

THE VICAR'S GOVERNESS

CHAPTER XXVI.—Continued.

He is sitting at the head of the long table looking strangely solitary, and very much aged, considering the short time that had elapsed since last he left Pullingham.

"So you are home again, Arthur," says Dorian, coldly, but with apparent composure. They had not been face to face since that last meeting, when bitter words, and still more bitter looks, had passed between them.

Now, letting the quickly spoken sentence take the place of a more active greeting, they nod coolly to each other, and carefully refuse to let their hands touch.

"Yes," says Sartoris, evenly; "I returned two days ago. Business recalled me; otherwise I was sufficiently comfortable where I was to make me wish to remain there."

"And Constance, is she quite well?" "Quite well, thank you. Your cousins desired to be remembered to you. So did she of course."

A pause, prolonged and undesirable. "You will take some claret?" says Sartoris, at last, pushing the bottle toward him.

"No, thank you; I have only just dined. I came up to-night to tell you what I dare say by this you have heard from somebody else; I am going to be married on the 9th of next month."

Lord Sartoris turns suddenly to confront him.

"I had not heard it," he says, with amazement. "To be married! This is very sudden." Then, changing his tone, "I am glad," he says, slowly, and with an unmistakable sneer, "that at last it has occurred to you to set that girl right in the eyes of the world. As a man of honor, there was no other course left open to you."

"To whom are you alluding?" asks Branscombe, growing pale with anger, an ominous flash betraying itself in his gray eyes.

"I hope I understand you to mean to offer full, though tardy reparation to Ruth Annersley."

With an effort Branscombe restrains the fierce outburst of wrath that is trembling on his lips.

"You still persist, then, in accusing me of being accessory to that girl's disappearance?"

"You have never yet denied it," exclaims Sartoris, pushing back his glass, and rising to his feet. "Give me the lie direct, if you can,—if you dare,—and I will believe you."

"I never will," returns Dorian, now thoroughly roused,—"never! If my own character all these past years is not denied enough, I shall give no other. Believe what you will. Do you imagine I shall come to you, like a whipped school boy, after every supposed offense, to say, 'I did do this,' or, 'I did not do that?' I shall contradict nothing, assert nothing; therefore judge me as it may please you. I shall not try to vindicate my actions to any living man."

His tone, his whole bearing, should have carried conviction to the hearts of most men; but to the old lord, who has seen so much of the world in its worst phases,—its cruelties and falsehoods,—and who has roughed it so long among his fellow-men, faith, in its finer sense, is wanting.

"Enough," he says, coldly, with a slight wave of his hand. "Let us end this subject now and forever. You have come to tell me of your approaching marriage; may I ask the name of the lady you intend making your wife?"

"Broughton; Georgie Broughton," says Branscombe, briefly.

"Broughton,—I hardly fancy I know the name; and yet am I wrong in thinking there is a governess at the vicarage of that name?"

"There was. She is now staying with Clarissa Peyton. I am to be married to her, as I have already told you, early next month."

"A governess!" says Sartoris. There is a world of unpleasant meaning in his tone. "Really,—with slow contempt,—"I can hardly congratulate you on your tastes! You have might have chosen your wife almost anywhere, can find nothing to suit you but an obscure governess."

"I don't think there is anything particularly obscure about Georgie," replies Dorian, with admirable composure, though he flushes hotly. "Have you ever seen her? No? Then, of course, you are not in a position to judge of either her merits or demerits. I shall thank you, therefore,—surveying his uncle rather insolently, from head to heel,—"to be silent on the subject."

After a slight pause, he turns again to Sartoris, and, forcing him to meet his gaze, says haughtily,—

"May we hope you will be present at our wedding, my lord?"

"I thank you, no. I fear not," returns the older man, quite as haughtily. "I hope to be many miles from here before the end of next week."

Dorian smiles unpleasantly.

"You will at least call upon Miss Broughton before leaving the neighborhood?" he says, raising his brows.

At this Sartoris turns upon him fiercely, stung by the apparent unconcern of his manner.

"Why should I call?" he says, his voice full of indignant anger. "Is it to congratulate her on her coming union with you? I tell you, were I to do so, the face of another woman would rise before me and freeze the false words upon my lips. To you, Dorian, in my old age, all my heart went out. My hopes, my affections, my ambitions, began and ended with you. And what a reward has been mine! Yours has been the hand to drag our name down to a level with the dust. Disgrace follows hard upon your footsteps. Were I to go, as you desire, to do the incontinent girl, do you imagine I could speak fair words to her? I tell you, no! I should rather feel it my duty to warn her against entering a house so dishonored as yours. I should—"

"Pshaw!" says Branscombe, check-

ing him with an impatient gesture. "Don't let us introduce tragedy into this very commonplace affair. Pray don't trouble yourself to go and see her at all. In your present mood, I rather think you would frighten her to death."

"I am sorry I intruded my private matters upon you; but Clarissa quite made a point of my coming to Hythe to-night for that purpose, and, as you know, she is a difficult person to refuse. I'm sure I beg your pardon for having so unwarrantably bored you."

"Clarissa, like a great many other charming people, is at times prone to give very unseasonable advice," says Sartoris, coldly.

"Which, interpreted, means that I did wrong to come. I feel you are right." He laughs faintly again, and, taking up his hat, looks straight at his uncle. He has drawn himself up to his full height, and is looking quite his handsomest. He is slightly flushed (a dark color that becomes him), and a sneer lies round the corners of his lips. "I hardly know how to apologize," he says, lightly, "for having forced myself upon you in this intrusive fashion. The only amends I can possibly make is to promise you it shall never occur again, and to still further give you my word that, for the future, I shall not even annoy you by my presence."

So saying he turns away, and, inclining his head, goes out through the door, and, closing it gently after him, passes rapidly down the long hall, as though in haste to depart, and, gaining the entrance-door, shuts it too, behind him, and breathes more freely as he finds the air of heaven breathing on his brow.

Not until he has almost reached Sartoris once more does that calm fall upon him that, as a rule, follows hard upon all our gusts of passion. The late interview has hurt him more than he cares to confess even to himself. His regard,—nay, his affection,—for Sartoris is deep and sincere; and, though wounded now, and estranged from him, because of his determination to believe the worst of him, still it remains hidden in his heart, and is strong enough to gall and torture him after such scenes as he has just gone through.

Hitherto his life has been unclouded,—has been all sunshine and happy summer and glad laughter. Now a dark veil hangs over it, threatening to deaden all things and dim the brightness of his "golden hours."

"He who hath most of heart knows most of sorrow." To Dorian, to be wroth with those he loves is, indeed, a sort of madness that affects his heart, if not his brain.

He frowns as he strides disconsolately onward through the fast-falling night; and then all at once a thought comes to him—a fair vision seems to rise almost in his path,—that calms him and dulls all resentful memories. It is Georgie,—his love, his darling! She, at least, will be true to him. He will teach her so to love him that no light winds of scandal shall have power to shake her faith. Surely a heart filled with dreams of her should harbor no miserable thoughts. He smiles again; his steps grow lighter; he is once more the Dorian of old; he will—he must—be, of necessity, utterly happy with her beside him during all the life that is to come.

Alas that human hopes should prove so often vain!

CHAPTER XXVII.

"'Tis now the summer of your youth; time has not cropt the roses from your cheek, though sorrow long has washed them."—The Gamester.

The wedding—a very private one—goes off charmingly. The day breaks calm, smilingly, rich with beauty. "Lovely are the opening eyelids of the morn."

Georgie, in her wedding garments, looking like some pale white lily, is indeed "passing fair." She is almost too pallid, but the very pallor adds to the extreme purity and childlikeness of her beauty, and makes the gazer confident "there's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple." Dorian, tall and handsome, and unmistakably content, seems a very fit guardian for so fragile a flower.

Of course the marriage gives rise to much comment in the country, Branscombe being direct heir to the Sartoris title, and presumably the future possessor of all his uncle's private wealth.

That he should marry a mere governess, a positive nobody, offends the county, and makes it shrug its comfortable shoulders and give way to more malicious talk than is at all necessary. With some, the pretty bride is an adventuress, and, indeed,—in the very softest of soft whispers, and with a gentle rustling of indignant skirts,—not altogether as correct as she might be. There are a few who choose to believe her of good family, but "awfully out-at-elbows, don't you know?" a still fewer who declare she is charming all round and fit for anything; and hardly one, who does not consider her, at heart, fortunate and designing.

One or two rash and unsophisticated girls venture on the supposition that, perhaps, after all, it is a real bona fide love-match, and make the still bolder suggestion that a governess may have a heart as well as other people. But these silly children are pushed out of sight, and very sensibly pooh-poohed, and are told, with a little clever laugh, that they "are quite too sweet, and quite dear babies, and they must try and keep on thinking all that sort of pretty rubbish as long as ever they can. It is so successful, and so very taking nowadays."

Dorian is regarded as an infuriated, misguided young man, who should never have been allowed out without a keeper. Such a disgraceful flinging away of opportunities, and birth, and position, to marry a woman so utterly out of his own set! No wonder his poor uncle refused to be present at the ceremony,—actually ran away from home to avoid it. And—so—by the bye, talking of running away, what was that affair about that little girl at the mill? Wasn't Branscombe's name mixed up with it unpleasantly? Horrid low, you know, that sort of thing, when one is found out.

The county is quite pleased with its own gossip, and drinks innumerable cups of choicest tea over it, out of the very daintiest Derby and Sevres and "Wooster," and is actually merry at the expense of the newly wedded. Only a few brave men among whom is Mr. Kennedy, who is staying with the Luttrells, give it as their opinion that Branscombe is a downright lucky fellow and has got the handsomest wife in the neighborhood.

Toward the close of July, contrary to expectation, Mr. and Mrs. Branscombe return to Pullingham, and, in spite of censure, and open protest, are literally inundated with cards from all sides.

The morning after her return, Georgie drives down to Gowran, to see Clarissa, and tell her "all the news," as she declares in her first breath.

"It was all too enchanting," she says, in her quick, vivacious way. "I enjoyed it so. All the lovely old churches, and the lakes, and the bones of the dear saints, and everything. But I missed you, do you know,—yes, really, without flattery, I mean. Every time I saw anything specially desirable, I felt I wanted you to see it to. And on one day I told Dorian I was filled with a mad longing to talk to you once again, and I think he rather jumped at the suggestion of coming home forthwith;—and why, here we are."

"I can't say how glad I am that you are here," says Clarissa. "It was too dreadful without you both. I am so delighted you had such a really good time and were so happy."

"Happy!—I am quite that," says Mrs. Branscombe, easily. "I can always do just what I please, and there is nobody now to scold or annoy me in any way."

"And you have Dorian to love," says Clarissa, a little gravely, she hardly knows why. It is perhaps the old curious want in Georgie's tone that has again impressed her.

"Love, love, love," cries that young woman, a little impatiently. "Why are people always talking about love? Does it really make the world go round, I wonder? Yes, of course I have Dorian to be fond of now." She rises impulsively, and, walking to one of the windows gazes out upon the gardens beneath. "Come," she says, stepping on to the veranda; "come out with me. I want to breathe your flowers again."

Clarissa follows her, and together they wander up and down among the heavy roses and drooping lilies that are languid with heat and sleep. Here all the children of the sun and dew seem to grow and flourish.

"No dainty flow're or herbe that grows No arbor with painted blossoms drest And smelling sweete, but there it might be found To bud out faire and throwe her sweete smels all around."

Dorian, coming up presently to meet his wife and drive her home, finds her and Clarissa laughing gayly over one of Georgie's foreign reminiscences. He walks so slowly over the soft green grass that they do not hear him until he is quite close to them.

"Ah! you have come, Dorian," says Dorian's wife, with a pretty smile, "but too soon. Clarissa and I haven't half said all we have to say yet."

"At least I have said how glad I am to have you both back," says Clarissa. "The whole thing has been quite too awfully dismal without you. But for Jim and papa I should have gone mad, or something. I never put in such a horrid time. Horace came down occasionally,—very occasionally,—out of sheer pity, I believe; and Lord Sartoris was a real comfort, he visited so often; but he has gone away again."

"Has he? I suppose our return frightened him," says Branscombe, in a peculiar tone.

"I have been telling Clarissa how we tired of each other long before the right time," says Georgie, airily, "and how we came home to escape being bored to death by our own dullness."

Dorian laughs.

"She says what she likes," he tells Clarissa. "Has she yet put on the dignified stop for you? It would quite surprise me to see her at the head of her table. Last night it was terrible. She seemed to grow several inches taller, and looked so severe that long before it was time for him to retire, Martin was on the verge of nervous tears. I could have wept for him, he looked so disheartened."

"I'm perfectly certain Martin adores me," says Mrs. Branscombe, indignantly, "and I couldn't be severe or dignified to save my life. Clarissa, you must forgive me if I remove Dorian at once, before he says anything worse. He is quite untrustworthy. Good-by, dearest, and be sure you come up to see me to-morrow. I want to ask you ever so many more questions."

"Cards from the duchess for a garden-party," says Georgie, throwing the invitations in question across the breakfast-table to her husband. It is quite a sad tale, and she has almost settled down into the conventional married woman, though that is, long before it was time for him to retire, Martin was on the verge of nervous tears. I could have wept for him, he looked so disheartened."

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he is engrossed, being deep in his "Times," busy studying the murders, divorces, Irish atrocities, and other pleasantries it contains.

"Dorian," do you put down that abominable paper," exclaims she again, impatiently, leaning her arms on the table, and regarding him anxiously from the right side of the froward urn that still will come in her way. "What shall I wear?"

"It can't matter," says Dorian: "you look lovely in everything, so it is impossible for you to make a mistake."

"It is a pity you can't talk sense,"—reproachfully. Then, with a glance literally heavy with care, "There is that tea-green satin trimmed with Chantilly."

"I forget it," says Dorian, professing the very deepest interest, "but I know it is all things."

"No, it isn't: I can't bear the sleeves. Then,—discontentedly—"there is that velvet."

"The very thing," enthusiastically. (To Be Continued.)

FACTS ABOUT CUBA.

They Show Some Phases of the Spanish Oppression.

The state in Cuba does not support a single public library.

In 1894 Spain exacted from Cuba taxes amounting to \$26,000,000.

Before the rebellion editors were banished from Cuba without the formality of a trial.

In 1891 850 Spanish officials were indicted in Cuba for fraud, but not one was punished.

Cuba has the right to dispose of 2.75 per cent of its revenues. Spain attends to the other 97.25 per cent.

Cuba has fifty-four ports, many of them in a labyrinth of keys and sand bars, but only nineteen lighthouses.

In the Spanish parliament consisting of 430 deputies, Cuba never has had more than six and usually only three members.

On 100 kilograms of cassimere imported in Cuba there is a duty, if the cloth is a Spanish product, of \$15.47; if foreign, \$300.

Spain pays bounties for sugar produced in its own land, but levies a duty of \$6.20 on each 100 kilograms of Cuban sugar sent across the sea.

Although millions are wasted in supporting a civil and military bureaucracy in Cuba, the appropriation for the administration of justice never has reached \$500,000.

Before the present revolution Spain restricted the right of suffrage to 53,000 native Cubans, out of a total native population of 1,600,000, the ridiculous proportion of 3 per cent.

Spain allows Cuba only \$182,000 a year for public instruction and makes the University of Havana a source of profit to the state. Even Hayti spends more than Cuba for the education of its people.

There is a Spanish tax in Cuba on the introduction of machinery used in the production of sugar, a heavy tax on the railroads for transporting it, a third tax called industrial duty and a fourth on exportation.

Interest on Cuba's debt to Spain, saddled on the island without its knowledge, imposes a burden of \$9.79 on each inhabitant. Not a cent of this debt of \$100,000,000 has been spent in Cuba to advance the work of improvement and civilization.

RAPID PHOTOGRAPHY.

An Exposure of a Thousandth Part of a Second.

Rapid photography is responsible for the correction of many errors, and with the latest improvements there is almost no limit to the rapidity with which pictures may be taken. Thus the flight of a projectile has been fastened on a sensitive plate, the exposure being probably about one-thousandth of a second. This picture was taken by Prof. E. Mach, of Prague, who succeeded not only in showing the projectile proper upon his negative, but he also shows the air currents and the condensing of photograph would probably explain the luminous tail on comets and on meteors, which are nothing but projectiles hurled through infinite space upon a larger scale.

Another very interesting photograph is air occasioned by the flight of the leaden ball. A current of air is diverted to all sides at an angle of about 45 degrees to the axis of the projectile, and the whirlwind in its wake shows particles of dust and other atoms carried in the atmosphere, driven with an energetic motion in the road which the projectile has just left, and following it with almost the same rapidity. This that of a salmon photographed in the act of jumping up-stream over a waterfall of over 9 feet. This picture was also taken in an infinitely short time, and the amateur photographer who took it should certainly be congratulated upon such an unusual achievement.

HOW TO DRY WET SHOES.

When without overshoes you are caught in the rain, carefully remove all surface water and mud from the shoes. Then, while still wet, rub them well with kerosene oil on the furry side of canton flannel. Set them aside until partially dry, then apply the kerosene. They may then be deposited in a moderately warm place and left to dry gradually and thoroughly. Before applying French kid dressing give them a final rubbing with the flannel, still slightly dampened with kerosene, and the boots will be soft and flexible as new kid and will be very little affected by their bath in the rain.

AGE AND INFLUENCE.

The most influential people in Europe are old. Queen Victoria is nearly 77, Lord Salisbury is 65, Prince Hohenlohe is 71, Count Galuchowsky, the new Austrian chancellor, is 65; Prince Lobanoff, the Russian chancellor, is 67; Sig. Crispien, the Italian premier is 77; the pope and Mr. Gladstone are 86; and Prince Bismarck is 81.

YOUNG FOLKS.

GAMES FOR CHILDREN.

Ethel and Bessie consider "Aunt Lu" a veritable gold mine, as she knows or invents many new games for them. The last one which she taught them is one which she says she has played at grownup parties in the city. She calls it "What I had for Supper."

Aunt Lu—Ethel, what did you have for supper?

Ethel—I had beefsteak.

Bessie—I had beefsteak and potatoes.

Aunt Lu—I had beefsteak, potatoes and pickles.

Ethel—I had beefsteak, potatoes, pickles and bread.

Bessie—I had beefsteak, potatoes, pickles, bread and hot tomatos.

So it goes on, each player adding an article to the list, which must be repeated exactly in order every time. Whenever a player leaves out or misplaces an article she is "out," the player with the best memory comes off victor.

Another of Aunt Lu's plays is called "What Do I See?"

Ethel says—I see something that begins with B.

Then in turn each player guesses looking carefully about the room for articles beginning with the required letter. In this case Aunt Lu and Bessie guessed book, basket, button, banner, bookcase, bible, balloon, Bessie and board. Then Aunt Lu noticed the bow of the violin, and came off victor.

It was her turn to give a letter and she said: I see something that begins with A. Mamma guessed the arch of the double doors, which was right. In this play it is not the thing to give up, but the players are expected to guess till the article is discovered.

Mamma's button box furnishes much entertainment. Horses, cows, dogs, sheep, kangaroos and a whole menagerie of animals are found in it and fill many a play hour.

These little maidens have been much interested in learning the names of the various stars and constellations. Not long ago they called mamma into the sitting room to see what they had made. On the floor, done in buttons, were representations of the principal constellations now visible. The big dipper sailed around near the double doors, and Orion was in his place near the south windows; the dogs, the hare, the bull and the seven sisters were between, and Venus as a large brass button shown in her glory. It was a novel play and might be carried out by making outlines of any familiar objects, such as animals, houses or plants. Children will originate many variations if started at this game.

Another favorite play is with spoons. They have saved fifty, and with these they play battle. The spoons are evenly divided and then taken to opposite sides of the room. They are then placed in ranks. Sometimes the rule is to make them touch one another, at other times not. The big spoons are the commanders and stand at regular intervals a few inches in front of their men, and silk spoons are drummer boys. A small marble is ammunition, and with this each side shoots in turn. Every spoon knocked over is a dead man and is placed at one side in the dead pile.

Sometimes a spoon is knocked over but turns up on end again. It is then only wounded and may be returned to the ranks. At first it is easy to kill the men but as the play progresses leaving gaps in the ranks it becomes more difficult and grows quite exciting toward the last. The little drummer boys are hard to kill and therefore very desirable.

I saw two gray haired ministers watch their boys play this game, and they laughed so hard at the bad shots that the boys dared them to do better. So down they got on their knees and were soon as excited as the boys had been, and made quite as bad shots, to the amusement of the rest of the grown-ups and the delight of the boys. It is a game of which boys do not soon weary.—Marie Nantz.

A LONG NAME.

Frau Emma Friederike Schneider is rather a long name, isn't it? Yet it belongs to a very little lady. She was a doctor who lived in Leipsic. What do you think this little woman doctored?

"People," you say; but you do not guess right. She did not doctor men and women, not animals nor even plants, but she doctors dolls.

"Did she give them medicine?" you ask.

"Oh, no! She had no pills or plasters. But she did use bandages, and she was a great surgeon. A surgeon, you know, is a doctor who mends broken bones. So whenever a doll broke an arm or a leg it was carried to the doll doctor, who mended that arm or leg as neat as could be. Sometimes a dolly would lose her eye; then she must be carried to the doll doctor, who gave her a new one. Often a little girl would send to this doctor a doll without a head, and the dolly would always go back to her mamma with a new head. I do not think the doctor gave the dolly any medicine to make a new head grow; for, as I said before, she used no medicine. But, come to think, I believe she did use one kind of medicine—it was glue.

I wish you could have visited the doll doctor's office, or rather her house. It was crum full of dolls waiting to be treated. Every one of these dolls was either armless, legless, earless, noseless or headless.

This doctor would never mend any dolls but those who belonged in Leipsic. I am sorry to tell you that she is now dead. How the children must miss her!—Alice May Douglas.

SILK TENTS FOR EXPLORATION.

In the exploration of the Himalaya mountains in the Nanga Parbat region, which was made last summer, a height of 20,000 feet was attained by the exploring party. The tents were made of silk; they weighed but sixteen ounces apiece and formed warm and comfortable shelters with but the minimum of weight to carry.