NEVER MIND WHAT "THEY" SAY.

Don't worry nor fret Abont what people think Of your ways or your means-Of your food or your drink, If you know you are doing Your best every day, With the right on your side, Never mind what "they" say.

Lay out in the morning Your plans for each hour, And never forget That old time is power. This also remember 'Mong truths old and new-The world is too busy To think much of you.

Then garner the minutes That make up the hours, And pluck in your pilgrimage Honor's bright flowers. Should grumblers assure you Your course will not pay, With conscience at rest, Never mind what "they" say.

Then let us, forgetting The insensate throng That jostles us daily While marching along, Press onward and upward, And make no delay-. And though people talk, Never mind what "they" say.

A STRANGE EXPERIENCE.

My name-is not Norval, nor have I ever in any way been associated with the Grampian hills-but my name is Oscar Hockersmith. You will at once perceive that there is nothing in such a once communicating with me.

One day I arrived at Cregmore, a little old town on the upper Arkansas Biver. After taking breakfast at a hotel, the proprietor of the house came to me and said that as I had no baggage, I would be compelled to pay in advance.

"Baggage, indeed!" I exclaimed. "Have my trunk sent up, if you by the Town Marshal. Approaching please.

"You brought no baggage, sir."

"Then it has not arrived. It will soon be here for I am sure it arrived, having seen i. delivered to a wagoner at the depot. I have no money with me. I hope that you appreciate my position, sir.

He doubtfully shook his head and walked away. This annoyed me not a little, and I wondered if the fellow who had my trunk had run away with it. I had no check, and I knew that I might have trouble in recovering my property. Just as I turned to go out, an old gentleman whom I suddenly encountered threw up his hands and exclaimed:

"My God!"

"What is the matter?"

"Oh, sir, if I did not know that my son Norval was dead, I would think in yoù he had returned. He was killed in the army."

He regarded me closely, and in a quieter tone continued: "I have never before seen such a re-

semblance. Same eyes, nose, montheverything. Will you please do an old man a favor?' I replied that I would favor him in any possible way. Then come with me to my house. I want my wife to see you." I told him of the perplexing situation in which I was placed. "Here, Mr. Bunch!" he exclaimed, calling the proprietor. "Look at this man. Doesn't he look exactly like my son Norval?" "Exactly, only he is much older." "Yes, but you must remember that it is more than twenty years since Norval went into the army. Poor boy," turning to me. "Poor boy, he was home with me. I will stand good for generosity of presenting the man a killed at Antietam. I want you to go your bitl." "I feel under many obligations to you, old gentleman, for I am really in an embarrassing position. I fear that fellow has stolen my trunk, but if you will go with me to the town officer, I will afterwards go with you." He agreed, and we called upon the Town Marshal, who, after listening to my statement, looked at me suspiciously and said: "You didn't come in on the train." "But, sir, I know that I did. I delivered my trunk to a tall negro who walked with a limp, and who, if I remember correctly, had an impediment n his speech. The trunk-and I would know it among a thousand-is a large one, covered with black leather." "Look here,' said the officer, "you came up on a boat, for I saw you when you got off; besides, you could not have come by rail, for as there are several wash-outs above and below here, there has not been a train in for two days." This statement was insulting, yet straggled to conceal my resentment. Officials, in small towns, are generally narrow-minded, dogmatic men, and I cared not to dispute him farther than to reaffirm that I came in on the morning train. Then, turning to the old gentleman, whose name I had learned not auxious. I would not have him was Metford, I announced my readi-ness to accompany him. He had been ao absorbed in the contemplation of the resemblance between his son and myself, that he had paid but little at- had come over the court. tention to the disparity of statements concerning the manner of my arrival, Mr. Metford lived in an attractive old place, not far from the river. When obtained board under false pretenses." we entered the gate, a woman came out on the gallery and in a moment, after seeing me, clasped her hands and leaned against a post. As we approximate me. Looking around 1 saw mer met met Mr. flockersmith at the hotel yes-met Mr. flockersmith at the hotel yesagainst a post. As we approached, she "Come, Mary, don't give way to your feelings. This is—you have not told me your name, sir. Ah, yes," when I had told him, "This is Mr. Oscar Hockersmith. I wanted you to Norval, I saw him buried." see him on account of the perfect likeness he bears to Norval. Come in, sir," no continued, leading the way We entered a comfortably furnished noom. The old lady could not keep her eyes off me,"

I believe that a man should be punished room. They say my father laughs "Be quiet, Mary," said the old genfor lying just the same as he ought to "Don't become excited. Let be for stealing. That's my ticket." "I am glad to hear you speak so us make it pleasant here for Mr. Hock-

"I am glad to hear you say so," re-

When we again went to the house,

"Don't you know me?" said the

"I have been your keeper for years."

"Yes; I am connected with the Mis-

"I don't dispute your position as

"Let me tell you something which

"At Antietam. You and a young

Virginian, who to some extent resem-

wounded at the battle of Antietam "

"What do you mean?" I asked,

"Never heard of him."

ou would recognize me."

Abe Chatham?"

"Shiloh."

eismith, and perhaps he will remain several days with us, 'I'ell us something of yourself, Mr. Hockersmith?" "I was born in Richmond, Va.," replied, "and my parents died when I

tleman.

was quite young. I went into the army and was wounded by a piece of shell at Shiloh. After the war I went home, failed to keep your promise. a very good idea to punish men for but found that the uncle with whom I had lived was reduced almost to a lying, and now, since you have re-penniless condition. He did not long minded me of your untruthfulness, I survive, and there being nothing in conception of justice. Your honor, Rienmond to particularly bind me to make me out a warrant of arrest, the place, I wandered away and have never returned. I have come to this please. State to look after the land interest of a corporation, and, as soon as my bus-

iness is completed, I shall go back to St. Louis." to beat any of you. I'll pay the ten "Until then," said Mrs. Metford, dollars; don't fret about that. I don't 'you must remain at our house. Althink it is right to hop on a man that's though I know you are not my son, yet to see you here revives and illustrates a memory that is so dear-" Here the trying to protect the community against fraud. I've got nothing against this fellow and am willing to see him turned

poor woman completely broke down. "Mary?" said the old gentleman, aploose. proaching her and stroking her hair, "don't give way to your feelings. I joined Mr. Metford. 'You needn't made out the warrant, Judge. Well, would not have urged him to come but I knew that if I did not, you, in the Mr. Hockersmith," turning to me, "as there is nothing against you here, you event of heraing of this wonderful likewill please accompany me home.' ness, would never forgive me. Don't give way, now." Mrs. Metford's lip trembled. They

She became calm, but every time she would not hear of my leaving them, so looked at me, 1 could see her lip quiver, I remained all night. The next morn-What a pity that I am not your son, ing I awoke with a burning fever. Then "Any man, aside from natu. I mused. name, but if any man has ever passed ral affection, would feel proud of such a through an "xperience similar to the mother." I thought of the dead son I went into a state of delirium and for several weeks knew nothing. When I one which I am going to relate, he and of what a splendid home his death would do me a great kindness by at has made cheerless, and I almost wished regained consciousness, my mind was so confused that I could not think. 1 knew that I talked incoherently, therethat I had told the old couple that I fore I said but little. was really their Norval, whose death was erroneously announced.

One day while I was sitting in my room, a man was shown up by one of After dinner, to which I was induced the servants. Mr. and Mrs. Metford to remain, we were sitting in the parlor were away from home, having gone when a loud knock on the front door. over to a neighbor's house. caused a momentary flutter of excitement. Mr. Metford, who answered the man summons, soon returned accompanied

before," I said. me, and placing his ungentle hand on He looked at me and smiled sadly.

my shoulder, he said: "I want you."

"Want me?" I asked in surprise.

"Yes, I want you," "What right have you to want me, as

you term it?" He took out a paper and handed it to

"How can I recognize you, sir, when me. It was a warrant, arresting me this is the first time we have ever met?' on a charge of wilfully and maliciously He shook his head and muttered deceiving the people of Cregmore. It was useless to resist, and although the something which sounded to me like "poor fellow." Then he startled me old gentleman and his wife protested by saying: against such an indignity being imposed on a guest of their house, yet by the feelingless ruffian I was led away and "My keeper?" lodged in jail. ouri Insane Asylum."

The next day I was arranged before a Justice of the Peace, who requested keeper, but I can assure you that I have me to make a brief statement of how I never seen the institution. 1 am a St. came to town. I did so. telling him to the best of my recollection. I told Louis land man." him about losing my trunk, and I venhas just come to light. You were tured to take to task a village that would stubbornly shut its oyes and al-

low the perpetration of such outrages. The Town Marshal swore that I did not come by rail, that no train had come in days before; that I had come bled you-a man named Hockersmith

again, as he did when I was a boy. Those old people are in a Heaven of The physician says that a happiness. courageously," rejoined Mr. Metford. few days from now I can resume the "You borrowed ten dollars of me about business of life. Can any one doubt two months ago, vowing that you would the existence of a God? Who, but a return the money within a week. Yet, God could aave planned such joy? My

notwithstanding the fact that you have mother enters and presses her lips upon had money to bet at poker, you have my brow. failed to keep your promise. Yes, it is "You have "You haven't the slightest symptoms of fever, Norval, dear," she says. Angelic woman! She can not keep

her arms from around my neck when think it would be well to act upon your she comes near me. Now she goes singing through the hallway. There stands my father at the gate. Something has amused him, for he laughs as For a while the Marshal knew not he did when I was a boy. Yes, my

what to say His face grew red. "You name is Norval. all know me," he replied, "I am not a stranger. I didn't come here and try Catching Convi Catching Convicts with Bloodhounds,

Every gang of convicts in the State of Texas, inside and outside of the walls, is provided with three or more trained hounds, sometimes bloodhounds, but more ordinarily common deerhounds, for they are hardier and stand

the work for which they are trained much better than the blooded stock. It is simply surprising to see how perfect these brutes are trained, and how well they understand their business. The hounds of the Huntsville Penitentiary

are kept outside the prison walls, at what is known as the State Farm. "And these are the brats we read so much about?" I remarked to the Superintendent.

Yes, they are the famous bloodhounds-that is, as much bloodhounds as you will find in Texas. They are simply deer or fox hounds trained to hunt men."

"Do you keep them shut up all the

"Yes, we do that to make them fierce and to keep them away from the convicts. They would make it lively for the boys if they had their freedom. "Is there much difficulty in properly

training bloodhounds?" "We do not consider it difficult. but, on the contrary, 1 believe the guards headaches, cold extremeties and no

to emerge from the timber on the other side, and it was certain he could get back in safety, the hounds were turned loose. They were shown the trail, and they started over fields, through marsh-

standing. It did not require a second bidding, for the yelp of the hounds could already be heard in the distance. Soon

and sprang over the fence without stopping. The trail was not lost for an instant. When the small stream was

There was a comical twinkle in the

A Straight Disgnosis.

"The doctor says it is malaria." "How did you get malaria?"

"Oh, Aunt Mary, just as if one could tell anything about malaria! It is like the wind. It cometh from no one knows where, and bloweth where it lis teth;" and the invalid turned her pretty flushed face on the pillow with a movement of unmistakable irritation.

Harrington, firmly but kindly. "We don't wan't to make any mistake to start with. You know I am very blunt, and you know that I have opiniong_

"And I know there is nobody in all the world like you when one is ill," the young lady interrupted; and that is why I begged and prayed mamma to send for you."

"That is very pleasant and encouraging as far as it goes," said the lady, "but I can remain, Blanche, as your nurse, only on the condition that you obey me. I am ready to unpack and stay, or put on my hat and go."

Miss Harrington's gray eyes were tender and smiling, and her whole face was aglow with active benevolence, but the broad brow and the firm mouth had also much to say of careful study and strength of character.

"Why, auntie, I should give up entirely if you disappointed me now, " the invalid replied, with quivering lips. "I have just lived on the thought of your coming."

"Well, will you obey me?"

"Yes, auntie, and 1 hope you'll remember that obedience is not my strong point."

"But I have your promise, and that will do." said the nurse, cheerfully; "and now we'll see,"

"Nineteen years old," Miss Harring-ton said to herself, "and confined to her bed eight weeks with malaria? Bosh ! A bad tongue, feverish, more emaciated than I had expected to find her, pain in her side, intermitting pulse, constant oppression of the chest, backache, acute appetite. And this is malaria ? Bosh again ! I wender what the doctor did before the word 'malaria' came into use. I must ask the physician his reasons for calling this a malarial attack."

Miss Harrington was as good as her word, and forcing her opinions and her doubts quite into the background, started on her tour of investigation with an appearance of implicit faith in the ability of the medical man to answer her questions.

"Is there anything the matter with the plumbing?" that lady inquired. "There isn't a sanitary precaution that your brother has not taken," the

doctor answered. "Do you know of other cases of ma-

laria in this locality?" "Oh, yes; malaria is by no means a rare product in this neighborhood."

"But it is very high and dry, and constantly swept by the sea breezes."

"Yes; very high and dry." "And very gay?" Aunt Mary sug-

gested, demurely. "Yes; exceptionally gay."

gentleman's eye that told of a quick apation of his companion's remark

go out in the carriage, and there are lots of warm robes."

"It is about as I supposed," Miss Harrington remarked, sadly. "Your breakdown is due to perfectly plain and natural causes. There is nothing in the least mysterious about it. You have deformed your feet, weakened your spine and consequently your whole nervous system, by the shoes you have "Blanche, dear, have the kindness to have reduced your vital force to such ook at me a minute," said Miss Mary | an extent that reaction was impossible without further prostration and a complete cessation of irritating causes. Here are your correts. How much do they measure, please?"

"Nineteen inches, auntie," the young lady was almost ready to cry now, "and they are a whole inch larger than most girls of my size wear."

"What is your size? Here is a tape measure, and I will soon tell you. You have lost considerable flesh, and I shall have to allow for shrinkage. Twentyfour inches just as you are, Blanche. Think of it ! A twenty four inch waist squeezed into nineteen inch cor-sets! We will now clear the heart and lungs from the charge of malaria. Your irregular pulse, the cutting pain in your side, your uneven and mest inadequate respiration, can be traced diectly to tight lacing.

Now I have this to say, my child. I shall not permit you to wear one of these articles as long as you are under my care. If you will accept a pair of my quilted slippers, and allow me to wrap you in blankets till you have some clothes suitable for a convalescent to wear, all right. If not, you must find some one else to take care of you. My time is altogether too precious to throw away. This may seem very cruel, Blanche, but I really think it would be far better for you to die now than to be nursed back to the old shameful conditions. There is nothing before you but a life of invalidism if you decide to go on as you have begun."

"But how can I wear horrid old shoes and old scratchy flannels, and have a waist like a washer-woman's?" the girl inquired, between laughing and crying. "You haven't said anything about goloshes and leggins yet, but perhaps you'd like to have me wear those

"Shall I get the blankets and my quilted slippers, Blanche?" Aunt Mary inquired.

"Yes: bring the gunboats and the flannels," her companion replied. "And if you can find a few hen's feathers to stick in my hair the resemblance to a Sioux squaw will be still more striking." After this Miss Blanche had some essons in physiology and hygiene, and very interesting and profitable topics they proved to be. She learned the reasons of things, and had sense enough to accept and utilize them.

Picking Pearls.

Soon after the elevation of General Gonzales to the Presidency of Mexico. he exhibited a partiality for the creation and maintenance of monopolies before which the monopolies granted by James I of England to Sir Giles Mompesson and others might well pale their ineffectual fires. The President was applied to, and his favorable consideration was secured and given to a plan by which, on February 4, 1884, a concession, or rather five concessions, were granted to five gentlemen, and upon the terms which will be stated further on, For the purposes of fishing the Mexican laws have divided the waters of the gulf of California from Cape St. Lucas to the month of the Rio Colorado and from the eastern coast of Lower Californis to the westerly shore of the mainland, into five zones. The concessions give these gentlemen, their associates and assigns, the exclusive right and privilege of all shell fishermen in their respective zones for the period of sixteen years, paying therefore a rayalty and export duty in full of all claims of the government, amounting altogether to \$10 a ton on all shells erported during the first three years of the term and \$15 a ton for the remaining thirteen years. The holders of these concessions immediately consoli-dated their interests, and dispatched Juan Hidalgo, armed with powers of attorney and all necessary credentials, to obtain the capital necessary to sys-tematically work one of the most gigan-tic schemes of monopoly the world has ever seen-a monopoly embodying the germs of a wealth and power which may. possibly in time rival the glories of the old Hudson Bay and South Sea Compaules, with powers as will hereafter be seen, in some respects approaching that of the East India Company. Senor Hi-dalgo's efforts in San Francisco have been successful, and in July last, under the modest title of the "Mother-of-Pearly Shall Company," a corporation was formed under the laws of California, with a capital of \$500,000. As an evidence of the enormous profits to be made by this gigantic scheme it may. be mentioned that for the past two years the yield of the fisheries conducted with four schooners and twenty boats, has been from \$200,000 to \$250,-000 in pearls and about 900 tons of shell worth from £60 to £70-say £65 a ton, or about \$292,500, making a gross yield of \$542,000 per annum. The company has now four schooners on the tishing grounds, the Porfiria Diaz, the Adrians, the Consuela and the Paloma. The fisheries are conducted as follows: Each vessel carries five boats and each boat carries a crew of six men-a diver. two men to work the air-pumps, one at the life-line and two at the cars. The vessel having anchored on favorable grounds, the boats put off from the ship's side early in the morning. The diver is lowered and remains on the bottom for two or three hours at a time, and by 3 o clock in the after-noon he has filled into his iron "I have now accounted for your "I have now accounted for your back-aches, Blanche," said Miss Har-rington, "and we will proceed to elimi-nate the spinal column from the charge nate the spinal column from the charge pearls, of great rarity, and valued at, present higher in proportion to their size than diamonds. The decks are then cleaned up, the shells con-signed to the held and work discon-"And you do not own a flannel petti- tinued for the remainder of the day.

"I don't think that I ever saw you consider it sport. It will only require a few moments to show how it is done.' A convict or "trusty" was sent down through a large field, with instructions "I mean nothing offensive. You know to climb the fence and make a detour through the timber of acouple of miles, "I am sorry, for I, had hoped that coming out in just the opposite direction from where he started, and returning to the farm through a small stream, which he was compelled to wade. It required some twenty minutes for him to make the trip, and when he was seen

es, over fences, and other obstructions with the speed of deer. In the mean-

time the "trusty" had returned, and was directed to climb a tree some 300

yards distant from where we were

they appeared at the edge of the timber

"Poor Norval," she repeated over and over again. "Poor child. Oh, sir, if I did not know that he was killed moh, sir, are you indeed he?"

on a steamboat, the "Farmer Boy"the Captain of which steamer was present-and that I had no trunk. The Captain, a very gentlemanly looking fellow, arose and astonished me with

the following statement: "Just before leaving Little Rock, day before yesterday, this man, who calls himself Hockersmith, came to me and said that he would like to go up the river as far as Cregmore; that he was employed by a St. Louis land corporation, and that as his passage had omenow failed to arrive, he was without money. Of course I could not allow this story to affect me into the ticket, nor to tell him that he might take his time in paying me; but 1 did

tell him that he would be compelled to pay his own passage in advance. He declared that he had no money, but that if I would let him come up as a passenger, he would, upon reaching this place, get the money from a friend and pay me. It's only a small amount and and asked me about the strange fellow."

"What have you to say concerning these statements?" asked the Justice.

"Nothing, only that they are not true," I replied. "As I tell you, I came here by rail, arriving here yesterday morning."

But no train arrived yesterday morning."

Then I became indignant. * All right, have it your way," said I. "One man can not stand up against so many, If I deserve punishment, fine me and I will go on the rock pile or the convict farm and work it out."

"I don't exactly see how you have violated the law," replied the magistrate, looking at me with almost an expression of pity. "You have not ob-tained money under false pretenses." "So far as his passage is concerned,"

remarked the steamboat man, "I am

"Your honor," said he, "this man also made false statements to Mr. Banch, proprietor of the hotel. He I understood him. He would urge charges against me merely to defend his own position.

"Judge," said a voice that I knew. 141

"On account of that resembiance. continued Mr. Metford, "I invited Mr. Hockersmith to accompany me home. He explained his embarrassment, and I told Mr. Bunch that I would stand good for the bill. So, that charge is

"That's all very well, gentlemen," exclaimed the Town Marshal, "but we can't allow fellows to come in this way. I hear my mother singing in the sitting-

fell close to each other. In the report | rea piece of shell and was, upon recovery of the wound, found to be hopelessly insane. You went to Richmond, but your supposed relatives spurned you, so I have heard; and, after wandering around, you went to Missouri and was placed in an insane asylum, where you remained until a few weeks ago when you escaped. Your name, I have learned, is Norval Metford, and I have come to tell your parents, after satisfying myself that it is you-"

The room began to turn round. The man's voice sounded way off at a great distance. He seemed to be shouting. but I could not eatch his words. Then came in and danced on the back of a chair. A blacksmith led in's horse and began to shoe him. His bellows roared and his anvil rang so loud that I had to life, I should not have mentioned it but for put my fingers in my ears. His fire the fact that the Marshal came down began to gradually darken and, with a sudden puff, it went out, leaving me in a blackness of atmosphere. I groped around, but could find no opening in the wall. I cried out for a lamp and I cursed the blacksmith for allowing his fire to go out with such a cruel puff. Crawling around on my hands and knees, I found a match. I kissed it. I pressed it to my heart, "Thank God!" I cried. "Thank God that once more there shall be light in the world." Tears streamed from my eyes. I tried to light the match. The tears had dampened it, and with the feeblest little glow, it died away, leaving me in despair. I heard a voice, low and sweet. "Who are you?" I asked.

A tear fell on my forehead, and clasping my hands, I turned my face upward. "Whose tears are those falling upon me?" I cried. The voice, soft ing upon me?" I cried. The voice, soft and sweet, sang, but the tears continued to fall. "Oh, can you not give me a lemp?" I cried in agony. Something touched me. It was a lamp, cold and dark, but I hugged it close to me and took care lest my tears should fall upon to be added as at once settling the question, "Now, could I be mistaken? Why, I heard the very smack of his whip." Once more. Some yers ago

and prayed. A feeble little gleam flick-ered between my fingers. The lamp grew warm. I removed my hands. mains of the poor fellows were dis-The little blaze flickered, and then, yes, oh, glories of Heaven, then-there came a grand burst of light, a flood of mag-nificent illumination. I lay on a bed. The sun shone into the room, A face -my mother's face-was bowed over encircled my neck with her loving arms. My father was there, too, looking upon

"There, dear," said my mother, "keep very quiet. For weeks you have hovered between life and death."

I closed my eyes and warm recollections poured over me. I could remember it all; now I left that dear home and went into the army.

I am sitting in my room looking out on the grassy slope where I played so many years ago. There is the old tree where I used to swing in the cool shade.

ched they each crossed it at a bound of the killed and wounded, you were and in a few moments more they were put down on the dead list and this man under the tree, yelping at the convict, who sat in its branches looking down Hockersmith was reported to be wounded. You had been struck by a at the brutes, and smiling at the fact that this was simply a training run and not a reality.

tihosts of Animals.

An animal which is often said to make its ghostly appearance is the dog. Thus, a man who hanged himat Bloomfield near Shrewsbury self "came again in the form of a large black dog," and a headless black dog is said to haunt the road between Yeaton and Baschurch. A not un-

common belief is that the spirits of wicked persons are punished by being doomed to wear for a certain time the shape of a dog; and, accordsome one, dressed in red tight breeches, ing to a Sussex superstation, the spirit of a favorite dog which has died returns occasionally to visit its master and the haunts it frequented during "I was once informed by a servant," writes Mrs. Latham in her "West Sussex Superstitions," "whom I had desired to go down stairs, and try to stop the barking of a dog, which I was afraid would awaken a sleeping invalid, that nothing would stop his noise, for she knew quite well ghost of another dog was walking about the garden and terrifying him." Traditions respecting these specter dogs differ in various localities, but asked. are still firmly credited by our agri-cultural peasantry. In Devonshire they are known as the "Yeth Hounds," and are said to be the disembodied souls of unbaptized infants. were heard, we are informed, years ago in the parish of St. Mary

Tavy by an old man named Roger Burn. He was working in the fields when he suddenly heard the baying of the hounds, the shouts and horn it. I piaced it on the floor and with an accident happened in a Cornish my hands clasped around it, I lay down mue, whereby several men lost their covered to be mutilated beyond recognition. On being brought to the sur face the clothes and a mass of mangled fissh dropped from the bodies. A bystander, anxious to spare the feelings mother's face-was bowed over "Thaak God!" she exclaimed and this unsightly mass m'o the blazing furnace of an engine close at hand, But ever since that day the engineman positively asserted that troops of little black dogs continually haunted the lo-

cality.

IN THE preface of Mark Twain's "Tramp Abroad" he says "I am going to try to keep statistics out of this book; but I doubt if I succeed. Figures stew out of me as naturally as otter of roses out of the otter."

Excess of grief for the deceased is madness; for it is an injury to the liv-ing, and the dead know it not.

"And late hours, and thin shoes, and low necks, and salads, and souffles sometimes induce malaria, I suppose?" "Without doubt."

"Well, why don't you say so, then?" Aunt Mary had kept her claws sheathed just about as long as was possible.

"A physician cannot safely meddle with the private life of his patients except in extreme cases," was the un-rufiled response. "If I were to take the broad platform which you recommend," the gentleman added, "I should not only not do the least bit of good, but I shouldn't have a patient left. My reputation would be simply that of an old busybody and an old fool. But. madam, this is an excellent field for you, and I am sure we can work together with the utmost harmony."

"Perhaps you are right," said Miss Harrington, thoughtfully, "but I don't exactly see it. Of course, if your patients are all idiots, that settles it.'

"You would scarcely call your niece an idiot," said the doctor, "and she is as fair a representative of the class as I could name.

After a few days of Aunt Mary's efficient nursing her patient felt able to sit up, and her maid was directed to get together the necessary articles of wardby his manner of barking, that the robe. Among the first things presented were a pair of black silk stockings and a pair of kid slippers.

"What are these?" Miss Harrington

"Why, they are the newest style of slippers, auntie," said her niece.

Paper soles, and three-inch heels tapered down to a cherry pit in the mid-They dle of the foot. I presume you wear these all the time you are in the

some

house?" "Why, of course, auntle." "In the dead of winter as well as in the dog-days?"

The young lady laughed merrily at her companion's old fogyism. "Cer-tainly, just see how pretty they look with the silk stocking.

"How many corns have you, Blanche?" "Oh, only two or three little bits of ones. I send for a chiropodist once in a while and then I'm all right for ever so long.

A girl of nineteen with her feet in a chiropodist's hands!" said auntie, with wry face.

"That's isn't anything. Why, al-

"Not the slightest doubt of it," the lady interrupted, "You have nothing else. I suppose, to put on your feet but these things?"

"No, auntie, and I wouldn't wear any others if I had,"

And now the nurse examined the other articles laid out for use. There wosn't an inch of flannel to be seen; nothing but the finest and most elaborately be-rufiled and embroidered linen.

"What in the world do I want of markets of London, Paris at fiannels? You know I almost always barg-principally in London,

The pearls and shells are sold in the markets of London, Paris and Ham-