

MY FAIR YOUNG PATIENT.

A Good Story Told by a London Doctor

I am a family doctor, with a sufficiently arduous if not over-lucrative practice, chief among the lower middle class whose homes abound in a south-eastern suburb of modern Babylon. Some years ago, when I was more of a struggler than I happily now am, I had by good fortune obtained a foothold as medical adviser in the household of a wealthy City stock broker, who dwelt in a spacious and luxuriant mansion some three miles farther out on the Surrey hills than the then extreme limit of my regular round of visits; and the fees I received for occasional calls to Mount Aureo when Mr. Midas Contango had a touch of his chronic rheumatism the gout, or his somewhat sentimental spouse—quite a grand dame, however, in her own esteem—was suffering the penalties of syphilis on the digestive fit-up of her portly person, were so liberal in their extent as to form in the aggregate no inconsiderable proportion of my modest income.

After my connection at Mount Aureo had continued, to the seeming satisfaction of all concerned, for some two years, I began to receive more frequent summonses thitherward. The only daughter of the Contango, Miss Muriel, a fine, tall, gracefully moulded damsel of seventeen, who might have stood as a sculptor's model, so perfect was her physique, had returned home for the Christmas vacation from her fashionable Brighton boarding school troubled with a slight cough. In all respects save this trifling laryngeal affection, she enjoyed the excellent health of which both her parents had had possession in their earlier days, before the indulgences which follow in wealth's wake had made them profitable acquaintances of my own. It was clear enough, too, to me that Miss Muriel Contango's throat trouble was purely local, nevertheless, it was causing serious alarm to the master and mistress of Mount Aureo who idolized their charming child. The dream of the Contango existence was to mate Miss Muriel to some son of the aristocracy, their reputation for riches having obtained them the *entree* to society to which by birth and breeding they were not entitled.

Mr. and Mrs. Midas Contango had both begun to dread that Miss Muriel's indisposition would culminate in bronchitis or a decline. The slightest cough, the least roughness, raised the grim and terrible spectre of phthisis, and the beautiful young lady was held to be in imminent danger of an early grave. I had examined her chest with the most anxious and minute care, but could discover nothing to justify any fear, or even doubt of the correctness of my diagnosis; yet, despite balneatics and sedatives, exposure, however little, in treacherous weather would cause hoarseness and a transitory cough. Indeed, these disagreeable symptoms often manifested themselves without any apparent cause, except, as I judged, the inordinate precautions taken to avert them. The rooms at Mount Aureo were always too hot; Miss Muriel was overclothed, could not stir out for a constitutional in the garden without a respirator, or take a drive unless hidden in an envelopment of costly furs. When I ventured to hint at this, the invariable reply of the Contangos was: "Ah! doctor, if we did not take this care of Muriel, how long would she be with us—the dear child is so delicate." And nothing I could say would alter their opinion.

One day late in the April succeeding, when Miss Muriel had been coddled up at home for four months instead of being sent back to Brighton to continue her studies, Mrs. Contango was more than usually concerned about her daughter's condition. The stockbroker and his good lady had overnight had an anxious discussion; if I had made my now usual though quite unnecessary daily visit to Mount Aureo, and Mrs. Midas Contango was, in her patronising and yet solicitous manner, bowing me out, I had almost reached the door, hat in hand, when Mrs. Contango said with some effort: "Doctor, you know we have the utmost confidence in you; we carry out your instructions to the letter; but our dear child—"

"Yes, madam; only you will persist in treating her, if I may be pardoned the simile, too much after the manner of a tropical orchid, instead of regarding her as a beautiful plant of English growth."

"Well, perhaps you may be right, doctor; but we are so very anxious," Mr. Contango and myself—you see, Muriel, is our only child, our sole hope. Now would you mind our asking the opinion of a famous specialist as to the case?"

"Nothing would be more proper," I replied, "I will like, and when may we arrange, continuing on his being able to come, to have him here?"

Mrs. Midas Contango mentioned the name of a very fashionable and expensive London physician with a consultative practice, confined almost entirely to the houses of those who had been presented at court. He was certainly not the man I should have chosen for the faculty rather smiled at his pretensions to pre-eminence; and his reputation was far more that of the drawing-room than professional. However, I, a humble and conscientious practitioner, could not afford, had I so desired, to decline to meet him; and I consented to facilitate arrangements for an interview at the great man's convenience.

The fashionable physician drew up in his imposing equipage at the door of Mount Aureo half an hour behind time, appointed and introduced to his patient, making the usual excuses, apologies for having been unavoidably detained by a critical case—that of the Duke of Deerwood—to whose household his Majesty had been summoned by the Duchess's request to give his opinion as to the treatment adopted by the attendant medical gentlemen.

When I said the society exquisite, for such the celebrity certainly was, what I exclaimed he in grandiloquent tones, striking a theatrical attitude, it is that fine young lady we are to consult, about? That superb girl, in such perfect condition! Come, confess, madam; that you are only making fun of us."

"Well," replied Mrs. Contango, impressed, as she was meant to be, by the importance of the pompous personage who was addressing her, "I admit, appearances are in my daughter's favour; and I hope that you may be able to assure us that her condition is not serious; but she is always losing her voice—always coughing—and if we were not to take care—"

A flood of tears drowned the rest of the sentence.

"But," airily remarked the famous doctor, "my dear madam, why distress yourself?

all may be well. Let me hear from this gentleman, your family attendant, the symptoms as he has interpreted them."

"I gave the history of the case in a few words."

"Well, well; there seems to be nothing serious; but we must examine the chest with the utmost exactness to decide that."

"Pardon me," interrupted mamma, "but will you allow me to remain in the room?"

"Of course, madam," responded the favourite of fortune. "You have a sacred right to stop here. Pray, sit down. And then he directed me to commence the examination. I percussed with minute carefulness every part of the thorax, and, as before, could really find nothing abnormal."

"There; you perceive that I have tested with exactness, and the resonance is everywhere perfect." I made the remark as a mere matter of form, for I had not failed to note that the very superior West End practitioner had not condescended to pay the slightest attention to my proceedings, but was talking in low tones to Mrs. Midas Contango all the time.

"Ah, well, now it is my turn," said he, and with the most delicately impressive care, placed Miss Muriel again in position; not, as I had done, with the arms crossed on the chest, but stiffly extended. In place of telling her to count "thirteen to sixteen," he gave her a book and directed her to read a dozen lines, and then to sing the gamut, an octave and a half. The mother was watching all this in admiration and devouring every detail.

"Ah! hump!" said the oracle. "It seems there is something—very extremely difficult to differentiate. Let us hear what percussion yields. And his style was truly enchanting. Every tap with his fingers was given with a flourish and a graceful sweep worthy of the most expert professor of sleight-of-hand that ever entertained a countess's guests. There was a covert smile, turning to me, he said:

"There it is. Listen, my dear young friend," as he beat his digital drum, now on this side, then on that. "Tick-tack, tick-tack!—Hark! do you hear it? There is a very appreciable difference. I do not say an enormous difference—no—but there it is!"

"For my own part, sir, I returned, "I cannot, with all deference, detect the slightest difference."

"Oh! very likely; but there, nevertheless, it is. Now come, however; though having ascertained the truth about the case—my time is short, let me convince you. I will turn my back to the patient, and you shall again percuss. I will tell which side you are tapping upon by the variation in the sound." He turned round, and I percussed as equally as possible the two sides of the thorax. "You are on the left side," he was quite right! In a moment, however, my surprise was changed to admiration of the fashionable physician's smart audacity. His professional—nay, I yet hope I may more truthfully write it unprofessional—trick was obvious enough, but performed with such perfect aplomb that it was duped even whilst taking part in it. He had turned his back to the patient, to Mrs. Midas Contango and myself, but he was looking into a large mirror above the console which faced him!

What could I do? I was mute. The tables had indeed been so completely turned upon me that I had nothing to say.

"Madam, I must not alarm you," observed the triumphant specialist to Mrs. Contango, who was in blissful ignorance of the deception; "these delicate gradations in tone can only be at once detected after immense practice, only by those who examine a stream of patients; but there is something on the left side of your daughter's chest—nothing serious—so little, indeed, that my young friend here has been unable to find it; but there it is. And now, the examination being complete, permit us to consult as to the treatment; and then I must go, for I shall incur the displeasure of a noble but somewhat impatient patient of mine."

When we were alone, I again expressed my incredulity, delicately hinting at my observation of his ruse.

"But, my dear young friend," said he, testily, "you have not yet grasped the situation. Now, here you have a girl who coughs and has been hoarse for a long time—then how the deuce can you get over the fact by telling the parents that there is no cause for it? Very likely there is nothing the matter with her; but why does she cough?"

"That was exactly what her mother said to me," said Mrs. Contango, who was quite right; there must be some cause for it. We may not be able to lay our finger upon it, for we must examine and understand our patients thoroughly very often before we can make out their ailments, and then one finds the mischief, because you see, we are expected to discover it."

"But suppose there really is nothing," said Mrs. Contango, "then always in. But even if there were not, we are equally bound to find it; for, if you tell these anxious people, 'I can discover nothing wrong,' they will naturally put it down to your ignorance, and send for somebody else who has knowledge enough of human nature or sufficient savoir faire not to be embarrassed with so small a difficulty. Now, do you see my meaning?"

"Theoretically there is nothing, practically there is."

"You may put it so, if so it please you. But I assured you that there is—and there it is—your vigilance and punctilious exactitude notwithstanding, a little convenient difference in resonance. The mamma heard the remark, as I intended her to do; she has not the remotest idea what it means—why should she have?—but she is perfectly happy now; that the cause of her darling's cough has been discovered, because she thinks the cause being known, the cure will follow. The more unintelligible the explanation, the more convinced is she of its correctness. One may remedy, you know, a difference in resonance; but how can you pretend to cure a person whom you persistently declare to have nothing the matter with her?"

"I began to understand."

"Now," continued this consummate reader of Society's intelligence, "I admit this is not science."

"Nor what the schools and our academic training teach us," hazarded I.

"Quite so, my dear fellow; but accept for once the tuition of a man who has not altogether failed in his profession. What I have taken the trouble to demonstrate to you gratis is a good working rule—smelling a little, perhaps, so to speak, of the shop or of legal tape—but our patrons are satisfied, our patients made happy, our reputations advanced, can we wisely permit so trivial a matter

as departure from slavish adherence to what is miscalled principle to stand between us and success?"

"Well," admitted I, a little sadly, "perhaps you are right."

"Of course, I am, my dear young friend. I am a cynic, but I succeed. I have been, for instance, beseeched to meet you here today. And now for treatment."

A little delicate counter-irritation was suggested and agreed on; then the fashionable physician stepped into his elegant tarant before the door of Mount Aureo, amid the profuse thanks of Mrs. Midas Contango, a hundred guineas richer for his half-hour's visit. As he shook hands with me, on throwing himself back among the cushions of his brougham, the famous expert smilingly whispered: "You are too modest, my ingenious young friend; you have already the science of medicine at your fingertips; why not acquire the art also?"

One rarely takes part in a consultation without learning something; but I never obtained such valuable practical knowledge from any meeting with a brother professional as I did in that inglorious scene in the drawing-room of Mount Aureo, in which I was so sadly let down, for a time at least, in the estimation of Mrs. Midas and Miss Muriel Contango.

Miss Muriel subsequently recovered her temporarily defective resonance sufficiently to gladden the hearts of her parents by making a marriage—at their cost—into a noble house. I still have the pleasure of ranking her among my patients; but for no organic or other serious ailment; and I have it on excellent authority that her husband, Viscount Barrenlands, would be extremely glad at times, when he has been inordinately extravagant with his unearned increment, if Lady Muriel's vigour of voice and physique were both a little less robust.

U. S. Sunday Desecration.

Bishop Littlejohn, of the diocese of Long Island, has written a powerful letter on the subject of Sunday desecration in the United States. In it he says: "It is simply frightful to behold the rapid increase of almost every form of Sunday desecration. I may not here go into the causes of this increase. They are well known to all who have their eyes and ears open, and if they are allowed to work on unheeded along the existing lines of lawless and unrestricted indulgence, the American Sunday, as bound up with the best traditions and customs of our social and religious life, will, in the next twenty years, practically cease to exist in our great cities and in their far-spreading suburbs. This consideration ought to be enough to arouse all Christian people of every name from their present apathy. But there is another feature of the case which ought to call with equal force upon all who value, as necessary to the peace and order and well being of the community, the proper enforcement of the law. Bad as are the violation and contempt not only of the religious sanctity of Sunday, but also of its domestic and social properties, and of its labour exemptions for the masses, the open, habitual and wanton defiance of the law enacted by the State for the protection of the day is only less fraught with disaster." Commenting upon the Bishop's letter the Brooklyn "Times" says that "there can be no doubt that the open breaking of the Sunday laws breeds contempt for all law, turns the suburbs into pandemonium and tends powerfully to destroy the character of Sunday as a day of rest."

A Radical Change Proposed.

The defenders of the Established Church in England have succeeded in inducing the Government to introduce and support a measure which, if it becomes a law, as its ultimate outcome, put in serious peril the continuance of that church as a state organization. At the present time the tithes, by which the clergy are supported from a charge upon the land, either the land owner or the tenant is compelled to pay so much towards the support of the Established Church. A failure to pay gives the clergyman thus deprived of his income the right, through his representatives, to take possession of the land and seize upon its undivided products. This is not a satisfactory arrangement where resistance is made to payment of tithes, and just now in certain parts of England, and especially in Wales, the attempts to collect tithes have led to a resistance which has been almost carried to a riot. The proposed law makes tithes a charge both upon personal property and land, and permits the clergyman to sue and recover as in the case of any legal debt. While this may make the work of recovery easier, the proposed change, in the law, is such a radical one that the chances are it will increase to an immense extent the popular hostility to the Established Church. Thus, though the money, when it is necessary to forcibly collect it, may come easier, it is not unlikely that in a short time more it will not come at all.

Vacant Lands in the Eastern States.

So great is the number of farms in the New England States left vacant by their former occupants having gone to the West or drifted to the cities that determined efforts are being made to repopulate the depopulated areas. In Vermont the drain has been so heavy that it is estimated that 200,000 acres of vacant farming land exists there. It is proposed to introduce a Swedish colony of fifty families into the State. The Boston "Herald" says: "From a somewhat careful study of the conditions on which farming is made successful in Northern New Hampshire, it is believed that the present difficulty in farming with us is not so much in the soil as in the men who till it. The economic changes account for a great deal of unsuccessful farming. In the choice of crops, in the expenditure of money for machinery, in the changed character of home living, it is to be found the explanation of the fact that a large number of the New England farmers are in debt." It is very instructive for the Canadian farmer to note these confessions of the unsatisfactory conditions of American farming. The United States journals do not blind their eyes to the facts, or talk glibly about a sixty million market. They leave that for the cabbage-headed Commire Unionists.—[Ex.]

Herman Orlrho, the rich New York club man and politician, astonished the people of Long Branch on a recent Sunday by swimming three miles out to sea and back. He had arranged a match with some New York professionals, who did not turn up in time, so Mr. Orlrho swam out alone to show what he could do if pressed.

FOREIGN NEWS

The total receipt of the Eiffel Tower since the opening on the 15th of May to the 30th of July amount to 2,421,739 francs.

At Patti's farewell in Buenos Ayres, in the "Barbar," she was called out thirty-two times, and the receipts were \$23,000.

Half of the proceeds from a two days' exhibition of the Angelus, 2,000 francs, has been sent to Mrs. Millet, just 200 francs more than Millet sold the picture for.

The Congo district appears to be developing as a producer of tobacco. Brussels tobaccoists say that its leaves are remarkably well adapted for cigars, being of exceedingly good flavor and very supple.

The International Congress of Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, in Paris assembled, have passed resolutions condemning blinners and the long whips and the bits now in use.

The tickets of admission to the Paris Exhibition used to July 31 number 10,022,000, as against 5,116,000 during the corresponding period in 1878. The highest number of admissions in a day has been 298,000.

One of the most prominent men on the French turf, Baron Hirsch, was put up at the Paris Jockey Club the other day, but, though his proposer and seconder were popular men, he was heavily blackballed.

About a dozen persons are now constantly at work among the once hidden archives of the Vatican, employed by the German, Austrian, French, and English Governments in studying the histories of their respective countries.

The Sultan of Turkey wishes to reduce his weight. Prof. Schweninger of Berlin, who cured Prince Bismarck of his too pronounced tendency to stoutness, will, at the request of the Sultan, instruct two Turkish physicians in his special method of treatment.

Preparations are already being made in several German university towns to celebrate next year the three hundredth anniversary of the invention of the microscope. Zacharias Jansen of Middelburg put together the first microscope in 1590.

The longest uninterrupted debate on record was, on Aug. 1 bought to a close by the New Zealand House of Representatives. It had caused a continuous sitting of seventy-six hours, entirely given up to the discussion of a Representation bill. Yet the debate was not finished.

The great bell of Hung wu, which has long lain half buried in the ground has at length been lifted by foreign machinery and hung in a pagoda built of iron by a foreign firm. According to prophecy, this bell was never to be lifted until China had entered upon a new career of prosperity.

There is now in forbidden circulation on the Continent a book containing the letters of the Crown Prince Rudolph and Marie Vetsera, the cause and companion of his death. From these it is seen that Rudolph was so much in love with the girl that he offered to renounce all his titles and dignities for the sake of marrying her.

Considerable friction has arisen at the Paris exhibition through the attempt of the jury which awards prizes to sit in judgment on the product of the factories at Sevres, Gobelins, and Beauvais. They all refuse to be judged or examined or reported upon, and the contest between them and the jury has finally gone for settlement to Premier Tirard.

The well-known detection of a crime, in "Diplomacy," through the perfume of a woman's glove was reproduced by a recent occurrence in Paris. A man who found his room robbed of all his jewelry perceived a peculiar perfume, and a few days later noticed it again when passing two well-dressed women in the street. They were arrested and found to be the thieves.

Dr. Olivier of Havre, advises people to be careful in drinking older, if they would avoid typhoid fever. "French older is made," as a rule, with stagnant water, the microbes in which do not perish during the fermentation. The fever germs thrive upon the juice of the apple. In proof of this theory Dr. Olivier offers the fact that typhoid fever is more prevalent in Normandy, the great cider-making district, than in any other part of France.

It is possible that the widowed Crown Princess of Austria may yet become Empress. The Archduke Francis, the heir presumptive to the throne, and the eldest son of the Emperor's second brother, the Archduke Charles Louis, is devoted to her and wants to marry her. A great obstacle to his wish, however, is the fact that he is an epileptic and extremely weak minded. The Archduke Charles Louis has formally renounced his rights, to the frantic rage of his third wife, who is twenty-two years his junior.

A committee of scientists and philosophers, Italian and foreign, has met at Milan with the object of instituting a new "National Church." Their first step has been to draw up a catechism, and to invite adherents through a manifesto addressed to parents, students, and public officers. The manifesto declares that its promulgators wish to found "a free church in a free State," unfettered by the ideas, prejudices, or dogmas of other creeds, and, having for its sole guide the book of nature, with the eternal truths taught therein.

The sentences imposed upon the miners who have been tried in Breslau for serious breach of the peace during the recent strikes in Silesia were terribly heavy, though their offences had been unusually serious. The Court sentenced Henkel, the ringleader, to seven years' penal servitude, to be followed by seven years' deprivation of all rights. Sentences varying from eighteen months' hard labor to five years' penal servitude were passed upon nine of the accused, while thirty-six others were condemned to terms of imprisonment ranging from twelve months to four years. The prisoners are mostly youths of 16 to 23 years of age, only twelve of them being above 21.

Our esteemed contemporary, the Vienna "Gambrius," publishes a table of European breweries and their output for the year 1887. The whole number of breweries in Europe was 50,891, and the production of beer and ale amounted to about 4,580,000,000 gallons. The taxes collected from this sea of beer amounted to about \$130,000,000. The malt used weighed 740,000 tons, and the hops 110,000 tons. Germany alone contained 26,143 breweries, producing 1,188,000,000 gallons, while Austria-Hungary had only 1,979 breweries, producing 354,000,000 gallons. The figures relating to the production per capita show that the smallest quantity, one litre per head, the litre being a little more than a quart, is in Bosnia and Roumania. Groecshowa 2 1/2 litres, Russia 4 1/2 France 3 1/2

TREASURES OF INDIAN PRINCES.

Upper Austria 116, Lower Austria 121, Belgium 150, Wurtemberg 218, and the kingdom of Bavaria leads all competitors with 248 litres, or nearly 654 gallons for every man, woman, and child in the country.

Native Princess.

In the courts of the native princes of India hoarding takes place on a vast scale, says "Chambers's Journal." The maharajah of Burdwan died lately and left a large hoard. It proves that anterior to 1835 there was much hoarding, when it is stated that the maharajah had withdrawn from his store £230,000 of silver, which was in the form of Sikka rupees, none of which have been coined since 1825. A letter was submitted to the royal commission on the subject of the maharajah's hoard. A description was given of the several treasure houses in the city, their dimensions and their contents: "One large room, measuring about 48 feet in length, 14 feet 6 inches in breadth, and 13 feet 9 inches in height, where gold and silver ornaments and articles set with precious stones are kept. These articles are in almshouses and boxes of all descriptions, and also some gold plates and cups, thales, and kataras, as well as washing-bowls, jugs, etc. Two other rooms contain silver domestic utensils, forks, spoons, etc., and, strange to say, English dinner and breakfast sets, all of silver. Two of these rooms were under lock and the doors broken up. There are four other rooms, one containing ornaments of gold, silver and precious stones, gold ornaments and thrones, which included the estate collections and government securities and debentures, while the other is thus described: "The fourth room measures about 22 feet 6 inches in length, 15 feet in breadth, and 12 feet 3 inches in height, where there are two large sized vaults prepared for hoarding the current silver coin, and since the year 1267 B. C. some money was from time to time put in and taken out by the Maharajah Mahab Chund Bahadur for the expenses of an emergent and extraordinary nature, such as the late Maharajah Aftab Chund Bahadur's marriage, Lala Ban Behari Kapur's marriage, and buying landed properties. When he died one lac was left in one of the vaults." In another department the ornaments belonging to different gods of the family were kept, and silver thales, sappals, etc., for the religious purposes, the room being locked and sealed. "It was the custom of the of the Burdwan Raj family to confide the custody of these valuables to the maharajah for the time being, but the vaults were never inspected save in the presence of the maharajah. When sums were withdrawn only relations and trustworthy servants were admitted into the room and vault. Treasures and dowry were to be present outside the room or apartment, where the sum drawn was sent out (female guards being placed in the passage) for the purpose of weighing, counting, and bagging it before it was sent to the mint."

Other instances of hoarding were given by an officer of the Indian postoffice in 1880, who stated that a native prince was then hoarding gold at the rate of £40,000 to £50,000 a year, and on the death of two native princes recently it was believed that they had left £4,000,000 each. One of these princes took a loan of £300,000 from the government of India in 1887, when he must have been in possession of a large hoard himself; for it is a point of honor with a family not to break into a hoard, which is treated with the sacredness of a family picture. When the prince in question had to make a payment to the government of India for a purpose in which he was interested, and was asked when he could make the payment—a payment of £150,000—he said: "At any moment." Hoards are only drawn on in extreme cases; and it is such calamities as war, or the great famine in Madras or Bombay that will bring them out. During these famines bullocks or ornaments were taken out of the hoards and sent to the Bombay mint, to England, or pledged with the native banker or money-lender. But, unless under special circumstances, the gold and silver of which the hoards are composed are drawn in without any intention of returning to circulation again.

Women's Waists and Heads.

The Venus de Medici's head measured around the temples 20 1/2 inches; allow for the wavy hair a half inch and call it 20 inches. I make the waist 27 inches, but the figure is bending slightly forward it may vary accordingly as the measure is applied. The neck is 13 inches. A lady friend was so kind as to measure several other ladies for my benefit, and I do not find such a marked difference. The heads are generally larger and the waists smaller, it is true, but take one instance:—Head 21 1/2 inches; waist, 24 1/2 inches; neck, 12 1/2 inches. A young girl of 16 measured 21 1/2 inches head, and 24 1/2 inches waist. Another lady measured just 20 1/2 inches head. The measures are taken over the waist of the tunic. One would suppose the measures would be less if taken after the classical manner, but by some mysterious dispensation of Providence the waist of the modern woman is acknowledged to measure more when untrammelled.—[Art Student.]

A West Seneca (N. Y.) woman has for the last few years supported herself from the earnings of a seventeen-acre flower farm. Her income is at times as much as \$2,000 a year. She recommends floriculture as a good business for women, and the wild West as the best field to begin in.

One of the most successful women doctors in London is Mrs. Scharlieb, who was the first woman to write "M. D., Lond.," after her name. Mrs. Scharlieb studied medicine and began the practice of it in Madras; but her health gave way under the Indian climate. She came to London, where she has made a success of her profession.

The popular notion that not all kid gloves are made from the skin of kids is true, though all poor kid gloves are not necessarily frauds. Lamb, sheep and antelope skins are used in glove making and pass for kids, but the best ones are made of real kid. Some other material besides those mentioned may be sometimes used, but not commonly. France and Saxony produce the best skins, chiefly because there the most pains is taken in raising the kids.

A visitor at Santa Cruz, tried to swim in the surf. A wave was carrying him out to sea when three girls rescued him. He presented each with a silk dress.