

A Doctor's Story

By WILLIAM CHANDLER

One of my patients was a Miss Young, an orphan whose uncle had called on me to visit her.

I attended Miss Young for some time during which I not only made no head way in improving her condition, but lost ground. I noticed that whenever I called the nurse was in the sick room and never left it during my visit. One day while I was with the patient having asked the nurse to get me something from the bathroom adjoining and she was absent a few seconds Miss Young's face suddenly assumed a pained expression, and she whispered in my ear, "She's killing me. She had barely time to say this and resume her usual expression when the nurse returned."

Of course I gave no sign to Miss Hazard, the nurse, of what had been communicated to me, but I saw at once that something must be done to free my patient from her ministrations. I called up Mr. Van Orden, the uncle, and told him over the phone that I was not satisfied with his niece's nurse and would not be responsible for her any longer unless she were replaced by another of my own choosing. I received no definite reply, but before my next visit was informed that since the patient had not gained under my treatment he had decided to call in another physician. My services would no longer be required.

Putting together what my patient had told me and my dismissal at attempting to get rid of the nurse, I made up my mind at once that something was wrong. But I dared not act without more information and resolved to proceed cautiously. I soon came to the conclusion that I had better act with my superior in the case and call my office assistant to watch the house and discover who had succeeded me. She reported that a recent graduate Dr. Vernon had called at the house and I had made an appointment to meet him on the following day.

Vernon, possessing the knowledge I had a great advantage, since I was not known to him, and he could thus take the steps to make more discoveries. We arranged that I should make a call on him who the patient was and secure such other information as was possible. Vernon was to be the doctor by way of investigation in the afternoon. I learned that Miss Young was an heiress and that her uncle was her guardian but she came to be twenty-one years old, when the estate would pass into her own keeping.

Vernon found means to communicate with the patient by installing that nurse get something for him that would require her going to the kitchen and he learned that the medicine was giving her a taste that it should not have. He gave Miss Young a trial, which she concealed under the bed clothes, and when about to take a dose she saw the nurse in the bathroom for a glass of water. While she was gone the patient emptied the medicine into the sink, and when the doctor called again he took it away with him.

That evening Vernon and I in my laboratory investigated the contents of the vial and found traces of a slow poison. The secret was out the guardian was killed his ward. In investigations made by Vernon, who was by this time much interested in the case, as well as his patient revealed the fact that with Miss Young out of the way Van Orden would be free to take to her estate.

The question now arose: What should be our next step? Should we inform the victim of this conspiracy of the danger of having the suspicious parties arrested without her knowledge? Vernon said me that his patient was in a nervous condition, bordering on delirium, and recommended that we should without consulting her. To this I assented.

That same morning Van Orden was arrested, and Miss Hazard also taken into custody. A new nurse whom I had selected was ready to take her place and at once entered upon her duties. Vernon and I were in the house at the time of the arrests and entered the sickroom with the new nurse. The patient saw at once that she had been delivered from the tyrant under which she had been slowly dying and greeted us with a smile of supreme relief. Had I not been a married man I should have been disgruntled at seeing the look she gave Vernon, for it was plain that she had given him her heart.

"Oh, doctor," she said to him when she knew all that we thought best to tell her, "how much I owe you!"

"Where do I come in?" I asked.

"And you, too, of course."

Our patient was not told that an attempt had been made to poison her and that her uncle and nurse had been arrested charged with the crime until she had recovered her health. Her recovery was hastened by the special attentions, or rather the devotion of Dr. Vernon, and before she was informed as to what had occurred they were engaged.

Van Orden jumped his bail and disappeared. Miss Hazard's counsel succeeded in having her acquitted because the prosecution failed to prove that she had any motive for the crime. Nevertheless it was known that her motive was a large share of the fortune her employer was trying to secure, or at least a promise of it.

The Chesapeake Bay Dog.

The most remarkable characteristic of the Chesapeake is his retrieving. He has been developed for retrieving ducks, and naturally should be well fitted for that purpose. But it is my firm conviction that he would retrieve a horse if told to do so, bringing it to you in pieces if he couldn't beat it home. The one definite aim in breeding him has been to make the best possible retriever, and if ever a breed's aim succeeded it has succeeded in this instance.

A Chesapeake will fetch anything on earth that is within his physical powers to move or handle. If you take him to the water and do not throw anything in for him to go after he will bring you oysters on his own account. He brings bricks and stones and a prize winner and just about to leave us for the happy hunting ground, he will bring his teeth down to state, like an old bear's teeth carrying hard objects. Almost any Chesapeake will show the same condition of mouth. Calling

Men Who Wear Feathers

Among the strange tribes of men about whom little is known are the Chamacoos of the region about the upper Paraguay river.

Although the Chamacoos wear but little clothing they excel in the art of making personal adornments from the feathers of birds. Their country abounds with birds of the most beautiful plumage, including parrots, toucans and trogons, whose feathers are dazzling in color; rheas with grizzly plumage, musk ducks of a glossy black color, egrets with feathers of pure white and spoonbills of a delicate pink hue.

All this wealth of color and graceful plumage is combined by the Chamacoos in a most artistic manner. Some of these savages walk their forest glades in colors more brilliant, if less ample than any woman's dressmaker could produce. — Washington Star

Reconnoitered

We observe that our friend has had cold in his head and of course we will find exactly how to cure it. From his pocket he takes a large memorandum book and enters our prescription, or "bill of fare" for the day. There he signs a rubber band about the book, snuggles and smiles happily.

We observe to him that we are glad our prescriptions for a cure have made him so happy.

"It isn't that," he says. "Since I got this cold I have written down every sure cure recommended, and when ever the cold gets so bad I feel as though I couldn't stand it another day. I read over all the cures and think how much better it is to have the cold than to endure all the remedies." — Judge

Spring Flows on Holidays

In a plente ground in the Passaic valley there is a spring that flows only on Sundays and holidays. It used to flow always. Herbert E. Horton, in the proceedings of the Connecticut Society of Civil Engineers, explains this strange performance. When the great silk mummies sprang up in the Passaic valley numerous artesian wells were bored into the red sandstone, pumps drawn out so much water that it now normally stands below the level of the spring outlet, but on Sundays and holidays the pumps are not working the water rises above the level of the spring and this flows again.

Helping Uncle

She came down to the drawing room to meet her special young man with a crown of her pretty face.

"John," she said, "father saw you this morning and he has a new idea for you. He has a large bundle."

John flushed. Then he said in a low voice:

"Yes, that is true. I was taking the package some of my old clothes. You see, he and his wife are frightened half to death."

"Oh John, forgive me," exclaimed the young girl. "How terrible could you be!"

Exchange

Expert Samois

The women of Samoa often fish in the sea without nets, baits or hooks. They simply wade into the water and form themselves into a ring. The fishes being so plentiful, they are almost sure to have imprisoned some in the ring. These women are very quick and active, and every time they catch a fish with their hands they simply throw it alive into the basket on their back.

Considerate

Have you ever done anything to make the world happier? asked the solemn looking person with the unbarbered hair.

"Sure," answered the jolly man with the double chin. "I was once invited to sing in public and declined."

Out of the Mouths of Babies

"My grandpa had a perplexity at the other day," said small Dorothy.

"Perplexity?" asked Edward.

"You mean a paralytic stroke, don't you?" — Buffalo News

Touched

I suppose you were touched when your wife gave you that fifty dollar easy chair for your den.

"I was touched before she gave it." — Boston Transcript

Jade of Burma

The world's principal jade mine is in Burma where the privilege of mining the stone has been in possession of one Indian tribe for many generations.

The Old Year Out and the New Year In

By EDITH V. ROSS

The celebration of New Year's day in New York has necessarily changed with the people who celebrate it. It was transplanted to New Amsterdam from Holland when a few houses clustered about the fort and every person in the village knew every other person. This was a fit community for making calls. When the people of New York had grown from hundreds to millions the custom broke down of its own weight.

How far back dates the custom of seeing the old year out and the new year in is not known. Certain it is that one night in New Amsterdam—Dec. 31, Hendrick, the watch, after calling the hour "Twelve o'clock and all's well," turned to walk to the next corner to repeat the announcement, when he saw the hoofs of Killian van Ganshack in a blaze of illumination from fifty-a-dozen wax candles. He came with the great iron knocker, and he saw a number of Dutch girls in many petticoats and young men in many pairs of breeches—raising-pew mugs to drink in Holland gin to St. Nicholas, the patron saint of the town, "May he grant us a prosperous year!"

"What means this invasion of the night when all good citizens should be sound asleep in bed?" he cried. "Dispel!"

The moment it was noticed that the intruder upon the festivities was the watch every light was blown out and there was a scattering of the revelers. Bolts were shot, and in a few minutes the rooms on the ground floor were locked and the great front door was barred.

At that time Katrina Van Ganshack, at a marriageable age, and her father had decided to wed her to old Derrick Beekman more than twice as old as she. Her mother was dead, and she had been brought up under the wing of her aunt, Anneke Ten Eyck, a spinster of fifty. During the last days of the year Katrina and her father drew Beekman into a side room for the purpose of arranging the settlement he was to make upon her, and to appoint a day for the wedding.

Katrina was not only opposed to marrying old Beekman, but had a lover, a young waiter, Tom Broek, and the young couple were at their wits' end to find a way to defeat Anneke Ten Eyck's plan for marrying Katrina to Beekman. During the evening of the old year celebration, Katrina stood at the door listening to the arrangements that were being made to dispose of her. The moment the company were gone and the lights were put out she turned the key on her aunt and Beekman and led her father, who was feeble, up to his room and out him to bed.

A loud knocking came from below, but as the only persons in the house, except the couple locked in below, were Katrina and her father, and the latter was deaf as the stone steps in front of the house, their ability to get out depended solely on Katrina. When she had seen her father in bed and well covered, especially about the ears, she went out, closing the door behind her, and descended to the room where the prisoners were still hammering to be freed.

"Who's there?" asked the mix, pre-tending ignorance.

"Your Aunt Anneke. Let me out at once."

"Yes, Meinheer Beekman is in here with me."

"Oh, auntie, what a talk this will be!"

"No scandal at all unless you blab."

"My keeping the secret will do no good. Van and Meinheer Beekman must be married."

"Nonsense! There's no need of the matter getting out."

"I don't want to marry Meinheer Beekman, and I do want to marry Wouter Ten Broek."

There was no reply to this for some time. Evidently the parties within were consulting as to what it was best to do. Whether the woman refused to marry the man, or the man refused to marry the woman was never known. At any rate, after a conference the aunt returned to the attack, or rather, persuasion, telling her niece of the advantages she would enjoy as the wife of Meinheer Beekman, who was the largest dealer in pelts in New Amsterdam.

But Katrina was not to be persuaded, and her aunt was at last obliged to consent to her terms. No written pledge was required, for Katrina used only to tell the story to set the tongues of the town wagging about her aunt and Meinheer Beekman.

As soon as an agreement was reached Katrina unlocked the door, and Meinheer Beekman, taking down the bars to the front door, stole away in the darkness. The next day the betrothal of Katrina and Wouter Ten Broek was announced.

Katrina kept the secret till after her aunt had been a dead some years, then told it to her daughter, who was about to be married. The daughter handed it down, and it is preserved in the archives of the family to this very day.

However, the story does not prove that the Dutchmen of New Amsterdam were in the habit of seeing the old year out and the new year in, else the watch would not have broken up the party.

WEATHER AND THE SCHOOL.

Cold, Calm and Clear Days Show the Pupils at Their Best.

Teaching children is not the easiest thing in the world. It presents a problem complicated by many and diverse factors. Some of these are only now beginning to be properly appreciated. One such is the influence of weather conditions.

Investigation has shown that the state of the weather has a marked effect both on the children's conduct and on their mental and physical powers. This was first clearly brought out a few years ago by an American psychologist, Professor E. G. Dexter, whose researches still are among the most exhaustive and informing that have been made in this novel field of inquiry.

Professor Dexter, studying conditions in the schools of cities at sea level, like New York, Boston and Philadelphia, and of others at high altitudes, found that in the former the pupils were best behaved on cold, calm and clear days. Muggy days were productive of the greatest unruliness, a marked tendency to misbehavior was also noted on hot days and on windy ones.

In high altitude schools, such as those of the city of Denver, where dampness is seldom in evidence, windy days were found to have the most disastrous effect on conduct. Cold, calm and clear days were again the days of best behavior.

With respect to working ability the same results were observed. Both mental and physical tasks were best performed on cold, calm and clear days. — H. Addington Bruce in New York Globe

MADE OF THE SPEAKER.

Ancient Emblem Used in the House of Representatives.

In one respect the house of representatives surprises the senate in dignity. The senate has no mace. Now a mace is not much in the way of furniture. It is a silver eagle mounted upon a staff around which are bands of silver.

This mace is always an emblem of the house of representatives. It is the duty of an employee to look after it just before a session of the house begins. He takes it from the office of the sergeant at arms into the house chamber, and as soon as the speaker's call falls he inserts it in a socket in a stone pillar at the right of the speaker's chair. The mace remains there while the house is in session and is taken out and stood beside its pedestal when the house is in committee of the whole. When the house adjourns the mace is carried back to the office of the sergeant at arms.

This ancient emblem has not a thing to do with the order of business of the house save as one of the old time regulations that are continued. When the house is turbulent an officer seizes the mace and walks through the aisles. Only once or twice when the speaker failed to preserve order, said a Washington correspondent, I have seen an officer seize the mace and walk through the house, setting it backward and forward. Possibly the sight of it brought numbers in their senses and they returned to their seats. At all events that is about the only real use for the mace that I ever have observed.

What a Toad Enjoys.

There are few things more amusing than to watch a toad submitting to the operations of a back-scratching. He will at first look somewhat suspiciously at the twig which you are advancing toward him, but after two or three passes down his back his manner becomes a marked change. His eyes close with an expression of infinite contentment, he utters a low chirping sound, and his body swells out to nearly double its ordinary size as if to obtain by those means more room for enjoyment.

This he will remain until you make some sudden movement which starts him or until he has had as much petting as he wants when, with a puff of grateful delight he will reduce him self to his usual dimensions and hop away, bent once more on the pleasures of the chase.

Fish in Former Times.

Men of former ages, unless they lived near the sea or a river, had great difficulties in gratifying their taste for fish. The great houses had their fish ponds or stews, but sea fish, such as cod, herring, mackerel, and sprats, were salted, and the excessive consumption of highly salted fish in the middle ages is said to have produced leprosy. Fish was also baked in ples to enable it to be carried for great distances.

A Hint of Plagiarism.

And why do you spurn this child of my brain? asked the disappointed author as he received his manuscript back.

"Because, replied the editor coldly, certain familiar passages it contains led me to suspect that it is an adopted child." — Birmingham Age-Herald.

Different From Her Ma.

He—Why is it that there's never a hitch in this house? She (curtly)—I can't make matches. He—That's strange, your mother could. — Boston Transcript.

Equivocal Sympathy

He I feel nervous, Miss Sibby. My head feels so full! She—Don't worry if your feet feel that way. Mr. Simp. There's nothing in it. — Baltimore American

The harvest of friendship is gathered only by those who have sown the seeds of a kindly purpose and trust.

HER LOVE AND FROGS

By M. QUAD

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The Swamp farm, as it was called, was situated four miles out of Dayton and was owned by the Widow Bliss.

The tin peddler, the sewing machine agent, the book canvasser, the patent right man and many others who came that way saw, admired and were ready to love the owner of the Swamp farm. She admitted to herself that it might be better if she had a good husband, but she had a "nay" for all these men except one. He was a Mr. William Burton. He was a man just about her age and ranked as an old bachelor. Mr. Burton didn't begin as most of the others had. He had the sense to admire the widow without telling her that he admired.

Mr. Burton could talk of soils, crops, swamps, the weather and a hundred other things and never let a hint fall that he intended some day to talk of love and matrimony. The widow generally pitied him for this, and yet she felt a bit piqued.

Mr. Burton was a surveyor, and his duties called him into the neighborhood of the Swamp farm about once a week. He could probably have made it once in two weeks and perhaps once in four, but it's none of our business. Along about Wednesday in every week the widow would look out of the front door and see Mr. Burton surveying or pretending to. He would look up by accident and see her standing there and would be invited in to drink a glass of fresh buttermilk.

This thing had gone on for a long, long time when he called one day, not to survey her garden, but to sit in the house and talk.

"Widow, I have been coming here a long time," he began.

"And it has tired you out?" she laughed in reply.

"Not a bit. I came today to ask you to be my wife."

"Mr. Burton," replied the widow, "I made up my mind about this marriage question quite a long time ago. I shall marry the man who can tell me how to make money out of my old swamp. When I am sure that he has told me right he may bring in the preacher."

"That old swamp has been a blank spot for fifty years," he said after a time. "By the way, you don't own all the swamp, do you?"

"No. There's twenty-eight acres of it that belong to Mr. Cooper, but he can't do anything more with his part than I can with mine."

Mr. Burton walked down to the edge of the swamp and back again, and then he sat down and took his hat in his hands and thought and thought. By and by he looked up with a bright smile on his face and said:

"Mrs. Bliss, I have got it. I have solved the problem. You are to turn that swamp into a frog farm."

"Frog farm? but whoever heard of such a thing?" she exclaimed.

"Lots of folks have heard of it. There are half a dozen men in this state who are raising frogs for the market and making a heap of money out of it."

"But I never heard of any one selling frogs," persisted the widow. "Would any one in Dayton eat a frog, much less buy one?"

"Not in Dayton," he laughed, "but in New York. They are on the bills of fare at most hotels and restaurants and are considered a great delicacy. They eat only the hind legs."

It was a week later that men and boys called at the Swamp farm with pails and baskets and paper bags.

"When the widow had bought 500 big and little frogs and paid out so much money that she had to let her taxes slip by she went down to the swamp one morning to have a look at her 'five stock'."

Not a frog was in sight this morning, not a big one or a little one. That swamp was absolutely without life.

The widow ran back to the house and arrived there just a minute before Mr. Burton appeared.

"I—I was going to send for you!" she gasped.

"What has happened?" he asked.

"Every frog has disappeared!"

"You don't say?"

"Come along and see for yourself."

He walked along down to the swamp with her, and she heard him chuckling as he walked. Instead of looking over the swamp to see if he could solve the problem he sat down on a log and began to laugh.

"What do you mean, Mr. Burton?" was almost demanded.

"I was to tell you how to make money out of this old swamp."

"Yes, you said you could, but it seems you have only shown me how to lose money instead."

"You are wrong, widow—you are wrong," said Mr. Burton. "You see, there were twenty-eight acres which you didn't own. I bought them. When you had 500 frogs on your side of the swamp I threw a lot of frog food in on my side. Last night your 500 came over the line. They are now my property."

The widow looked at him with mingled amazement and indignation.

"Oh, don't look that way," he laughed. "I am now going to tell you how you may make the money."

"How—how?" she stammered.

"Why, marry the man who owns the 500 frogs!" he replied.

And after about a month she did. She not only made money out of the frog farm, but she got a good husband besides, and that is something that money cannot buy.

The Land of Large Families.

In his article on the winter life of the French Canadians in Harper's Howard E. Smith tells of the extraordinary large families of these simple folk.

"Soon the twilight grew to night, and the large lamp on the table cast its orange glow over the room and the long table filled with steaming dishes. 'You have a large family, madam,' I remarked, as they gathered about the table.

"Oui, monsieur, we are sixteen. It is a good gift to be bon Dieu, n'est-ce pas?" she said, turning toward the cure.

"C'est vrai, mon enfant. It is. There is no better gift than that of another child to his kingdom."

"I could not but remember that the law has—once encouraged large families by passing a bill at Quebec giving ten acres of land to any family having from that time forth twelve or more children, and how in two years the law was repealed because the demand on those ten acre lots was in excess of the supply."

Strawberry Nose.

The most distressing of facial deformities, rhinophyma, which is characterized by a much swollen and rounded tip of the nose, making this look like a huge strawberry or a piece of cauliflower that has been dipped in beet juice, may be cured by a simple operation. Sir William Milligan of the Royal Infirmary, Manchester, England, described this in the London Lancet.

The operation consists in cutting off all the hypertrophied tissue, while the nasal passages are kept extended with absorbent wool in order to preserve their colour. Care is taken to avoid injury to the lateral cartilages; and only two insignificant blood vessels require tying. The raw surface is covered with two thin grafts of skin cut from the patient's thigh, over which a sheet of gold leaf is placed and a dry dressing fastened with adhesive plaster. It should be possible to remove the dressing in five days.

Races Within Races in the Balkans.

Language and religion are not the only basis of the intense subdivision of feeling in the Balkans. The whole region is parcelled out among race fractions, some of which are no larger than a hamlet. It includes Bulgarians, Serbians and Greeks have a sharp consciousness of race persistence, and at the same time every state is intent upon breaking up the race units of other peoples which exist within its borders. If Greeks were peopled only by Greeks and Bulgarians by Bulgarians and Serbians by Serbians, the task would be easier. It is a curse to the peninsula that the villagers have pushed this way and that wherever there was a canard hunt or wherever they could make a penny by diffusing out the precious holders. The result is the creation of race islands in the midst of angry race seas. — Albert Bushnell Hart in Outlook

Making the Insects Speak.

In the biographies of the world there is no message more human and more humorous than the account by M. Fabre of his first interview with Pausanias, who had never seen a cocoon and was astonished that there was anything in it. He concludes the account thus: "Encouraged by the magnificent example of the cocoons rattling in Pausanias' astonished ears, I have made it my rule to adopt the method of ignorance in my investigations into insects. I read very little. Instead of turning the pages of books, an expensive proceeding quite beyond my means, I persist obstinately in interviewing my subject until I succeed in making him speak." — London Spectator.

Limited Perpetual Motion.

Ambrose Fletcher solved the great problem of perpetual motion the other day, after laboring upon it for many years. It is in the shape of a ball with six legs and four regular and useless being propelled by a sort of clockwork mechanism. There is only one drawback to this solution of the old problem. He has to wind the machinery every eight days. There is always something wrong, isn't there? As soon as Ambrose gets it so it will run without winding he will have the problem definitely solved. Brooklyn Eagle

Exactly Alike.

You ought to be pleased with these rolls, George, dear," said the young wife. "They are exactly like those your mother used to make when you were a boy."

"Of course they are," replied George gallantly. "In fact, I thought at first they were the same ones."

And the stupid creature could not understand why Mrs. George burst into tears! — Richmond Times-Dispatch.

The Color of Air.

Pure air is blue in tint because, according to Newton, the molecules of the air have the thickness necessary to reflect blue rays. When the atmosphere is blended with perceptible vapors the diffused light is mixed with a large proportion of white.

A Slight Change.

Slight changes sometimes make a great difference. "Dinner for nothing," would be agreeable for instance; not so "Nothing for dinner."

The Main Question.

A man asks, "Is it durable?" A woman asks, "Is it stylish?" A child asks, "Is it good to eat?" — Judge

Heaven often smiles in mercy, even when the blow is severest. — Ballie.