

A STRANGE LEGACY

CHAPTER III

Mr. Dottleton, who had just come back from the City, walked away to the park, and sought a secluded bench, where he seated himself, and drew out the letter he had taken possession of. What did his mother-in-law want with this young doctor now? And why did she send her letters by hand, instead of putting them in the postbag? He had a right to know what it meant, and he intended to find out. The envelope was carelessly gummed and came open without difficulty. He unfolded the enclosure, and bit his lips with chagrin as he read it:

"MY DEAR DOCTOR—Come and meet Sir Alfred Blodget here in consultation at noon to-morrow; he is coming to see me.—Yours sincerely,

"MARIA LAMSHED."

Mr. Dottleton stared at it, and a few emphatic words escaped him. What could his mother-in-law be thinking of? To ask a young man who was little more than a medical student to come and "consult" with the very first authority of the day! It was ridiculous; it made a farce of Sir Alfred's visit. What an outrageous thing it was for the woman to do!

"Of course it can't be allowed," he said to himself; "and I'll just take the responsibility of posting this letter—in time to be too late for him to keep the appointment."

He replaced it in his pocket, and returned home, deeply vexed at what he looked upon as a mean attempt to take advantage of his generosity. His thoughts flew back to the conversation he had had with Mrs. Lamshed the day before; how he had urged his dutiful anxiety for her health as the reason for calling in Sir Alfred Blodget; and then, in spite of himself, he recalled how he had carefully arranged this to supplant Dr. Lakeworth; and now, instead of doing anything in that direction, his scheme was made use of to benefit the man. Oh, it was very disheartening, and enough to aggravate any one. No wonder that Mr. Dottleton entered his house in a frame of mind which caused Kate to avoid him, and made the servants quake in their shoes as they waited upon him at dinner.

Everything had gone wrong, as things have a way of doing when our little tempers get the better of us: the soup was smoked, the fish done to rags, and the joint as tough as leather. Kate, who was skilled in reading the paternal barometer, took little time to discover that the hand was set at "Storm," and knew better than deliver herself of her grandmother's message, asking if Mr. Dottleton was quite sure he had left the note to Charles Lakeworth at the right house; in deed, she had a faint suspicion that the said note might have caused the present disturbance in the domestic atmosphere, and judiciously abstained from referring to it. So her father, shielded by his smouldering passion, was allowed to keep it in his breast-pocket undisturbed, and the untruth he had ready remained unspoken.

He started for the City earlier than usual next morning; he wanted to evade being questioned about the letter until he had despatched it, but he was careful not to commit it to the post until nearly eleven o'clock. Then he felt easier; he had foiled the first attempt to make capital out of his liberality, and had gained time to remonstrate mildly with Mrs. Lamshed upon the absurdity of her ideas. It occurred to him more than once during the day that detaining the letter was not quite the best way of beginning operations; but if that cropped up, as it was tolerably sure to do, he must plead failure of memory or make some excuse of that kind. He walked home to Blakewood Square that afternoon, wondering much what the result of his manoeuvre had been, and warning himself that he must be prepared for an outburst of wrath heretofore unheard of on the part of his mother-in-law. The nearer home he came, the more awkward he felt his own attitude in the matter to be, and had he found it necessary to confront Mrs. Lamshed at once, he would have made out a poor case for himself.

It chanced, however, that she was indulging in her customary afternoon siesta when he came in, and he was fully posted by his daughter in the events of the day before the old lady awoke. It seemed that punctually at twelve o'clock, Sir Alfred Blodget had called; but there was no Dr. Lakeworth to meet him. At Mrs. Lamshed's earnest request, he had consented to waste five minutes of his valuable time in waiting to be introduced to "her doctor." At a quarter past twelve, just as Kate entered the room, he drew out his watch and rose to go; she dashed recklessly into the breach, and succeeded in detaining him until nearly twenty-five minutes past the hour, but still no Charles Lakeworth appeared. Then the great physician was annoyed, and picked up his hat, making caustic remarks about the independent manners adopted by struggling practitioners. When Mr. Dottleton heard this, he felt that he had at all events sown the seeds of a good misunderstanding between Sir Alfred and Dr. Lakeworth, and that his task with Mrs. Lamshed would be easier; but he had not heard all that Kate had to tell him. Three o'clock brought Charles Lakeworth to the house in a flutter of disappointment; he had with him the note which had been written yesterday, but which the City post-mark proved to have been despatched to-day. Grandmother had been exceedingly angry, and told Dr. Lakeworth that she would sift the matter to the bottom as soon as Mr. Dottleton came home, and further promised to make another opportunity of introducing him to Sir Alfred Blodget.

Mr. Dottleton did not feel quite so well after hearing that; but as he received a summons from his mother-in-law almost immediately after Kate had finished her story, he had no time to prepare a brief for his defence.

Mrs. Lamshed was lying amongst her pillows panting for the fray; she waved her son-in-law to a seat at the bedside and attacked him at once. "It was a great pity you forgot that note, after taking it from Sarah, Montague; the contents were most important—most important."

"So Kate has been telling me," said Mr. Dottleton; "and so I imagined from the fact of your sending it by hand."

"It was worth everything to Charles Lakeworth to meet Sir Alfred professionally. Considering how the boy stands towards Kate, you ought to regret having deprived him of the chance he had to-day."

Mr. Dottleton was very far from regretting it, but did not think it advisable to say so; on the contrary, he hastened to

expound his own views. "You could not have weighed the matter with your usual good sense, when you asked that young fellow, who is scarcely more than a student, to meet such a man as Sir Alfred in consultation. Sir Alfred would, I am sure, have felt grossly insulted had he seen the person you wanted to introduce to him in such a manner."

It was an unhappily worded sentence; the back-handed allusion to her "good sense" the suggestion that Sir Alfred would have been grossly insulted through her instrumentality, and finally the careless reference to the "person," stung the old lady to the quick. She turned upon him sharply and spoke with rising temper.

"You're jealously careful of Sir Alfred's sensibilities, Montague. You don't see the advantage of extending a helping hand to a deserving man who wants it, do you?"

"I have no wish whatever to impede his progress—"

"Or to help it either, no doubt; you seem to forget that he's engaged to Kate."

"He isn't engaged to Kate, and won't be, till he can satisfy my requirements," Mr. Dottleton was a passionate man, and was letting his feelings get the mastery of him. It irritated him sorely to be taken to task like this by Mrs. Lamshed, and he lost sight of his own interests in the anger of the moment. Mrs. Lamshed paused for a few seconds, and then produced the card she always had in her sleeve when she wanted to crush her son-in-law; but this time it failed utterly. "Must I remind you again that there's still plenty of time for me to alter my will, Montague?"

"I have no control over your intentions, madam; you are quite aware that my daughter Kate is dependent upon me, and will ultimately inherit all I possess."

It was a very gentle hint that if he were out of her will in favour of Dr. Lakeworth, Kate would be the real sufferer; but it had its effect upon Mrs. Lamshed.

"I don't think Kate would lose much. Those two will be faithful to each other, however long you may keep them apart, in your greed."

"I will never raise a finger to thwart Kate's happiness if she marries a man of whom I can approve."

"Then you don't approve of Charles Lakeworth?"

"No, Mrs. Lamshed; I do not. As things stand now, I most emphatically disapprove of him; and there's an end of it."

There was a dead silence for five minutes, until Mrs. Lamshed spoke again, calmly and quietly. "Please ring the bell, Montague."

He did so without a word, and stepped back to his place by the bedside, where he stood facing his mother-in-law.

Mrs. Lamshed neither moved nor spoke till her maid appeared and asked for her commands. Then she collected herself as if for a spring, and sat bolt upright with her white hair falling over her shoulders, whilst she pointed with her thin trembling finger to the door. Her sunken eyes flashed with suppressed excitement as she spoke the words which Montague Dottleton remembered till the very last day of his life. "Send for Smuggles's partner," said Mrs. Lamshed.

Although the order was ostensibly addressed to the maid, Mr. Dottleton knew that it was in reality given to himself. He offered no protest; perhaps he recognized that it would be useless; he pulled out his watch and glanced at it before he answered, which he did in tones whose coolness surprised himself and were evidently not pleasing to Mrs. Lamshed. "It is now half-past six, and the office will be shut. Do you know the gentleman's name and his private residence?"

His mother-in-law glowered angrily at him for a few seconds before she replied: "No, I don't. I want Smuggles's partner."

Mr. Dottleton bowed, and quitted the room: he was in no hurry to discover the nameless individual who was to assist in altering the will. "I'll wait until to-morrow," he thought as he went to his own chamber; "she may have changed her mind by the morning."

But morning came, and Mrs. Lamshed was as firm in her purpose as she had been the evening before. Her son-in-law went to her room to make inquiries about her health before he set out for the City, and was startled at the change for the worse which had taken place during the night. Her breathing was heavy and laboured, and there was a listless apathy in her manner which contrasted painfully with her wonted brightness. She seemed indisposed to speak to any one; but when he referred to her demand for "Smuggles's partner," she roused herself with an effort. "It's Starbone and Smuggles—Lincoln's Inn—ask for his partner."

"Are you well enough to attend to business to-day?" asked Mr. Dottleton anxiously.

"Yes, said Mrs. Lamshed. "Send him to me now—at once."

He said nothing more; but as his gaze rested on the form of the old lady, who seemed to be drawing near her end, a dark thought crossed his mind. She could not last very long; she was breaking up rapidly; a few days, in all likelihood, would see the last; he could forget her commission to-day, and perhaps—

"Don't forget to call at Starbone and Smuggles's office, Montague; I shall expect the solicitor here at twelve o'clock." She spoke more fluently than she had done before, and seemed to hint pointedly at his singular forgetfulness in that matter of the note to Dr. Lakeworth. He turned red under her searching eyes, and hastily dismissed his half-formed design, promised to attend to her wishes without fail. After all, it would answer no good purpose to neglect them; she could easily send another messenger, if she distrusted him; and he felt that he had little claim to her confidence. She would put the true interpretation on his remissness, and visit it all the more severely upon him. No; he must close his eyes to the nature of his errand, and execute it with that honesty whose mother is necessity and whose child is self-interest.

He had no difficulty in finding Messrs. Starbone and Smuggles's office, where he was received by the surviving partner, a gaunt melancholy man, who dwelt in a little back room lined with battered tin deodorizers.

"Mrs. Lamshed?" said the gaunt man wearily—"Lamshed?—Ah, yes; I remember: 10 Potfield Gardens, isn't it?"

"That was Mrs. Lamshed's address at one time," said Mr. Dottleton. "My mother-in-law now resides with me, at No. 21

Blakewood Square. She is particularly anxious to see you as soon as possible. Could you conveniently call upon her at about mid-day?"

The melancholy solicitor chewed the stump of a very old quill pen thoughtfully, and referred to a memorandum slab on the table. "To-day is Wednesday. I will attend Mrs. Lamshed at noon," he said in a funeral voice.—"Will you be good enough to say that I—Mr. Reginald Slimp—will be in attendance at noon?"

Mr. Dottleton shook hands with him and withdrew. He intended to telegraph down to let his mother-in-law know that he had lost no time in carrying out her directions; it would look disinterested and might have a softening effect. Accordingly, he wired, telling Mrs. Lamshed that she might expect Mr. Reginald Slimp to be with her at the hour appointed. "I may wash my hands of it now, I suppose," he said as he signed the telegraph stamp. "I may sit down and wait for the earthquake."

That was a long-remembered day at 21 Blakewood Square. Mr. Slimp arrived at twelve o'clock, armed with a fashionable parchment envelope, which he carried in his hat up to Mrs. Lamshed's room. The old lady dismissed her maid with instructions not to return and to prevent others disturbing her until she heard the bell, as she was going to be busy with the visitor. Charles Lakeworth called, and for the first time during his acquaintance, was told that his patient was engaged, and could not see him.—"Was Miss Dottleton engaged? No. Then he would see her; and was taken up stairs forthwith."

"Is anything wrong, Kate?" he asked as he took her hands. "Why won't Mrs. Lamshed see me?"

"Hush!" said Kate (the old lady's apartment was next to the drawing-room). "There was a quarrel of some kind last night, and grandamma sent for her lawyer. I suspect it's about her will. He is with her now; they've been shut up alone together for nearly an hour."

The bell rang sharply at that moment; and a message was sent to the butler to go to Mrs. Lamshed at once. He was not detained very long; he was only called upon to sign his name, after seeing the old lady inscribe a few lines at the bottom of a document; and a few minutes after he left the room with the maid Sarah, who also acted as a witness. Mr. Slimp with his papers followed, looking if possible, more melancholy than ever. His aspect gave an increased air of solemnity to the occasion, and impressed the under-housemaid who let him out with the conviction that something very deep and mysterious indeed had taken place up stairs.

Sir Alfred Blodget paid his visit soon after the solicitor had gone, and found the invalid with her grand daughter and the young doctor for whom he had been kept waiting the day before.

"Explain," said Mrs. Lamshed to Kate, nodding at Charles Lakeworth and then at Sir Alfred. Nothing loth, Kate informed the latter how the miscarriage of a note had caused the mistake of the previous day, and introduced Dr. Lakeworth as the physician who had taken care of her grand-parent for the past twelve months. Sir Alfred was extremely gracious; but Miss Dottleton was a little disappointed to find that he did not at once retire to the window with Charles and earnestly discuss the case in low tones, which was her preconceived idea of a "consultation." On the contrary, he only patted Mrs. Lamshed's hand kindly and told her to stay where she was for a day or two; said so quite independently, without even asking the younger doctor if he didn't agree with him. It was not much of a consultation, reflected poor Kate, when the great man went out followed by the small one; and she told Mrs. Lamshed her opinion of Sir Alfred, which was quite at variance with that usually entertained about him.

"You are intimate with the family, I understand?" he said to Charles Lakeworth as he drew on his gloves in the hall.

"Yes; I have known them well for some time."

"Well, you may mention to Mr. Dottleton that I can do nothing more than you can, and shall not look in again.—Very old woman. Course of nature. I shall be surprised if she sees the light of Sunday.—Good day; very pleased to have met you."

The brougham rolled away with Sir Alfred, and Charles Lakeworth returned to Mrs. Lamshed's room. He had known before that she was seriously ill, but did not possess the experience which told the older man that her lease of life had so nearly expired. He was charged with the duty of telling Mr. Dottleton that the case had been left in his hands as hopeless, and he would have to break the news to Kate also, a task he cared for even less. He would not tell her yet, he decided; she had no idea of Mrs. Lamshed's real condition, and it would only prolong her grief to reveal it sooner than was actually necessary. Mr. Dottleton must be told, of course, and he waited until that gentleman came home, in order to see him.

"You arrived here soon after noon, you say, Mr. Lakeworth," said Mr. Dottleton, when he had been told Sir Alfred's opinion. "Did you see Mrs. Lamshed at once?"

"She was engaged when I came, and I did not see her until her visitor had gone."

"Mrs. Lamshed seemed to me to be a little strange in her manner last night and this morning; do you think her faculties are perfectly clear?"

"Perfectly clear. She is very weak, and is growing weaker almost every hour; but her mind is quite sound."

Mr. Dottleton had conceived the idea that his mother-in-law might if necessary be proved mentally incapable of making a new will, and did not intend to give up the notion yet. He would send a line to Sir Alfred Blodget about it; Dr. Lakeworth's opinion was hardly worth having, and might, moreover, be prejudiced. He lost no time in writing to the doctor, and waited until late that evening in keen anxiety for his reply; it would be a great triumph if he succeeded in getting this codicil legally set aside, for he had firmly persuaded himself that it was in Charles Lakeworth's favour. Whatever its provisions might be, he would be acquainted with them in a few days—by Sunday or Monday, at the latest. It was hard that, after all these years, a slight blunder should throw out his calculations when the end was almost in sight; it was very hard. Still, there was a shred of hope left. If such an authority as Sir Alfred Blodget could certify that he had seen Mrs. Lamshed half an hour after she had altered her will, and that she was then incapable of understanding what she had done, he was safe. He could snap his fingers at Dr. Lakeworth and kick him out of the house.—Here was the answer from Sir Alfred at last. He snatched the

letter from the servant and tore it open in nervous haste:

"Sir Alfred Blodget presents his compliments to Mr. Dottleton, and has pleasure in assuring him that Mrs. Lamshed was perfectly capable of transacting any business such as he refers to at the time he visited her to-day."

Foiled! He crushed the paper into a shapeless lump and threw it into the waste-paper basket. Whatever the old harridan had done, it was done, and would hold good. He swallowed his passion, and went up to see his daughter.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Amiable Barbarians—Anecdotes of Tolstoy and Melikoff.

From the Tsar down to the humblest mujik, the Russians are more or less barbarians, from the point of view of the refined West, but certainly most amiable barbarians, so far as foreigners are concerned. Their hospitality knows no limits; no trouble is too great when it is a question of obliging a foreign visitor; but charming as they are, you are constantly being reminded of the wildness of their real underlying nature by the strange contrasts of delicacy and brutality, of civilization and barbarism, which their daily life offers. To hear the Russians talk about the unwritten contemporary history of their social and national life is like listening to the stories of the Arabian Nights. The true narrative of Skoboleff's career and death, and the true narrative of the circumstances of the assassination of the late Tsar, are far more thrilling and extraordinary than print has ever told.

As an example of the strange contrasts of real Russia we will cite two anecdotes that were related to us by a distinguished official whose intention was certainly not to throw dust in our eyes, or even to astonish us beyond measure. The conversation happened to turn upon General Loris Melikoff, the famous chief of the dreaded "third section."

The Emperor, we were told by our informant, had given Loris Melikoff unbounded power to act against the Nihilists, and had virtually created him vice-Emperor, as Melikoff himself used to say. Now, Melikoff had discovered that one of the leading Nihilist chiefs was in the habit of frequently visiting Count Tolstoy, the novelist, and one day he went out to Tolstoy's country house. Before the visitor had announced himself, Tolstoy recognized him, and said:

"You are Loris Melikoff, chief of the third section. Do you come to see me officially, or as a private man? If you come officially, here are my keys; search; open everything. You are free."

"I come not officially," replied Melikoff. "Very good," answered Tolstoy; and calling two mujiks, he said to them, "Throw this man out of the house!"

The mujiks obeyed Tolstoy to the letter, and Loris Melikoff had to accept this treatment, for in his way Tolstoy is a mightier man even than "our father the Tsar." In the eyes of the Russian people he is an exceptional being, being more than a saint, and almost a saviour.

The mention of Loris Melikoff brought up another anecdote. Some twelve years ago the Emperor sent for Melikoff and announced to him that the plague was raging in two villages of the empire, and ordered him to do whatever was needful with a view to stopping its ravages, at the same time giving him unlimited powers.

Thereupon Loris Melikoff went first of all to the Minister of Finance, informed him that he should perhaps require a great deal of money in order to carry out the Emperor's commands, and demanded a credit of fifty millions of rubles. The Minister of Finance made a long face, but was unable to refuse. Loris Melikoff then posted to the villages in question, and having observed the situation he telegraphed for twenty fire engines to be sent from the neighboring towns, had the pumps charged with petroleum, and ordered the firemen to approach the villages by night, inundate the cottages with petroleum, set them on fire, and save nobody. The order was executed; the cottages and their few hundred inhabitants—men, women, children, and cattle—were burned to ashes, and those villages disappeared from the map of Russia and from the registers of the empire. The measure was radical, but it stamped out the plague effectually. Loris Melikoff thereupon reported to the Emperor that his commands had been executed, and then called on the Minister of Finance to tell him that out of the credit of fifty millions of rubles granted to him he had spent only two hundred to buy petroleum, and that consequently his Excellency the Minister could dispose of the balance.

In both of these stories, which we have reason to believe to be literally exact, we find that curious mixture of the grandiose, of ostentation, and of barbaric recklessness which are characteristic of the Russian temperament.—(Harper's Magazine.)

Ape and Looking-Glass.

A looking-glass is a mystery, an object of intense interest, to many animals, and it is often very amusing to watch their manoeuvres. Prof. C. Robertson describes the behavior of a large ape in the Jardin des Plantes.

He was in an iron cage, lording it over some smaller monkeys. Ferns and other things had been thrown between the bars, which the ape attempted to seize. At length a small hand looking-glass, with a strong wooden frame, was thrown in. The ape got hold of it, and began to brandish it like a hammer, when suddenly he was arrested by the reflection of himself in the glass.

After looking puzzled for a moment, he darted his head behind the glass to find the other ape, which he evidently supposed to be there. Finding nothing, he apparently thought that he had not been quick enough in his movements. So he raised and drew the glass nearer to him with great caution, and then with a swifter dart, looked behind; and again finding nothing, he made the attempt once more.

He now grew very angry, and began to beat the frame violently on the floor of the cage. Soon the glass was shattered, and pieces fell out. Again he was arrested by his own image in the piece of glass still remaining in the frame, and he resolved to try again. More carefully than ever he began, and more rapidly than ever was the final dart made.

His fury over this last failure knew no bounds, and he crunched the frame and glass together with his teeth till nothing but splinters remained.

Electric Car Brakes.

The expression, electric brake, is now ten heard and requires a word of explanation. There are various forms of so called electric brakes which are practicable, and even efficient, working devices. In none of them, however, does electricity furnish the power by which the brakes are applied; it merely puts in operation some other power. In one type of electric brake the active braking force is taken from an axle of each car. A small friction-drum is made fast to the axle. Another friction-drum hangs from the body of the car swings near the axle. If, when the car is in motion, these drums are brought in contact, that one which hangs from the car takes motion from the other, and may be made to wind a chain on its shaft. Winding in this chain pulls on the brake-levers precisely as if it had been wound on the shaft of the hand brake.

The sole function of electricity in this form of brake is to bring the friction-drums together. In a French brake which has been used experimentally for some years with much success, an electric current, controlled by the engine-driver, energizes an electro magnet which forms part of the swinging frame in which the loose friction-pulleys are carried. This electro-magnet being vitalized, is attracted toward the axle, thus bringing the friction-drums in contact. In an American brake lately exhibited on a long freight train, a small electro-magnet is used, but the same end is accomplished by multiplying the power by the intervention of a lever and wheel. The other type of so-called electric brake is that in which the motive power is compressed air, and the function of the electric device is simply to manipulate the valves under each car, by which the air is let into the brake-cylinder or allowed to escape, thus putting on or releasing the brakes. All of these devices have this advantage, that, whatever the length of the train, the application of the brakes is simultaneous on all the wheels, and stops can be made from high speed with little shock.—(Scribner's.)

A Fast Ride on a Locomotive.

We cannot tell from the time-tables how fast we travel. The schedule times do not indicate the delays that must be made up by spurts between stations. The traveller who is curious to know just how fast he is going, and likes the stimulus of thinking that he is in a little danger, may find amusement in taking the time between mile posts; and when these are not to be seen, he can often get the speed very accurately by counting the rails passed in a given time. This may be done by listening attentively at an open window or door. The regular clicks of the wheels over the rail-joints can usually soon be singled out from the other noises, and counted. The number of rail-lengths passed in twenty seconds is almost exactly the number of miles run in an hour.

But if one wants to get a lively sense of what it means to rush through space at fifty or sixty miles an hour, he must get on a locomotive. Then only does he begin to realize what trifles stand between him and destruction. A few weeks ago a lady sat in a hour in the cab of a locomotive hauling a fast express train over a mountain road. She saw the narrow bright line of the rails and the slender points of the switches. She heard the thunder of the bridges, and saw the track shut in by rocky bluffs, and new perils suddenly revealed as the engine swept around sharp curves. The experience was to her magnificent, but the sense of danger was almost appalling. To have made her experience complete, she should have taken one day ride in a dark and rainy night. In a daylight ride on a locomotive, we come to realize how slender is the rail and how fragile its fastenings, compared with the ponderous machine which they carry. We see what a trifling movement of a switch makes the difference between life and death. We learn how short the look ahead must often be, and how close danger sits on either hand. But it is only in a night ride that we learn how dependent the engineer must be, after all, upon the faithful vigilance of others. The head-light reveals a few yards of glistering rail, and the ghostly telegraph poles and switch targets. Were a switch open, a rail taken up, or a pile of ties on the track, we could not possibly see the danger in time to stop.—(Scribner's.)

The Oldest and Smallest Spot in the World.

There is to be found in the heart of the small city of Nablus, in North Palestine, a little religious community—now numbering about one hundred and fifty souls—which has defied the ravages of war and poverty and oppression nearly three thousand years. Unlike the Vaudois, these Samaritans have had no friendly system of mountain buttresses to defend them through the centuries; and still more unlike the long-lived Savoyard Protestants, they have been right in the path-way along which the devastating armies have marched back and forth, from the time of Sargon to Napoleon. But they have lived on, and their unity has never been broken. They have clung to little Nablus and to their sacred Mount Gerizim, as the very cactus roots to the granite sides of the sombre Ebal that confronts them across their little enchanted valley.

The feeling with which the present Samaritans regard the Mohammedans is of that intense bitterness which they have always manifested toward the Jews. And why not? Does not the Samaritan date his faith from Abraham, or rather from Adam? and has he not a right to call that an infant religion which has been in existence for only the trifles of twelve centuries? Is not the Koran one of your new catchpenny romances, while that mysterious copy of the Pentateuch, made of sacred lambskins, which the Samaritans have been reading and kissing through these many ages, is the oldest copy in existence, written down by Aaron's own grandson, and the veritable original of all the Pentateuchs in the world?

As the population of Nablus is just about 12,000, the little Samaritan community is almost absorbed by the surrounding Mohammedan mass. Says to a careful observer, the very existence and presence of the Samaritans as a distinct element of citizenship in Nablus would not be noticed. The Samaritans wear a turban, much like that of their true Moslem neighbors, but between the history and theology of the two classes there is not a single point of positive resemblance.—(Harper's Magazine.)

A kitchen table with as many drawers beneath it as a writing desk, and having a high back like a side-board, full of pigeon-holes for the kitchen utensils, is a recent addition to the hired girl's comfort.