

A Well-Balanced Mind.

"YES," he read aloud from his manuscript as he lay back in his chair holding the open volume up in his right hand, "there is no denying the fact. Happiness is purely subjective. It is a thing of man's inward self, not of his outward surroundings. How often is the beggar, though denuded of those accidents upon which men popularly, but erroneously, suppose happiness to depend—money, friends, rank, power, what not—how often, I say, is this beggar the happiest of men, while the prince in his palace, or the millionaire in his mansion, is the most miserable! Some, observing this phenomenon, but failing to grasp its true meaning, jump to the hasty conclusion that riches are, positively, a source of unhappiness. They are equally, however, as mistaken in their way as those who conceive riches to be a source of happiness. The truth is that neither riches nor poverty, nor any external circumstances whatsoever, have the slightest connection with a man's happiness. He whose mind is well balanced will be invariably happy, while he whose mind is ill balanced will be invariably miserable, be his purse full or be it empty.

The philosopher laid down his book. "How well I have put that! How true it is," he soliloquized, musingly. "Look at my own case. Men call me lucky, because, by the death of my cousin Tom in the wilds of Africa, I succeeded unexpectedly to my present fortune. Lucky, forsooth! I laugh at their stupid estimate. I am neither more nor less happy than I was when I came into the money fifteen years ago. I have always been happy, simply because mine is a happy nature—in other words, a well-balanced mind. Were I suddenly bereft of my wealth, it would make no difference. Nay, why should it?" The philosopher helped himself to a choice cigar from the open box at his elbow, and, lighting it, slowly inhaled its fragrant vapor.

"I smoke this 'Paragon' now," he went on in the same reflective vein. "Why? Because the gods give them to me. I sit in this morose armchair. Why? Because the gods give it to me. I take, in fact, what Heaven sends because it were ungracious, perhaps even impious, to refuse it. But it affects not my happiness one way or the other. Who's that?" he added, quickly, as the sound of the opening door fell upon his ears. "Oh, you, Selina. Now what is it that you want with me, my dear?"

"I wish to have a word or two with you, please, uncle," replied the newcomer, a pretty graceful girl, apparently about five-and-twenty years of age. "Can you spare me five minutes?"

"If it is only five—yes," said the philosopher, looking, however, something less pleased by the interruption than a philosopher of so well-balanced a mind should properly have done.

"You know the subject?" demanded Selina, with an expression half-defiant, half-coaxing on her pretty face.

"Do you mean your engagement to young Paterson?" queried Draycot Dabber.

Selina nodded.

"Well, in that event, my dear," remarked her uncle, "I do not see what there is for us in this matter to discuss. You have asked my consent. And there's an end of it."

As he spoke, he waved, as it were, the subject aside with a dismissive gesture of his elegant white hand.

"But, uncle," cried Selina, "there is not an end of it, as you know. Charlie Paterson has just offered me £150 a year."

"So you have informed me before. Well, what of it?" smiled our philosopher, placidly.

"Charlie and I cannot live on £150 a year," exclaimed his niece, with scarcely repressed indignation.

"No?" ejaculated Draycot Dabber, still smiling in the same placid, untroubled way. "Upon my word, you do surprise me, Selina. One hundred and fifty pounds a year is—let me see—the made a brief calculation upon a leaf of his pocketbook—yes, it is £2, 15s. 8d.—a week—a sum far more than sufficient to purchase the necessities of life for two people. Nay? how many married couples are there in England, to say nothing of other countries, who would consider themselves positively wealthy with such an income? And you tell me that you cannot live upon it?"

"Not in—the style which is expected of people in our walk of life," cried his niece, her eyes flashing.

"Really, Selina," answered the philosopher, with his most "superior" air, "you do talk like a very foolish girl. Style? Style, indeed! Is it not happiness that is the aim and object of married life? And does style promote happiness? Pshaw! The only source of happiness is a well-balanced mind. If your minds are well balanced, you will be happy upon £150 a year. And if your minds are not well balanced, you would be unhappy upon £150,000. The famous Socrates—"

"Oh! brother Socrates!" ejaculated Selina, her cheeks glowing with indignation. "The long and short of it, then, is that you decline to give me any financial assistance upon my marriage?"

"I decline," said Draycot Dabber, "to lavish upon you that which will not make you one iota the happier. Were I to do so, I should simply stultify myself and all my most cherished convictions."

"It is cruel. It is unjust!" cried out the girl, angrily. "And I have the right to expect assistance—I know I have—under my great uncle's will."

"At that the philosopher's face assumed a look of annoyance—of irritation—quite incompatible with a well-balanced mind.

"Nonsense!" he retorted hastily. "Nothing of the kind. All I was called upon to do by the will was to undertake your support. And that I am sure I have done liberally—most liberally. But my uncle said nothing about giving you money upon your marriage; nothing whatever. No doubt he recognized that when a girl marries, her maintenance then becomes her husband's business. And I certainly shall not frustrate his intentions, to say nothing of stultifying myself by squandering useless dross upon you, Selina. Whatever I can do to advance your true happiness shall be done cheerfully. But money brings true happiness to no one; nor ever did. Upon that point all wise men are agreed. There, my dear! There is no more to be said.

you, Selina has been talking to me about her engagement.

"I've found you out, Draycot. You're a damned mean-spirited hypocrite. And that's the fact."

"How—how—dare you use such language to me?" cried the philosopher, his teeth chattering, nevertheless.

"Considering our respective positions, 'dare' is rather a funny word," rejoined Tom, meaningly. "However, I'm not going to argue with you about words. I'm going to make a proposal to you—a proposal considerably more favorable to yourself than you at all deserve. Only it's not my way to be hard on any one. Again to me, Draycot. I've got a goodish bit of money already—quite as much as I need. And as you've enjoyed this fortune of uncle's so long, well, you may continue to enjoy it—upon one condition. You must immediately make over £20,000 to my niece Selina."

"£20,000! Preposterous!" cried out Draycot Dabber, starting from his chair. "Preposterous, is it? Very well, then I'll press my legal rights to take possession of your entire fortune, and give Selina the £20,000 myself."

There was a long pause.

Then Draycot Dabber muttered, in sullen desperation, "I'll pay Selina the £20,000."

One day, about a fortnight later, Cousin Tom looked in on Draycot Dabber.

"Come to wish you good-by," he said. "I'm off on my travels again, Draycot. I say, old man, the wicked five times in succession, what a lark this has been! What a prime sell! I'm not your cousin Tom at all. Cousin Tom was killed fifteen years ago. I'm his pal, Jevons!"

"What?" gasped Draycot Dabber.

"Quite true; always was considered like Cousin Tom, you know. Had been in England this six months, and had heard of your shabby conduct toward Selina weeks since. Determined to bluff you into filling your moral obligations. Bluffed you most successfully. Oh! my eye! What fun it has been! Beats poker into fits!"

"Fury!" cried the philosopher, beside himself with fury. "You—you—won't find it much fun, you backguard. You've perpetrated a most impudent fraud on me. I'll prosecute you. I'll get back my £20,000, I'll—"

"Prosecute me if you like, and get back your £20,000 if you can," intimated Jevons, quietly. "I don't think you'll do either, Mr. Draycot Dabber. Our interviews have been strictly private. You have no witnesses. Besides, there's that book of yours, in which you publicly profess your indifference to money. How about that—oh! and how would you like your mean, hypocritical attempt to wriggle out of your obligations to your niece exposed in court? Look rather funny on the part of such a high-minded, wealth-dealing philosopher, wouldn't it? Oh, no! You'll not prosecute me. I was then I heard of my uncle's will and my own supposed death. Made a pretty considerable flutter in their office, my reappearance did, I can tell you. I asked them what I was to do. They advised me to place myself in their hands at once. But I said that I'd rather see you before taking any action, and discuss the position of affairs with you in a friendly spirit. I was coming last night; only feeling what a shock it would be to you. I put the disagreeable interview off. Luckily, however, on my return journey from the solicitors, I saw a copy of your book in an Underground bookstall and immediately bought it. I have been reading it all the morning, with the result that quite a load has been lifted from my mind. Of course, if you hadn't been a philosopher, with a very proper and admirable contempt for money, I should have found my task uncommonly painful. But as it is, I haven't minded breaking the news to you in the least, any more than you, I am sure, have minded having it broken to you," said Cousin Tom, cheerfully.

The philosopher still sat staring at him, appalled and helpless. He now recognized in this middle-aged man various facial characteristics of that boy-cousin (whom he had last seen twenty years ago) which left him no room for return to the score of his genuine identity. Yes, this was Tom, right enough, the legal possessor of all his (Draycot Dabber's) money. Under such circumstances, he felt a defiant tone at once useless and ill-advised. Perhaps if he were condulatory, diplomatic, he might be able to make some sort of terms with his cousin.

Therefore, forcing his lips into a smile—it was a very sickly attempt—he said:

"Pardon me, Tom, I spoke hastily. This is a bit of a shock, you know."

"Oh, don't mention it. That's all right. But you'll soon get over the shock, of course. What a lucky thing for you that you despise money!"

"I never said that I—exactly despised it," answered Draycot Dabber.

"But you said—in fact, you proved most conclusively—that money has nothing to do with happiness. A most just conclusion, in which I entirely concur. By the way, is your niece Selina, whom as I remember as a tiny tot in socks and bare legs, still living with you?"

"Yes," said Draycot Dabber. "But," he added, anxious for his own reasons to change that subject, "as I was about to observe—"

"I'm quite longing to see her again," interrupted Cousin Tom. "Is she as pretty as she then bade fair to be? Tell you what, Draycot—I'll stop and dine with you tonight and resume my acquaintance with Miss Selina."

"I'm sorry to say I'm dining out tonight with Lord S.," answered Draycot Dabber, quickly, thankful indeed to have this real excuse. "But any other evening—"

"Besides," he added, desperately, "it would be such a shock to Selina to introduce you to her suddenly like this, and—"

"Oh, if that's all," interposed the irrepresible Tom, "I needn't be introduced to her under my own name. Say I'm an old friend of yours, and call me Mr. Jones, or anything else you like. Yes, by Jove! That will be rather fun to make my own niece's acquaintance in the character of a stranger."

And thus it had to be. Selina was sent for, and her Uncle Tom was introduced to her by Draycot Dabber as "Mr. Jones, an old friend of mine, who has arrived unexpectedly, and whom I must ask you, my dear, to entertain at dinner tonight in my unavoidable absence."

It was close on midnight when he returned. To his no great joy, he found his Cousin Tom still there, smoking a cigar in the library.

"Oh! here you are at last," said Tom. "Selina went to bed more than an hour ago, but I stopped on because I have something particular to say to

That night when the party was in camp the hunter told his story. It was not believed, but he was so persistent that it was true that next day several hunters went with him to see the wonderful ships, and their surprise and partial fear was as great as his own. They examined the hulls more closely than he had done, and the result of this examination was such that the story stands not to be doubted. They went to the interior of the vessel and brought back with them some cups and plates made for table purposes, and of an ancient and ponderous description. Only a few of them could be brought out by the Indians. It was only the recollection of the manner in which they had been disposed to treat the story told them by their comrade that induced them to bring anything away with them. They knew they would not be believed if they had no evidence other than their words—hence the tableware.

The Indians also found a petrified forest of tropical growth even higher on the mountain, though in the immediate vicinity of the ships. They describe these trees of stone as having leaves as long as a man's body and very broad.

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The Clock Can Be Stopped



But time goes on just the same. There's many a woman who is approaching that treacherous time known as the change of life who would be glad to turn the flight of time backward. She is face to face with the unknown, but in the twilight of that near future phantoms mow and gibber at her from the shadows. Will she become unloving and unlovable? Will she lose her reason? Must she in this crisis of life suffer without relief?

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MEDICAL TERMS.

Rules as to Certain Plurals Applicable Also to Other Words.

How to form the plural of some medical words is a puzzle to many physicians. We have been asked especially as to the proper form of the plural of neuritis, nephritis, etc., and of iris, formula, etc. It seems to us the general rule must be that if they are English words, i. e., written in Roman and not in italics, they should form their plurals just as other English plurals are formed. If they are of foreign origin, of course, the plurals must be those commanded by the language whence they come. There is hardly a better proof of acclimatization than the adoption of the English form of plural.

If the Latin form is preserved, then we should print the words in italics and use it as little as possible. But in English we are compelled to use nephritis, etc., because there are no other English words descriptive of the facts. Such words are as thoroughly anglicized as any can be. If not, we should use the Greek alphabet in printing them. Why, therefore, preserve the Latin or Greek forms of plurals? Who would say lelexia instead of lexions, fac-toto and ultima instead of factious and ultimatus? In the same way we think that chondria, carcinoma, myeloma, etc., addendums, ovums, erratum, mediums, focuses, funguses, formulas, genuses, stamens, indexes, apparatuses, appendixes, cherubs, seraphs, bandits, criterions, etc., are the proper plural forms. In words ending in -is, the change to -es, in forming the plural, is so well established and so simple that it should not be interfered with.

In this way we have accepted and habitually use analyses, bases, crises, hypotheses, oases, parentheses, theses, etc. Why should we not also form the plurals of our words ending in -itis in the same way, instead of the Greek -itides? The forms neuritis, nephritis, etc., seem preferable to neuritides, nephritides, etc. We would prefer irides to iritides and iritises to iritides. The objections to -itides are so evident that they need not be discussed, and -itises is scarcely likely to be accepted, although it is perfectly proper and preferable to -itides.

PETRIFIED SHIPS.

Found 100 Miles from the Ocean and 4,000 Feet Above Sea Level.

Dawson City Cor. San Francisco Examination.

On a bleak and barren hillside of the Arctic coast, near the headwaters of the Peoupinie river, more than 4,000 feet above the sea level, and a long way above timber line, where none save the Indian hunter has ever placed foot, there lie complete hulls of two large ships, petrified. This find is so remarkable that the discoveries of remains of mastodons, which have been made from time to time, sink into insignificance by comparison.

Mr. Liskche, a printer of Seattle, Wash., who returned from the Koyukuk country recently, brought the news of the find to Dawson. He says that Dr. Cleveland, who is known from one end of the territory to the other, has gone to investigate the matter. The manner of the discovery was this: A party of Chandelar Indians was hunting near the headwaters of the Peoupinie river, which they had reached by following the Chandelar creek. One day while on the side of a mountain, whose slope is toward the Arctic Ocean, one of the party, looking about for game, chanced to spy high on the mountain side above him a rocky formation of a shape he had never seen before. He was about to continue search for game, but changed his mind, and toiled up the side of the mountain toward the strange object. It was not till he got to it that he discovered that there were two objects very much alike, and then it suddenly dawned upon him that there, more than 100 miles from the sea, and high above it, were two ships, the larger probably 400 feet long, turned to stone.



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What a success—What a lasting success these \$10 Suits will be in advertising the progressive business methods of this store. It was a risk to buy such a quantity of cloth, especially at the end of the season. We knew the quality, and judging from past successes we were confident of response as soon as our purchase was made known. Your opportunity for getting a \$10 Suit that has every earmark of one costing \$15 is limited to about ten days.

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