

**The Story of Waitstill Baxter**

(Continued from page 6, Col. 4)

bargain. The only points in this contract that the deacon really understood were that he was paying only \$5 a month for a house-keeper to whom a judge had offered \$12; that, as he had expected to pay at least \$8, he could get a boy for the remaining \$3, and so he none the worse in pocket; also, that if he could keep his daughters from getting his money, he didn't care a hang who had it, as he hated the whole human race with entire impartiality. If Jane Tillman didn't behave herself he had pleasing visions of converting most of his fortune into cash and having it dropped off the bridge some dark night, when the doctor had given him up and proved to his satisfaction that death would occur in the near future.

All this being harmoniously settled, the deacon drove away and caused the announcement of his immediate marriage to be posted directly below that of Waitstill and Ivory Boynton.

A "spite match," the community in general called the deacon's marriage, and many a man and many a woman, too, regarding the amazing publishing notice in the frame up at the meeting house, felt that in Jane Tillman Deacon Baxter had met his Waterloo.

(Concluded next week.)

**INGENIOUS BOOKKEEPING.**

How Doctors May Have Banks Keep Track of Their Business.

The Medical Record quotes from a writer in the British Medical Journal who suggests that physicians should make banks serve as their bookkeepers. Sir John Collie is the author of this system. His plan is to keep two banking accounts at the same bank.

"The first, No. 1," says the writer, "is his ordinary current account, into which he should pay all the money he receives, whether he has been paid in cash or checks. It is an excellent rule never to spend a penny which has not come to one through his banking account. The physician should never get checks which have been paid to him cashed by the local tradesman. He should never pay his chauffeur with his fees. Every single item received from the physician's practice from one year's end to another should go through his banking account No. 1. If the physician has been tempted to use a five dollar bill which some one has paid him unexpectedly on a round or if he has bought stamps with the money which some patient left at the office, then he should draw a check for the amount, cash it and pay the money into his bank. Thus, and thus only, can he make his banker his bookkeeper.

"If the physician should die suddenly or wish to sell his practice, then, and then only, whether his other business books are kept well or not, the lawyer or the medical agency or the purchaser who wades through his effects will rejoice to find one method of knowing gross receipts and getting some idea of the real intrinsic value of the business and will from the physician's bank book alone tell the total cash receipts from the practice upon which to found the purchase price.

"At the end of every year the books should be balanced, and if the doctor cannot balance them himself or has not the time comparatively small sum which a professional accountant will charge, say \$5 or \$10, will be well repaid."

**DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.**

A Wordless Comedy in Which She Who Tapped Last Tapped Best.

She was pretty, and as she leaned against the counter in the marriage license bureau she carelessly stretched a forearm on the broad surface while she tapped the wood with her fingers. A one carat diamond flashed in a manner to attract attention, which apparently was the purpose sought by the attractive wearer.

Enter a second young woman with her escort.

She was not so pretty nor so richly attired. She also leaned against the counter, while her fiance, a large man and apparently entirely capable, filled out an application blank.

The second woman caught the sound of the tapping and turned to see the flash of the gem.

The first young woman glanced at the face of the last arrival, took a fleeting appraisal of garments and style and continued to tap. The second young woman indolently raised her arm, placed it on the counter and began tapping with her fingers. The first young woman turned in surprise. Then she dropped her arm, her lips became a straight line, and she walked to the desk where her prospective husband was writing.

The second young woman smiled and also let her arm fall to her side. The third finger of the left hand bore a two carat diamond of purest luster.

"And they never said a word," remarked the official in charge of the bureau, who related the story.—Los Angeles Express.

**SORROW.**

Sorrow often softens a hard nature. Some people, because of their own happiness, feel moved to help others, but more people, out of their sorrows, learn to minister to those who need love and kindness, for trouble carries rich gifts under its black cloak.

**A BATH IN AUSTRIA**

It Was Full of Surprises For the Visiting Englishman.

**JOHANN WAS TOO ATTENTIVE.**

The Valet Was Only Doing as He Would Have Done Had His Master, the Prince, Been in the Guest's Place, but It Jarred the Briton's Nerves.

Although I live in England, which is supposed to be the home of aristocratic privilege, says a contributor to Chambers' Journal, I had no true conception of the meaning of the words until I visited some Austrian friends at a great castle some five hours' journey from Vienna.

It was a tropically hot day, and the train was crowded, but when the conductor found that I was going to visit Prince A. he cleared my compartment of passengers and did all he could to make me comfortable. At the little station the peasants stood with bared heads while I made my way to the waiting carriage, and as we rushed through the village hats were raised and the street was cleared for our galloping steeds.

At the castle I was shown to a room in one of the turrets, where I found the jager who had met me at the railway station unpacking my luggage. But the first essential was a bath. He was full of "desolation," but something had gone wrong with the water pipes in the turret, and therefore the bathroom could not be used, but if the high and well born excellency would condescend to use a hip bath he would instantly bring one. The bath was brought and prepared, but the tall jager still remained in the room.

"You can finish the unpacking afterward," I said. "I will ring when I have had my bath."

Johann turned from an open drawer, his face blank with amazement. "But is it not the high and well born excellency that I should wash?" he asked.

The German of the "high and well born excellency" failed him. There was a pause; then, after a repeated declaration that I would ring when I wanted him, Johann left the room clearly under protest. "I shall be outside the door if the high and well born one should need me," he said reproachfully.

I was no more than in the bath when the door opened and the stalwart figure appeared. "Is it not cold water over the back of the high and well born excellency that I should pour?"

"No; certainly not!" The door closed again protestingly.

A few seconds later Johann came into the room with an air of triumph, bearing a large bath towel. "Ah, the splashing is over! Now the high and well born excellency I may be permitted to dry."

But he was not even permitted the high and well born excellency to dry. "What will my prince say?" he said, looking at me in bewilderment. "His serene highness commanded me to show the excellency every attention, and the excellency will allow me to do nothing for him—nothing."

At dinner I sat next to the Princess Karl, the wife of the eldest son, a beautiful Hungarian who possessed all the charm and vivacity of her race. "I'm afraid you are not being properly looked after," she said. "Johann told my husband that you ordered him out of the room."

"But he wanted to wash me," I explained. "He was most attentive, but that was an attention I did not desire."

"Poor Johann!" answered the princess. "He was much upset. He is Karl's special servant and was told to look after you on purpose. You see, he did not understand. He always washes Karl."

I made no attempt to conceal my astonishment, and when I glanced at Prince Karl, a broad shouldered giant, I could not help smiling.

"Why are you amused?" the princess asked.

"It seems so incongruous," I answered. "Prince Karl being washed!"

But I afterward learned that it is the usual custom for the Austrian nobility to be thoroughly well scrubbed in their baths twice a day by their valets and dried afterward with hot towels. They are also dressed by their servants. The driving of poor Johann from my bedroom became a great joke in the family. Prince Karl declared that he had never dressed himself in his life.

"I tried it only once," said one of his brothers, an officer in the Imperial guards, "when my servant was ill and I had to go to a parade. I put all the buttons in the wrong buttonholes and got confined to barracks for a week in consequence."

In the old days the Austrian princes, counts and barons were sovereign lords on their own lands, which they held from the emperor in return for military service. Each of these great nobles held his own court, which was a reflection in miniature of the imperial court, and as it was considered an honor by men of the highest birth to assist at the toilet of the monarch, so it was considered an honor by those of lesser degree to render similar personal service to the great nobles. The dependence of their descendants upon their valets is only the survival of those feudal customs.

**LAGGARD GOLFERS.**

There Is Such a Thing as Being Too Deliberate in a Game.

While carelessness is a bad feature for any golfer to allow to creep into his game, it must not be confused with unnecessarily prolonged deliberation over shots. Too much time in studying shots before playing them is, to my mind, worse than not enough. In other words, neither procrastination nor burrying will bring satisfactory results, but as between the two undue deliberation is worse because it is in the nature of an imposition upon other players. Golf has become so popular a game that the number of players has increased by leaps and bounds; hence a great many clubs have an active playing membership so large that it is a problem how to accommodate all who wish to play, especially on Saturdays and holidays. An unnecessarily slow player can hold back a field and cause more fuming and hard feelings than almost any other factor in play. The same thing applies in open tournaments or championships. Admittedly there are some golfers who are so constituted that they have to go at their play deliberately to do well, but they ought to realize that fact, and, when they see that they are holding others back, courteously let those following "go through."

A great many players who are abnormally deliberate might find by experiment that they could play just as well, if not better, by speeding up a bit. When a golfer spends overmuch time in studying the line of his putt—for example, first viewing it from one side of the hole and then from the other, only to go back and have another look from the first side—he is apt to see undulations or bumps which really would have no influence over the ball's course if utterly disregarded. The imagination gets too much play and the mind has too much time for working up hesitancy and breeding lack of confidence. The best putters, as a rule, size up the situation quickly, then step up and hit the ball.—Francis Outimet in St. Nicholas.

**Odd Contrasts in Climate.**

New York is usually thought of as being directly west from London. It is, however, despite its far more rigorous climate, 900 miles nearer the equator than is the British capital. The bleak coast of Labrador is directly west of London. The same line passes the southern part of Hudson bay and Lake Winnipeg. On the other side of the continent it touches the southern extremity of Alaska and continues through the center of the isthmus of Kamchatka and Siberia and Russia to Homburg.

Another illustration of the unexpected in contrasts is found in a comparison of St. John's, Newfoundland, with Paris. Paris has a winter of comparative mildness, while St. John's is a region of bitter cold and fogs, with drifting icebergs along its coast. Yet St. John's is 100 miles nearer the equator.

**Medical.**

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**Action Better Than Indecision.**  
Sometimes we must simply do the thing we have to do and think about it afterward. Or it may be better not to think about it afterward. Action is the greater solver of doubts, the great key to life's problems. Too much thinking and debating and discussing only confuse the issues.

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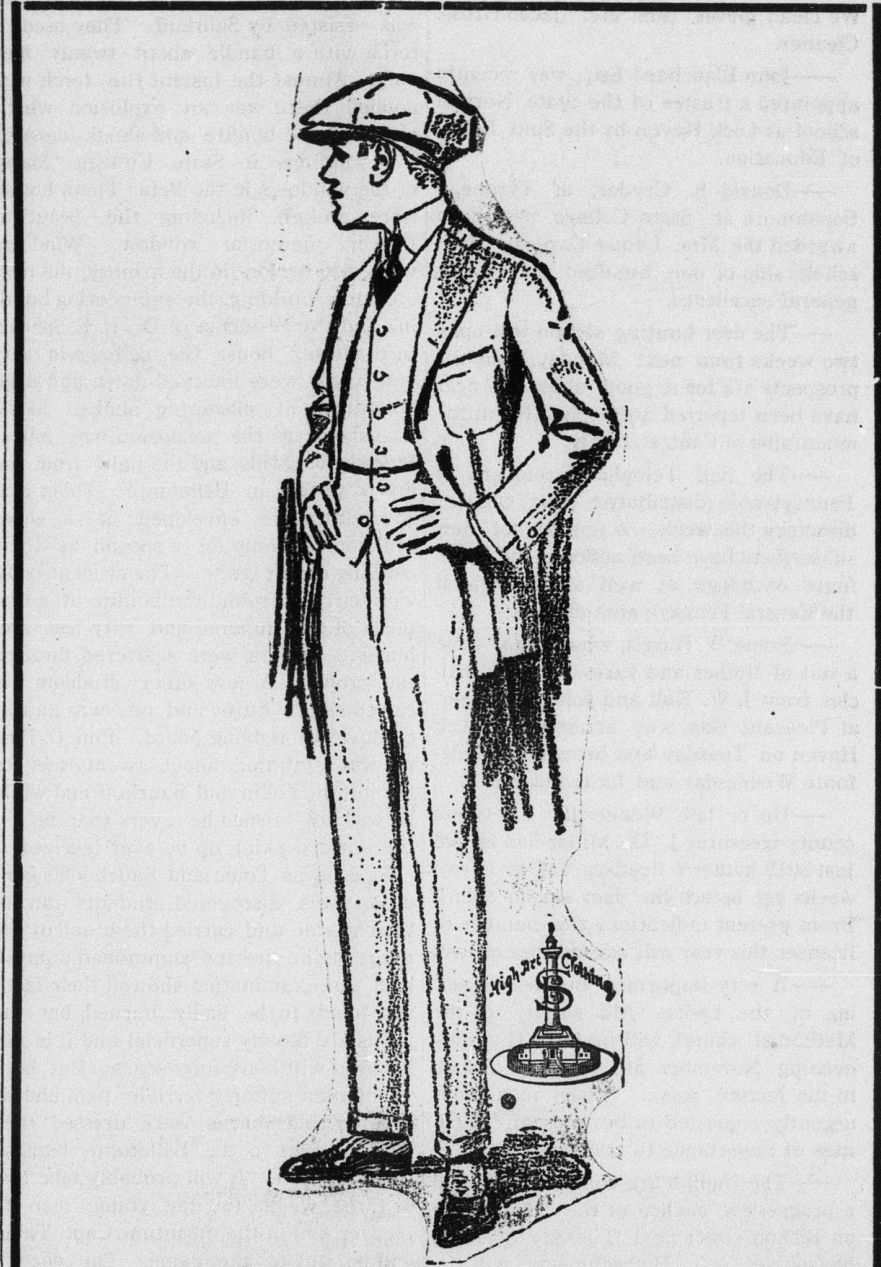
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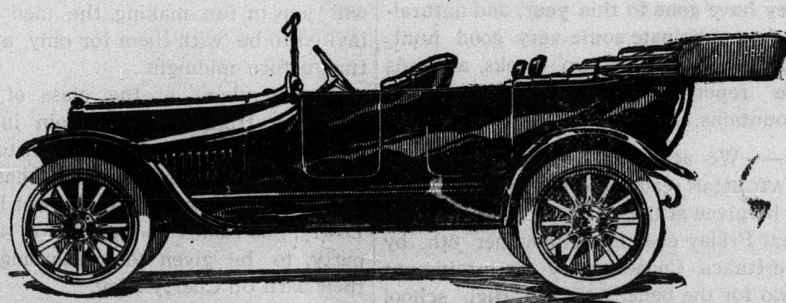
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