

A DOCTOR'S STORY

[Original]

On my list of trained nurses was Mercedes Marcel, a young woman of the Spanish type, Miss Marcel had ravishing black eyes, a wealth of hair of the same hue and a supple figure. She had great influence over the patients she nursed, often lifting them over their low points solely by her magnetic influence. For this reason I recommended her whenever she was discharged.

I sent for her to attend a Mrs. Brierly, and as usual she gave great satisfaction. The patient, however, did not seem to gain after having reached a certain point. Indeed she seemed to retrograde. Several times it occurred to me to ask, as is my custom with my patients, how she liked her nurse, but as Miss Marcel was always in the room with her when I called and as I had heard the nurse's praises so often sounded by others it did not occur to me to send her out in order to make the inquiry.

One day while visiting Mrs. Brierly I noticed that she was following the nurse about the room with her eyes, and when Miss Marcel's back was turned she quickly drew me down and with her lips close to my ear whispered:

"If you don't take that woman away, I shall die."

"Miss Marcel," I said, "go and get me some hot water."

The nurse stepped to the electric button and was about to push it when I said, "Go yourself."

"I have signals for some of the ordinary wants of a sickroom," she said. "I press the button twice, and I get hot water quicker than I can go for it."

"Very nice. You needn't press the button. I wish to be left alone with my patient. Go out and don't return until I call for you."

She obeyed me. I turned my back to her as she went out and saw her face in a mirror. She gave the sick woman one of the most peculiar glances I ever saw, such a glance as a hypnotist would give one he was endeavoring to master.

"Now," I said to my patient when the door was closed, "why did you not tell me this before?"

"Because she always remained in the room when you were here, and I have no charge to make against her."

"What, then, is the trouble?"

"There is something in her that is wearing the life out of me. Don't ask me what it is, for I don't understand it myself."

"Never mind. Don't talk about it. She shall not enter your room again."

"But?"

"But what?"

"She will ruin me."

"Ruin you? How? You are nothing to her, and I will see that she doesn't get at you."

I did what I could to make the poor woman feel easy and left her. Her husband was coming in as I was going out. I told him that I was about to change his wife's nurse.

"You surprise me. I have never met a more agreeable woman," he said.

"You mean seductive?" a faint suspicion coming over me at his warmth.

He turned pale.

"Brierly," I said, "I shall at once commence inquiries as to Miss Marcel's antecedents. If you are especially predisposed toward her, suspend judgment till I make my report."

Within an hour I had hired a detective to learn all that he could about Miss Marcel. It was six weeks before he made his report. When I received it, Mrs. Brierly had become convalescent and was no longer under my care, so I went to her husband's office.

"Mr. Brierly," said his confidential clerk, "is out of the city."

"His address?"

"I will forward any communication."

"His address?" I said sharply. "There is something wrong. Tell me at once or I will report to the police that he has absconded."

The man made excuses and all that, but seeing that I was not to be trifled with, told me that I could find Brierly at a certain hotel. I went there and sent up my card. Brierly came down with a scared look on his face. Without commenting on how or where I had found him I drew the detective's report on Miss Marcel.

Father, Jacques Marcel, banker, Paris; embezzled funds and served ten years in the galleys. Mother, previous to her husband's arrest, had eloped with a Spanish gentleman, taking with her the little girl Mercedes; afterward came to America. The child was brought up in the circus ring; subsequently worked in a hospital and became a trained nurse; nothing definite as to her character.

I watched Brierly closely as he read the report and saw him shudder. Then all his reserve broke away, and he gave me his confidence.

"Doctor," he said, "how can I ever repay you? You saved my wife from this woman, and now you have saved me. I came here preparatory to eloping with her—that is, she brought me, for I have been under her strange influence since the day you sent her to my house to nurse my dear wife. The spell is broken, and I shall do all in my power to avoid meeting this witch that she may never control me again."

"You owe me nothing," I said. "I have been in fault in placing the life of a patient in jeopardy by not investigating the antecedents and character of the nurse. Hereafter I shall be more careful."

Brierly went home, and his wife never knew of his intended flight. Mrs. Brierly was the last invalid Miss Marcel ever nursed. I reported the case at the training school at which the nurse had been educated and found that she had been admitted through the influence of one of the managers.

WALTER V. TUCKER.

Curious Old Custom.

In one of the suburbs of Paris a wealthy merchant died the other day, and on the evening of the funeral his neighbors witnessed a curious ceremony.

An hour before the body was to be taken to the cemetery the relatives of the dead man, five or six in number, went out into the garden adjoining the house and walked solemnly and silently around it. Each carried a lantern and kept his eyes fixed on the ground, as though he were looking for something. Finally they all halted in front of a large pile of stones and, laying aside their lanterns, proceeded to throw down the pile. After every stone had been removed they examined minutely the spot on which the pile had rested and then slowly and with bowed heads returned to the house.

This is an old Norman custom, and it is observed in this instance because the dead man was a native of Gison. There is a tradition in Normandy that before burying a body all the ground around his dwelling should be searched in order to make sure that the soul has not hidden itself somewhere. At one time every family in Normandy faithfully observed this tradition, but now only a few pay heed to it.

The Rainbow.

When a ray of sunlight falls on a raindrop, it is refracted; then part of the light is reflected from the internal surface and again refracted on leaving the drop. The white sunlight is not only refracted when it enters and leaves the drop, but dispersion also takes place. The eye sees bright circles of light for each kind of light, and since sunlight is made up of different kinds of homogeneous light we get a series of circular arcs, showing the spectrum colors, the red being outside and the other colors following in the order of descending wave length. The whole constitutes a primary rainbow. A secondary bow is sometimes seen outside the first. This is formed by the light being twice reflected inside the raindrops. The less refrangible rays are on the inner side. Rainbows due to still more internal reflections are too feeble to be observed. It is possible to get a white rainbow if the sun is clouded or if there is a mixture of raindrops of very different sizes.

Pat's Trouble.

Pat had come over to America with the expectation of finding money lying around loose, only waiting for some one to pick it up. Of course this was long ago. Pat had soon become disillusioned and was always glad to get hold of odd jobs which would net him a little something to help him keep body and soul together. Finally, becoming tired of the struggle, he decided to end it all and was very industriously tying a rope around his waist when his landlord happened in on him. After watching him curiously for a few minutes he asked:

"What's up, Pat? What are you trying to do?"

"Troyn't to choke meself, av course," was Pat's answer.

"Choke yourself? You can't do it that way. You'll have to put the rope around your neck."

"Sure an' I tried that, but I couldn't breathe."—New York Times.

A State Dinner in Venice.

In 1552 the patriarch of Aquileia feted Rannucco Farnese, the pope's nephew, in the palace on the Giudecca. The rooms were decked with extraordinary sumptuousness, cloth of gold, paintings and illuminations adding to the effect produced by the patriarch's cooks. Among the guests were twelve gentlemen in fancy marine costumes of green satin with red lining, wearing caps of the same colors and each accompanied by a lady dressed in white. This repast lasted four hours, varied by music and the professional entertainers of the day. It ended with the cutting up of certain large pies from which live birds flew out into the room. The guests strove with each other to catch these birds.

Discourteous Courtier.

Once upon a time the prime minister went to the king and complained that a certain courtier, who was very hard of hearing, had been making very uncomplimentary remarks about his sovereign.

"Your majesty should speak to him about it," said the minister, "that it may cease, but you must needs speak loud."

"I will speak so loud," answered the king, "that I guarantee the offense will never be repeated."

He then sent the offending courtier to the guillotine.

Moral.—Ax speaks louder than words.—New York Herald.

Rare Consideration.

Nagsby—if you don't like your job, why on earth do you cling to it with such tenacity?

Wagsby—Well, you see, I have friends in the same line of work, and if I let go some of them might stumble into my place and regret it ever afterward.—Los Angeles Herald.

A Fastidious Freak.

Manager—What is the matter with the glass eater?

Assistant—He is getting too tony. Manager—How so?

Assistant—He refuses to eat anything but cut glass.—Philadelphia Record.

The Morning After.

Alice (finding a roll of bills under her plate)—You were out awfully late, Arthur. Is this conscience money?

Arthur (timidly from behind his newspaper)—No, my dear; hush money.—Puck.

Men sometimes become wiser as they grow older, but they seldom become less foolish.—Chicago News.

THE PARADISE FISH.

One of the Wonderful Piscatorial rarities Found in China.

The oddest of all piscatorial rarities is the paradise fish of China. Like the German canary and one or two other species of bird and fish, this little finny beauty is the product of cultivation only, there being no place in the world where it is found in a wild state. In the land of the dragon they are kept and cultivated in ornamental aquariums, each succeeding generation of the little oddities exhibiting more diversified colors. The male is the larger of the two sexes, measuring when full grown three and a half inches. The body is shaped very much like that of a common pumpkin seed sunfish, its color surpassing in brilliancy any fish heretofore cultivated for the aquarium. The head of macropodus (that's his generic name) is ashy gray, mottled with irregular dark spots. The gills are azure blue, bordered with brilliant crimson.

The eyes are yellow and red, with a black pupil. The sides of the body and the crescent shaped caudal fin are deep crimson, the former having from ten to twelve vertical blue stripes, while the latter is bordered with blue. The upper surface of the body is continually changing color—sometimes it is white, at others gray, black or blue. The dorsal and anal fins are remarkably large, hence its generic name—macro, large; podus, fin or foot. Both fins are shaped alike and are striped with brown and bordered with a bright blue. The dull colored ventral fins are protected by a brilliant scarlet colored spine, extending three-fourths of an inch behind the body of the fin. The pectoral fins are well shaped, but transparent and colorless.

METAPHOR OF THE SEA.

Terms Associated With the Water That Are Very Expressive.

"Let me put in my oar," said a gentleman as he joined three of his acquaintances in the hotel cafe the other night and took a seat at a table with them.

"That is about the twentieth metaphor of that sort that I have heard tonight," answered one of the others, "and it seems so strange that we should borrow so many of our figures from the sea. I never thought of it before, but it is curious. I have never been closely associated with the water, and I don't believe any of us have, and yet we are using sea terms all of the time. They are wonderfully expressive, too, and I don't know what we would do without them."

"You want to put in 'your oar,' a moment ago some one talked about being 'all adrift,' and I admitted that I was 'at sea.' We talk about our 'weather eye,' being 'spliced,' our 'mainstay' and all that sort of stuff. We know what it is to 'cast an anchor to windward,' to 'back and fill,' to 'steer' through, to be 'taken aback,' and to have 'the wind taken out of our sails.'"

"We 'spin a yarn,' try 'the other tack,' 'launch' enterprises, get them 'under full sail' and often 'wreck' them. We cry for 'any port in a storm,' 'take in a reef,' get to our 'ropes end,' 'run before the wind' and sometimes 'flee over.' So it goes on until I believe we can talk about almost everything in the language of the sea."—St. Louis Republic.

Magnanimity.

It became necessary for an Emsworth papa to chastise mildly his small son the other evening. Some time later, wishing to negotiate for a favor, the chastised one stated his wishes and as an inducement added:

"Papa?"

"Well, James?"

"If you'll do this, papa, I'll excuse you for that whipping you gave me."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Eating Mushrooms.

In the light of modern inquiry there seems to be no reason for believing that mushrooms possess any greater food value than other ordinary fresh vegetable foods, and in many respects they compare unfavorably with them, says the London Lancet. Still, the fresh, tender mushroom is undoubtedly easily digestible, as it contains carbohydrates, in addition to some dietetic value. This value is not comparable with that possessed by essential foods such as meat, milk and eggs. The mushroom, however, contains an unusual proportion of potassium salts. Few will deny that the mushroom is an excellent adjunct to many dishes. It has an appetizing flavor, and this quality alone makes it dietetically valuable.

Some Nonsense.

"The bow of a ship," says a humorous handbook of nautical terms, "is not evidence of politeness. It reminds us of a line in 'Flotsam From the Isles.'"

And the hands went up to the nose of the boat, displaying a lack of good taste, and first began to pull at her stays and then to scrub at her waist.

This, it may be remembered, occurred off the Isle of Rudeness, where—

A spit ran down to the bay, and a tongue of land projected in a most unmanly way.

His Calamity.

Chapple—I knelt befoah her and asked her to be my wife.

Chollie—And she wejected you?

Chapple—Ya-as.

Chollie—That was wough.

Chapple—Ya-as. I got my twousahs baged at the knees for nothing, bah Joy!

Then She Kissed Him.

"You have not kissed me," she pouted, "for fifteen minutes."

"I know it," he said. "I have a very sensitive tooth, which is liable to ache if I do."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"Why, you are so sweet, you know!"

Japan's Mountains.

All the mountains of Japan are of unquestioned volcanic origin, and Fuji stands where Honshu, the main island, is broadest. About twenty craters are still active throughout the islands, but Fuji-san belongs to the much greater number which are now inactive. Its last eruption occurred in 1707, continuing more than a month. As far away as Tokyo, sixty miles northeast, the ashes fell to a depth of seven or eight inches, while on the Tokaido, twelve or fifteen miles southeast, the accumulation was six feet. At this time was formed Ho-yel-san, a secondary, or parasitic, cone on the southeast slope.

No other mountains in Japan reach within 3,000 feet of the elevation of Fuji, and it is therefore in prominent view from an immense area, including thirteen provinces of the empire. Certain avenues in Tokyo are called Fuji-ji, or Fuji viewing streets, and from all of them the famous peak is a glorious spectacle. All winter long the summit of Fuji-san is unapproachable, and from November to July snow-align supreme. In the latter month, however, when the trails up the mountain slopes are laid bare, the ascent becomes possible.

First English Book on Sport.

The first book on sport ever printed in the English language was a rhymed treatise called the "Boke of St. Albans," its author being a woman, Dame Juliana Berners. Its second edition was printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1496. A descendant of her family, Lord Berners, was the translator of Froissart's "Chronicles." It is true that old manuscripts existed, such as the "Venerie de Twyce" of the time of Edward II, but it was Dame Juliana who was the real ancestress of sporting literature in England, for she also composed an essay on hawkling and another on "Fishing With an Angle," the last being of such excellence that Isaac Walton himself did not disdain to take a hint from its pages.

Don't Be a Second Class Man.

You can hardly imagine a boy saying: "I am going to be a second class man. I don't want to be first class and get the good jobs, the high pay. Second class jobs are good enough for me." Such a boy would be regarded as lacking in good sense if not in sanity. You can get to be a second class man, however, by not trying to be a first class one. Thousands do that all the time, so that second class men are a drug on the market, remarks Success.

Second class things are only wanted when first class clothes if you can pay for them, eat first class butter, first class meat and first class bread, or if you don't, you wish you could. Second class men are no more wanted than any other second class commodity. They are taken and used when the better article is scarce or is too high priced for the occasion. For work that really amounts to anything first class men are wanted.

An Explanation.

"I suppose you will be glad to get away from congress and get a little rest."

"My friend," answered the statesman, "you misinterpret the situation. When a man goes to his own state, he has got to look after elections night and day. He goes home to hustle. If he's lucky, he gets to congress, where is a chance to rest."—Washington Star.

Varnish From Seaweed.

A kind of seaweed which is plentiful on the coast of China furnishes an admirable glue and varnish. When dried, it is waterproof, and it is employed to fill up the interstices in bamboo network, of which windows are frequently constructed in that country. It is also utilized to strengthen and varnish paper lanterns.

A Cheerful Proposal.

A Scottish beadle one day led the manse housemaid to the churchyard and, pointing with his finger, stammered:

"My folk lie there, Jenny. Wad ye like to lie there too?"

It was his way of popping the question.

A Composer.

Hoax—I thought you said that man was a musician?

Joax—Nonsense!

"You certainly told me he wrote melodies."

"I told you he was a composer of belirs. He sells soothing syrup."

A Marrying Man.

"Are you a marrying man?" was asked of a somber looking gentleman at a recent reception.

"Yes, sir," was the prompt reply; "I'm a clergyman."

Not Durable.

"Marriages may be made in heaven," he said thoughtfully, "but if so, they're dealing in a cheaper grade of goods up there every year. They don't last anything like the way they used to."—Chicago Post.

A Fair Supposition.

"Who is that man who keeps saying it is always the unexpected that happens?"

"I'm not sure—probably an attache of the weather bureau."—Washington Star.

Not So Brave.

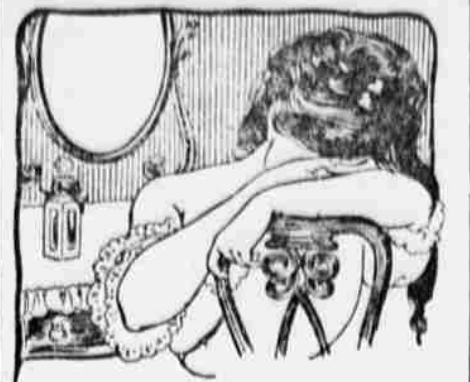
Blobbs—He says he would rather fight than eat.

Slobs—Pugnacious, eh?

Blobbs—No; dyspeptic.—Philadelphia Record.

A bachelor says that love is a combination of diseases—an affection of the heart and an inflammation of the brain.—Chicago News.

Houses in London are sold with or without their "furnishings and fittings."



The Human Lottery

"Ah, if only I were beautiful how happy life would be." Many a forlorn maid has said this as she looked into the mirror. It is the one possession in the lottery of human life which woman would not refuse.

BRADFIELD'S Female Regulator

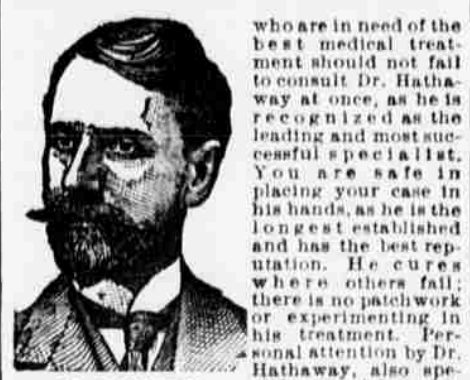
for young girls on the threshold of womanhood is invaluable. When they become weak and languid, the eyes dull, aching head, feet and hands cold, appetite gone or abnormal, obstructed periods and painful menses, and their systems generally run down, they need a tonic, building up and their blood cleansed.

Bradfield's Female Regulator for women is particularly valuable and useful owing to its tonic properties and as a regulator of the menstrual flows. Painful, obstructed and suppressed menstruation is permanently relieved and all diseases peculiar to her genital organs are cured by it.

Regulator clears the complexion, brightens the eye, sharpens the appetite, removes muddy and blotched conditions of the skin and cures sick headache at once.

Of druggists at \$1.00 per bottle. "Perfect Health for Women" can be had free by sending us your address. THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., ATLANTA, GA.

Men and Women



who are in need of the best medical treatment should not fail to consult Dr. Hathaway at once, as he is recognized as the leading and most successful specialist. You are safe in placing your case in his hands, as he is the longest established and has the best reputation. He cures where others fail; there is no patchwork or experimenting in his treatment. Personal attention by Dr. Hathaway, also special counsel from his associate physicians.

When necessary, which no other office has, if you can not call, write for free booklets and question blanks. Mention your trouble. Everything strictly confidential. J. Newton Hathaway, M. D.

54 Commercial block, Fourth and Nebraska streets. Omaha, Neb.

E. H. Grover
This signature is on every box of the genuine
Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets
the remedy that cures a cold in one day

Omaha Commercial College

ROHRBOUGH BROS., PROPRIETORS.

17th and Douglas Sts.

Courses of Study—Regular Business, Combined, Preparatory, Normal, Shorthand, Typewriting, Telegraphy, Penmanship, Pen-Art, Elocution, Oratory and Physical Culture.
Advantages—College Branch, College of Business, Board of Trade, Printing Office, Literary Society, Lecture Course, Law School, Public Entertainments and Athletics.
Work for Board—Any student can work for board.
Catalog—Our new illustrated free to any one. ROHRBOUGH BROS., OMAHA, NEB.

YOU MUST NOT FORGET

That we are constantly growing in the art of making Fine Photos, and our products will always be found to embrace the

Most Artistic Ideas

and Newest Styles in Cards and Finish. We also carry a fine line of Moldings suitable for all kinds of framing.

I. M. MACY.

Supposin'

You want to swap horses, and you notice that the man you're dickering with offers to throw in the saddle. Knowing him to be a man noted for his stinginess you raise up the saddle and find a sore spot. You'll watch that man pretty close after that, won't you? Look out for the stores that always selling you \$20 suits for \$10. You'll find a sore spot in the suit they're trying to sell you, if you'll look. We want your business—but we don't want to buy it by any cheap tricks. We want you to buy goods of us just because you can buy them cheap, and get good goods. And for no other reasons.

Send for our new Fall Catalogues— One for Men and one for Women.

Nebraska Clothing Co

OMAHA



HOMESEEKERS' EXCURSIONS.

On November 5th, and 19th, and December 3rd, and 17th, the Missouri Pacific Railway will sell tickets to certain points in the South, Southeast, and Southwest, at the rate of one fare for the round trip, plus \$2.00. Final return limit 21 days from date of sale.

Fast Time and Superior Through Service. Reclining Chair Cars (seats free). Pullman Buffet Sleeping Cars.

For further information or hand pamphlets, address, W. C. BARNES, T. P. A., Omaha, Neb. H. C. TOWNSEND, C. E. STYLES, G. P. & T. A., A. G. P. & T. A., St. Louis, Mo. Kansas City, Mo.



A NEW FAST TRAIN

Between St. Louis and Kansas City and OKLAHOMA CITY, WICHITA, DENISON, SHERMAN, DALLAS, FORT WORTH

And principal points in Texas and the Southwest. This train is now throughout and is made up of the finest equipment, provided with electric lights and all other modern traveling conveniences. It runs via our new completed

Red River Division.

Every appliance known to modern car building and railroading has been employed in the make-up of this service, including

Cafe Observation Cars.

Under the management of Fred. Harvey. Full information as to rates and all details of a trip via this new route will be cheerfully furnished, upon application, by any representative of the



Fall Term Opens Sept. 1.

Catalog Free.

ROHRBOUGH BROS., PROPRIETORS.

17th and Douglas Sts.