

FOILS.

By Oliver Reatrice Muir.

"BUT you don't know Millicent at all when you talk this way, Vance. And it isn't fair to women generally and my friend particularly for you to continue this same old line of argument."

Winifred followed her brother into the room set apart for their fencing encounters and sat down rather dispiritedly upon the edge of a divan.

"Your defense of your friend is very loyal, my dear child," was the grandly patronizing reply, "but it does not invalidate in the least what I have said. A woman practicing medicine is as incongruous as a man trimming hats. Feminine hands were never meant for surgical operations."

"You are prejudiced, Vance," said Winifred, as she listlessly took the foil her brother offered her; "you didn't get a diploma, and I believe you're mad at all creation to think that Millicent succeeded where you failed."

A wave of crimson reeded from Vance Bishop's face, leaving it quite pale. "Must narrowness of vision be added to your shortcomings, Win?" he asked, with an evenness of tone his sister suspected.

"I don't care what you say to me," Winifred retorted; "you've tried to sit on me, more or less, all your life. But it's different with Millicent. She has been here four weeks now, and you are just as stubborn and rude as when she came. And though it has been hard work, with that little cripple sister of hers to support, the kindness of others in a measure helps her to forget the rough parts of her daily routine. But with it all she has seen your dislike of her, your pointed avoidance, your persistent snubs. I only hope she doesn't know the reason. I would rather have her think it was your aversion to her as a woman rather than your dislike of her beloved profession."

"As women practice it," said Vance, imperturbably. "Science, as well as art, is sexless," was Winifred's rejoinder, with an air of superiority.

"It's a tiresome subject, Win. Let's drop it. We always quarrel." And with a smile meant to be conciliatory Vance thrust a face guard into his sister's lap.

But Winifred was in no mood for such summary treatment. This discussion of Millicent was her hobby-horse, and the little animal, once trotted out for riding, pranced grandly at Winifred's slightest spur. Just now Winifred was inclined to curvet and execute possibly a pas seul, so irritable had she become through the persistent coldness her brother had evidenced toward her dearest friend.

It was very tiresome, for the circumstance made matters somewhat awkward whenever an evening gathering of young folks was in order and Millicent could arrange to be one of Oakland's frolicsome set.

Winifred watched her brother make a number of passes in silence. Then she returned to the attack. "Millicent has noticed your ungentlemanly attitude," pursued Winifred, in a tone of injured dignity.

"Has she complained to you?" His sister shot him an indignant glance, was about to retort hotly, changed her mind and maintained a severe silence.

"For if she has," continued Vance, with unmistakable emphasis, "she further proves she is no doctor. Physicians don't talk much, Win. You know that."

"Then it's a good thing you failed to get your diploma," returned his sister, sharply. "See here," said Vance, good-naturedly, "what's the use of losing your temper over this—er—young woman? She—"

When he had just said that and had not managed the horses, I'm afraid." "With alacrity and pleasure," said Winifred, seeing a pleasant finale to what might have been a disagreeable contretemps; "and here is Ned to take my place with you, Vance. I'll be ten minutes dressing, Millicent," and, nodding to her brother's friend, who had thus opportunely appeared, she went out. Millicent followed her.

Ned Price laughed as soon as he was alone with his friend. "The warfare still rages, I see," he observed, as he proceeded to array himself for the fencing bout; "candidly, I think you're an ass, Vance. There is nothing of the 'new woman' about Miss—er—Dr. Millicent Trevor; you must admit that."

"Oh, I admit anything if it dismisses the subject," said Vance, with a shrug of annoyance; "come, I'm ready for a good tilt. Don't put the guard on your foil. It's much more exciting without."

"Exciting? Yes—but—" "But me no buts. Let's see what stuff you're made of this morning."

And, following instructions, as he invariably did with Vance, Ned entered into the fray with his accustomed zest. For a few minutes the young men played with great deliberation, making their thrusts with care, lunging with caution and running no risks.

But presently the heat of contest rose in their veins. Forgetting caution, disregarding the fact that they were playing without guards, Ned made a violent lunge, his foil missed the wide aim he had intended and in an instant had swerved to its resting place in Vance's side.

The young man dropped to the floor with barely a groan. Ned stood gazing stupidly at the prostrate figure. The crimson staining Vance's jacket brought him to his senses. He hurriedly bent over his friend, tearing open his shirt. The wound spouted out its warm, red stream.

"Good heavens! Vance, old fellow, this is awful—I didn't mean—" Vance opened his eyes. "That's all—right—Ned. It doesn't amount to much," he murmured; "Winifred—"

Then he lapsed into unconsciousness. Ned gave a frightened call for help and rushed to the door. Winifred and Millicent, with their outside wraps on, were passing through the hall on their way out.

"What is it? Anything wrong?" demanded Winifred. "Yes, Vance. I'm afraid—I've hurt him—he would play without the guards—there's a wound—"

But Winifred, with a cry, had flown to her brother's side. Her distracted cries pierced the ears of the other two, who had followed her. "Oh! he's dying, he's dying! Millicent, Millicent! can't you do something? Oh, what shall we do?"

Millicent approached quickly but quietly. She knelt and unfastened Vance's cravat. "He is not dead, dear," she said to Winifred; "he has simply fainted. That is natural. He is losing blood while you are talking."

"Tell me what to do and I'll do it. Oh, if he dies—" "In the name of common humanity," interposed Ned, impatiently, "can't you do something?"

"It isn't a case of 'can' or 'will,' Mr. Price," said Millicent, quietly; "it is a case of whether I am to be allowed. I shouldn't care to begin and then find resistance. Mr. Bishop has an antipathy to women physicians. Better send for your physician, Winnie."

"I'll go," said Ned, and hurried out. Winifred turned almost savagely upon her friend. "And in the meantime is he to die? And because you won't help him? Oh, Millicent—"

A sob choked the further utterance of words. Millicent restrained an impulse to laugh. "My dear, I've been holding the wound together. Your brother will not die—at least not from this. If you'll get me some bandages and my box of implements in my room, the bottom bureau drawer—"

"God bless you!" Winifred rose with alacrity, but she paused to say: "You don't think he'll die?" "No, of course not." Winifred vanished. And with her went Millicent's indifference. She glanced hastily around, and upon assuring herself that no one was in the room, she examined the wound with far greater care than she had at first displayed. She listened eagerly to the heart beats. Her whole manner betrayed the keenest anxiety. A look of tenderness her friends had never seen crept into her luminous eyes. She bent over the impassive face with unmistakable yearning, but she drew back quickly as Vance stirred unasily and opened his eyes.

WELSH TONGUE IN AMERICA.

Expectations Are That It Will Go Down Through Passing of Old Promoters.

As far as this country and the Welsh are concerned it looks dark and hopeless. From a quarter to a half century ago there arose a large number of literary men and poets in the United States who served the Welsh newspapers and periodicals well and faithfully. Although some of them could speak English, Welsh and Welsh literature was their pleasure, which they sought, night and day, says Y Drych, of Utica.

That class of Welshmen is passing away, one by one, and none with literary tendencies arises to take their place and continue the progress of Welsh literature. We can say without any doubt that the vast majority of the contributors to the Drych to-day are 40 years of age and upward, and many of the best are over 50. There are but a few young who are treading in the footsteps of the fathers. The vast majority of young Welsh people stand at the dividing line between Welsh and English, and are rapidly going over to the latter, to be separated completely in language and spirit from the civilization of the fathers. And many of the fathers, who are faithful to the Welsh, and earnest in speech in its behalf, are bringing up their children in a manner entirely un-Welsh.

So, the expectations are that Welsh will go down in the United States when the fathers and mothers go the way of all the earth, for a crop of anything cannot be expected where there has been no sowing. Many hope and expect the old language to live by miracle, as it were, by Divine interference in its behalf, without realizing the natural fact that the Welsh must be planted and watered before progress may be expected. The Drych, like Apollo, week after week, continues the watering process, but what has not been planted cannot be watered, for there is no Paul a planting.

More Than Good. "Entre nous," said Miss Ayers, who delights in talking dictionary French, "are you very fond of Mr. Goodhart?" "Well," replied May Brightley, "he's a very good friend of mine."

"Ah! Your bonami?" "Better than that. He's my bonbon ami. He brings me a box every time he calls."—Catholic Standard and Times.

The Arithmetic of Love. Gladys Beautigirl—I insisted last night that Jack and I should count the kisses we exchanged. Maud Askington—What was the result? Gladys Beautigirl—Why, after awhile we disagreed as to whether we were in the sixth or seventh hundred, and we had to begin all over again.—Town Topics.

In a Tight Place. "You look thoughtful to-night, Smith," remarked Brown, as he stretched himself on the bed. "Yes," sighed Smith; "I have just got a note from the landlady." "What does she say?" "She says that I must pay my back board at once, or her daughter will sue me for breach of promise. I'm thinking what I'd better do."—Tit-Bits.

Unlucky Thirteen. She—Do you think there is anything unlucky about the figure 13? He—Do? Why, I bought my wife a rocking-chair on her birthday, which occurred on the 13th of this month; it cost me \$13, and I have already stubbed my toe against it in the dark 13 times.—Yonkers Statesman.

His Mistake. Ethel—He telegraphed his proposal to her. Maude—And did she accept him? Ethel—No; she said that she had no use for a man who would waste his money on telegraph tolls instead of spending it for caramels.—Somerville Journal.

Unlooked-For. He—There's one thing I'm glad of. If anything should happen to me my wife's father would always take care of her. She—But suppose something should happen to your wife's father?—Leslie's Weekly.

Two Different Views. Said a physician to a friend: "Of all the patients I attend, none say my method fails." Replied the friend: "I'm not led to doubt it, for its often said, 'That dead men tell no tales.'"—Chicago Daily News.

THE TEASING THING. He—I have spoken to your mother. She—Have you? And did she accept you?—Aly Sloper.

Vanity, All is Vanity. Mrs. Howler—Asbury, that was a most excellent sermon you preached on "vanity" this morning. Rev. Howler—Well, I think, my dear, that I can flatter myself that there are very few men in this universe who could have done better.—Pack.

Woman's Mental Complexity. "Harriet, you spend ten dollars lavishly, and then economize on a dime." "That's all right, Harry; I feel ten dollars' worth of virtuous complacency over saving the ten cents."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Face Value. "My face is my fortune," she quoted. "It's no crime to be poor," commented her dearest chum.—Philadelphia Times.

Quite Another Story. "Some men hold their age well," remarked the observer of events and things; "but when it comes to holding a baby, that's another story."—Yonkers Statesman.

A Social Shuffle. "George, I can't think of a new menu for our dinner." "Well—have the old menu and some new people."—Detroit Free Press.

WE CAN CHOOSE OUR ENEMIES.

But When It Comes to Choosing Our Friends It Is Somewhat Different.

An open enemy is better than a gossiping friend. The story is told of a man in public life in Washington who once found himself surrounded by a host of self-appointed counselors, continually advising him, "as friends," of many astounding things, which a valid and lifelong intimate, also in public life, was alleged to be doing against him, says the Boston Globe. Bitterness beset the heart of the man when he heard that his friend had turned against him and he grieved.

Strangely enough, the friend was also grieving, for he had received tales which filled his heart with doubt of the loyalty of his lifelong friend. "The dog that will fetch will carry," says the old proverb; and the "friends" who had told tales to one of these men told the same sort to the other. They were politicians, place-seekers, hangers-on, who for their own ends employed gossip, and malicious gossip at that, to keep apart these two men.

But the plan did not work. The two men met, charged each other with coolness and finally learned that they had been the victims of tale-bearers. Then one of them said: "We can choose our enemies, but not our friends," and in saying it he enunciated a truth.

Her Idea of It. He (willing but bashful)—Slow but sure is my motto. She (almost discouraged)—Well, you could not have selected a more appropriate one. You are slow enough, that's sure.—Chicago Daily News.

Misgivings. "That was a very lucid document you prepared," said the friend. "Yes," answered the statesman, dubiously. "I made it so lucid that I am afraid the public will fail to regard it as able and profound."—Washington Star.

A Child's Cry

Pierces the mother's heart like a sword. Often the mother who would do everything for the little one she loves, is utterly impotent to help and finds no help in physicians. That was the case with Mrs. Duncan, whose little one was almost blind with scrofula. But fortunately she was led to use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and so cured the child without resorting to a painful operation.

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"My little daughter became afflicted with scrofula, which affected her eyes," writes Mrs. Agnes L. Duncan, of Mansfield, Sebastian Co., Ark. "She could not bear the light for over a year. We tried to cure her eyes, but nothing did any good. We had our home physician and he advised us to take her to an oculist, as her eyelids would have to be scraped. They had become so thick he thought she would never recover her sight. As there was no one else to whom we could apply my heart sank within me. I went to your 'Common Sense Medical Adviser,' read your treatment on scrofula, getting the properties of medicine that was advised. With five bottles of 'Golden Medical Discovery' I have entirely cured my child.

"Hoping this will be of some use to you and a blessing to other sufferers, with heartfelt thanks, I remain,"

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