

FITZHERBERT.

My name is John Smith—plain Smith, without addition of vowel—and I was in no way discontented with it till I fell in love with Katie Rogers. Katie had never sneered at it, but her elder sister, Miranda, had more than once hinted that it was neither romantic nor uncommon; and her father, in his somewhat lengthy discourses about the British aristocracy, had an aggravating way of looking apologetically at me every time he spoke of "a good name."

In our commercial community Smith was counted a better name than Rogers, ex-captain of dragoons, who could scarcely pay his thirty pounds rent and never wore a decent hat.

I quite agreed with my neighbors on these points till I fell in love with Katie and grew familiar with Miranda's sentiments about the ignorance of Phillistie Riverbank.

Captain Rogers was descended from Fitzroger, who came over with the conqueror, and as I listened reverently to the history of the family progress through eight centuries, there was a total collapse of my once foolish pride in belonging to what a local paper called "one of the oldest families in Riverbank." For Riverbank was scarcely as old as my father, having grown into a town with a speed rarely equalled on this side of the Atlantic.

In a general way I do not undervalue myself, but it was with a deep sense of humility that I implored the descendant of Fitzroger to become my father-in-law. We were alone together in the dining-room of the thirty-pound house, he sitting in a shabby armchair, I standing on a still shabbier hearthstone. He looked up at the "Battle Roll of Hastings," which hung over the mantelpiece, and down at the fire, kept low by economical Miranda. Then, having weighed the past glories of Fitzroger against the present price of coals, he accepted my proposal with the magnificent condescension of a king consenting, for certain state reasons, to bestow the hand of a royal princess on an aspiring subject.

So Katie and I were engaged, and for a time I was supremely happy. I was not quite vain enough to share my darling's opinion that I, John Smith, was better worth worshipping than all Carlyle's "Heroes" put together; but I was rather easily convinced that I was far too fine a fellow to fear any rival. So when Katie went on a visit to London there was no bitterness in my regret, for I believed in her—and myself.

At first I was not disturbed by Miranda's boasts about the advantages her sister was enjoying in "the best society," but when the London visit extended for weeks and months beyond its original limit I began to feel vaguely uneasy. In those days Katie's letters, though loving, were not long, and she more than once apologized for their brevity by pleading "a particular engagement," the nature of which she never explained. My confidence sank, my jealousy arose.

At last she came home, and then I noticed a change in her that seriously alarmed me. She was paler and quieter, and at times there was a wistful look in her eyes, suggestive of something in her mind. It could not be anxiety about her father's pecuniary affairs, because about that time he appeared in a new hat and Miranda kept better fires. These outward and visible signs of prosperity would have given me sincere pleasure if it had not been for the suspicion that old Rogers was more than ever disposed to take the Norman conquest tone with me, and for the certainty that Miranda's sneers at "people who cannot count their grandfathers" were all for my benefit.

What did this sort of a thing mean? Had Katie been tempted away from me by a lover with a longer pedigree? Would Rogers tell me some day, like the father in old-fashioned romances, that he had "other views" for his daughter?

One evening I called much later than usual, having been detained by an important business matter in the neighboring city of Shipley. The outer door of the house was open, and I, in my usual way, turned the handle of the vestibule door and walked into the drawing-room, which appeared to be empty. I was just going to ring the bell for the servant when I heard a pleading little voice behind me:

"Oh, I say, Jack, don't do that!"

It was the voice of Bob, the youngest of Katie's many young brothers, and turning sharply around, I saw his scared little face peeping between the curtains drawn across the bow window.

"Come here, dear old Jack," he entreated and stay with me till she goes past."

"What she?" I asked, as I stepped behind the curtains to find Bob's hitherto invisible form clad in a night gown.

"Miranda," he added in a tragic whisper.

Bob had blue eyes and golden hair, and in his white array he looked like an angel in a picture. But I rightly guessed that he had descended from the upper regions that night on no angelic mission.

"I thought she was safe up in the lumber-room for the next half hour," he explained, "and I got out of bed

and was slipping down to the kitchen for a taste of the new jam. I knew it was my only chance. She's so beastly mean about it when it's in pots. I just got to the hall when I heard her sneaking down stairs, so I ran in here. She's in the dining-room now, and I don't know whether she's going up again or down to the kitchen."

"Don't be a coward, my boy," I said, feeling it my duty to be moral. "Of course Miranda will scold if she finds you, but you must bear it like a man."

"Scold!" repeated Bob, with scorn in his subdued tones. "Do you think I'd care if it was only that?"

I understood the full peril of the situation now. Miranda prided herself on doing a mother's duty to the motherless boys, and I knew that whatever her hand had found to do she did it with all her might.

"And it's just because I ain't a coward I don't want to meet her," went on Bob, evidently mindful of the traditions of Fitzroger valor. "You see, Jack, I could hit back if she was a man, but she ain't, you know, and of course no fellow who is a gentleman ever hits a woman."

"Robert," I murmured, "you are the son of chivalry."

"Oh, shut up, Jack Smith!" and my small brother-in-law-elect held me with a desperate grip. "She's coming in!"

I peered cautiously between the heavy curtains, and caught a glimpse of Miranda's lank form and lynx eyes. The next moment she was vanishing, but she stopped as Katie appeared at the door.

"Katie," she said, in her thin, sharp voice. "I was looking for you. I think you might help me pot the jam. Smith may not be here to-night, and if he comes let him wait. How pale you look! I can tell you, my dear, that your appearance has not improved since you took up with Fitzherbert."

I stood with freezing blood behind the curtains, wondering what awful revelation was about to wreck my life's happiness. In a lightning flash of jealous imagination I saw Fitzherbert. No doubt he was one of the swells Katie had met in London. A military swell, one of those handsome, haughty guardsmen I had read about in society novels.

"Miranda," said Katie, "don't you think I ought to tell Jack about Fitzherbert?"

"No, I don't," said Miranda sharply. "I don't see why the interests of our family are to be risked in a collision with the narrow middle-class prejudices of Mr. John Smith."

Katie's voice sounded a little weary when she spoke again.

"You know, Miranda, you were horrified yourself when I first told you about Fitzherbert's proposal."

Miranda replied in a tone of cold superiority:

"I was more open to conviction than you would find Mr. John Smith. We who have been rooted in English soil for eight centuries naturally take larger views of life than mushrooms of yesterday. Besides, your conduct in this affair is justified by the example and approval of women in the best society."

What a world of whited sepulchres! I had never loved Miranda, but I had always respected her. However skeptical I might have been about her personal charms, I had never doubted her principles. Miranda taught a class in the Sunday-school, worked a district on strict early organization principles and was decorated with the order of the Blue Ribbon. Yet here was this seemingly virtuous Miranda applauding her sister's falseness to a true lover, because it was the fashion of women in the best society to trample on honest hearts.

"I hate concealment," said Katie; "and Jack is so truthful himself, that I can't bear the idea of deceiving him. Oh, Miranda, dear, I was so happy when Fitzherbert made me the offer that I never stopped to wonder what Jack would think about it, but now I am so miserable that I sometimes think I must give up Fitzherbert."

"Rubbish!" said Miranda, "and selfish rubbish, too. I wonder, Katie Rogers, how you can talk in that way, when you know how useful Fitzherbert's money is to your poor father."

Oh, this was too awful! Katie not only false to me, but actually so mean as to take money from her new lover. I could stand it no longer. I wrenched myself from poor little Bob's grasp, and stood serenely facing the two girls.

Miranda fled from the room. Katie stood white and still.

"Pray, do not give up Fitzherbert on my humble account," I said scornfully. "Do not let my vulgar prejudice in favor of truth and honesty interfere with the wider morality of the best society. Marry Fitzherbert to-morrow, if you like, and be as happy as you deserve to be."

The color rushed back into Katie's face. The light sparkled in her eyes. She actually laughed.

"Thank you very much, Jack," she said, "but even with your kind permission I can't marry Fitzherbert. The fact is, and her blue eyes danced, 'Fitzherbert is married.'"

"And you dare to tell me?" I cried in wild rage, "that you have not only accepted love but money from a married man?"

She looked straight into my furious face with her laughing eyes.

"Fitzherbert is not a married man," she said.

"I was never good at guessing riddles," I said, loftily; "and as I am not in the mood for them to-night, I give this one up. If Fitzherbert is not a married man, what, in heaven's name, is he?"

Clear came the answer in the sweet, gay, girlish voice:

"Fitzherbert is a married woman."

Then, with the crushing consciousness of having made a fool of myself, I listened humbly to Katie's little story.

"Fitzherbert is a West End milliner, and was Aunt Clara's maid before her marriage. Her name is not really Fitzherbert, but something quite ordinary, like Brown or Smith—oh, I beg your pardon, Jack! I was always fond of me, and I often amused myself looking through her new fashions. One day, while I was waiting for Aunt Clara, who had gone to her dentist, a fussy old lady came into the shop, and was very angry because none of her new Paris bonnets suited her. She was one of the best customers, and poor Fitzherbert was in despair when she was leaving the shop in a rage.

Well, Jack, I have quite a genius for millinery. One of our ancestors was a painter, and Aunt Clara says I have his artistic eye for color and form. Anyhow, I always seem to know exactly what suits a face. I persuaded the old lady to sit down again, and with Fitzherbert's permission I made a few alterations in one particular bonnet. The result was so becoming that the old lady was charmed. 'You are a heaven-born milliner, my dear,' she said. 'Why don't you go in for that sort of thing? It is all the fashion among the best people.' Aunt Clara called for me presently, and was quite struck with the new idea. After a long talk with Fitzherbert it was decided that I should go the shop every day and quilt for the position of millinery *aide-de-camp*. I became quite popular with the customers, especially the elderly ones. I love old ladies, and delight in making them look lovely, and some of them threatened to leave Fitzherbert unless I undertook the arrangement of their bonnets and caps for the term of my single life. Fitzherbert offered me very liberal pay for my assistance, and I was so glad to think of helping poor old daddy that at first I forgot about you and your possible objection to marrying a young woman who worked for a shop, but I thought of this afterwards, and was always fighting with my conscience about telling you the truth. But, indeed, there are many lady milliners in London, and—oh, Jack, I see you don't mind so very much, after all!"

The precise nature of my conduct on this occasion need not be here recorded.

The bride's wreath was a present from Fitzherbert.—*Household Words*.

Nantucket's Jailor.

Apropos of Nantucket, one hears some rather odd sayings and of some quaint happenings there.

"You see, we are somewhat out of the way," said one of the islanders; "so tramps seldom trouble us, and it is only when our summer visitors come that we think of locking our doors at night."

Last fall a man was tried for petty larceny, and sentenced by the Judge to three months in jail. A few days after the trial, the Judge, accompanied by the sheriff, was on his way to the Boston boat, when they passed a man sawing wood.

The sawyer stopped his work, touched his hat, and said, "Good morning, Judge."

The Judge looked at him a moment, passed on a short distance, then turned to glance backward, with the question, "Why, Sheriff, isn't that the man I sentenced to three months in jail?"

"Yes," replied the Sheriff, hesitatingly—"yes that's the man; but you—you see, Judge, we—we haven't any one in jail now, and we thought it a useless expense to hire somebody to keep the jail for three months just for this one man; so I gave him the jail key, and told him that if he'd sleep there nights it would be all right."—*Barber's Magazine*.

Overheard at the Zoo.

There was a large crowd around the big brick and granite tank that is being built at the north end of the animal house.

"What's that for, my love?"

"For the hippopotami."

"The what?"

"Hippopotami! There are two now, you know."

"You mean hippopotamuses."

"No I don't; I mean hippopotami. That's plural for hippopotamus."

"My love, excuse me, but you're an ass. Hippopotami is Latin and hippopotamuses is English. You can't tell me anything about pschydromatous mammals."—*New York Herald*.

Couldn't Fool Him.

Old Boy—"Thomas, if my wife asks you where I am tell her that I have gone to the opera."

Servant—"Certainly, sir, certainly; but where are you really going in case anybody else should want to know?"—*Texas Siftings*.

Conway Castle.

At length one perfect day, we went to the castle. The old man who has the place in charge took the small fee, unlocked the door, and left us to our own devices. The whole glorious ruin was to all intents and purposes our own. During that long golden afternoon not a soul came near us, not a voice disturbed us. Could one describe a cloud, or a wave, or a sunset, so that a blind man could see it with his mind's eye? Could one give a deaf man an idea of a bird song or the peal of an organ? As well try to do this as to describe the solemn grandeur of those time-worn, ivy-grown, moss-covered battlements, left now to the sweet winds of heaven, the flocks of rooks that fly in and out of turret and tower, and the climbing roses that brighten it with their beauty. From court to court we wandered, from tower to tower, from battlement to battlement. Here, all unroofed and open to the stars, lies the great banquet hall, more beautiful, more imposing, now, it may be, in its ivy-wreathed desolation, than when the gay revellers of Edward's court made its vast arches ring with song and laughter. Here still are the wide fireplaces, rich carvings, the very ghosts of past comfort and delight. Here is the oratory, with its tracery window and lofty gothic arches, where Eleanor and Faithful prayed. Here is her bed-chamber, communicating with that of the King, and still retaining traces of its rich ornamentation. Leading from it is an arched recess still called Queen Eleanor's Oriel, the windows of which, according to a contemporary poet, must have been finely stained:

In her oriel there she was,
Clothed well with royal glass;
Filled it with imagery,
Every window by and by."

Here are stairways worn by feet that were stilled long centuries ago, and, in the deep thickness of the walls, the passages, dark and tortuous, through which those feet strode on errands of business, or pleasure, or intrigue. Here are stone benches that seem still to keep the impress of the forms that through the slow generations shaped and hollowed them. We looked through openings in the "crannied walls," through which death and destruction had rained on many a besieging army.

Far below us, as we stood on the lofty battlements, lay the walled town, with its massive semicircular towers, so powerful once for defense or attack, so useless now as they slept in that serene air. Close about the castle clustered the cottages and gardens of the people, but they only added to the impressiveness of the picture. Just at our feet was a pretty stone house, its courtyard gay with flowers, the castle wall forming one of its boundaries.—*Julia Dorr, in Atlantic*.

A Distinguished House.

"One of the most comical things I've ever heard was told me in Caucasus," said Dudley Winston, the young man who accompanied his father on the mission to Persia. "It was in Titros, the capital of Georgia. You know there's an American store there—a big place of business where all sorts of Yankee notions are dealt out at enormous profit to the natives. I dropped in there. One of the objects of interest to which the Russian salesman directed my special attention was a patent potato peeler.

"'Dese instrument,' he said, 'ses medd by ze faymoos 'ouse of Pat Aug.'"

I was astonished.

"What house did you say?"

"Ze faymoos 'ouse of Pat Aug.'"

"Never heard of it," I said; "I guess you are mistaken."

"Meestecken? No, sare. I have often heard of ze 'ouse; and I have often seen ze name of ze 'ouse. I will show him to you now. Oh, it is a house which enjoys great fame here."

And with that he looks for a specimen potato peeler and brings one out.

"Zere, sare," he says, "ses ze name engraved in ze metal. See!"

"I burst out laughing until my sides ached. There was the legend: 'Pat Aug. 17, 1873.' And the 'Pat Aug.' part of it he had taken to be the firm's name. I found that the potato peeler was famous under the name of 'Pat Aug.' all over the Caucasus."—*Chicago Herald*.

It Should Recommend Him.

"Rebecca, you shall not speak mit dot Moses Levi vonce more."

"O fadder, you preak mine heard. Ve vos almost engaged. Vy shall I not speak mit him?"

"He haf sheated me. He haf sold me a paste diamond for a shenuine shtone."

"O father, dot shouldt recommend him to you as a son-in-law. If he can fool a wise man like you, see vat a fortune he haf in der chlewelry bizness."

"Vell, Rebecca, you vas schmarder as I thought. Get married ven you like. I am ankobious to go into bardnership with mine son-in-law!"—*San Francisco Wasp*.

An Inquisitive Mind.

Bertie—Mamma, papa told me that those corners of the leaves of the book were dogs' ears.

Mamma—Yes, Bertie.

Bertie—Well, mamma, whose dogs' ears are they?—*Judge*.

Some Real Sayings of Real Children.

Walter had been late to breakfast several mornings in succession.

His mamma, wishing to impress upon him the beauty of punctuality, talked quite seriously about the matter for some time.

He pondered over his oatmeal for a few moments, then, looking up, asked in a very puzzled tone of voice:

"Mamma, who scolds God when he's late to breakfast?"

We were talking about the war at the dinner table one day.

I had related several incidents that had come under my observation, while living near a court house where farewell banquets were given to the departing soldiers.

Walter appeared very much interested, and finally said, with an air that was intended to be complimentary, "I think you must have been well 'quainted with Muslem, wasn't you?"

His papa was very tall, and he had an unbounded admiration for him.

My husband appropriates only five feet, one inch of perpendicular to himself, and Walter, though fond of him, cannot be reconciled to his comparative brevity.

He came to me one day with a very dissatisfied face, and said, "Mr. Warren, was Mr. Warren naughty why God didn't make him nice and tall like my papa?"

Nettie, aged seven, exhibited an appreciation of the beautiful and an abhorrence of the ugly in a rather startling manner one day.

We heard a little child crying in front of the house, and rushing to the door, were informed by a nurse maid that our little girl had slapped her baby "right spang in the face."

We didn't know just what "spang" meant, but concluded from the emphasis placed upon it that it was not a synonym for "gentle."

Questioning Nettie, we were informed with decision: "Yes, mamma, I did slap it; and any baby that borned itself as homely as that one, when there's pretty babies all over the park ought to be slapped."

Like many other children, Nettie had a fondness for "preaching."

Going behind her little table, she would pile it with books, and "hold forth" in the regulation "sermon voice," "praying voice," and "benediction voice," as she called them.

One day she was exhorting an imaginary audience to "throw away all sin before it gets too big," when her attention was attracted by a man outside with an immense nose. Almost immediately after him came a boy with a wheelbarrow, and she evidently thought the time for practical illustration had come.

Her shrill tones dropped at once to those of solemn warning, as she said: "If you don't get that man's nose, so big they'll put it on a wheelbarrow and wheel it out. Let us pray."—*Yankee Blade*.

Buying a Hat.

A woman of 40 and a girl of 18 went into a fashionable millinery store on Woodward avenue and began pricing goods.

"Here's a bunnit mother, that'll suit ye," said the girl, taking a white lace affair in her brown hand.

"Tain't my style," said the woman, "aides I want a hat, an all-round hat that I kin wear to meet n' or milkin', like that yere."

It was a black straw hat turned up on the side with a cluster of white flowers.

"I like the posies," said the woman, laying it on over her sunburned face, "it minds me of a hat I had on when I first see your father. That was twenty years ago this very summer. How do it look?"

"Fast-rate," said the girl, "pap won't know you. Lor, mother, you look younger than me now, ef you ain't got a much color."

The mother looked hard at herself in the glass. There was a great deal of glass and very little mother, for she was a small, spare woman and the hat covered her up.

"I'm burned," she said, "'twixt cookin' an' harvestin', but when I were your age, Sallie, my cheeks were redder than yours be. Do ye think now that in a high wind such as we hev out home I could keep it on?"

"We fasten them on with this," said the milliner, handing the customer a long pin.

"Thank ye, ma'am but my head ain't a pin-cush on. Agin I run that pin through it I wouldn't hev enny sense left. You may put on a pair of strings and I'll take the hat. I ain't hed a new one now for over four years."

The strings being supplied, the hat was paid for and put on. It was an anomalous thing, tied hard down on the head of its owner, but as the two women went out the faces of both beamed with happiness over the incongruous purchase. Perhaps the girl solaced herself with the thought that the hat that was not too young for the mother might not be too old for the daughter.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Things even up pretty well after all. Men throw banana skins on the sidewalk, and then the banana skins throw men on the sidewalk.—*Bar-night in Free Press*.

Visitor—"Is your mother in to-day, my boy?"

Child—"No, sir, she's doing up preserves."—*New Haven News*.

ANOTHER AID TO SURGERY.

Remarkable Apparatus Used for Testing Internal Wounds.

Police Surgeon Oldshue has purchased for the department of public safety a surgical apparatus, which, it is expected, will be of immense benefit in certain cases of shooting, stabbing, etc., that are brought to the attention of the police at the various police station houses. Many of the wounds which are received by people in fights are in the abdomen, and this apparatus is for the purpose of determining whether the intestines are injured, a very important point in the treatment of persons so situated.

By an explanation afterward afforded the use of this apparatus will be the means of saving many a man's life.

The apparatus has lately been invented, and Police Surgeon Oldshue and Dr. Pollock have been the first to test its virtues here. It consists of a rubber retort, to which is attached a long rubber tube, and is very simple as it appears laid out in a doctor's office. Supposing that a man is brought to one of the station houses, shot or stabbed in the abdomen, it is difficult to tell whether any of the intestines are punctured. The retort is filled with hydrogen gas, which the surgeon can easily prepare, and this gas is injected into the vital parts with considerable pressure. A tube is pinned in the wound and if there is a wound in the intestines the gas is bound to come out by way of the wound and into the tube.

By applying a lighted match to the end of the tube it can be seen whether the gas is escaping, for, if the gas is there it will ignite. On the other hand, if there is no wound in the intestines the gas will escape by way of the mouth, and by means of proper instruments there and the application of a light it can be seen if the hydrogen gas is thus escaping.

A reporter, in talking with Police Surgeon Oldshue last night about the new apparatus, inquired:

"But is not hydrogen gas highly explosive? and is it not unsafe to introduce it into the body in such a form?"

Dr. Oldshue replied: "That is the opinion; but Dr. Sines, the inventor of the apparatus, has followed the plan with great success, as has Dr. Mordenece Price of Philadelphia. They have shown that this is not only innocuous, but an absolute diagnosis of intestinal wounds."

"Well, but of what benefit is such a knowledge?"

"If the intestine is wounded the operation of laparotomy can be performed by the opening of the abdomen, and the wound of the intestine taken up and the catgut ligatures applied to bring the edges together, and with general antiseptic treatment the patient has a much greater chance of recovery. It will afford every opportunity to save the lives of persons stabbed or shot, or otherwise wounded in the abdomen."

Police Surgeon Oldshue attended the meeting of the State Medical Society a short time ago, and there picked up the pointer about the new apparatus. He is always on the lookout for what benefits surgery in his position, and decided to introduce the new plan.

Dr. Pollock asked that he be called for the first case, where the doctor would make the experiment. Not long ago a Pole was shot in Soho, and Police Surgeon Oldshue was called to attend him. The wound was in the abdomen. Drs. Oldshue and Pollock decided to try the new apparatus. By the action of the hydrogen gas it was found that there was no abdominal wound. It was further decided then that the patient be not operated on, but kept quiet, though the bullet was in his body. A few days sufficed for the recovery of the Pole, showing that, for the first case at least, the apparatus made a correct diagnosis.—*Pittsburg Dispatch*.

True, It May Be a Comanche Whoop.

An Indian warwhoop is not a Sioux-thing sound.—*Pittsburg Chronicle*.

Another Trade Description Exposed.

"Feathers marked down" advertised as a dealer. That is dishonest.—*Life*.

A Suggestion to the Maxim Quoters.

The rolling stone has yet to learn what it wants to gather moss for.—*Pedagogue*.

A Reasonable Request.

Lady (angrily) to tramp at the back door) You can't get any thing to eat here.

Tramp (politely)—I beg your pardon, madam; I don't want anything to eat. I have just eaten a good dinner at the house of your neighbor, but if you can give me a cup of coffee and a cigarette you would place me under many obligations.—*Washington Critic*.

A Dangerous Kind of Sport.

The man who does everything "on his own hook" is likely to get caught out of these days.—*Lowell Citizen*.

Customer (in cigar store)—"Give me a good cigar, boy. Suttin' that smokes free." Boy—"I guess I can't go ye, boss; there's no cigar in this store that smokes less'n 8 cents."—*Tom*.