

THE PERFECT CURE.

[By Donald Blair.

Mrs. Sargent patted the silk coverlet in a helpless sort of way and followed the physician into the hall, where she faced him with sorrowful eyes.

"Can't you do anything for the girl, doctor?" she whispered.

He shook his head.

"Not without her help, Mrs. Sargent," he said gravely. "If she had the slightest desire to get better—" he paused tentatively.

"That wretched affair with Ralph Dearing—I can speak freely to you, Doctor Lane, because you know all about it! Of course, no one outside of the family knew that they were engaged, and Elsie was saved that humiliation, but the shock of his jilting her and the sudden announcement of his marriage to Barbara Kent were too much for the child's sensitive soul. Who can blame her if she has no desire to live?"

"Pooch—fiddlesticks!" sniffed the bluff doctor, patting Mrs. Sargent on a plump shoulder. "Elsie is young and this is her first love affair—it must not be her last; it is our duty to see to that—yes, yours and mine! Before she grieves herself out of the world, you and I, Mrs. Sargent, must endeavor to create a new interest for her—something to make her want to live forever."

"What can we do?" asked Elsie's mother.

"I have an idea which I will explain later, and now, good afternoon—and don't worry!"

Early the next morning Mrs. Sargent came into Elsie's sickroom with a troubled face.

"Dearie, you are to have a new doctor today," she announced when the nurse had left the room. "Doctor Lane has been called to New York and young Doctor Phelps is taking care of his practice. I hope you don't mind."

Elsie shook her golden head. She didn't mind anything any more—not since that awful day when Ralph had called her on the telephone and nervously announced that he had just married Barbara Kent; that she must not mind; he wasn't worth bothering about, anyway. In view of his behavior this last remark was entirely superfluous, but Elsie did mind. She had just swooned away in the library, and for weeks the doctor and her devoted family had tried to keep her from drifting away into eternity.

"It doesn't matter, mother," she whispered, and turned her face to the wall.

At two o'clock that afternoon Doctor Phelps made his first call at the Sargent's pretty home.

He sat down at the bedside, scanned the nurse's report and nodded approval. Then he lifted Elsie's white little hand and laid his strong, warm fingers on the feeble pulse. Meanwhile he regarded the pale face on the pillow with a queer expression in his cool, gray eyes.

The nurse had taken care that Elsie should look charming. Miss Whelan was middle-aged and still romantic, which might have explained why she had put her patient into her frilliest dressing sacque and her daintiest lace cap. The blue ribbons were no bluer than Elsie's pathetic eyes. The doctor realized that when the dark lashes lifted and disclosed them.

"Feeling better, eh?" breezed Doctor Phelps.

Elsie's eyes widened ever so slightly. She shook her head. "I feel about as usual," she murmured.

She didn't close her eyes again because she was interested in the vision of a tall, broad-shouldered young man, black haired and gray eyed, with sun-tanned face and hands, who was wearing white flannels. A tennis racket was tossed on a chair beside his white felt hat.

"You don't look a bit like a doctor!" she said, to her own amazement.

"You don't look a bit like a sick girl," retorted Doctor Phelps, cheerfully.

Elsie was interested.

"But I am ill," she protested. "I am very, very ill—and you ought to know it, Doctor Phelps," with growing petulance.

"That's the trouble—I don't see much the matter with you, save that you're too tired to sit up and eat a lot of nourishing things—and to go down to the club and hold your reputation in the singles."

Elsie sat up in bed, a rose pink waving in her cheeks. "Tennis singles?" she repeated. "Who is entered for the match? Not Myra Hatfield?"

The doctor nodded. "Miss Hatfield has strong hopes of taking the cup from you. I'm downright sorry, too, Miss Sargent, for they tell me you play a corking game. I'll have to test that heart action."

After he had applied the stethoscope he replaced it in its case and looked very cheerful.

"Heart's all right, Miss Sargent. Don't worry. Miss Hatfield may not carry off the cup after all."

"She wouldn't have a ghost of a chance if I could only get out," was Elsie's confident answer. "When does the match come off, Doctor Phelps? I've lost all track of time."

"Not for eight weeks."

"I wonder—do you think if I am very, very careful that I might be well enough to play?" she asked wistfully.

"Do you want to?"

"Do I?" She smiled adorably.

"Then you can—that's all there is to it. You can do anything you like if you only want to hard enough. Think that over, Miss Sargent."

He held her hand in his warm clasp for a moment, smiled down into her eyes, picked up his hat and racquet and disappeared with the nurse into the hall.

Elsie gazed after him, conscious of an acute pang of jealousy that Myra Hatfield could play tennis with Doctor Phelps while she, the woman champion of her club, had to lie in bed. A sudden terror smote her that she might die after all. She had so earnestly prayed for death in those first horrible days.

"Oh, I don't want to die!" she cried suddenly. And Miss Whelan ran back to hold her hands and assure her that the doctor had promised Mrs. Sargent that Elsie would be running around the garden in a fortnight.

"And you know doctors don't make rash promises, Miss Elsie," admonished Miss Whelan kindly.

"I am so glad," said Elsie quietly. Then, "What is that?" she asked as the purring of a motor fell on the summer air.

"That's the doctor's car. He's going down to the club now," said the nurse as she lifted Elsie to a sitting posture so that she could see the vista of straight road that ran past the house. "You can just see it skimming along now."

Elsie looked eagerly at the small, shining car, was amazed at her sense of relief that the doctor was riding alone, and actually blushed because her heart beat faster at the thought of his coming visit the next day. When the little car had disappeared Elsie laid her head on her ruffled pillow and went to sleep with a smile touching her pink lips. The acute Miss Whelan winked at her own reflection in the mirror.

Mrs. Sargent came in and kissed her child's peaceful face and cried a little on the nurse's broad shoulder. Then she sat down at the bedside while Miss Whelan went out and sent this telegram to Doctor Lane, in New York city:

"Working finely. Don't come home yet!"

The next day Elsie was sitting in the window when the doctor arrived. They talked tennis for half an hour and Elsie declared that she felt worlds better and wanted to talk longer, but the doctor was as wise as he was enthusiastic, and again sporting his tennis flannels, he went on to the club.

Inside of a week Elsie Sargent was downstairs and within the promised fortnight she was rather slowly trying out a new racquet in the tennis court in the Sargent grounds. It was a whole month before Doctor Phelps would permit her to ride down to the clubhouse with him in the shining little car, and he felt quite as triumphant as Elsie at the tennis match when Miss Sargent still held her place as champion.

Mrs. Sargent wept a few tears when she tried to thank Doctor Lane for her child's life.

"Tut—tut—thank Phelps, if he will let you," he interrupted. "I had hopes for him. He is the best fellow in the world, but I hadn't the slightest idea that everything would come out so well and that—well, Flora Sargent," said the doctor, with a sudden tenderness in his tones as he laid his hands on the little widow's shoulders, "if you are truly grateful, promise me one thing."

"Anything you like, Dick."

"Then, if Elsie marries Bert Phelps will you marry me?"

"Yes—she won't need me then."

"Very well, Flora; consider yourself as good as engaged to me!" he said, putting his arm around her. "Look!"

Through the window they saw Elsie and the young doctor walking in the garden below. Suddenly they paused and Elsie looked up into Phelps' compelling eyes.

"See?" asked Doctor Lane tenderly.

"Yes," said Mrs. Sargent contentedly. "The cure is perfect."
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TO MAKE AIRSHIP INVISIBLE

Inventors at Work on Project That Would Seem to Present Some Difficulties.

The newest idea in the construction of aeroplanes, especially for use in war time, is to render them as nearly transparent as possible. To this end studies are now being made of celluloids and other materials which might possibly be utilized as wings, and which would be sufficiently transparent to make them less conspicuous in the sky than are materials now in use.

While the primary object in making aeroplanes transparent is to prevent them from being seen by the enemy, it would have an added advantage in permitting the aviator to see in all directions, and thus render his air scout work more efficient. Several machines have been put into operation within the last three months which are equipped with transparent wings of unflamable celluloid and are almost invisible when a few hundred feet in the air.

A new muffling box has also been devised which serves to still further deaden the sound and thus enables the operator to get close to the enemy without his presence being detected. The substitution of the specially prepared celluloid for the canvas is expected to mark a distinct advance in aeroplane manufacture, although it is as yet too recent a development to have established its reliability.

Matter for Hope.

On a hot afternoon a San Francisco attorney made a hurried effort to get a car. The day and the effort had made him uncomfortably warm, and he missed his object, but not a minister whom he knew. "This is hotter than hades," said the lawyer, thoughtlessly, mopping his brow. The minister looked directly into his eyes, and replied earnestly: "I hope so."

Medical.

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Sooner or later you will be wrong in every organ of your body. It is a well known fact that over ninety-five per cent of all sickness is caused by ailments of the digestive organs. If you have the slightest suspicion that your stomach requires treatment, don't delay a moment. Little ills soon grow into serious ills.

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STREETS THAT ARE CANYONS

Some Thoroughfares of Manhattan Are the Most Highly Congested in the World.

Many of the highly congested streets of lower Manhattan meanwhile have a beauty, or at least an impressiveness, peculiarly their own. It is only when one of these canyons is isolated from its surroundings by a photograph that the effect of mass may be fully appreciated. An effect of startling novelty may be had by standing in the middle of one of these streets and looking directly upward. The perspective from this point of view still further exaggerates their height or rather depth.

In the Middle Ages it was common to build houses with each floor projecting out beyond the line of the floor below until the cornices of the roofs on either side of the street all but touched. The effect of looking skyward from the middle of a modern New York street is much the same. The sun never penetrates to the pavement at the foot of some of these canyons, which are, therefore in perpetual half shadow, like the bottom of a deep well. The population housed in these buildings is doubtless greater in proportion to the street width than in any other city in the world. It has been estimated that if all the occupants of these office buildings were to leave at the same time they would have to stand ten deep in the street in places.

VARIES WITH THE SEASONS

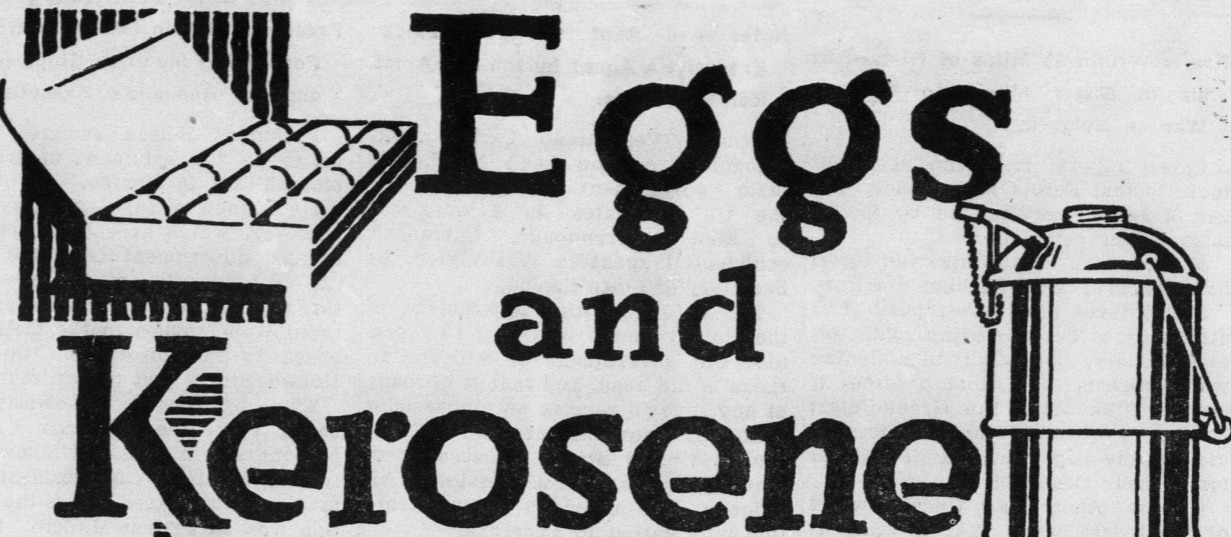
Foliage Colored by Nature to Correspond With the Changes That the Months Bring.

The foliage of summer is generally mature, green, sober. There is a certain warmth and gayety about the leaf-progress of June and early July, and a vast variety in shades, as well, so that any body of trees and shrubs of varying kinds will display anything from the youngest light yellow leaves of the Norway maples to the deep, even green of the horse-chestnuts. Toward the first of August, the leaves are quite or nearly fullgrown, and they have settled down to their real work of elaborating food for the trees that bear them.

My water-color friend, Little, has discovered in this color maturity another confirmation of his theory that there is a sort of color compensation, a chromatic balance, of the seasons. In spring, the air and the ground are cool, though slowly absorbing heat, and the leaves and flowers are warm in hue—there are the really hot colors of the tulips, the yellows of some tree blossoms, and so on. As the season warms, the foliage and flower hues become in general cooler, until in summer we have the deep green of mature leaves, the deep blue of the white-dotted sky, and the blues and whites of the garden. When cooler nights begin to come, the summer foliage is likely to assume hints of brown, the corn takes on the colors of maturity, and we have the decidedly warm-hued chrysanthemums, purple asters, and the like, to compensate. The sharp weather of winter demands all possible heat from nature's color scheme, and we have it in the browned leaf, following the brilliant and not cool hues of autumn, in the cornshock and the bare tree stem, and even in the shadows on the snow.—Countryside Magazine.

RAY-O-LIGHT OIL.

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But how about kerosene? There is good and bad kerosene just the same as eggs. How can you tell the difference? Certainly not by taste or smell. No, nor by price, for you can buy the best kerosene sold at no greater cost than the common kind if you will ask your grocer for

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