

The TWO MADELINES

By JOHN GASTON

(Copyright, 1922, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

"If he loved us why did he leave us?" asked the child, with that logic which exists only in the unwarped minds of children—of all ages.

Even harder to answer than that unanswerable question were the sincere blue eyes raised with questioning look to her own; and Alice Newcomb, as if seeking an answer to give the trusting child, whose head nestled so lovingly on her bosom, looked out of the window to the sunshine and the birds and all the pretty growing things and sought in vain for an answer.

Why had he left them? The question that had never left her mind by night or day for five years; the harassing, stinging, burning question which it seemed to her was branded into her very soul. Her last thought each night, her first at dawn, haunting her dreams by night and her work by day, never forgotten, always unanswerable: "Why had he left them?"

The village had known no happier home, had never contained within its boundaries a prettier or cosier nest than the cottage where now sat the lonely woman with the winsome child in her lap. The sunshine peeped through the honeysuckle and into the room where these two sat, just as John Newcomb had known it would when with his own hand he had planned and built the little home, full of hopes and purposes for the future.

Their married life had been of unusual and perfect content. Lovers for many years, they had waited until John's prospects as a partner in the firm of Newcomb & Miller, carpenters and builders, gave them assurance of financial safety, and then they had married and settled in the prettiest of cottages almost before Alice could believe it true. Three happy years had they spent in their home, during which an added joy had come to them—the little golden-haired girl whom they had named Madeline. She was a beautiful and an ideal child, born of the love of a perfect and a happy home and her coming had filled to the brim the cup of happiness which life held to the lips of John and Alice Newcomb. John Newcomb was a manly man; as the men said who worked for and with him, he was "every inch a man." And with every inch of his many inches, for he was more than six feet tall, did he love "his girl," Alice, and his baby, Madeline. To all that was rough and burly and hearty in him, did the dainty little girl appeal, with the unconscious strength of childhood. The first word and the first step and the first tooth were events never to be forgotten in John Newcomb's life, so tightly about his heart did the little Madeline weave the meshes of love, giant meshes woven by baby hands.

The partnership prospered, the cottage was almost entirely paid for, and John's reputation for the practical part of his work, as well as the theoretical, for he had been known as an excellent draughtsman, grew apace, and was the source of some modest pride to John and of much wifely pride to Alice. The home-coming of John at night was the joyful part of the day to all of them, and as the little one grew to more of the pretty ways and words, of babyhood and childhood, more and more did John look forward to the restful evening time at home.

One night, it was soon after Madeline had reached her third year, and had had a "beefy party," something hard panned that had never happened before. John did not come home.

Never before had such a thing occurred. He was superintending the work of a handsome school building in a neighboring city. It was a contract the firm had been proud to get, and he had gone down to supervise the work

to her own; and Alice Newcomb, as if seeking an answer to give the trusting child, whose head nestled so lovingly on her bosom, looked out of the window to the sunshine and the birds and all the pretty growing things and sought in vain for an answer.

Why had he left them? The question that had never left her mind by night or day for five years; the harassing, stinging, burning question which it seemed to her was branded into her very soul. Her last thought each night, her first at dawn, haunting her dreams by night and her work by day, never forgotten, always unanswerable: "Why had he left them?"

The village had known no happier home, had never contained within its boundaries a prettier or cosier nest than the cottage where now sat the lonely woman with the winsome child in her lap. The sunshine peeped through the honeysuckle and into the room where these two sat, just as John Newcomb had known it would when with his own hand he had planned and built the little home, full of hopes and purposes for the future.

Their married life had been of unusual and perfect content. Lovers for many years, they had waited until John's prospects as a partner in the firm of Newcomb & Miller, carpenters and builders, gave them assurance of financial safety, and then they had married and settled in the prettiest of cottages almost before Alice could believe it true. Three happy years had they spent in their home, during which an added joy had come to them—the little golden-haired girl whom they had named Madeline. She was a beautiful and an ideal child, born of the love of a perfect and a happy home and her coming had filled to the brim the cup of happiness which life held to the lips of John and Alice Newcomb. John Newcomb was a manly man; as the men said who worked for and with him, he was "every inch a man." And with every inch of his many inches, for he was more than six feet tall, did he love "his girl," Alice, and his baby, Madeline. To all that was rough and burly and hearty in him, did the dainty little girl appeal, with the unconscious strength of childhood. The first word and the first step and the first tooth were events never to be forgotten in John Newcomb's life, so tightly about his heart did the little Madeline weave the meshes of love, giant meshes woven by baby hands.

The partnership prospered, the cottage was almost entirely paid for, and John's reputation for the practical part of his work, as well as the theoretical, for he had been known as an excellent draughtsman, grew apace, and was the source of some modest pride to John and of much wifely pride to Alice. The home-coming of John at night was the joyful part of the day to all of them, and as the little one grew to more of the pretty ways and words, of babyhood and childhood, more and more did John look forward to the restful evening time at home.

One night, it was soon after Madeline had reached her third year, and had had a "beefy party," something hard panned that had never happened before. John did not come home.

Never before had such a thing occurred. He was superintending the work of a handsome school building in a neighboring city. It was a contract the firm had been proud to get, and he had gone down to supervise the work

to her own; and Alice Newcomb, as if seeking an answer to give the trusting child, whose head nestled so lovingly on her bosom, looked out of the window to the sunshine and the birds and all the pretty growing things and sought in vain for an answer.

Why had he left them? The question that had never left her mind by night or day for five years; the harassing, stinging, burning question which it seemed to her was branded into her very soul. Her last thought each night, her first at dawn, haunting her dreams by night and her work by day, never forgotten, always unanswerable: "Why had he left them?"

The village had known no happier home, had never contained within its boundaries a prettier or cosier nest than the cottage where now sat the lonely woman with the winsome child in her lap. The sunshine peeped through the honeysuckle and into the room where these two sat, just as John Newcomb had known it would when with his own hand he had planned and built the little home, full of hopes and purposes for the future.

Their married life had been of unusual and perfect content. Lovers for many years, they had waited until John's prospects as a partner in the firm of Newcomb & Miller, carpenters and builders, gave them assurance of financial safety, and then they had married and settled in the prettiest of cottages almost before Alice could believe it true. Three happy years had they spent in their home, during which an added joy had come to them—the little golden-haired girl whom they had named Madeline. She was a beautiful and an ideal child, born of the love of a perfect and a happy home and her coming had filled to the brim the cup of happiness which life held to the lips of John and Alice Newcomb. John Newcomb was a manly man; as the men said who worked for and with him, he was "every inch a man." And with every inch of his many inches, for he was more than six feet tall, did he love "his girl," Alice, and his baby, Madeline. To all that was rough and burly and hearty in him, did the dainty little girl appeal, with the unconscious strength of childhood. The first word and the first step and the first tooth were events never to be forgotten in John Newcomb's life, so tightly about his heart did the little Madeline weave the meshes of love, giant meshes woven by baby hands.

The partnership prospered, the cottage was almost entirely paid for, and John's reputation for the practical part of his work, as well as the theoretical, for he had been known as an excellent draughtsman, grew apace, and was the source of some modest pride to John and of much wifely pride to Alice. The home-coming of John at night was the joyful part of the day to all of them, and as the little one grew to more of the pretty ways and words, of babyhood and childhood, more and more did John look forward to the restful evening time at home.

One night, it was soon after Madeline had reached her third year, and had had a "beefy party," something hard panned that had never happened before. John did not come home.

Never before had such a thing occurred. He was superintending the work of a handsome school building in a neighboring city. It was a contract the firm had been proud to get, and he had gone down to supervise the work

to her own; and Alice Newcomb, as if seeking an answer to give the trusting child, whose head nestled so lovingly on her bosom, looked out of the window to the sunshine and the birds and all the pretty growing things and sought in vain for an answer.

Why had he left them? The question that had never left her mind by night or day for five years; the harassing, stinging, burning question which it seemed to her was branded into her very soul. Her last thought each night, her first at dawn, haunting her dreams by night and her work by day, never forgotten, always unanswerable: "Why had he left them?"

The village had known no happier home, had never contained within its boundaries a prettier or cosier nest than the cottage where now sat the lonely woman with the winsome child in her lap. The sunshine peeped through the honeysuckle and into the room where these two sat, just as John Newcomb had known it would when with his own hand he had planned and built the little home, full of hopes and purposes for the future.

Their married life had been of unusual and perfect content. Lovers for many years, they had waited until John's prospects as a partner in the firm of Newcomb & Miller, carpenters and builders, gave them assurance of financial safety, and then they had married and settled in the prettiest of cottages almost before Alice could believe it true. Three happy years had they spent in their home, during which an added joy had come to them—the little golden-haired girl whom they had named Madeline. She was a beautiful and an ideal child, born of the love of a perfect and a happy home and her coming had filled to the brim the cup of happiness which life held to the lips of John and Alice Newcomb. John Newcomb was a manly man; as the men said who worked for and with him, he was "every inch a man." And with every inch of his many inches, for he was more than six feet tall, did he love "his girl," Alice, and his baby, Madeline. To all that was rough and burly and hearty in him, did the dainty little girl appeal, with the unconscious strength of childhood. The first word and the first step and the first tooth were events never to be forgotten in John Newcomb's life, so tightly about his heart did the little Madeline weave the meshes of love, giant meshes woven by baby hands.



"Madeline—Madeline!"

work of the day. One of these men, somewhat differing in appearance from the rest, sat a little apart. His face was fine and there were lines of suffering. But the unusual thing about the face was the expression in the eyes; they were kind and sad eyes, but unless he spoke directly to another, an expression, not of being hunted, but of being hunted, dominated them. As if they were always seeking and never finding. This was John Newcomb. His companions called him odd and talked of him among themselves, always ending by saying that there was something wrong—no doubt about that. That man had a past. And yet the great goodness of the man forbade their thinking any evil of him. No man in camp was so kind-hearted or half as enduring of hardship or trouble as was John.

It was the month of October and the mountains wore their purple and golden haze, preparatory snowy winter garb. Soon the little cabin would be snowed in and communication with the town shut off. In anticipation of this time two of the men took a journey to town about this season of each year and purchased the necessary supplies for the coming cold weather. John was almost always one of these, for his knowledge of household economy was of value in making the purchases. Several days were occupied usually in this journey and this little period of change and activity was welcomed by these men of the mountains and the woods.

One evening while his "pard" was absorbed in a game of cards, where the bags of gold dust lay thick upon the table, John wandered away through the streets of civilization. The sun was just resting on the horizon before it bade good-night to the pretty little mountain town. And up and down the street, lined with graceful trees and cosy homes, were to be seen the children in their happy play. And the hour was full of peaceful foreboding that the twilight brings to the tired son of man. But of these things about him John seemed to have little knowledge or care, until one of the homes he passed by seemed for a moment to attract him. It was a low cottage standing in the midst of a flower-decked lawn, and over its windows climbed and bloomed the honeysuckle. The sight of it stirred something in the breast or brain of this man, as if a dream forgotten had almost come back to him. He looked again at the house and from the rear of it chasing joyfully in pursuit of a playful spaniel, came a golden-haired child, very fair to look upon.

As she ran toward the walk in front, keeping close after her playfellow, a woman stepped out to the broad porch under the honeysuckle and called to her:

"Madeline, come—it's supper time." Madeline—Madeline! In a flash the curtain of darkness lifted from the man's brain and the life that he had forgotten all came back to him. The magic word, the name of his own little girl, spoken by another mother to another Madeline was the key that started again the wonderful wheels of memory. The joy of feeling, remembering, of living was his again.

The woman on the porch was almost frightened when she saw the strange, rough man take her little girl in his arms and kiss her passionately. And the child was frightened, too, at the expression on the man's face—so fierce, so passionate, as he compelled his recreant memory to bring back to him that which it had hidden all these years. He turned and left the child, who ran to her mother, not a little shaken by her strange friend's actions. Four days later the darkness was

turned to light and the mourning to joy and his own Madeline's question had been answered. And a week later from the Madeline in the east to the Madeline in the west there came a box containing the most beautiful of French dolls, and with it was a note which explained how she of the west had found a father for she of the east.

WATER FOR THE HOLY CITY.

Jerusalem Is Now Supplied by a System of Modern Design.

The Holy Land has its railways, electric lights and American windmills, and now Jerusalem is about to get a supply of good drinking water. In ancient times the city of David was well supplied. The remains of aqueducts and reservoirs show this. But since the Turk's day the people of Jerusalem have been dependent on the scanty and often polluted accumulations of rain water in the rock-hewn cistern beneath their feet. Even this supply has recently failed, says a correspondent of the London Times, owing to want of rain. Distress and sickness became so general that the Turkish governor has at length been induced to sanction the purchase of iron pipe to bring water from Ain Salah, or the "sealed fountain," at Solomon's pools, about nine miles south of Jerusalem. A pipe six inches in diameter will bring 8,000 "skins" of water a day for distribution at "fountains" supplied with faucets. Solomon, in his famous "Song," speaks of this secret spring, now turned to use. "My beloved," he says, as quoted by the Times correspondent, "is like a spring shut up, a fountain sealed." It is a deep-down subterranean spring, which has, from the time of Solomon, flowed through the arched tunnel built by him to the distributing chamber or reservoir near the northwest corner of the highest of Solomon's pools. Half a century ago the location of this "hidden" spring which was still, as in Solomon's time, flowing into the reservoir mentioned, was unknown. The tunnel is roofed by stones leaning against each other like an inverted V, the primitive form of the arch, which is also seen in the roof of the queen's chamber of the great pyramid. The entrance to this tunnel from the spring is one of the oldest structures in existence. The piping is to be laid along the old aqueduct which formerly, from the time of Solomon, brought this same water to the temple area. There are eleven or twelve ancient fountains here and there in the city, long unused, but now to be utilized, and from which the water may be drawn free to all, several taps being attached to each fountain.—Baltimore Sun.

History of Irish Poplin.

Lady Carew, who died the other day, was a benefactress of Ireland in this way: She was the first person to wear in Paris an Irish poplin dress. It was in primrose yellow with a design in gold thread, and so much admired that the foremost ladies at the court of the Tuilleries asked her where she bought the poplin, and, upon learning the address, wrote for patterns. Marie Antoinette ordered one in lavender, enriched with a gold pattern; the Princess Marie one in blue and silver, and Princess Clementine one in pink and silver. Irish poplin was first manufactured in Dublin by Popeline, a Huguenot refugee. It became the rage and was greatly worn on occasions of high ceremony, as rain did not spoil it. Poplin became a favorite dress for the public promenades at fashionable hours. All its French imitations, the wool being less carefully treated, cockle and lose luster when exposed to the least shower. Balzac dresses some of his grand ladies in poplin. The Princess Clementine wore a plaid poplin gown the day the late Queen Victoria first landed at Treport to visit Louis Philippe and Marie Amelie at Eu. Irish poplin is still much worn by the children of the wealthy, and is thought to go well with Irish gullure.—London News.

He Had a Little Bet.

"Last election, for the first time in my life," said the real estate dealer, "I had a little bet on. It was only \$10, and I was bluffed into making it, but they will never bluff me again. I have had deals of \$50,000 impending and have not worried half as much as over that wretched little bet.

"Try as hard as I could, I could not keep down my excitement. I read politics more than ever before. I turned out to political meetings. I found myself yawning and cheering for my party. I was even ready to turn out and carry a torch.

"That little bet got me into a score of arguments and wrangles and finally produced a coolness on the part of several life-long friends. I had it in my mind all day and dreamed of it at night, and on election day I went around like a man having a fortune at stake.

"For two hours, while the returns were coming in, I was on hot bricks, and when my candidate was finally announced a winner I scarcely had strength to crawl home and go to bed. "I may take a flyer now and then on a horse race or try to pick out a winning yacht, but you hear me when I say I've made my last political bet. It's too exciting for my nerves.

Montcalm's Record as a Warrior.

Montcalm commanded the French forces in Canada during the Seven Years' War which resulted in the conquest of Canada. He defeated the British under Abercrombie at Ticonderoga, N. Y., but was defeated by Wolfe on the Plains of Abraham outside the walls of Quebec (1759) in which engagement both generals lost their lives.

Thoroughbred dogs are less intelligent than mongrels.

White Deer Scarce.

Specimens Now Rarely Seen in the Adirondacks

An albino deer is so rare a sight in the Adirondacks that when one does appear it is regarded with superstitious feelings by some of the natives. Many of the so-called natives of the Adirondacks are French-Canadians. A white deer is never killed by the French-Canadian and he does not molest it, although he believes there is an evil influence about him while the albino deer remains in his neighborhood.

Some white deer have been killed in the Adirondacks in the last few years. In 1898 a white deer frequently visited homes of natives in the Keene valley. It appeared in the fall and became remarkably tame. It was a beautiful creature, having a neck and tail of pure white, while the upper parts of the body and the back were nearly white. The eyes of this deer were white, although usually the eyes of an albino are pink.

By common consent the albino of the Keene valley, a doe, was left unmolested, and it was decided to await a heavy snow, when it could be run down and captured alive. But the dogs got after it and chased it until it passed in an exhausted condition near a traveler, who caught it and cut its throat. The traveler was not aware of the agreement among the

hunters to preserve the doe as long as possible, and deeply regretted his act when he was informed of their plans.

The guides of the Adirondacks say that within their memory not more than a dozen white deer have been reported, and the appearance of one is sufficient to excite them greatly. Men of the staidest nerves under most hunting experiences are sometimes upset at the sight of a white deer or an albino bird.

Many visitors to the north woods scout the idea that there is such a thing as a white deer. At the same time the superstitious prefer not to see one, as they believe it indicates danger. So deep-seated was this superstition among the natives at Wild Cat pond, in the Cranberry lake region of St. Lawrence county, that they left an albino deer alone when it appeared there three years ago. It was frequently observed, accompanied by a fawn of the usual color. What became of it has never been known, but the native there tells the inquirer that he did not shoot it, nor did any of his relatives. They all admired it too much to think of killing it, and, while they don't admit that they were superstitious about shooting it, they will say they preferred to take no chances so far as that white deer is concerned.

Followers of Jainism

Description of Ideal Religion Which Comes from the Mystical East.

San Francisco, having already become familiar with Theosophy, the mystic religions of Brahma and Buddha, and with the lofty philosophy of the Vedantic Swamis, it only remained to learn of Jainism, perhaps the sanest and most of all the ideal West Indian religions, says the San Francisco Chronicle. Yesterday, before a large audience in the rooms of the Laurel Hall Club, Jainism made its first bow to the people of California, the lecturer being Prof. Emlyn Lewis, until recently a resident of London. Prof. Lewis is a scholar of striking personality and the only English-speaking authority on this most ancient of religions.

Jainism, as explained by the speaker, is the Protestantism of India, as opposed to the Vedas, Brahmanism and the soul-paralyzing caste system. It aims at the perfection of character, not through faith, but through correct conduct and systematic intellectual activity or concentration as opposed to the Yogi system of intellectual vacuity. The speaker said:

"If a religion may be known by its fruits what shall we say of this one, which though now numbering 2,000,000 votaries and dating its origin long prior to the entrance of the Aryans

into India, in prehistoric times, has never yet produced a murderer? Though regarding kingship as the greatest injustice still the Jains do two-thirds of all the financial business of India. They never eat meat, and the monks often carry brooms and sweep the paths to avoid crushing the insects. They believe in the advancement of women, in reincarnation and the eternal persistency and progressive evolution of each ego and hold that the atrocities of the soul and intellect, such as sense knowledge, clairvoyance, telepathy, the emotions, the physical constitution and the power to achieve are all under the observation of Karma, which to the Jain is a substance. The object of their study and effort is to shake this Karmaic clog out and to liberate the soul by vibrating in a certain way. This may be done by concentration on such ideals as benevolence, charity or wisdom, by analyzing the teachings found in their enormous and as yet untranslated libraries, and then by synthesizing and immediately acting on these truths. Jainism then is the religion of intelligence, utility and action. The Jains marry at the age of 9 or 10 and live ideal married lives, all unions being regulated through astrological affinity."

Jainism, as explained by the speaker, is the Protestantism of India, as opposed to the Vedas, Brahmanism and the soul-paralyzing caste system. It aims at the perfection of character, not through faith, but through correct conduct and systematic intellectual activity or concentration as opposed to the Yogi system of intellectual vacuity. The speaker said:

"If a religion may be known by its fruits what shall we say of this one, which though now numbering 2,000,000 votaries and dating its origin long prior to the entrance of the Aryans

Tattooing as a Social Fad

Japanese Makes Money Adorning New Yorkers.

In the Japanese colony, which is situated in the neighborhood of Sixth avenue and Twenty-eighth street, there is a little bright-eyed, courteous man who describes himself as a "puncture needle artist." He is what might be called a boss tattooer. His business is prosperous and he looks forward to making a fortune from the fashionable people of the metropolis, says the New York Sunday Telegraph.

"Who are my customers?" he said, as he repeated the question of the writer. "The best people of the city. I don't want any others and will not waste my art upon them. It is ridiculous to expect a professional like myself, who has decorated the bodies of the most distinguished people in Tokio, to descend to the level of a common sailor or a vulgar bartender. Tattooing varies in popularity from year to year, but is always more or less in

vogue. It applied to all, from babies up to middle aged people. Four times I have tattooed twins. This was to prevent their getting mixed. At the present time there is quite a fad for a Japanese fashion which is very beautiful and consists in emblazoning a butterfly, a rose, a forget-me-not, or some other delicate design upon the arm, shoulder or chest.

"I have more women applicants than men. The latter seem to consider it as effeminate. I do not mind telling you a secret. Many society belles who have tattooed decorations upon their frames employ the latter to conceal some blemish. One beauty of the tattoo is that it can be applied to scars, birthmarks, moles, moth patches and strawberry marks. In many cases a slight blemish is of great advantage in this respect, because it gives a handsome background."

A Filipino Graveyard.

"I saw a great many peculiar things in my travels to the Orient last summer," observed Mr. Kahn of California a Washington Post reporter, as he paused a moment in the House corridor. "but the most gruesome of all was the Paco cemetery near Manila. "Do you know that they follow the custom of many Spanish communities there in the interment of their dead?" asked the ex-actor. "The poor people, of course, fare worst. Those with wealth can buy a niche in the cemetery for \$128 Mexican, which is approximately \$65 in our money. They may bury their dead permanently, but those who are unable to purchase a niche secure a place temporarily for something like \$29 in Mex, the short word for that kind of silver in the east. At the expiration of five years the skeletons of those poor people are taken out of their resting places and dumped into a black hole, a veritable boneyard. I don't know when I have seen anything that so impressed me with its horrifying phases as this dumping ground for all that remained of the poor Filipinos. I visited the Paco cemetery on a rainy day, and the ghastly heap in this depression of the earth rises before me in my dreams and haunts me."

Christening a Baby Zebra.

Little Elizabeth Eri, of 1703 North

Thirteenth street, is the proudest girl in the city and the reason for this is that she won the privilege of naming the baby zebra, which is the latest arrival at the zoo, says the Philadelphia Record. The baby was born a day or two ago, and Keeper Jager announced that the first girl under 12 years of age entering the antelope house on Saturday should have the honor of christening the infant. Little Miss Eri took no chances, and she was on hand with her mother before the gates opened at 9 o'clock. Ten minutes after the gates had been opened the baby zebra possessed a name. Mrs. Eri, Keeper Jager and Little Elizabeth constituted the christening party, and the ceremony was brief, but interesting. Elizabeth was hoisted to within reaching distance of the bars by the good-natured keeper and the baby was coaxed to the front. The little girl patted the zebra on the nose and with much dignity said: "I christen thee Bessie." Bessie switched her little tail and seemed highly pleased. Inside of half an hour there were a dozen excited little maids in the antelope house, and some were led away tearful because they had missed the coveted honor.

The citizens of Amesbury, Mass., are planning to erect a monument in honor of the good quaker poet, John G. Whittier, long a resident of that town.

LAST HERD OF BISON.

ALL THAT IS LEFT OF THE ONE-TIME MILLIONS.

Frederick Dupree, a French Trapper, Foreseeing the Extinction of the Buffalo, Gathered the Nucleus of This Collection of Much Value.

The only herd of bison of any importance now left in the United States from the millions which a few years ago roamed over the entire country between the Missouri river and the Rocky mountains, consists of about fifty full-blooded buffalo, and the same number of mixed bloods, all now the property of James Philip of Fort Pierre, who is known all over the range country as "Scotty" Philip.

This herd is the product of a hunt twenty years ago, when Frederick Dupree, an old French trapper, foreseeing the early extermination of the species, started for the Little Missouri country to capture a few calves for the purpose of raising a herd. In this hunt he led a band of Indians and halfbreeds, who only accomplished the purpose for which they set out after a long and dangerous search among the few small bunches of buffalo yet known to be roaming in that country. Only half a dozen calves were taken alive, and from these the present herd has grown.

Mr. Dupree allowed the buffalo to range practically wild on the Cheyenne river, with no further attention than to see that they did not get out of that part of the state, where they were kept until his death. In the settlement of the estate none of the numerous heirs cared to take them as his share of the estate, and they were sold to "Scotty" Philip, after an ineffectual attempt to dispose of them to the general government.

Just what the value of the herd is is problematical, but as it is the only herd left in the country on which to draw for specimens, this will give it an increasing value as years go by.

Having had practically the same freedom as in their native state, the specimens of the herd are somewhat different from those usually seen in parks and menageries. One bull out of this herd was sold for show purposes about ten years ago for \$1,000.

Vaccination in the Hub.

It was at a dinner party. The bright young man found himself privileged to sit next to the young woman with beautiful arms and neck. He thought himself the most favored personage in the room. Suddenly his fair companion exhibited signs of nervousness. Two of his very best jokes, saved for a special occasion, passed by unnoticed. Her face wore a look of alarm. Apprehensively the young man gazed at her, and meeting the look she said:

"I am in misery." "In misery?" echoed the young man.

"Yes," she replied, "I was vaccinated the other day, and it has taken beautifully. I could almost scream, it hurts so."

The young man looked at the beautiful arms, and, seeing no mark there, said:

"Why, where were you vaccinated?" "In Boston," she replied, the smile chasing away the look of pain.

England's "Princess Royal."

Increasing surprise is felt in England that the duchess of Fife is never officially described as "princess royal." It is only since the accession of George II. that such a designation has existed, but that monarch's eldest daughter (though she was born when her father was only electoral prince of Hanover) enjoyed it, and so did the eldest daughter of George III., and the oldest daughter of Queen Victoria. While the late Empress Frederick was living there might have been good grounds for withholding the title from the eldest daughter of King Edward, for there has never been two princesses royal alive at the same time. But that difficulty is now removed and why the distinction should be allowed to drop is a question causing much conjecture.

Senator Clark a Rapid Purchaser.

Senator Clark of Montana, in purchasing the famous Preyer collection of pictures, probably made a record in point of rapidity. He arranged to arrive in Vienna on the afternoon of December 7. Within twenty minutes of the arrival of the Orient express Mr. Clark was in Herr Preyer's apartment, accompanied by Director Bredins, of The Hague gallery, on whose advice he acted. The sixty-seven pictures were inspected in ninety-five minutes and a contract for purchasing them for \$500,000 was immediately signed.—Vienna Special New York World.

Exposed "Salted-Mine" Schemes.

Clarence King, was death was noted recently, was widely known as a scientific writer and expert geologist. By his exposure of the "salting" of certain tracts of land in California with diamonds and rubies in 1872 he saved the Rothschilds a large sum and brought the conspirators to justice. He was a member of the National Academy of Science and of many European societies.

Iodine in White Corpuscles.

Bourcet and Stassand, in following out the researches of Gley and Bourcet, in which they found that blood contains normally traces of iodine have made the further discovery that the iodine is contained in the leucocytes (white blood corpuscles) exclusively.—Philadelphia Times.



He rose as one who dreams, in person, coming home each night. As the hours went by Alice first became alarmed, but her perfect faith in John and her confidence that nothing but the missing of his train could have delayed him, soon quieted her fears, and like the innocent baby, she soon went to her rest.

Poor Alice. It was the last peaceful and perfect day that had been granted her. Five years of torment had she lived through, and yet, John had not come. The love for her child and his had held her to life and sanity; the work of her hands, with some aid from her friends, had kept the little home.

The fall of a heavy stone archway in the building where he had lingered alone that night, going over the work of his men, a crash of stone and brick upon a man when none were by to see and tell of it, hours of lying unconscious in the darkness in the chill Oc-