if it suits you; but, mark me, you shall yet repent your unjust accusations, and, as I live, shall never repeat this insult.'

"Closing the door as he spoke, he stepped into the hall and stood face to face with Antoine Duval, the valet of his brother Reginald, and from the conscious look he gave him, Fitzroy knew that he had either purposely listened or accidentally heard the unfortunate remark.

"The brothers did not meet again that day, but early the next, Fitzroy was awakened by an unusual tumult. To his horror he was told that Sir Arthur had disappeared during the night. His bed had been occupied as usual, but he had probably been murdered, or very badly wounded, as while no traces of his body could be found, evidences of a contest were on every side.

"Blood was upon the bed and floor, the window seat was covered with it, as though he had been dragged through it, and then by means of a rope let down to the ground below. From the grass to an ornamental lake not far distant were irregular patches of the same human gore. Beyond that, nothing was ever discovered! That lake was thoroughly dragged for the body; the grave by the side of it was searched, not a spot being left in which a corpse could be buried—to no effect.

"But, while stupefied with grief over his brother's loss, our poor friend was made aware that the finger of suspicion pointed to him with singularly fatal evidences of guilt.

"A dagger with his name engraved upon the handle was found by the bedside, on the floor, its blade still wet with blood. Beneath the window seat, caught upon a nail, was a fragment of cloth which, upon search being made, fitted exactly into a rent in a dressing gown of his, that was found hanging in his own closet.

"All he could conclude was that some unknown enemy had struck the fatal blow, and after stealing these articles from his private rooms, had left the dagger purposely upon the floor, and returned the torn and bloody gown to the closet, in order to fasten suspicion upon him, and thus shield themselves.

"To make a long story short, in due time the trial took place, and Sir Reginald Glendenning, who had succeeded to the title, testified to the bitter feeling that had existed between the brothers. He also identified the dagger and dressing gown as belonging to the prisoner. Antoine Duval testified as fully to the threatening language used to the deceased on the day previous to the murder by his brother.

"The trial was quite lengthy, but resulted in his acquittal and discharge from custody. But although freed by law, the popular opinion remained unchanged, and, unable to endure the cold, averted looks of his former friends, he left his home and embarked for America under an assumed name.

"Arriving in New York, the strain of grief that he had undergone so told upon his nervous system that he was laid upon a bed of severe illness. Then it was that your father sought him out and nursed him so tenderly. After his recovery, he resolved to devote himself to business, and thus forget his troubles and misfortunes.

(To be continued.)

Why Mary Did Not Sing.

An able but easily embarrassed and somewhat absent-minded young teacher was about to begin a singing lesson one day when a knock at the school-room door interrupted proceedings. The teacher went to the door and ushered in a delegation from a prominent local woman's club. When the ladies were comfortably seated and each had assumed a critical, listening attitude, the teacher resumed the singing lesson. It was one of her most stringent rules of action that when company was present everything should go on exactly as usual.

One of her pupils, Mary Holmes, a somewhat shy girl, had a good alto voice, and the teacher was anxious that she should display it to advantage.

"Now, Mary," she said, encouragingly, "when I count four, you be sure to sing. Attention, children!" raising her baton. "One, two, three, ready—sing!" The children sang lustily, but Mary's alto voice was missing.

"I didn't hear your voice that time, Mary. Remember, when I count four you are to sing. Next verse, children! One, two—" Mary watched the motion of the teacher's lips anxiously, "three! Ready—sing!" The children's shrill treble rang out unaided by Mary's strong alto.

"Don't you feel like singing, Mary? Try this verse, now—one, two, three. Well, what is it?"

Mary had risen, and was shyly twisting her fingers. "Please, Miss Brooks," she said, breathtlessly, "you told me to sing when you counted four and you only count just to three every time!"—Youth's Companion.

Sometimes a man makes a fool of himself because his wife lets him have his own way.

WOMAN'S REALM

Ideals of a Woman.

During her engagement the woman of a certain type spends her waking and sleeping moments building a pedestal upon which she places her beloved. Before the honeymoon is over she decides that she built the pedestal too high, and proceeds to remove a few of the foundation blocks labeled "maidhood's ideals."

About the third year of their married life she becomes possessed of the idea that she belongs on that pedestal, and calmly climbs up. A year or so later she reads that Helen of Troy played ping-pong with her nation's history at 40, and that Cleopatra had reached the same mature age when she captivated Caesar, Anthony and a few other notables of her day. Whereupon Mihady Matrimony drops a hint to her matter-of-fact spouse that he ought to be proud of the right to delve after money for the purpose of adorning and embellishing the figure of one who is so marked a credit to his good taste.

Five years later she thinks her husband is something of a brute because he cannot figure out how to send two athletic-loving boys through college and give daughter a few finishing touches in French and music—all on $3,000 a year. Then, when the storm has blown over and the boys have settled into business without the college education, and daughter is head stenographer for Bim, Burrell & Co., at 20 per, she one day discovers that the gray hairs are coming in thick above father's temples, and that there are lines in his face which she had never noticed before.

Then comes to her a moment of reflection. Backward rolls the panorama of their married life, and she sees it through a gentle mist. Then, oddly enough, the man finds himself just where they started out together—on the pedestal.

Give the baby and each child a bed to himself. Have the sleeping-room cool and clean and as bare of furniture as a cell. See that the clothing of the little sleeper is loose at the neck, waist and arms, and keep his head uncovered. If there is anything young animals cannot do without it is fresh air, and babies get less than any other class. Through the pores of the skin the body is continually throwing off poisonous vapors. If the head is covered with the bed clothing, the unfortunate infant will be breathing bad air. Fashion or no fashion, it is a cruel shame to trim or starch babies' clothing. The average child suffers from over-feeding and over-dressing. Let him learn to be a trifle hungry. Half the time the child cries he wants air or fresh water. Wiping the lips of a crying baby with cool water will often soothe and refresh him.

Two Careers.

What has she done that men should stay
The jostling hurry of their way
To seek with wonder-eager eyes
The darkened mansion where she lies?
What has she done that, far and wide,
Has flashed the word that she has died—
That folk in distant land have said
To one another: "She is dead?"
Why should the lips of strangers raise
To her a monument of praise?
Ah, it was hers to conquer fame,
She made a Name.

And she who lies so whitely still,
Untouched of joy, unvexed of ill,
Has she done aught? Why, surely, no;
The records of her living show
No laurels won, no glory gained,
No effort crowned, no height attained;
In life she championed no cause;
Why should the passing people pause?
One little household's narrow scope
Held all her heart and all her hope,
Too lowly she for fame's high dome.
She made a Home.

—Jennie Betts Hartswick in Harper's Bazar.

The Unpopular Woman.

The keep-your-distance forbidding attitude taken by so many women has a terrible effect on the expression of the face. There is seldom any need for them to speak. Expression does that as plainly as the tongue, or even more plainly sometimes.

The popular woman is she who has a bright word and cheery smile for all, and who does not allow herself to be drawn into cliques. There is such a thing as miserable happiness. It sounds contradictory, but it is a matter of fact that such a state of things exists, chiefly in women—not all women, of course, but just those who are always on the lookout for troubles ahead, and if they enjoy themselves, their dismal way of doing so effectually prevents enjoyment on the part of those who are with them.

A grievance is an absolute necessity to them, and they are not happy without they are worrying themselves or others, quite forgetting that "sufficient for the days is the evil thereof."

There are so many real troubles for some of us to bear that it is natural that we should shun the society of those gloomy people who have everything they wish for, and yet are not satisfied, but whose happiness seems to consist in reciting their real or imaginary woes to all with whom they come in contact, particularly those living with them, and if people will gloat over their miseries and insist on being wet blankets, they fully deserve unpopularity and loneliness.—New York Daily News.

The Tired Business Woman.

You do not have to be a business woman to get tired. But the woman of the office and the shop has more cause than the housekeeper to wear out in days like these. The housekeeper can find time for a nap or she can get into looser clothing, but the business woman must fight it out as she is until the end of the day's work.

It is the wear and tear on the nervous energy that is the most trying on summer days. The tired woman comes home from the office completely fagged out. She has been tired out all day, but she feels that she must keep up her work to do justice to her employer. This very effort to keep up her end wears her out more than any hard work would do. She comes home often with nerves alert, with every faculty pitched to the highest strain. She finds she cannot rest. Through the long hours of the night she rolls and tosses, a victim of insomnia, and she wakes up after she does fall asleep, tired and worn out.

The woman who is employed must get a good night's sleep. And for this a London physician advises a tepid bath and a cup of cocoa. He also advises very light calisthenics. And he advises the business woman not to go to bed early, but to stay up until she is sleepy, be it 11 o'clock or later. Going to bed too early is very bad.

Very often the tired woman will fall asleep right after her dinner, only to awaken at midnight and pass the rest of the night in agony. This is worry. She should fight off this desire to sleep until she is so tired that when she does fall asleep she will not awaken until early morning. The worn-out woman should be very careful about her diet. This is such an important topic that it must be left to another time for discussion.

In the best sanitariums in Germany they rub nervous patients with cocoanut butter, so as to give them back some of their natural oils. They rub skin foods into the body and make the invalid strong by alcohols, by oils and by simple medicines which are taken into the system through the cuticle and not into the stomach.

The tired-out office woman, or the business woman, or the professional woman—for all come under the same class of worn-out brain workers—should take a very mild sedative. It need not be anything stronger than catnip tea or a very light dose of some soothing bromide powder, or something that could be given to any baby. But it will act upon the nerves, quieting them and soothing them into that first sweet slumber which leads to a long, restful sleep.—Exchange.

Men Are Vain, She Says.

Masculine vanity is a mighty thing here in Philadelphia. A girl who comes from the sunny South shocked a crowd of women at an afternoon tea the other day by complaining that no man in Philadelphia had "ever told her he loved her."

"Why—why, my dear," said the hostess, "you've only been here two weeks."

The Southern girl opened her brown eyes very wide at that.

"But," she protested, "they tell me they love me every day down home. It's awfully uncomplimentary to be afraid to tell a girl you love her, for fear she will take you seriously, don't you think? The trouble with the men up here is that they all set such a high market value on the girls that they are continually paralyzed with fear lest you take them seriously and get your heart broken. Now, down home a man wouldn't presume to think you were going to take him seriously, even if he knew it," and with this logical conclusion she flaunted out of the room amidst a chorus of exclamations.

"I wish I had that girl's conceit," said one woman as she looked after her.—Philadelphia Evening Telegraph.

Horrors of Dishwashing.

And yet it is a fact that dishwashing is the one great irksome fact of housework. It makes the wife determined that she will have a servant, and makes the servant hate to be one. Dishes and knives and forks are the great curse of our modern civilization. Without them there would be no servant girl question; there never was one before they were introduced. A Society for the Abolition of Dishes might do a good deal to abolish the servant girl question.

Servants Again.

Mrs. Houskeep—It's almost impossible to get a servant girl these days. You've got to keep telling them what they must do, and even then they won't stay.

Mrs. Takt—Gracious, no! I only manage to keep them by constantly telling them what they are respectfully requested to do.—Philadelphia Press.

Chile sells Germany $18,000,000 worth of nitrate of soda annually, for use in fertilizers.

FEWER CHILDREN BORN NOW.

Small but Steady Decrease in the Size of American Families.

Not the old-fashioned board, at the head of which sat the father and at the foot of which sat the mother, with the sugar bowl in her lap to prevent incursions from childish fingers, flanked on either side by a row of children with shining faces and eager appetites; not the family table from which the children took turns in "waiting" when the grandparents came to occupy seats temporarily at the board or when other "company" came; not the table at which "a blessing" was asked three times daily for 365 days in each year, at which children were taught to mind their manners and wait until their elders were served.

The family table, popular at this time, is one of figures compiled by the careful statistician. It concerns the alleged decreasing size of families and is spread [illegible] wise:

	Average size of family	
	1880.	1900.
New England	4.8	4.9
New York	4.9	4.4
Pennsylvania	5.1	4.8
South Atlantic States	5.2	5.0
Ohio	5.0	4.4
Indiana	5.1	4.4
Illinois	5.2	4.7
Michigan	4.9	4.4
Wisconsin	5.2	4.9
Minnesota	5.2	5.1
Iowa	5.2	4.6
Missouri	5.4	4.7
North Dakota	4.3	4.9
South Dakota	4.3	4.8
Nebraska	5.1	4.8
Kansas	5.0	4.6

There is a scanting of average in this, it is true, but it is not very serious. Not so serious, indeed, but that anyone holding this table in his hand and watching the children pour out of any one of a number of schoolhouses in any city in the land is able to subdue his apprehension that the race, from lack of recruiting agencies, is likely to run out. According to this table, New England does not show either the largest decrease in ten years nor the smallest average size of families. In point of fact, this decrease in New England is but two-thirds of 1 per cent—a decrease in quantity that, if it is not made up in quality, much educational effort has been wasted in the past decade. In New York the decrease is five-tenths of 1 per cent; in Pennsylvania, three-tenths; in Ohio, six-tenths; in Indiana, seven-tenths; in Michigan, five-tenths; in Wisconsin, three-tenths; in Iowa, six-tenths; in Missouri, seven-tenths; in Kansas, four-tenths.

That is to say, the average size of families in New England is larger than in New York, Ohio, Indiana and Michigan, and equal to that in Iowa and Kansas. This reckoning represents a labored process, but it is relatively valueless. It includes all races and conditions, and has no bearing upon the relative size of families of long establishment in the country, and those of later immigration. It is a modern family table, nothing more. Anyone good at figures and diligent in delving into census returns can spread it, and all who are curious or apprehensive in the matter can come to it and go away satisfied that the American family is not rapidly dying out.—Portland Oregonian.

Discovered the Secret.

He is a young man with a blase air, who would not let anything surprise him for the world. As a matter of fact, he has traveled enough about the States to be impervious to surprise. The other night was the exception, for when the young man boarded the train which was to take him to New York he found himself on a compartment sleeper.

The young man knows about bucking bronchos and how to eat asparagus vinaigrettes, and what is the proper thing to say when you tread on a a woman's gown, but he didn't know about compartment sleepers, for he had never been in one before.

He was very much attracted by the prospect, however, and he looked over the ground with great satisfaction before getting ready to retire.

"This beats an upper berth all hollow," he muttered to himself.

Then, the porter passing near, he called to that functionary. "Come here," said he, "and tell me how to turn this on," pointing to a handle in the wall near the wash stand. "I have entirely forgotten how to screw the thing, and I'll be sure to want it in the morning."

The porter came as near smiling as a porter ever does. "Yessir," said he; "yessir, yo' turn hit on dis way. Hit's not a water spickett, yo' know; hit's a place to heat curling irons."

And after this the sophisticated young man went straight to bed, but he tells the joke on himself with much glee.—Baltimore News.

Must Be Eaten.

A gentleman who was visiting some friends in New York noticed that the little girl in the family was eating some new sort of cereal preparation. According to the New York Times, she seemed to eat, as Americans are said to take their pleasures, sadly.

"Don't you like that, my dear?" inquired the friend.

"Not perticly," replied the little maid.

"Why do you eat it, then?" persisted the inquirer.

The little girl paused with her spoon on the edge of the bowl.

"It's got to be eaten," she answered, gravely. "The groceryman gives mamma a rag doll for every two packages she buys, and it's got to be eaten every morning."

Some men take what is in sight and hustle for more.