#### THE DAY OF THE SPECIALIST.

For each of us some task is planned— Some thing there is that you May do more perfectly than I And far more deftly, too; One doctor treats the ears or eyes, And one the dreaded knife applies— Each has his work to do.

"Tis one man's lot to drive the ox Along the winding trail;"
The scholar might attempt to take The driver's place and fall;
One paints, thus cheating wind and sun, One lays the plaster on and one Drives home the slender nail.

I know one who has never put

I know one who has never put
The world much in his debt;
No art, no science e'er has been
Adorned by him ad yet;
You might conclude, perhaps, that he
Excelled in naught, but you should see
Him roll a cigarette.
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald,

## A Knave of Conscience

By FRANCIS LYNDE.

(Copyright 1900, by Francis Lynde.

CHAPTER XIV .- CONTINUED. Mrs. Raymer smiled. "The mere fact of her having said such a thing

to you ought to be a sufficient answer, I should think."
"I don't see why," Raymer ob-

jected.
"What would you think if Gertrude

did such a thing?"
"Oh, well; that is different. In the first place Gerty wouldn't do it;

"Precisely. And Miss Grierson shouldn't have done it. But if you really want to know why we haven't cultivated her I can tell you. There are a few of us who think she

wouldn't be a pleasant person to know socially."

"But why?" insisted the obtuse one. It was his sister who under-

took to make it plain to him.
"It isn't anything she does, or doesn't do, particularly; it is the atmosphere in which she moves. If it wasn't for her father's money she would be-well, it is rather hard to say just what she would be. But she always makes one think of the bonanza people-the pick and shovel one day and a million the next. I believe she is a frank little savage at heart "

I don't," said Raymer, doggedly. "She may be a bit new and fresh for Wahaska, but she is clever and bright, and honest enough to ignore a social code which makes a virtue of hypocrisy. There isn't one young woman in a thousand who would have had the courage to do it.

"Or the impudence," added Mrs. Raymer, when her son had left the room. "I do hope Edward isn't going to let that girl come between him and Charlett". him and Charlotte."

Gertrude laughed. "I should say there was room for a regiment to march between them as it is. Char-Notte has been home a week now and he hasn't been over yet."

"But he is going over to dinner with us to-morrow," amended Mrs. Raymer, complacently. "He prom-

ised me yesterday." Gertrude was arranging the centerpiece for the dinner table, and when she spoke again it was of another

"Did you know Mrs. Holcomb has

Tound a boarder at last?"
"No; who is he?"

"A young man who has been sick the St. James for two or three weeks. He is from New York, I believe she said; but she didn't have time to find out much about him. He had a relapse last night; and today, when she sent for Dr. Farnham, be was delirious."

"Dear me! That will be hard for

Martha. What is his name?"
"Kenneth Griswold. She says "Kenneth Griswold. is an author, but I don't recall the name in any of our reading."
"Nor I," said Mrs. Raymer. "Poor

Martha! We must go over and see
If there is anything we can do."

### CHAPTER XV.

When Margery entered her father's private office after her small triumph at Raymer's expense, her plan of campaign had taken a more definite shape. The president was busy at his desk, but he turned to say: "Want to see me, Maggie?" And when she nodded, he reached for his check-book.

"No, it isn't money this time. Has Mr. Raymer an account with you?"

"Is it an accommodation to you?" Grierson's laugh was of contempt. "Hardly. The shoe's on the other

"You mean that he has borrowed from you?"

"Not yet, but he wants to."

"What for?" "To enlarge his plant. He's like

all the other fools; ain't content to "Are you going to stake him?"
Margery waged relentless war with her inclination to lapse into the

speech of the mining camps, but she still stumbled now and then

"I guess not; I've never had much

"Why haven't you?"
"Oh, I don't know; it's a standoff. He hasn't much use for me. I offered to incorporate his outfit for him six months ago, and told him I'd take 51 per cent. of the stock myself; but he wouldn't talk about it."

Margery's laugh might have meant anything from applause to derision. "How singular! But now he willing to let you help him?"

"Not that way. He wants to horrow money of the bank and give a mortgage on the plant. enough, but I don't believe I'll do it."
"But I want you to do it."

"The dickens you do! Say, little girl, do you know you're carrying things with a pretty high hand?"
"I haven't made you lose any money yet, have I?"
"No, I guess not."
"Well, I'm not going to begin now. Lend him what he wants; you say the security is good."
"I'll be hanged if I can see what

"I'll be hanged if I can see what you're driving at."

"You don't have to see," she said. imperturbably. "But I don't mind telling you. His mother and sister have gone out of their way to put me down."

Grierson's laugh was a guffaw.
"That won't work a little bit,
Maggie."

Why won't it?"

"Because he ain't the man to go to his women when he gets into trouble. They'll go on bluffing you just

She looked at him through narrowing eyelids. "You know a good deal, poppa mine, but you don't know everything. Mr. Raymer's interest in the iron works is only onefourth. The other three-fourths belong to Mrs. Raymer and Gertrude."

The magnate nodded intelligence, and made a memorandum. "I savez; I'll break the syndicate for you."

"You will do nothing of the kind. You'll let Mr. Raymer get into deep water, and then, when I say the word, you'll pull him out."

"The mischief I will! Do you know how much he wants to borrow?

"No, and I don't care. The more the better." Jasper Grierson thought about it for a moment. Then he made a

check-mark against the memorandum on the calendar pad. "All right; go ahead, but you'll have to keep tab yourself, and say when. I can't be bethered keeping the run of your society tea parties."

"I don't want you to. Don't be late to dinner to-night. The Rodneys are coming." When she was gone Jasper Grier-

son tilted back in the pivot-chair and lighted a cigar. After a bit his reflections found voice. I believe she thought "By jing!

she was fooling me! But it's too thin. I suppose she does want to make the women kowtow, but that isn't all there is to it, by a jugful. All the same, I'll back her to win."

Accordingly, when Mr. Edward Raymer came out of the banker's office the next morning he was tread-ing upon air, and in his mind's eye there was a picture of a great in-dustry to be builded upon the extension of credit promised by Jasper

CHAPTER XVI.

Griswold had landed in Wahaska on the day following his flight from St. Louis, too ill to care much about anything. But he was sane enough to find a bank, to rent a safety deinto it before he resigned himself to



"BUT I WANT YOU TO DO IT."

the inevitable, allowing himself to be put to bed in his room at the St. James, with hot water bottles at his feet and a bag of chopped ice on his head.

For a fortnight he hung tremulous on the verge of collapse, and was kept from tumbling in only by a just horror of being seriously At the end of the fortnight hotel. he made shift to go out and find a boarding place; and the effort, coupled with the conviction that he might safely trust himself in the hands of motherly Mrs. Holcomb, pushed him over the verge.

Here Dr. Farnham found him toss ing in delirium, and his verdict was

promptly pronounced.
"Typhoid-malaria, Mrs. Holcomb; and a relapse, at that. What are you going to do with him?"
"What should I do but take care

of him?" said the motherly one. "You can't do it alone; it's woman's job."

"Then we must get a man. There's Sven Oleson; he's out of work. The doctor smiled. "Nobody but

you would ever think of making a nurse out of that great, overgrown child. But maybe he'll do. I'll hunt him up and send him over. Where did you say this young man hails from?

"New York, he says."
"Humph! that's odd. I should say he has been soaking himself full of malaria in the Yazoo swamps. But how about the expenses? Has he

money?" Plenty, I think. He paid a month in advance, and when he went to bed he told me where to find his pocketbook."

"Poor fellow! I guess he was glad enough to find somebody he could trust. Well, we'll do what we can for him, and I'll send Sven."

So it came about that the mild-eyed Swede was installed as Griswold's nurse. Luckily Oleson understood but little English, and the sick as they could, and bore each other man's ravings about the bank rob-

"The dickens you do! Say, little bery meant nothing to him; but Dr. Farnham heard them and wondered. Curiously enough a small thing satisfied the wonder, and that was the mention made by Mrs. Holcomb of

mention made by Mrs. Holcomb of his patient's calling.
"H—m; an author, is he? That accounts for his harping so continually upon that bank robbery story. t's a part of his plot."

It was the first of May when Gris-

wold took possession of Mrs. Hol-comb's spare bedroom; and it was a full month later when Dr. Farnham pronounced him out of danger and in a fair way to recover if he took care of himself.

During the weeks of convalescence he met many of Mrs. Holcomb's friends and neighbors, and among them the Raymers. The mother and daughter came with dainties for the widow's invalid; and later on they brought Edward, who was bookish enough in his leisure moments to be interested in one who was even

a potential writer of books.
That acquaintance ripen That acquaintance ripened into friendship, and Griswold's first outing was a ride in Raymer's buggy to the iron works.

Here the two young men met upon new common ground. Raymer was. or he meant to be, a model employ-er; and when he found that the convalescent was an enthusiastic stu-dent of the vexed problem of master and man, he unbosomed himself

freely.
"I've been enlarging, as you see," he explained. "But when I get on my feet and out of debt I'm going to try a plan my father had in mind -profit-sharing with the men."

"Good," said Griswold. "I wish I might be in it with you. I'd like to flail that out with you when I'm fit."
"So you shall, but not yet." They

"No indeed; I feel better for it." "Are you equal to an evening out?" "I guess so, if it's sufficiently mild.

"It'll be mild enough. You know we have a magnate here, Mr. Jasper Grierson?'

Yes, I've heard of him." "Well, he has a daughter, and this is her 'evening.' I'm commanded to produce you as soon as you're able.' "I'll go, though I shan't know anyone but your mother and Miss Ger-

trude." Raymer laughed, and then blushed. "They won't be there. That is— Oh pshaw! I suppose I may as well tell you first as last. There are two social cliques here, a big one and a little one. Miss Grierson is la dame d'honneur of the first, and my mother and Gertrude affiliate with the

"I see," said Griswold, "And you hold an even balance between the two."

"N-o-not exactly. But I'm under obligations to Grierson, and can't afford to be offish. But Miss Margery is a very clever little person, and well worth knowing on her own account. I'll call by for you with the buggy at nine."

"Thank you," said the convalescent; adding, as if it were an after-thought: "Will Miss Farnham be

"Hardly," rejoined Raymer, gathering up the reins. "She is with the minority, too. Queer little world, isn't it? So long, till this evening. Better go in and lie down awhile."

### CHAPTER XVII.

On the way to Miss Grierson's "evening" Griswold amused himself by speculating upon the probable barbarism of a country reception. Without suspecting it, he was insular to a degree little short of Britannic; but he meant to be very good-natured and charitable, and to do what one man might toward ameliorating the barbarisms.

Wherefore he was properly, humiliated when they were met at the door of the Grierson mansion by trained servants and announced in the drawng-room with such pomp and circumstance as was neither countrified nor barbaric. In good truth the revulsion was so great that it was he and not Miss Grierson who was embarrassed when Raymer introduced him.

"How good of you to come to us on your first day out, Mr. Griswold. Let me make you comfortable." She piled the cushions in a corner of the vide divan and made him sit down. "You are just to be an invalid this evening, you know. I'm not going to let anvone bore vou.

Griswold gasped once or twice, and grappled manfully with the facts. A young girl was at the piano; there was a pleasant hum of conversation; everybody, himself excepted, seemed quite at ease; the lights were not glaring; the furnishings were not in bad taste; in a word, the keynote was altogether well-mannered and urban and conventional.

And his hostess. Griswold had met beautiful women, but none to compare with her. She shone upon and dazzled him. The charm was purely sensuous, and he knew it, but he basked in it like a lizard in the sun. But he was forgetting to thank

"Forgive me, Miss Grierson; I'm not usually tongue-tied. But it is all so charmingly homelike; so vastly—" She supplied the word with a silvery little laugh.

"Different. I know. You thought ve were barbarians, and so we used to be. But we're improving. I wish you could have known the old Wahaska."

"I can imagine it," he said. "I wonder if you can. They used to sit around the edges of the room and behave themselves just as hard

"It's a miracle," he said, giving her full credit. "I'd like to know how you did it."

She laughed lightly and did not deny her handiwork. "It was simple enough. When we came here I found a lot of good people who had fallen into a way of boring one another, and a few who hadn't; but these last held aloof. We opened our house to the many and tried to show them that a church sociable wasn't exactly the acme of social enjoyment.

Griswold saw in his mind's eye a sharply etched picture of the rise of a village magnate. Verily, Miss Grierson had imagination.

"It is all very grateful and delightful to me," he said. "I have been out of the social running for a long time, but I must confess that I am shamelessly epicurean by nature, and only an ascetic of necessity.

"I know," she assented, with quick appreciation. "An author has to be

appreciation. "An author has to be both, hasn't he?—keen to enjoy and hardened to endure."

"I'm not an author," he corrected, with vanity struggling to muzzle the protest. "I have written but one book, and that has not yet seen the light."

light."
"But it will," she asserted, con-

fidently. "Tell me about it." Now, Griswold was no babbler, but the charm of her personality was upon him, and before he knew what he was about he was telling her of the dead book, its purpose and its failure.

"But you are not going to give it up," she said, when he had made an end.
"No; it's my message, and I shall

vet deliver it "Bravo! That is the spirit that wins always. And when you get were on the way back to Mrs. Holcomb's, and Raymer asked if the blue and discouraged, you must come any.

[To Be Continued.]

HAD PUT IT TO PROOF. samuel Had Traveled Enough to Become Convinced of the Flatness of the Earth.

Most of the men who went west in 1849 were from the north. were, however, a few southerners, among them a Baltimere family who took along an old slave, Samuel Jefferson. Samuel was a patient traveler on the long journey across the plains, but very skeptical about the success of his master's expedition. It was not until his master became one of the gold kings of California that Samuel stopped shaking his head in silent protest, relates Youth's Com-

panion. Samuel lived to a good old age, and after the war was the special attendant of his master's children. One day Hugh, the youngest son, was explaining to Samuel the spherical shape of the earth.

"If you should go straight ahead far enough, you'd come right around

far enough, you decline light to where you started from."
"Now look heah, chile, yo' cyan' mek me b'lieve dat. I ain' helped yo' daddy tote his things all de way out heah f'm Baltimo' f'r nuffin. If what yo' tells me was true, we'd 'a' come back to Ma'ylan' about fo' times. knows f'm 'sperience, honey, drivin' 'cross dem plains, dat de worl' am flat out—flatter'n a hoecake, clean till their districts very thoroughly. Some remarkable rescues of letters so bad-

yo' bump inter de ocean." Didn't Recognize Bible Quotation

In spite of the strenuous efforts of Prof. Kittridge, it would seem that Harvard undergraduates still remain ignorant of the Scriptures. Some one once said: "A Harvard man knows all literature but the Bible"-a startlingly sweeping generality, but not without truth so far as the Bible is concerned. A case in point came to light the other day. Two Harvard men wide section of the country, and the were reading together some famous contents are so confused that there modern orations, one of them a eulogy. The eulogy closed with the words: "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, burned pieces there and let them take their chances.

"What a beautiful close!" exclaimed "What a beautiful close!" exclaimed one of the students, enthusiastically.

When it is finally settled in the mind of the writer of a letter that it has "The man who wrote such a sentence as that proves that the grand style in many circumstances whether he can prose did not die with the eighteenth

It should be added in fairness that other student was a churchman, and said nothing .- N. Y. Tribune.

Epitaph of a Good Indian On a quaintly contrived tombstone in St. Augustine, Fla., is the following unique epitaph, carved many years

Notis
This Werry Elaborate
Pile
Is Ereckted in Memory of
Tolomato
A Seminole Ingine Cheef whose wigwarm stood on this spot and sirroundings. Wee cherish his memery as he was a good harted cheef.
He would knot take your scalp
without you begged hin to do so or
pade him sum munny. He allways
akted more like a Christian gentleman than a savage Ingine.

-Chicago Chronicle.

How They Felt.
"How do you feel?" asked the physician of the parson.
"I feel for-giving," replied the good

'And you?" he asked the auctioneer. "As usual; for-bidding," answered the red-flag follower. "And you?" queried the M. D. of the

man

Kentucky colonel. "Oh, you know me, doc," replied the Kentuckian. "I'm always for-getfull."—Chicago Daily News.

Up-to-Date Reform. Crawford—I hear your minister is taking an interest in public affairs. What is his particular hobby?

Crabshaw-He is trying to invent system of wireless politics .- N. Y. Sun.

# Lesson in American History in Puzzle.



DE SOTO'S DISCOVERY OF THE MISSISSIPPI, FIND MOSCOSO, DE SOTO'S SUCCESSOR.

Hernando DeSoto, the discoverer of the Mississipppi river, followed the savage De Narvarez in the attempt to conquer Florida. He landed in Tampa bay on May 30, 1539, and began his march westward. He treated the In-dians with great cruelty and soon earned their hatred and had to fight every mile in his way. He first saw the great waterway from the bluffs in what is new Tunica county, Miss., in May, 1541. Continuing his search for gold he marched westward almost to the foothills of the Rocky mountains, and then returned to the Mississippi, where he died in May, 1542, and was buried in the waters of the river he had discovered. Moscoso succeeded DeSoto in command of the expedition and led the few survivors back to Cuba. Cuba.

its liability.

#### FATE OF CHARRED LETTERS.

It Legible They Are Returned to Their Addiscres-Redress for Lost Treasures.

The burning of the car does not

ly burned as to baffle all ordinary in-

genuity have been made by these men.

Burned remnants are preferably sent

or less congested. But where a wrecked car contains mail for a very

are no probabilities to proceed on as a basis, nothing is left but to send the

been desroyed, it depends on a good

get any redress. If the destruction of

the car was due to culpable negligence

on the part of the railway company, the latter is liable. Of old, the con-

tracts between the government and a company for mail carriage used to

stipulate that the company should be responsible for losses under certain

conditions. Later this was made a part

of the general law, so as to do away with the necessity of a clause in the

contracts. The difficulty in most cases

contracts. The dimension is a constant of the loss itself, the question of culpability being decided by the regular inquiry into the cause of the disaster. Even

in these days of universal postal con-

veniences not a few men of large af-

fairs are still willing to take risks

with the mails which they would not

think for a moment of taking with anything else. They will enclose a

considerable sum of money, in the form of government notes or bank

notes, loose into a letter, without so

much as telling a friend of it, drop the

letter in a post-box and trust the rest to luck. Of course nothing but luck

can ever restore that money to them

if it is lost in transit. Registered mail is reasonably safe, if not of too high

a value, for the government undertakes

to insure the patrons of its registry

service against at least a part of their losses, and the registry office receipt

is prima facie evidence that something

of value was in the package which has

not reached its destination; the rest

of the case consists in bringing satis-factory evidence of what that thing of

their chances.

necessarily mean the loss of every-thing in it. Every railway mail car The Style of the Slips Are in Many is supplied with fie extinguishing ap-Cases Plain or Ornamental paratus, axes, etc., in the use of which Like the Signer. the clerks are instructed, so that the Man shows a deal of his individuality best practicable headway is made in his bank checks. A "flashy" man will have a "flashy" check, and a man who wears "loud" clothes and big against a fire, and time is often gained at least for throwing out that mail which is in such shape as to be handled in bulk. Of what is injured by the fire, rings will have a check engraved on tinted paper, with pictures and his part is of course ruined past all hope of identification, if it does not actually name covering the ends of it, with or-namental characters. go up in smoke, says the New York Evening Post. Letters which are so charred as to be ready to drop apart, but are still legible, are put, envelopes A plain, quiet, business man has a plain, quiet check. It does not follow because a man has his check made to order, instead of taking the readyand all, into fresh wrappers, sealed and forwarded to their addresses, so marked as to indicate what has hapmade kind that the banks furnish him. that he has a big bank account, any more than a cheap suit of clothes indipened to them. The fragments of those cates that a man cannot afford to buy which are too nearly destroyed to be capable of treating that way are gathered up and sent either to the dead better. On the contrary, a man with a bank account who uses quiet checks usually has a bigger balance than the letter office in Washington or to the man who sends out specimens of en-graving with his signature on them, nearest inspector of the depredations division. The inspectors are scattered says the New York Herald. over the country, having certain The Astors use checks with no endistricts of territory under their juris-diction, and it is their business to know

graving, being plainly printed. When an Astor draws a personal check the name is printed near the left edge, in the plainest manner. The numbers are not even printed on them, but when filled in at all are filled in with ink. The Astors use a good quality of pink The Vanderbilt checks are more elab-

the books of the issuing post office-

and any three of the four may be

destroyed and the government has still something from which to recognize

CHARACTER IN BANK CHECKS.

to them, other things being equal, because sending to the dead letter office involves the loss of all the time of a orate than those of the Astors, though not much more. They are not so elabjourney to Washington and back, to say nothing of the delay in the office there, where the work is always more

orate now as they used to be.

One of the first things that some men do when they go into business is to have their checks made to order. They think that it gives them a certain distinction, and it shows that they are

of importance.

If there can be said to be a fashion in checks, small checks are the most fashionable checks. A big check is bad form. It is also bad form to carry a pocket checkbook. It has an air of dis-play about it, and shows the character of a man, just as the wearing of many diamonds does. thing to do is to have a big book, three checks wide, and to tear out two or three to carry around loose in the

Tellers and cashiers prefer the plain printed to the elaborately engraved checks. They are easier to read, easier to keep tally of, and rather hard to alter. An alteration or change shows easier on a plain check than on an elab-

It is with banks as with men. good deal about a bank can be told from the kind of checks it furnishes. Country banks furnish more elaborate checks than city banks. Big banks have plainer checks and better paper

The Chemical bank has plain checks on a fine quality of paper. Smaller banks have engraved checks on cheaper paper.

Helping Papa Along.

"Yes, I was engaged 14 times dur-

ing the summer."
"The usual brittle affairs, I sup-

"Well, not exactly. Papa's going to hold each of them to his plighted word, one after the other, and I guess he'll make a pretty good thing out of He said last summer that it paid to be a damaged affection lawyer when a man had such a clever daughter to drum up business."-Cleveland Plain

Highest and Lowest Waters.

value was. Safest of all the means of protection provided is the money or-Askal Chin, in Thibet, is the lake which lies at a greater height than der; for its decumentary evidence is spread over four surfaces—the order itself, the letter of advice to the paying post office, the receipt and entry on graphical Journal.