

A DOCTOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL

II.
THROUGH THE FLOOD.

Dr. MacLure did not lead a solemn procession from the sick bed to the dining-room, and give his opinion from the hearth-rug with an air of wisdom bordering on the supernatural, because neither the Drumtochty houses nor his manners were on that scale. He was accustomed to deliver himself in the yard, and to conclude his lectures with one foot in the stirrup; but when he left the room where the life of Annie Mitchell was ebbing slowly away, our doctor said not one word, and at the sight of his face her husband's heart was troubled.

He was a dull man, Tammas, who could not read the meaning of a sign, and labored under a perpetual disability of speech; but love was eyes to him that day, and a mouth.

"Is't as bad as yir lookin', doctor? tell'r the truth; wull Annie no come through?" and Tammas looked MacLure straight in the face, who never flinched his duty or said smooth things.

"A' wud gie anything tae say Annie has a chance, but a' daurna; a' doot yir gaein' tae lose her, Tammas."

MacLure was in the saddle, and as he gave his judgment, he laid his hand on Tammas's shoulder with one of the rare caresses that pass between men.

"It's a sair business, but ye 'ill play the man and no vex Annie; she 'ill dae her best, a' warrant."

"An' a' dae mine," and Tammas gave MacLure's hand a grip that would have crushed the bones of a weakling. Drumtochty felt in such moments the brotherliness of this rough-looking man, and loved him.

Tammas hid his face in Jess's mane, who looked round with sorrow in her beautiful eyes, for she had seen many tragedies, and this silent sympathy the stricken man took to his cup, drop by drop.

"A' wenna prepared for this, for a' ye thoct she wud live the longest. . . . She's younger than me by ten years, and never was ill. . . . We've been married twal year last Martinmas, but it's just like a year the day. . . . A' was never worthy o' her, the bonniest, snoddest (nearest), kindest lass in the Glen. . . . A' never cud mak oot hoo she ever lookit at me, 'at heena had se word tae say aboot her till it's over late. . . . She didna cuist (cast) up tae me that a' wenna worthy o' her, no her, but aye she said, 'Yir ma ain gudeman, and nae cud be kinder tae me.' . . . An' a' was minded tae be kind, but a' see noo mony little trokes a' might hae done 'or her and noo the time is bye. . . . Naeboddy kens hoo patient she was wi' me, and aye made the best o' me, an' never pit me tae shame afore the folk. . . . An' we never had ae cross word, no aye in twal year. . . . We were mair nor man and wife, we were sweetherts a' the time. . . . Oh, ma bonnie lass, what 'ill the bairnies an' me dae without ye, Annie?"

The winter night was falling fast, the snow lay deep upon the ground, and the merciful north wind moaned through the close as Tammas wrestled with his sorrow dry-eyed, for tears were denied Drumtochty men. Neither the doctor nor Jess moved hand or foot, but their hearts were with their fellow creature, and at length the doctor made a sign to Margot Howe, who had come out in search of Tammas, and now stood by his side.

"Dinna mourn tae the brakin' o' yir hert, Tammas," she said, "as if Annie an' ye had never loved. Neither death nor time can part them that love; there's naethin' in a' the world sae strong as love. If Annie gaes frae the sicht o' yir een she 'ill come the nearer tae yir hert. She wants tae see ye, and tae hear ye say that ye 'ill never forget her nicht nor day till ye meet in the land where there's nae pairtin'. Oh, a' ken what a' m' sayin', for its five year noo sin George gied awa, an' he's mair wi' me noo than when he was in Edinboro' and I was in Drumtochty."

"Thank ye kindly, Margot; these are gude words and true, an' ye hev the richt tae say them; but a' canna dae without seein' Annie comin' tae meet me in the gloamin' an' gaein' in an' oot the hoose, an' hearin' her say me by ma name, an' a' 'ill no can tell her that a' luv her when there's nae Annie in the hoose."

"Can naethin' be done, doctor? Ye savit Flora Cammil, and young Burabrae, an' ye shepherd's wife Dunleith wi' an' we were a' sae proud o' ye, an' pleased tae think that ye had kept deith frae anither hame. Can ye no think o' somethin' tae help Annie, and gie her back tae her man and bairnies?" and Tammas searched the doctor's face in the cold wierd light.

"There's nae poer in heaven or airth like love," Margot said to me afterwards; "it makes the weak strong and the dumb tae speak. Oor herts were as water afore Tammas's words, an' a' saw the doctor shake in his saddle. A' never kent till that meent hoo he hed a share in a body's grief, an' carried the heaviest wecht o' a' the Glen. A' peeted him wi' Tammas lookin' at him sae wietfully, as if he hed the keys o' life and deith in his hands. But he was honest, and wudna hold oot a false houp tae deceive a sore hert or win escape for himself."

"Ye wenna plead wi' me, Tammas, tae dae the best a' can for yir wife. Man, a' kent her lang afore ye ever luv'd her; a' brocht her intae the world, and a' saw her throct the fever when she was a bit lassie; a' closed her mither's een, and it was me hed tae tell her she was an orphan, an' nae man was better pleased when she got a gude husband, and a' helpit her wi' her ower brains. A' ve naitter wife nor brains o'na own, an' a' coot a' the folk o' the Glen ma family. Div ye think a' wudna save Annie if I cud? If there was a man in Muirtown 'at cud dae mair for her, 'ad hae him this verra nicht, but a' the doctors in Perthshire are helpless for this tribble."

"Tammas, ma pair fallow, if it could avail, a' tell ye a' wud lay down this auld

worn-oot ruckle o' a body o' mine juist tae see ye baith sittin' at the fireside, an' the beirns round ye, coothly an' cauty again; but it's no tae be, Tammas, it's no tae be."

"When a' lookit at the doctor's face," Margot said, "a' thoct him the wisestest man ta' ever saw. He was transfugured that nicht, for a' m' judging there's nae transfuguration like love."

"It's God's wull an' maun be borne, but it's a sair wull for me, an' a' m' no ungratefu' tae ye, doctor, for a' ye've done and what ye said the nicht," and Tammas went back to sit with Annie for the last time.

Jess picked her way through the deep snow to the main road, with a skill that came of long experience, and the doctor held converse with her according to his wont.

"Eh, Jess, wumman, ye was the hardest wark a' hae tae face, an' a' wud rather hae ta'en ma chance o' anither row in a Glen Urtach drift than tell Tammas Mitchell his wife was deatin'."

"A' said she cudna be cured, and it was true, for there's juist ae man in the land fit for't, and they might as weel try tae get the mune oot o' heaven. Sae a' said naethin' tae vex Tammas's hert, for it's heavy enouch without regrets."

"But it's hard, Jess, that money wud buy life after a', an' if Annie was a duchess her man wudna lose her; but being only a pair cottar's wife, she maun dee afore the week's oot."

"Gin we hed him the morn there's little doot she wud be saved, for he heena lost mair than five per cent. o' his cases, and they 'ill be pair toon's craters, no strap-pin' women like Annie."

"It's oot o' the question, Jess, sae hurry up, lass, for we've hed a heavy day. . . . But it wud be the grandest thing that was ever done in the Glen in oor time if it could be managed by hook or crook."

"We 'ill gang and see Drumshough, Jess; he's anither man sin' Geordie Hoo's deith, and he was aye kinder than fook ken't," and the doctor passed at a gallop through the village, whose lights shone across the white frost-bound road.

"Come in by, doctor; a' heard ye on the road; ye 'ill hae been at Tammas Mitchell's; hoo's the gudewife? a' doot she's sober."

"Annie's deatin', Drumshough, an' Tammas is like tae brak his hert."

"That's no licht-cme, doctor, no licht-some ava (at all), for a' dinna ken ony man in Drumtochty sae buid up in his wife as Tammas, and there's no a bonnier wumman o' her age crosses oor kirk door than Annie, nor a cleverer at her wark. Man, ye 'ill need tae pit yir brains in steep. Is she clean beyond ye?"

"Beyond me and every ither in the land but aye, and it wud cost a hundred guineas tae bring him tae Drumtochty."

"Certes, he's no blate (backward); it's a fell chairge for a short day's wark; but hundred or no hundred we 'ill hae him, an' no let Annie gang, and her no half her years."

"Are ye meainin' it, Drumshough?" and MacLure turned white like the tan.

"William MacLure," said Drumshough, "in one of the few confidants that ever broke the Drumtochty reserve, 'a' m' a bonny man, wi' naeboddy o' ma ain blude tae care for me livin', or tae lift me intae ma coffin, when a' m' deid."

"A' lecht awa at Muirtown market for an extra pund on a beast, or a shillin' on the quarter o' barley, an' what's the gude o' it? Burabrae gaes aff tae get a goon for his wife or a buke for his college laddie, an' Lachlan Campbell 'ill no leave the place noo without a ribbon for Flora."

"Ika man in the Kidrummie train has some bit fairin' in his pouch for the fook at hame that he's bocht wi' the siller he won."

"But there's naeboddy tae be lookin' oot for me, an' comin' doon the road tae meet me, and dauffin' (joking) wi' me aboot their fairin', or feeling ma pockets. Oo ay, a' ve seen it a' at ither hooses, though they tried tae hide it frae me for fear a' wud lauch at them. Me lauch, wi' ma cauld, empty hame!"

"Yir the only man kens, Weelum, that I aince luv'd the nobl' at wumman in the Glen or onywhere, an' a' luv her still, but wi' anither luv noo."

"She hed given her heart tae anither, or a' ve thoct a' might hae won her, though nae man be worthy o' sic a gift. Ma hert turned tae bitterness, but that passed awa i e t e the brier bush wiar George Hoo lay on sad simmer time. Some day a' 'ill tell ye ma story, Weelum, for ye an' me are auld freends, and will be till we dee."

MacLure felt beneath the table for Drumshough's hand, but ither man looked at the other.

"Weel, a' we can dae noo, Weelum, gin we heena mickle brightness in oor ain hames, is tae keep the licht frae gaein' oot in anither hoose. Write the telegram man and Sandy 'ill send it aff i e Kidrummie this verra nicht, and ye 'ill hae yir man the morn."

"Yir the man a' coonted ye, Drumshough, but ye 'ill grant me ae favor. Ye 'ill let me pay the half, bit by bit—a' ken yir wullin' tae dae a'—but a' hae nae mony plicures, an' a' a' wud like tae hae ma ain share in savin' Annie's life."

Next morning a figure received Sir George on the Kidrummie platform whom that famous surgeon took for a gillie, but who introduced himself as "MacLure of Drumtochty." It seemed as if the East had come to meet the West when these two stood together, the one in travelling furs, handsome and distinguished, with his strong, cultured face and carriage of authority, a characteristic type of his profession; and the other more marvellously dressed than ever, for Drumshough's top-coat had been forced upon him for the occasion, his face and neck one redness with the bitter cold; rough and ungainly, yet not without some signs of power in his eye and voice, the most heroic type of his noble profession, MacLure compassed the precious arrival with observations till he was securely seated in Drumshough's dog-cart—a vehicle that lent itself to history—with two full-sized plaids added to his equipment—Drumshough and Hillocks had both been requisitioned—and MacLure wrapped another plaid round a leather case, which was placed below the seat with such reverence as might be given to the Queen's regalia. Peter attended their departure full of interest, and as soon as they were in the fir woods MacLure explained that it would be an eventful journey.

"It's a richt in here, for the wind dinna get at the snaw, but the drifts, are deep in the Glen, and th'ill be some engineerin' afore we get tae oor destination."

Four times they left the road and took their way over the fields, twice they forced a passage through a slip in a dyke, thrice they used gyps in the paling which MacLure had made on his downward journey.

"A' seleckit the road this mornin'; an' a' ken the depth tae an inch; we 'ill get through this steadin' here tae the main road, but oor worst job 'ill be crossin' the Tochty."

"Ye see the bridge has been shaken wi' this winter's flood, and we daurna venture on it, sae we hev tae ford, and the snaws' been melting up Urtach way. There's nae doot the water's gey big, on' it's threatenin' tae rise, but we 'ill win through wi' a warstle."

It might be safer tae lift the instruments oot o' reach o' the water; wud ye mind haddin' (holding) them on yir knee till we're over? an' keep firm in yir seat in case we come on a stane in the bed o' the river."

By this time they had come to the edge, and it was not a cheering sight. The Tochty had spread out over the meadows, and while they waited they could see it cover another two inches of the trunk of a tree. There are summer floods, when the water is brown and flecked with foam but this was a winter flood, which is black and sullen, and runs in the centre with a strong, fierce, silent current. Upon the opposite side Hillocks stood to give directions by word and hand, as the ford was on his land, and none knew the Tochty better in all its ways.

They passed through the shallow water without mishap, save when the wheel struck a hidden stone or fell suddenly into a rut; but when they neared the body of the river MacLure halted, to give Jess a minute's breathing.

"It 'ill tak ye a' yir time, lass, an' a' wud rather be on yir back; but ye never failed me yet, and a wumman's life is hangin' on the crossin'."

With the first plunge into the bed of the stream the water rose to the axles, and then it crept up to the shafts, so that the surgeon could feel it lapping in about his face, while the dogcart began to quiver, and it seemed as if it were to be carried away. Sir George was as brave as most men, but he had never forced a Highland river in flood, and the mass of black water racing past beneath, before, behind him, affected his imagination and shook his nerves. He rose from his seat and ordered MacLure to turn back, declaring that he would be condemned utterly and eternally if he allowed himself to be drowned for any person.

"Sit doon," thundered MacLure; "condemned ye will be suner or later gin ye shirk yir duty, but through the water ye gang the day."

Both men spoke much more strongly and shortly, but this is what they intended to say, and it was MacLure that prevailed.

Jess trailed her feet along the ground with cunning art, and held her shoulder against the stream; MacLure leant forward in his seat, a rein in each hand, and his eyes fixed on Hillocks, who was now standing up to the waist in the water, shouting directions and cheering on horse and driver.

"Haud tae the richt, doctor; there's a hole yonder. Keep oot for ony sake. That's it; yir daein' fine. Steady, man, steady. Yir at the deepest; sit heavy in yir seat. Up the channel noo, an' ye 'ill be oot o' the swirl. Weel done, Jess, weel done, auld mare! Mak straight for me, doctor, an' a' 'ill gie ye the road oot. Ma word, ye've done yir best, baith o' ye this mornin'," cried Hillocks, splashing up to the dogcart, now in the shallows.

"Sail, it was titch an' go for a meent in the middle; a' Hielan' ford is a kittle (hazardous) road in the snaw time, but ye're safe noo."

"Gude luck tae ye at Westerton, sir; nae but a richt-hearted man wud hae riskit the Tochty in flood. Ye're boond tae succeed aifter sic a grand beginnin'," for it had spread already that a famous surgeon had come to do his best for Annie, Tammas Mitchell's wife.

Two hours later MacLure came out from Annie's room and laid hold of Tammas, a heap of speechless misery by the kitchen fire, and carried him off to the barn, and spread some corn on the thrashing floor and thrust a flail into his hands.

"Noo we've tae begin, an' we 'ill no be done for an oor, and ye've tae lay on without stoppin' till a' come for ye, an' all shut the door tae hand in the noise, an' keep yir dog beside ye, for there maunna be a cheep aboot the hoose for Annie's sake."

"A' 'ill dae onything ye want me, but if—"

"A' 'ill come for ye, Tammas, gin there be danger; but what are ye feared for with the Queen's ain surgeon here?"

Fifty minutes did the flail rise and fall, save twice, when Tammas crept to the door and listened, the dog lifting his head and whining.

It seemed twelve hours instead of one when the door swung back, and MacLure tilted the doorway, preceded by a great burst of light, for the sun had arisen on the snow.

His face was as tidings of great joy, and Eispeth told me that there was nothing like it to be seen that afternoon for glory, save the sun itself in the heavens.

"A' never saw the marrow o't, Tammas, an' a' 'ill never see the like again; it's a' ower man, without a hitch frae beginnin' tae end, and she's fa'in' asleep as fine as ye like."

"Dis he think Annie . . . 'ill live?"

"Of coorse he dis, and he 'obt the hoose inside a month; that's the gude o' bein' a clean-bluided, weel-livin'—"

"Preserve ye, man, what's wrang wi' ye? it's a mercy a' kepptit ye, or we wud hev hed anither job for Sir George."

"Ye're a richt noo; sit doon on the strae. A' 'ill come back in a while, an' ye 'ill see Annie juist for a meent, but ye maunna say a word."

Margot took him and let him kneel by Annie's bedside.

He said nothing then or afterwards, for speech came only once in his lifetime to Tammas, but Annie whispered, "Ma ain dear man."

When the Doctor placed the precious bag beside Sir George in our solitary first next morning, he laid a check beside it and was about to leave.

"No, no," said the great man. "Mrs. MacLure and I were on the gossip last night, and I know the whole story about ye and yir friend."

"Ye have some richt to call me a coward, but I'll never let ye call me a mean, miserly rascal," and the cheque with Drumshough's painful writing fell in fifty pieces on the floor.

As the train began to move, a voice from the first called so that all in the station heard:

"Give's another snake of your hand, MacLure; I'm proud to have met you; you are an honour to our profession. Mind the antiseptic dressings."

It was market day, but only Jamie Soutar and Hillocks had ventured down.

"Did ye hear ye, Hillocks? Hoo dae ye feel? A' 'ill no deny a' m' lifted."

Halfway to the Junction Hillocks had recovered, and began to grasp the situation.

"Tell'r what he said. A' wud like to hae it exact for Drumshough."

"That's the sedentical words, an' they're true; there's no a man in Drumtochty disna ken that, except aye."

"An' wha's that, Jamie?"

"It's Weelum MacLure himsel, Man, a' ve often ginned that he had focht awa for us a', and maybe dee before he kent that he had githered mair luv than ony man in the Glen."

"A' m' proud tae tae ye, says Sir George, an' him the greatest doctor in the land. 'Yir an honour tae oor profession.'"

"Hillocks, a' 'ill hae missed it for twenty notes," said James Soutar, cynic-in-ordinary to the parish of Drumtochty.

[THE END.]

EARTHQUAKES IN THE OCEAN.

Shocks Felt at Sea are Mostly Imparted From the Land.

The report brought early in the month by several vessels to San Francisco that the sequelae of an earthquake had been experienced in the middle of the Pacific is at least quite credible. Professor John Milne, of the Imperial College of Engineering, Tokio, who is considered one of the greatest living authorities on earthquakes and kindred phenomena and has devoted special attention to those of Japan and the Pacific ocean, gives a number of examples of earthquakes felt on board ship. Since his residence in Japan he has, indeed, made a point of questioning sea captains and others who have traversed the Pacific as to their experience in this respect, and has thus been able to collect important data. Sometimes the sensation recorded has resulted from an earthquake on land, the motion of which has been imparted to the adjacent waters and thus spread over the ocean. At other times the movement has been in the earth beneath the ocean's depths. This last phenomenon was evidently that which the narrators at San Francisco had observed. They all felt convinced that the earthquake was in the bed of the ocean. "The disturbance was accompanied by a loud roar, coming apparently from the sea, which became covered with a mass of white foam and subsequently rose in numerous geyser-like columns." Mr. Milne gives several instances of this kind of commotion, though the shocks felt at sea are mostly imparted from the land. As our readers are aware, the submarine earthquake is one of the enemies that those who lay cables have to provide against, and in view of our interest in the cable system soon, it is hoped, to be established in the Pacific, the item of news recently published has a more than passing interest for us. "In mid ocean," says a recent authority, "sunk to a depth of sometimes two thousand fathoms, the cable has little to fear unless from the not impossible contingency of earthquake."

Tobacco Poison.

In referring to the poisonous principle in tobacco, a writer in the British Medical Journal makes a statement that contradicts a view commonly held by smokers, namely, that nicotine is the most harmful property of tobacco and that a pipe is less harmful than a cigar or cigarette. He says:—"Nicotine is not, as used to be supposed, the most dangerous principle of tobacco, but pyridin and colloidin. Nicotin is the product of the cigar and cigarette; pyridin, which is three or four times more poisonous, comes out of the pipe. It would be well both for the devotees of tobacco and their neighbors if they took care always to have the smoke filtered through cotton wool or other absorbent material before it is allowed to pass the barrier of the teeth. Smokers might also take a lesson from the unspokeable Turk, who never smokes a cigarette to the end, but usually throws it away when little more than half is finished. If these precautions were more generally observed, we should hear much less of the evil effects of smoking on the nerves and heart, and on the tongue itself." Good advice is not often cheerfully followed, and it is highly probable that this advice will not be followed at all.

Circumstances Alter Cases.



Maud—Ye Mr. Metton 'adl paying attention to yir daughter?
Mr. Goldbug—Why, good gracious, no! He's not paying her any attention at all now. They're married.

Protected.

Wife—My first husband was a martyr to indigestion.
Second husband—Well, your second won't be. He has money enough to hire a cook.

WHAT UNCLE SAM IS AT

ITEMS OF INTEREST ABOUT THE BUSY YANKEE.

Neighborly Interest in His Doings—Matters of Moment and Birth Gathered from His Daily Record.

A new post office established near Columbus, O., has been named Tribly.

A petrified hog, a compound of pork and rock, has been dug up at Granby, Mo.

The Connecticut House has passed the bill prohibiting the docking of horses' tails.

The report that the peach crop of New Jersey has been ruined by the cold weather is denied.

An eagle with seven feet spread of wings was caught in a wolf trap near Brady Island, Neb., recently.

Mrs. Nellie Grant-Sartoris has decided not to go abroad this summer, but will spend the season in Canada instead.

The Prohibition town of Portland, Me., used \$15,000 worth of liquor every year for "medicinal and mechanical purposes."

The New York Central has made a success of lighting its cars by electricity generated by the revolutions of the axles.

The Maine senate has adopted a resolution asking that Congress make February 12, Lincoln's birthday, a national holiday.

The headless body of Benjamin Callender, recently stolen from a Hebrew cemetery in Indianapolis, was left at an undertaker's door.

The Supreme Court of California has decided that the holder of a through railroad ticket has a right to stop-over privileges.

W. J. Perry, a well-known gambler and a wealthy citizen of Houston, Tex., was killed by Joseph H. Stahl, a building contractor.

The longest distance a letter can be carried within the limits of the United States is from Key West, Fla., to Ounalsaka, 6,271 miles.

Horace Parker shot J. H. Jennings, a Chicago bucket shop proprietor, because he was not satisfied with the result of an investment.

George W. Burton, who, helpless from paralysis, was frozen to death in a cabin near Dubuque, Iowa, left a pathetic record of his sufferings.

Every baggage car on the Atlanta and West contains a box of surgeon's instruments and emergency appliances to be used in case of accidents.

Mary Pearsol of Grove City, Pa., died in agony from the effects of a solution of corrosive sublimate and alcohol that she had used to remove freckles.

Mrs. Blake Snow, of Somerville, Mass., who was stopped by a highwayman, gave him a blow on the chin which knocked him breathless and she escaped.

A contract for 19,000,000 gallons of wine and the lease of six of the largest wineries in the state has been made by the associated wine dealers of San Francisco.

Harold O. Henderson, of Mason, Mich., who suffered imprisonment for burglary in preference to bringing dishonor on a woman, has been pardoned by the Governor.

News comes from Sitka, Alaska, that diamonds of splendid brilliancy have been found in the lava beds on the sides of Mount Edgecombe, near the Alaska capital.

John J. Small, who was born a prisoner of war, and was said to be the last surviving prisoner of the War of 1812, died the other day in Newark, N. J. He was 81 years old.

Major J. J. Daly, of Rahway, N. J., has issued a proclamation that all tramps arrested in the town will be compelled to work for twenty-four hours on the streets in a chain gang.

Mrs. M. C. Taylor, a dressmaker, blew off the head of William H. Harrison with a shotgun at Guthrie, O. T. She had applied for a divorce and claims her husband hired Harrison to shadow her.

The House of representatives of the Oklahoma Legislature passed a bill prohibiting the manufacture or giving away of cigarettes or cigarette paper in the territory under penalty of a \$500 fine.

Bar Ferree, the architectural writer and critic, who has just been elected an honorary corresponding member of the Royal Institute of British Architects, is the first American writer who has been so honored.

The report of the Pennsylvania railroad ending for 1894, shows the gross earnings for all its lines east and west of Pittsburgh were \$122,003,000.07; operating expenses, \$85,142,174.53, and net earnings, \$36,860,825.54.

It is reported that there are now nearly 10,000 men at work in the iron mines in the Lake Superior range. The Marquette and Menominee ranges employ 4,500 men, Gogebic 2,300, the Vermillion 1,500, and the Mesabi 1,500.

Gen. Booth, of the Salvation Army, reports that on his visit to the United States he heard nobody swear, saw nobody drunk, and found family prayers universal. John Burns, on the other hand, described Chicago as a pocket edition of hell.

Two friends ran for sheriff in Wolfe County, Ky., and each received the same number of votes. They agreed to draw lots for the office. The Republican won, and the Democrat has been appointed his deputy. They share equally the receipts from their respective positions.

Mayor Strong, of New York, announced that he would appoint no clergymen to the board of education because the other members of the board had told him that because of the peculiar ideas that the clergymen might hold it would be impossible to work harmoniously with them.

Dr. Helen Webster, of Wellesley College, is the only woman who ever earned the title of doctor of philosophy. She went to Germany and literally won it by hard, unremitting labor. She is a calm-mannered woman with iron-grey hair and a face full of strength and determination.

Frances Bailey, 28 years old, of Allegan, Mich., was found dead in her room in Chicago. She had eloped with a traveling salesman, who afterwards deserted her. She had two sisters, who eloped with a roller skater and an actor respectively, and were deserted in like manner, and who killed themselves.