# An Experiment

By R. PEMBERTON SLADE

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When I was surgeon on board the Allemania, making trips between Bremen and Philadelphia, as I was taking my constitutional one afternoon on the upper deck a lady sitting in a steamer chair accosted me.

"I believe you are the ship's medical man," she said.

"I am," I responded, raising my cap.

"If you will kindly sit by me I will tell you of an operation I am thinking of having performed."

I dropped in the vacant chair beside her, and she began.

"My eyes are a natural freak," she said. "You will perceive that my right eye is black and my left is steel color. I, being a woman, am very sensitive to my personal appearance. Now, I wish to talk with you of the feasibility of making my eyes the same color."

"That is impossible," I said decidedly.

"Why?"

"Why—why, because it is impossible."

"I have thought much of the matter and have conceived a plan by which I think it can be done."

"You? Do you know anything about surgery of the eye?"

"Not professionally."

"Then why do you aspire to suggest a process that an educated oculist would not even consider?"

"Because I believe it is possible."

Thinking the woman might be insane, I looked her in both eyes—for the eye is a telltale on insanity—but could see no indications as to what I suspected.

"Very well," I said. "What is your process?"

"I propose to tattoo my gray eye with India ink."

I was at first disposed to smile at the idea, but it soon occurred to me that if the India ink could be placed beneath the surface of the cornea, as it may be tattooed under the skin—Nonsense! Does not the pupil contract and dilate? When much contracted it would leave a ring of the original color.

"My dear young lady," I said, "your scheme is preposterous."

"Nevertheless I shall try it."

"And lose your eye."

"That is my only fear. But I have decided to take the risk."

Finding it impossible to dissuade her or induce her even to wait till she reached port, where she could be knocked out of her crazy idea by an oculist, in order to save her from the probable consequences of her experiment I said:

"The cornea of the eye is not sensitive. Indeed, it is really a casing to the eye, something like an onion. Now, I would suggest, since you will not listen to reason, that I tattoo some harmless fluid of the proper color on the eye as near as possible to the pupil. True, it will soon be absorbed, but it will be a test to guide us as to whether it will be safe to repeat the operation with a durable filling."

"How long will this experimental fluid remain?" asked the lady.

"Several days perhaps, possibly longer."

"The very thing! Will you perform the operation?"

"Not unless you refuse to promise that you will not do it yourself."

"I certainly shall do it myself unless you consent to do it for me."

"Well, then, whenever you are ready come to my office."

The lady did not come to me till the day before we were due in port. It seemed absurd to attend to a matter about which there was not the slightest necessity for haste, and I made a strenuous attempt to persuade her to defer the operation till after she had landed. But she resolutely persisted in her intention to perform it herself before a glass if I declined, and, knowing that this, especially on a rolling ship, might result in the loss of the eye, I finally gave in.

Taking a lot of needles, I tied them into a bundle, dipped them into a harmless vegetable preparation and tapped the eye with their points ever so lightly. This I kept up till the surface to be covered was so nearly of the hue of the other eye that the difference could not be easily detected.

The next day when the lady went ashore she was profuse in her thanks and volunteered to advise me of the success of the experiment. I told her I should be interested to hear it, though, to tell the truth, I never expected to hear from her again, regarding her one of those many cranks who appear to be perfectly sane, but in whose makeup some screw is loose.

A couple of weeks later I received a letter, the handwriting of which was not familiar to me. Indeed, it bore evidence of having been disguised. It read:

My Dear Doctor—I am happy to report to you that the experiment was admirably successful. The tattoo lasted about ten days, which was all that was required. The customs officers had a description of me, their attention having been especially directed to my one gray and one black eye. They were watching very carefully when I descended the gangplank and spotted me for everything except the eyes. Thanks to you I got $50,000 worth of diamonds through duty free. Your fee by express.

The letter was unsigned. The next day I received a package containing a fine diamond, which I had mounted for a solitaire stud.

After that I refused any request of a passenger unless I understood the reason for its asking.

### The Professional View.

An English physician of whom many stories are in circulation may not be as unsympathetic as a recent anecdote seems to make him. He is a specialist on all sorts of mental disturbances and the fits, spasms and convulsions which sometimes accompany them. One of his patients, a most excitable person, if suddenly alarmed or distressed, would fall into a curious comatose state from which she could not be roused until the effect of the shock had passed. The physician had been summoned again and again, but it always happened that he was away from home at the time, and before he arrived on the scene of action the patient had recovered. At last one night he was summoned and arrived at the house while the woman was still unconscious. He hurried upstairs and into the room where she was lying on the couch. He looked at her and an expression of interest overspread his face.

"Now, this," he said in his most cheerful tone—"this is something like!"

### Whistler's Ways.

It was Whistler's custom when drowsy to go deliberately to sleep no matter where or what the circumstances might be. At one dinner party his gentle snore suddenly aroused his neighbor, who nudged him violently with his elbow. "I say, Whistler," he protested excitedly, "you must not sleep here."

"Leave me alone!" snapped Whistler. "I've said all I wanted to. I've no interest at all in what you and your friends have to say."

One evening he was my guest at dinner at a hotel. Edwin A. Abbey was also there. Right after dinner Whistler went calmly to sleep. On the way to the theater he enjoyed another nap in the cab and he slumbered peacefully through the greater part of the play. The next morning he blandly asked me "What did Abbey have to say last night? Anything worth while?"—Century.

### "Charms" in Cornwall.

Cornwall, England, is a county of "charms." "The passing of children through holes in the earth, rocks or trees, once an established rite, is still practiced in various parts of Cornwall," wrote Thomas Q. Couch about fifty years ago. "With us boils are cured by creeping on the hands and knees beneath a bramble which has grown into the soil at both ends. Children afflicted with hernia are still passed through a slit in an ash sapling before sunrise, fasting, a female [illegible] slit portions are bound up [illegible] unite so the malady is cured. The ash is indeed a tree of many virtues. Venomous reptiles are never known to rest under its shadow, and a single blow from an ash stick is instant death to an adder. Struck by a twig of any other tree the reptile is said to retain marks of life until the sun goes down."

### Halley's Comet.

A French scientist declares that Halley's comet was known to the authors of the Talmud long before Halley came into existence. This French scientist quotes from the Talmud: "Two wise men of Palestine, Gamliel and Joshua, made a voyage on the sea. The first had brought with him bread to eat. The second one in addition had brought flour. When Gamliel had eat on all his bread he asked him for flour saying to him, 'How didst thou know we should be so long on our journey that thou didst bring flour?' To which Joshua did answer: 'There is a very bright star which appeareth every seventy years and which deceiveth mariners. I have thought that perchance it might surprise us during our voyage and lead us astray and thus prolong our voyage on the sea hence it is that I have provided myself with flour.'"

### The Falkland Islands.

The Falkland islands are among the least known and most out of the way corners of the widely scattered British empire. They form a sort of British suburb of the south pole, some 500 miles from the antarctic end of America, Cape Horn. A former governor of the Falkland islands, the late Sir William Robinson, used to say that he would have committed suicide while there if he could have found a tree tall enough to hang himself on.—London Standard.

### How Like a Man!

Mrs. Nockoodle—Oh, Norris, if you would always be as good and gentle and kind as you are at this moment how happy we might be! Mr. Nockoodle (losing his temper instantly and bellowing at the top of his voice)—Do you mean to say, madam, that I am not always as good and kind as I am at this moment?

### Outdone.

Jones—Yes, sir; that boy of mine is a wonderful piano player. Why, he can play with his toes! Brown—How old is he? Jones—Fifteen. Brown—I've got a boy at home who can play with his toes, and he is only one year old.

### Liquidizing.

"Dry work this speechmaking."

"Well, I've drunk in every word you've said."

"Ah! Making a draft of my speech?"—Lippincott's.

### A Pioneer Shipment.

The first shipment of wheat from Chicago via the lakes was made in 1838. The shipment consisted of seventy-eight bushels.

**Provide for the worst; the best will save itself.**

# THAT MONKEY WRENCH

By ELSIE B. MATTESON

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This bit of heroism was an actual occurrence.

Molly Tryne was born to the clicking of telegraph keys. Her father was an agent at a station on the O. B. and G. railroad, and from the time Molly was five years old nothing delighted her so much as to sit in his lap and with her little hand under his on the key send messages. Then when she knew they were real messages that were being sent she would be delighted.

"Now, dear," he would say after sending an order for a train to come on, "you've ordered up '17,' and she'll be here in ten minutes, or when the hand of the clock stands there."

Sure enough, when the hand pointed to the designated figure the train would steam up to the station.

As Molly grew older her father taught her the Morse alphabet and when one day she sent a message all by herself her pleasure knew no bounds. She continued to practice and to learn, and by the time she was fourteen she was of great assistance to her father.

A year later Tryne fell ill and died. Molly was by this time so well versed in telegraphy that the managers of the railroad continued temporarily her father's salary to her mother, Molly selling tickets, operating the wires and acting as dispatcher. Of course she could not go to school, but, being ambitious to learn, she studied at home, which meant in the ticket and telegraph office. One night she had her books before her studying when, hearing a rap on the window, she looked up and saw the ugly face of a man.

"What do you want?" she asked, her heart leaping up into her throat.

"Open the window!"

Molly sat still, not knowing what to do. As to opening the window, she had no thought of that.

"Open the window or I'll kill you!"

Molly sat looking at him. She may have been paralyzed by fear. Any way, she made no move to throw up the sash.

The man smashed a pane of glass with his fist and put his arm through the opening to unloosen the catch but not finding it or because he didn't know how it worked he concluded to try to effect an entrance in another way. Molly heard his steps as he went around to the door which opened on the other side of the station. Running from the office, she was at the door before him and locked it. Then she ran back to her clicker and called for help.

In a few moments she had caught a station where a freight train had just pulled in and told the operator there that a man was trying to break into her office. She had hardly got her message through and received word that help would be sent at once when the man appeared again at the window.

And now Molly rose to the occasion like a true heroine. On her desk was a little nickel plated monkey wrench glistening from all the world like the polished barrel of a pistol. Seizing it and aiming it at the robber she called out:

"If you don't go away I'll shoot you!"

The man didn't go away but he drew back, and from his walking around the station Molly knew that he was trying to find another entrance. Meanwhile she clicked an inquiry as to what had been done for her relief and was told that the engine of the train that had come in had been detached and was coming to her assistance as fast as steam would drive it with several armed men aboard. It had left several minutes before and since it could get over a mile in a minute it should be there in six or seven minutes.

Presently Molly heard its rattle, and the robber probably heard it, too, though not as quick as Molly, who was eagerly expecting it. Besides he was on the wrong side of the station to hear it. Consequently when the locomotive pulled up he had barely a minute's start. Leaping from the cab one of the men sought Molly while the rest sought the robber. They caught sight of him running in company with two other men and, calling on them to halt, fired a shot after them to enforce the order. Every one of the fugitives was captured. Then those who had come to save the little operator assembled to hear her story. When she came to the monkey wrench that had served for a pistol they were lost in wonder. Taking the robbers back to the station the railroad men had come from, the story was told and was telegraphed all along the line. The next day trainmen and passengers, when they passed the station if they stopped, must see the little girl who had stood off a robber, and if they did not stop crowded the windows and platforms, waving congratulations.

But a more substantial honor, or, rather, a reward, came from the president of the company. He sent an order that Molly report at the main office. She obeyed the order, and when the timid looking slip of a girl was paraded through the various departments all the employees arose and craned their necks to get sight of her. Then she was taken into the president's room.

He told her that her mother would be given a pension and that she would be sent to school. He dismissed her with a fat check.

### The Air Brake.

To forget the inventions of the hour is an impossibility. They are before one at every turn, and many of them contain potentialities vast and much discussed. For that very reason it is well occasionally to contemplate some invention of the past which works unremittingly and inconspicuously for the welfare of mankind. Consider the air brake. How many when they take a journey by rail ever take thought of the device which stands ready to insure safety from possible accidents? All are so used to sibilant noise below the cars that they never consider its portentousness. Yet by this application of the power of compressed air tens of thousands of lives have been preserved and railroad travel has been made more expeditious. All this is arrant truism, not a word of it but what has been said scores of times before. But we like to dwell upon the air brake as one of those typical inventions which are doing their work faithfully and humbly while recent creations get the glory and applause.—Collier's.

### Hongkong the Luxurious.

Hongkong, with its luxurious hotels, its princely clubs, its rich and influential banks, housed in splendidly constructed and beautifully designed buildings, its shipyards and graving docks able to care for the largest vessels, its miles of warehouses bursting with wealth, its yellow sailed fleets laden with silks, tea, sugar and precious porcelains, its commerce almost as great as that of New York, its botanic gardens hung amid delightful villas overlooking a harbor that is a city in itself and that floats 10,000 sails, Hongkong, with its wonderful temples of ornate teak roofs, its idols of a hundred sects, its French cathedral, its forts, garrison and naval life, its Happy Valley race course—all at the end of white man's civilization. Supreme from the peak on which it rests, in well bred aloofness it looks askance at sordid Asia, whence it sprung.—W. J. Aylward in Harper's Magazine.

### How "Thon" Would Work.

"Thon" is the word which has been suggested for use as an English pronoun of common gender, a luxury which the English language has thus far had the fortitude to forego. It was considered suitable for English because it came from the Greek. Its use may be illustrated as follows:

If a parent desires to spank thon (this or her as the case may be) child thon (the or she) should take thon (him, her or it) across thon's knee. Then thon should remove thon's slipper and after explaining to the child the reprehensibility of thon's conduct thon should apply the slipper to that portion of thon's anatomy which from time immemorial has been dedicated to that purpose.

It may easily be seen from the above how "thon" effects great clarification.—Lippincott's.

### In Praise of the Eskimos.

Commander Peary in the narrative describing his discovery of the north pole devotes a very long chapter to the Eskimos, with whom he has had intimate dealings for eighteen years. He tells us that though they are savages they are not savage, that though they are without government they are not lawless, that though they are uneducated they exhibit a remarkable degree of intelligence. He assures us that they have no religion, yet he describes them as destitute of vice and ready to share their last meal with the hungry. He thinks it would be impossible to Christianize them, but they already possess the cardinal graces of faith, hope and charity, for "without them they could never survive the six months' night and the other rigors of their home."

### The Greatest Historian.

By common consent the greatest of all historians is Thucydides, the Greek contemporary of Pericles and author of the history of the Peloponnesian war. One of the greatest tributes that can be paid to him is that, according to the estimate of a very able critic, we have a more exact account of a long and eventful period by Thucydides than we have of any period in modern history, equally long and eventful, and yet all this is compressed into a single volume. For concise, vigorous and yet intense presentation Thucydides has never been equaled. He is easily the king of historians.—New York American.

### It Did.

"Do you know anything, doctor," said Mrs. Finnikin, "that will put a little color into my cheeks? I am so dreadfully pale."

"Well, madam," replied Dr. Blunt, "perhaps if I tell you that you have a hole in your stocking about the size of a quarter it may have the desired effect."

### Just Talking.

Stella—I hear that Lizzie is talking of getting married again. Bella—I didn't know that she had been married once yet. Stella—She isn't. I said she was talking of it again.

### Warned.

"She told me that I might hope."

"Better look out! I've known girls to say that when they intended to accept a chap."—Puck.

### The Cavity.

Cholly—The dentist told me I had a large cavity that needed filling. Ethel—Did he recommend any special course of study?

**Diversity of opinion proves that things are only what we think them.—Emerson.**

# A Legend

By SUSAN YOUNG PORTER

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In the year A. D. 875 at a maying party in Suffold county, England, a young Saxon yeoman saw a girl dancing with others about a Maypole. So graceful was she, her eyes were so blue, her hair, glistening in the sunlight and tossed about with every step, was so fair, so happy was her smile, so melodious her laughter, that the young man was enraptured.

John Boylan was a strapping youth who could send an arrow into the core of an apple at 200 yards and had already borne a pike in the cause of his king, Edmond, against the Danes, having been with his sovereign on the fatal day when he was defeated and his reign came to an end. John's father had since died and left him possession of the farm, consisting of 500 acres in land, with many cows, sheep, pigs and other cattle. His mother had died before his father, and he had no brothers or sisters.

And so it was that when John saw the graceful Ethelreda dancing about the Maypole he bethought himself how happy he would be if he might take her home to live with him. Straight way he went to her father and said to him:

"I wish your daughter to wife. I have my own farm and cattle, but I have no one to milk the cows or to keep me company when I have done my work or to have a care of my estate when I have gone into the forest to hunt or am called upon by my lord to do battle. I therefore pray you to give me your daughter."

So the father, knowing of John's wealth, called his daughter and, pointing to the young man who was at the time leaning on his bow, said to her:

"This man has his own farm and his cows and his sheep and his pigs, but he has no wife to milk the cows or have a care of the sheep or feed his pigs when he is in the forest hunting or doing service in war for his suzerain. Therefore he has asked me for you to be his wife, and you will get ready for the wedding."

Ethelreda knew this to be a command and any command from her father she would not think of disobeying. She cast only one shy glance at John when the word wife was spoken, and seeing the tall, well formed young man looking kindly upon her, she gave him her heart at once and went away to begin her preparations for the wedding.

It was but a few weeks after this that a bridal party of which John and Ethelreda were the principal figures left the church where they had been married and started for John's home. To reach it they were obliged to pass over a bridge across a small stream called Goldbrook. This they did, making merry the while though when they were halfway over John stopped, and a shudder passed over his stalwart frame. But whatever the cause he conquered it and passed on with the same light step as before.

The wedding was celebrated with feasting and dancing, the singing of minstrels and games, all of which were customary at weddings in that day, after which the bride and groom went back to John's farm.

Never did it appear that a newly married couple would be happier. But they had not been together a week before a band of robbers ran off with the best of John's cows. Then in the summer, during a thunderstorm, the lightning struck the house and well nigh demolished it. In the autumn a snowstorm such as had never been known before in England covered John's sheep and very few came out alive. The next spring a baby was born to the couple, but it died a few hours after its birth and its mother went with it.

Then John went out to Goldbrook stream and cut an inscription on the keystone to this effect:

"In the year of our Lord 870 King Edmond, having been defeated by the Danes, hid in the branches of the oak tree standing close by this bridge. There he remained during the day and at nightfall came down from the tree and hid himself under this bridge over Goldbrook stream. That night a wedding party passed over the bridge. The moon shone down from the heavens. One of the throng espied its rays shining on the king's golden spur, and, going down under the bridge, they saw him crouching there. He was delivered to his enemies, who, leading him to the tree in which he had hidden during the day, filled him full of arrows. His body was borne to Bury St. Edmunds and interred there."

The disconsolate husband, having finished this inscription, wrote beneath it in large letters:

"Cursed Be the Wedding Party That Passes This Bridge."

Whether John placed the record of the event on the bridge is not certain. It is there today after ten centuries have passed over it. No part of the curse is to be seen. It has been handed down by tradition.

Certain it is that no wedding party will cross Goldbrook bridge, preferring to go by a circuitous route.

Standing in the center of an open field, on the spot where grew the tree in which King Edmund too refuge, is an obelisk erected to his memory.

England is full of these old traditions, many of them like this handed down from a period antedating the conquest by William I., which gave them their present sovereign.

### The Sting of a Bee.

An eastern fable tells of a potentate who demanded that there should be brought to him the stings of a thousand bees killed because one of their colony had dared commit lese majesty by stinging the hand of royalty. When they were brought in a tiny golden thimble the king was so amazed to find that a thousand of the hypodermic points made such a little mass that he issued a manifesto to the effect that thereafter no person within the bounds of the kingdom should complain at the sting of a bee. The lesson of the fable is that petty annoyances hurt because they are exaggerated in the mind; that when they are seen in their actual proportions they are so slight as to merit only contempt. How much comfort would come to the majority of persons if they could but see the tiny size of the bee stings that lead them to acts of petulance, words of anger, expressions of reproach. The bee sting annoyances have caused lifelong breaches of friendship. They have broken up families and caused anger and resentment to take the place of love and fealty.—Baltimore American.

### The Mississippi of Streets.

A street is like a river, with its human current carrying all manner of drift between its banks of residences or shops on either side. And if this simile be appropriate then New York's Broadway is the Mississippi of streets. Probably no other avenue in the world presents so many contrasts in the flotsam and jetsam it carries from Harlem to the Battery. Every type of humanity—uprooted saplings from farms and orchards, proud hulled craft in silks and satins—may be described in the surging mass. Banker and bootblack, the swaggering swell and the draggled derelict, walk shoulder to shoulder—rush, rather, for Broadway is a maelstrom, the embodiment of New York's bustle and hurry, the place where nothing can stand still. Richard Harding Davis once said that everybody "seems to be trying to reach the bank to have a check cashed before 3 o'clock."—George Seibel in Pittsburg Gazette-Times.

### Queer Collateral.

"Here is a fact as strange as it is true," said an Egyptologist. "Mummies in ancient Egypt were used chiefly as collateral.

"When an Egyptian wanted to borrow he gave his father's or grandfather's mummy as security. Sometimes, if he required a large sum, he gave his father and both grandfathers, and he would even throw in the mummy of his mother-in-law if she fortunately happened to be in a mummified state.

"Joking aside," the Egyptologist continued, "what I tell you is the truth. An Egyptian was not permitted to borrow without pledging the mummy of some near relative. It was deemed in Egypt both impious and infamous not to redeem so sacred a pledge as that and he who died with a family mummy still in pawn was himself buried in unconsecrated ground."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

### The Postage Stamp.

Consider the postage stamp. It says nothing regarding the difficulty of the task assigned to it but by dint of close application it usually gets there, also it delivers the goods.

Again, if one isn't enough to carry the thing through two or more by working harmoniously together see the thing to a finish.

No matter if the (mail) matter be weighty it puts a good face (of Washington) on it and goes directly to the point. It gets licked and stamped upon, and men besmirch its fair features and oftimes give it more to carry than the (postal) union allows. But, in spite of all this, it sticks unflinchingly to the matter in hand by virtue of the fact that it knows that it has good backing.

Its stick-to-it-ivity is worthy of emulation by you.—Judge's Library.

### Water Colors.

Water color painting was gradually raised from the hard, dry style of the eighteenth century to its present brilliancy by the efforts of Nicholson, Copley, Sanley and others. The Water Color society's exhibitions began in 1805 and may be said to mark the real beginning of modern water color painting. The great master, if not creator, of the art was the celebrated Turner, of whom we read so much in the works of John Ruskin.—Exchange.

### How Old They Were.

"I see you employ a number of old men."

"I do."

"How old are they?"

"Too old to be interested in canoeing or mandolins or race horses or girls or tennis. That makes them fine for work."—Washington Herald.

### Rather.

The subjoined item appeared in a French newspaper:

"There was found in the river this morning the body of a soldier cut to pieces and sewed up in a sack. The circumstances seem to preclude any suspicion of suicide."

### Customs and Habits.

Our customs and habits are like the ruts in roads. The wheels of life settle into them, and we jog along through the mire because it is too much trouble to get out of them.

### Why She Didn't.

**New Employer—But why did you leave your last mistress? New Maid—Eliyeas! Did you expect me t' bring her along wid me?—Cleveland Leader.**