

# TO SEE THE SECRETARY

By Katherine McDonald

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The secretary sat in his office and fumed at the heat. He was born in a Hoosier log cabin and had attended a college of the northwest. He had gone to housekeeping in a little old mossy cottage for which he found it difficult at times to pay \$8 a month rental. Yet at fifty he sat in that noble room whose long windows let in the breeze from the Potomac and framed a view incomparable for the mingling of natural and artificial beauty—sat and fumed at the heat. Williams, the messenger, entered. He was like most negroes, a sort of human barometer, and he never failed to suit his bearing to his master's humor. On this occasion he was obsequious, patient, but bored.

"That woman's still there, boss," he said.

"Didn't I tell you to get rid of her?"

"Yassah; I been tryin', but she's a stayer. Fust time I done like you say—I told her 'Mr. Secretary's engaged.' Tell him I'll wait until he is at liberty," she say, like she de lady of the land herself. Next time I say, 'Beg yo' pardon, madam, for not tellin' yo' sooner, but Mr. Secretary he's out,' and she look up and say, 'Tell him I'll wait until he comes in.' Yassah, she say them identical words."

"What kind of looking woman is she, William—young and saucy?"

"No; she gettin' long 'twas de middle life, sah, and she mighty shabby. Still, I ain't say but she is got a quality eye, and she do hol' her head up mighty."

"Oh, well," said the secretary, with a sigh of resignation, "I'll see her and have it over."

The woman William ushered in was shabby. Not only were her clothes worn and rusty, but they had never been either fine or tasteful. Your lady in temporary straits always has some bit of faded elegance to prove that she has been better days. This woman was clearly the habitual patron of bargain counters when she bought at all.

Still, as William had said, she carried her head high—a noble head, with bold, clear lines and a mass of soft, well kept hair. The secretary arose, and they faced each other for one silent moment, she surveying him with a calm and friendly air, he dazed by the glimmering apparition of a younger and brighter presence which came between them.

"Can this be Laura Camden?" he asked. Her eyes filled at all his tone implied. For an instant her bearing changed—she lost her courage—then she threw up her head, with a defiant laugh.

"This is all that is left of her. And is this Tom Lloyd?" She swept the room with a calculating glance. It was as if she estimated the cost of the massive table and rich chairs. Instantly she turned her eyes back upon the secretary as if to measure him.

"He flushed and rallied.

"Yes; this is Tom Lloyd, the fellow you wouldn't know you know."

"Well," she laughed impudently, then sank into the chair nearest and ran a furtive, appreciative eye over the tapestry covering.

"You married Tucker Barton?" she asked.

"Oh, yes; and he turned out as some one predicted. I took the chance, don't I see? Tucker's widow who neither has nor will she get left?"

"Her young man come no more on self pity, result of grief, or appeal?"

"By Jove," she said, "she's got de old spirit in her still!"

"Can I do anything for you?" he asked.

"Why, yes, if you will. Of course I didn't come merely to call—no to recall. I want a place in one of the departments."

"What kind of a place?"

"I'm not particular," she said coolly. "You know very well I have neither talent nor training. You will have to treat me as if I were a political henchman and find me something which will require neither. I could keep accounts, but I think I should like to be in the library. There is a ladies' room, you know, as well as women attendants."

"But that is such a menial place."

She spread out her hands, brown and knotted and calloused. He drew back in a sort of shame and would have hidden his own had he dared. They were too white and soft and prosperous to lie in full sight on the table before her.

"The wages are small—not more than \$60 or \$75 a month."

"Not more!" She looked at him with glittering eyes. Her voice trembled now and seemed to express want and despair and resentment together. "Tom Lloyd! Sixty dollars a month—every month? That would be riches to me!"

He shrank back in the chair. "Laura," he said, "why have you never come before? You live in Washington, and you might have come. Any time in the last ten years I've been here."

"Oh, yes, I know—Congressman Lloyd, Senator Lloyd, Secretary Lloyd. And I have, as you say, been here all the time. I've wanted to come, but she wouldn't let me."

"She?"

"Laura—Laura Camden, the girl you know. She was always throwing it up to me that things might have been different." She fingered the tassels of the chair, and she dropped her eyes with the timidity of a girl.

"The secretary's heart bent fast. He leaned toward her and spoke softly. "Yes, you might have been the wife of the secretary of the state, Laura," she tossed her head in her old

impudent way and looked straight into his suffused eyes.

"I should not," she said. "If I had married you, Tom Lloyd, you wouldn't have been sitting here today."

"Why not?" he asked, with a sense of offense.

"Oh, because"—she leaned closer—"if you had married me you shouldn't have been a mere secretary at fifty. You would have been president!"

He looked at her and answered with quiet conviction:

"Yes; I should have been president with you to inspire me."

"I should never have done it by inspiration, Tom. I should have kept you at it, and I never would have let you think well of yourself so long as there was another man ahead of you."

She arose, and, taking up her shabby umbrella and imitation leather bag as if to go, she returned to the subject of the appointment.

"Am I to have that place, then—chambermaid or scrubwoman or ladies' attendant, whichever you call it—at the library?" As he hesitated her features seemed to sharpen with anxiety. "Oh, Tom," she pleaded, "if you can get it for me, don't refuse! I have mother to take care of, and she is paralyzed, and there is so little I can do to earn a living!"

She swayed against the table; then, suddenly recovering her pride and courage again, she continued in a tone of calm politeness:

"I am sorry to have troubled you, Mr. Secretary. Of course there are many who appeal to you even on the strength of old and forgotten friendships." She turned toward the door with a certain grace and dignity which brought an indulgent smile to the secretary's lips. He sprang up and stepped quickly in front of her.

"This is not a case of forgotten friendship, Laura. I have never forgotten, never wished to forget, but you can't have that place. It doesn't suit you. There is another opening, one in which you can be of much greater service. I do so want to be president. Won't you undertake to make one of me, Laura?"

She turned her back upon him and clutched the table with her work-marred hands.

"No, Tom; I won't. Don't ask me. If you were poor and all worn out and broken down by life or if we could go back to your youth—"

"Laura, I've always suspected that you regretted that old decision. I've thought a good many times that if I had asked again that next summer at camp meeting you wouldn't have given the same answer." He came around the table and compelled her to face him.

"Would you, Laura?"

"What does it matter now? I married Tucker and managed to conquer my love for you and now—"

"Your love for me! There! I have wanted that admission a good many times in my life, Laura, and I've got it. If you loved me once, you can again."

"Oh, well," she laughed, but her voice trembled, "I should like to see you president, Tom, after all!"

She turned and fled.

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## ERRONEOUS BELIEFS.

### ODD NOTIONS ABOUT ANIMALS THAT ARE BORN OF IGNORANCE.

#### Some Superstitions About Toads and Snakes Explained Away—Nocturnal Animals and Their Eyes—Lambs and Sheep and Their Tails.

It is commonly believed that toads cause warts. This is based upon the following combination of facts: Toads are the only common animals that are naturally covered with wartlike lumps. They eject a clear liquid. This is supposed to do something. Warts appear mysteriously, and no one is able to explain the causes of their coming and going. It is erroneously inferred that they are produced by this wart-bearing nocturnal creature with peculiar habits, upon the basis of the doctrine that "like produces like." The common belief that tadpoles shed their tails has for its origin the facts that while living in water each possesses a swimming tail, but when it metamorphoses into a frog or a toad it becomes tailless. In fact, the tail does not drop off, but it is absorbed and disappears in the body, just as a swelling from a bump on the head disappears. How often do we hear that frogs and toads have fallen with rain, and almost every July we may read accounts of such phenomena. These may have for their basis the fact that during the month of July toads change from the tadpole stage and aquatic habitat to the adult form and terrestrial habitat and then migrate landward in great numbers. They are active only at night or during hot weather, effectually concealing themselves in the most common places during the daytime. However, when a rain falls at such a time they appear by thousands, as if by magic, and give the impression of having fallen with rain.

There are doubtless more superstitions concerning snakes than any other creatures. This arises in part from the traditions of the form of the original tempter and in part from the fact that but a few persons are willing to calmly observe serpents for themselves and learn the truth directly. We have met persons who believe that all snakes are venomous. This doubtless comes from the old Roman rule, "Ab uno disce omnes." How prevalent is the belief that horse hairs turn to snakes! There is no other foundation for this error than the resemblance of the so-called hairsnake (geordius) to a common horsehair. Snakes are often supposed to charm birds, but the fact is that the feathered songsters are paralyzed by fright when they suddenly see the reptiles at close proximity.

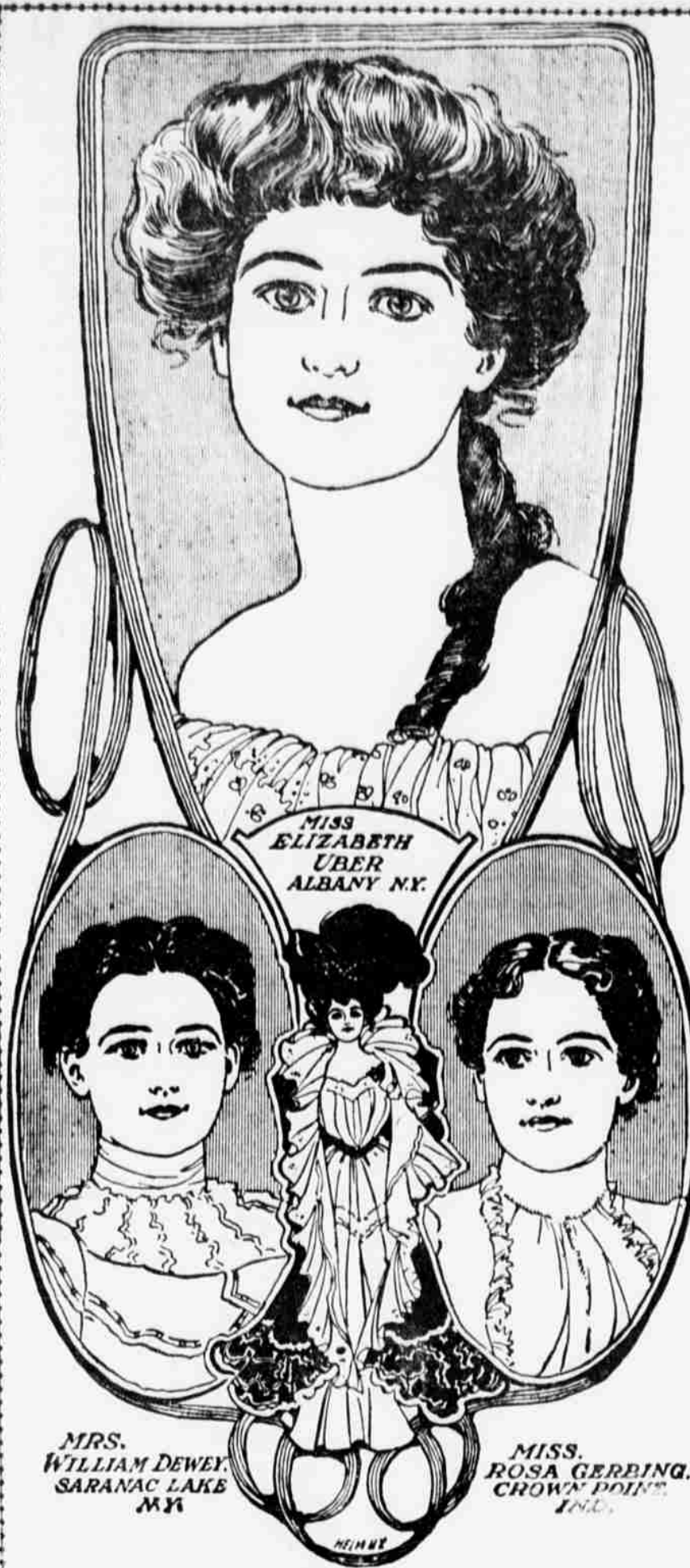
The common erroneous belief that snakes sting or bite by means of their tongues may come from the Scriptural quotation, "It stings like an adder." The supposition that snakes bite themselves and die is doubtless based upon the actions of certain species, like the hog-nosed adder, which when teased will act as though dead, and sometimes find protection in this very common thought that snakes "bite" or are active until paralyzed. This arises from the prolonged activity of the caudal nerve centers, which may continue for a longer or shorter period owing to temperature and other conditions. Many persons believe that there is a glass snake or joint snake, which may be broken to fragments when struck, but can rejoin itself and live. This may come from the fact that a certain lizard (Ophiurosaurus ventralis) loses its tail, and while the body escapes the caudal member wiggles and attracts the attention of the pursuer.

The erroneous idea that turtles breathe under water, as do fishes, is derived from the observations of their having remained submerged for some hours. But this is made possible by their lung capacity, their limited need of oxygen compared with that of warm-blooded animals and their ability to store oxygen in their tissues and use it as needed.

Both species of American cuckoos (genus *Coccyzus*) build nests, contrary to the popular belief. The error comes from the fact that the European cuckoo (genus *Cuculus*) builds no nests, but is parasitic, laying its eggs in the nests of other birds, as does our cowbird (genus *Molothrus*). The old idea that "a sight of the oriole cures jaundice" doubtless is connected with the yellow color of the bird and the homeopathic doctrine "Similia similibus curantur" (like cures like).

Most persons believe that owls, cats and other nocturnal animals can see in absolute darkness. This error arises from the fact that in these animals the pupil of the eye is very large or dilatible, and in subdued or very feeble light they can see much better than can man. One can readily demonstrate the fallacy of the supposition by taking an owl or other nocturnal animal into a perfectly dark room, as we have done, and touching it with the hand. It does not move, even though it be an autumal animal. Cats and other nocturnal animals are erroneously thought to emit light from their eyes because when looking toward the light the crystalline lens of the eye produces a glaring reflection. The ideas that swans sing when dying and moles open their eyes at the time of death are handed down from the writings of Pliny and represent ignorance of the facts of zoology.

We were once seriously asked by a teacher, "At what age do the little lambs' tails drop off?" He had accurately observed that the tails of the lambs are long, while those of the old sheep are short, and he had obtained a false idea, which is, however, prevalent. Of course he was shocked to learn that sheep rascals amputate the tails to prevent the soiling of the wool.—Forest and Stream.



BEAUTIFUL WOMEN WHO USE PE-RU-NA.

### MEALS BY WHOLESALE.

Extensive Kitchen Arrangements of the Modern Hotel are on the first basement floor. There is a chef, but so far as I could see he does not cook. He is simply a captain of the seventy-five other cooks, who work in three relays of twenty-five each. There is no range, but a solid bank of broilers—immense griddles, beneath which are the fires that never die. As for the 400 loaves of bread and 8,000 rolls required daily, the chef does not worry his mind over the patent cutters and mixers and ovens and staff of bakers needed to supply the simple item of bread of concern himself with the quality of the 1,100 pounds of butter that are each day required to go with it.

I must not forget the item of eggs. Eighteen thousand are required every twenty-four hours. Boiled eggs do not get overdone. They are boiled by clockwork. A perforated dipper containing the eggs drops down into the water. The dipper's clockwork is set to the second, and when that final second has expired the little dipper jumps up out of the water, and the eggs are ready for delivery. There are men who do nothing else but fill and watch and empty these dancing dippers, and it seemed to me great fun.

On another part of this floor is the dishwashing, where great galvanized baskets lower the pieces into various solutions of potash and clean rinsing water, all so burning hot that the dishes dry instantly without wiping. Sixty-five thousand pieces of china-ware are cleaned in a day and an almost equal quantity of silver. All told, there are 300 employees in the kitchen departments of this huge living machine.—Albert Bigelow Paine in World's Work.

**Incredible.**  
An Irish harvester found himself in a small Scottish town. At the gasworks he saw a gasometer for the first time in his life and stopped a countryman who was passing to ask, "What's that big round thing there standing on end?"

The Scotchman scratched his head and replied, "A dinna ken."  
"Get out with you," said the Irishman; "you never saw a dinner can as big as that in your life."

**Every Mother Knows**  
how hard it is to keep the children covered up at night. They will kick the quilts off and take cold. No kick give them medicine containing opium. Allen's Lung Balsam, free from narcotic drugs, is never more useful than when it rids the children of cold and saves the mothers anxiety. It makes a friend of everyone who uses it.

**Not a Minute to Lose**  
if you are wet and feel chilled to the bone, after a tramp through a storm. Get into dry clothes at once and warm

your insides with a teaspoonful of Perry Davis' Painkiller, in hot water with a little sugar. Thus you will avoid a cold, and, possibly, a long sickness. The precaution is worth while. There is but one painkiller—Perry Davis'.

**Life Saved by Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy.**  
B. L. Hyer, a well known cooper of this town, says he believes Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy saved his life last summer. He had been sick for a month with what the doctors call bilious dysentery, and could get nothing to do him any good until he tried this remedy. It gave him immediate relief," says B. T. Little, merchant, Hancock, Md. For sale by Kiesau Drug Co.

**Manner-Vine Tablets.** The nerve tonic for men and women. Build up the system and make you feel bright and cheerful. For sale by Kiesau Drug Co.

For a bilious attack, take Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets and a quick cure is certain. For sale by Kiesau Drug Co.

**Stomach Trouble.**  
"I have been troubled with my stomach for the past four years," says D. L. Beach, of Clover Nook Farm, Greenfield, Mass. "A few days ago I was induced to buy a box of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. I have taken part of them and feel a great deal better." If you have any trouble with your stomach try a box of these tablets. You are certain to be pleased with the result. Price 25 cents. For sale by Kiesau Drug Co.

**To Cure a Cold in One Day**  
Take Laxative-Bromo-Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

When you feel constipated, have sour stomach or biliousness, try Berg's Sweet Laxative Chips. They do the work. 10 and 25 cents. For sale by Kiesau Drug Co.

**A Remarkable Record.**  
Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has a remarkable record. It has been in use for over thirty years, during which time many million bottles have been sold and used. It has long been the standard and main reliance in the treatment of croup in thousands of homes, yet during all this time no case has ever been reported to the manufacturers in which it failed to effect a cure. When given as soon as the child becomes hoarse or even as soon as the croupy cough appears, it will prevent the attack. It is pleasant to take, many children like it. It contains no opium or other harmful substance and may be given as confidently to a baby as to an adult. For sale by Kiesau Drug Co.

**The Pleasure of Eating.**  
Persons suffering from indigestion, dyspepsia or other stomach trouble will find that Kodol Dyspepsia Cure digests what you eat and makes the

## HEALTHY WOMEN

### Praise Pe-ru-na as a Cure and Preventative of Catarrhal Disorders.

Miss Elizabeth Uber, No. 67 Bassett street, Albany, N. Y., writes:

"I have always dreaded the fall and winter because of my extreme liability to catch cold, when catarrhal trouble would quickly develop through my entire system which it would take weeks to drive away. I am thankful to say that since I have taken Peruna, I do not have any reason to dread this any more. Last fall when I suffered with my old trouble I took Peruna and in nine days was completely cured and since that time, if I have been at all exposed to the damp, wet or cold weather, I take a dose or two of Peruna and it throws out any hint of sickness from my system. I gladly endorse it."—Miss Elizabeth Uber.

Mrs. Wm. Dewey, Saranac Lake, N. Y., is second cousin of Admiral Dewey. In a recent letter she says:

"Peruna is the most valuable of any remedy that I have ever used for coughs, colds, etc. I cheerfully recommend it as a certain cure if used according to directions."—Mrs. Wm. Dewey.

Miss Rosa Gerbing, a popular society woman of Crown Point, Ind., writes:

"Last winter I took a long drive in the country, and being too thinly clad I caught a bad cold which settled on my lungs, and which I could not seem to shake off. I had heard of a great deal of Peruna for colds and catarrh and I bought a bottle to try. I am pleased that I did for it brought speedy relief. It only took two bottles and I consider this money well spent."

"You have a firm friend in me, and I not only advise its use to my friends, but have purchased several bottles to give to those without the means to buy, and have never exceeded without exception that it has brought about a speedy cure wherever it has been used."—Miss Rosa Gerbing.

To neglect a cold is to invite chronic catarrh. As soon as anyone discovers the first symptoms of catching cold he should at once begin the use of Peruna according to directions on the bottle, and the cold is sure to pass away without leaving any bad effects.

Unless this is done the cold is almost sure to end in the second stage of catarrh which is unking so many lives miserable. If Peruna was taken every time one has a cold or cough chronic catarrh would be practically an unknown disease.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

**Owes His Life to a Neighbor's Kindness.**  
Mr. D. P. Dougherty, well known throughout Mercer and Sumner counties, W. Va., most likely owes his life to the kindness of a neighbor. He was almost hopelessly afflicted with diarrhoea, was attended by two physicians who gave him little, if any, relief, when a neighbor bearing of his serious condition brought him a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, which cured him in less than twenty-four hours. For sale by Kiesau Drug Co.

How are your kidneys? It is dangerous to delay when the kidneys are sick. Kidney-tills are the most wonderful cure for all kidney and back-ache complaints. Try them. 25 cents. For sale by Kiesau Drug Co.

**LADIES CAN WEAR SHOES**  
one size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. It makes tight or new shoes feel easy; gives instant relief to corns and bunions. It is the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Cures and prevents swollen feet, blisters, callous and sore spots. Allen's Foot-Ease is a certain cure for aching, hot, aching feet. At all druggists and shoe stores. For large size FREE by mail. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

**NOW READY**  
The Many Adventures of

**FOXY GRANDPA**  
Including all the merry pictures contained in the two volumes, entitled "Adventures of Foxy Grandpa" and "Further Adventures of Foxy Grandpa."  
Mr. Schultze said to me one day at lunch: "What do you think of a series of comic drawings dealing with a grandfather and his two grandsons?"  
"Let the grandpa be a clever one of the trio. In most of the other cases the young folk have been smarter than the old people upon whom they played their jokes. Let's reverse it."  
The next morning he came to my office with sketches for half a dozen series, and with the name "Foxy Grandpa" in his hand.  
The success of the series in the New York Herald was instantaneous, for who has not heard of "Foxy Grandpa" and "Bunny?"  
The jolly old gentleman, dear to grown people as well as children, might almost be called the Mr. Pickwick of comic pictures.  
EDWARD MARSHALL.  
To Grandpa's Who Are And To Those Who Are To Be, I Solely Dedicate This Book.  
"BUNNY."  
Sent postage paid on receipt of ONE DOLLAR in currency or postal order; no checks received.  
L. R. HAMESLEY CO.  
49 Wall Street, New York.