

The Professor's Delusion

George Singleton was country born, and this fact puzzled Instructor Singleton a little, for it was the one thing which this girl pupil of his had in common with the country lasses who dwelt down his father's farm way.

George's love affair prospered. He wasn't a bad fellow, only narrow and with an unreasonable prejudice against country girls. It didn't take Belle long to find out the bent of her teacher-lover's mind. She heard him say nice things about city girls, to disparagement of their rural sisters. She chided him a little at times and said that there were lots of country girls who were just as nice as George tried to make her out to be. He said: "You can't find your counterpart in a ten years' search in any city, and as for the country, a man would be nothing short of an idiot who would undertake a search that would last a century and in the end be unsuccessful."

Things went on smoothly and teacher and pupil were engaged. George had seen Mr. Madison, the father, at an office in a big downtown building. On the office door appeared simply the words, "William Madison, Commissions." Singleton knew that the mother was dead and that Belle had lived nearly all her life with her father. The spring vacation came on. Belle told George that her grandmother lived in Posey county, Indiana, and that she was going to spend the ten days' Easter vacation with her. George was asked to follow her in a few days to get acquainted with the old lady. A few days later he left the train at a dingy little station and inquired of the agent the way to Mrs. James Madison's residence.

"Oh, the old lady," said the railroad official. "She lives a mile back with her son. He's got about the biggest dairy farm in Indiana."

The day was delightful and the country was beautiful so George trudged along the road in the direction indicated. He soon came in sight of a great collection of buildings, while beyond, turned out for their first spring pasturing, were cattle that might have covered a thousand hills. It was near sunset. George reached the first of the long, low roofed sheds. There was a cow stanchion at one end. Near by stood a man leaning against a post, while on a three-legged stool, with a pail firmly clasped between her knees, sat a maiden milking.

By the shades of Aeschylus, Aristotle and the rest of the Greeks, was there not something familiar about the sweeping lines of this dairy maid's figure and about the poise of her superb head? George passed through the gateway numb and dazed in all his faculties. At his step the girl turned her head, rose and came to meet him with the brimming milk pail in her hand and an equally brimming smile in her face. "I thought you'd get here just about this time, George, and so I let you catch me at my favorite work. I was born here and have lived here nearly all my life. Father has a commission office in the city, but he's only there occasionally. Ever since I was 17 I have been his partner in the dairy business, though he made me go to the university to polish up a little. Here," and she put her hand into her pocket, "is our card." William Madison & Daughter, Dairy Farm Products, Posy County, Ind.

Milk Cows a Specialty.

"Not much savor of a boulevard about that, is there George? You know now where the tan cheeks came from. Do you think you can stand me as I am?"

And George looked at her and thought he could.—Edward B. Clark in Chicago Record-Herald.

Sorrow for Rev. Jaquet

Seattle, Feb. 10.—After a missionary service as a Catholic priest extending over twenty-eight years Rev. Father A. Jaquet, of Nome, has been adjudged insane by Judge Wickersham in the northern camp, and at last reports was in charge of the United States marshal. He had been formally committed to the United States insane asylum.

Two weeks previous to November 6, the reverend gentleman had shown signs of aberration of mind. An order was issued to inquire into his case, and Judge Wickersham, one of his best friends, had the sad duty of adjudging him irresponsible, temporarily, at least. Time only, it is said, will show whether his mind is totally gone.

The hearing was one of the most pathetic scenes ever recorded in Nome. Sympathy could be read on every face in the large audience and at times a death-like stillness prevailed, broken only by the quiet voices of the lawyers and hushed tones of the witnesses, as if they were in the presence of death.

Judge Wickersham in announcing an

opinion expressed the utmost sympathy and feeling which was felt, in fact, by the entire community at Nome.

"Father Jaquet has erected a monument which will forever perpetuate his good work in Nome and Alaska," says the Gold Digger. "By his own individual efforts he has built a magnificent church, and there is no doubt that he has accomplished what no other man, similarly situated, could have done; but at what a terrible sacrifice."

"At this time it is impossible to predict how long his present state of ill-health will continue, but everything is being done by the physicians and careful attendants have been secured to nurse him back to health."

"A well known physician thinks that a grave mistake was made when the father was first put under restraint in a house that was entirely unfamiliar to him, as it undoubtedly produced extra-mental excitement."

Rev. Father Jaquet is well known on the Pacific coast. He has worked in all the coast states. He went to Nome last July and in his short tenure of office erected a church and parochial house.

out discovering any human habitation, they came to three native huts. The next day they were surrounded by an Arctic fog and the mercury was from fifty to sixty degrees below zero. The cold was piercing. Gambell writes:

"My tea got cold before I could drink it; the beans seemed never to have been warmed; the fork froze to my lips."

The next day they got lost and stumbled upon a native hut, where they hired a native to pilot them to Kotzebue, but in a few hours the guide became lost, and after they had wandered around for eighteen hours without anything to eat, the guide got his bearings and soon led them to Kotzebue with the first United States mail that had ever entered the settlement. "At last we delivered the mail," writes Gambell, "and then sat down to the best supper that we had ever eaten in our lives."

At Kotzebue they rested three days, then started on a sixty-mile run across the ice to Cape Blossom, most of the way out of sight of land. The ice was piled up in heaps; there were no landmarks and they had to keep their course by a compass that they carried. At the end of the third day they reached a native village, where they were made welcome. They entered through the chimney into a vestibule for several rooms. The room they were taken to was heated with seal oil lamps and the heat from the bodies of human beings and dogs. In a side room they cooked and ate their supper and returned to the living room.

"Some of the men who had been out fishing had returned and, squatting upon the floor, with a wooden platter of seal meat, some frozen fish and a can of seal oil before them, were making their meal. Before going to bed they closed up the only opening to the house. There were fourteen people and two young dogs in that small room, while the odor of the seal oil added to the closeness of the air."

The next night they stayed in a white man's house—that of the commissioner of the newly formed mining district. In two days they reached Cape Prince of Wales, then started on the return to Port Clarence—then to Teller and across the country to Nome, where they found a modern city with schools, stores, hotels, club rooms, etc. Here they met a weekly mail carried by dog teams two thousand miles from Dawson.

In his conclusion Gambell says that it was a great trip and that they demonstrated that such a route can be maintained, but that it is not worth the suffering and the expense. The patrons of such a service are too few and the perils of even one trip are too great.

No account is given of the character of country through which these "pathfinders" went, but there is little doubt that much of it will be found capable of settlement, in which case the government will find it necessary to establish regular mail communication—but unquestionably Mr. Gambell is correct in estimating that at present the service is not worth what it costs.—Post-Intelligencer.

Curling Scores.

The scores of the first week's play in the curling club tournament for the Bruce cup is as follows:

Monday:

McGowan	F. Johnson
Rainbow	L. L. Bell
Donald	Chisholm
Crisp	12 Norquay
Altwin	Boyle
Watt	Thompson
J. Moncrieff	McLennan
Hingston	9 Young

Tuesday:

Senkler	E. B. Congdon
Jinnit	Sutherland
Tiffin	Edwards
Richardson	19 Stewart
Macrae	Stauf
Hamilton	Barrett
J. F. Bruce	McKenzie
R. Moncrieff	22 McKinnon

Wednesday:

Lewin	Thorburgh
J. G. Bell	McPherson
Wills	Cassell
De Gex	12 Macfarlane

Thursday:

Heron	Warden
Fairbanks	Dixon
Anderson	Ward
W. B. Bruce	15 Noble

This ended the games for the first half of the week. For the second the scores were:

Skip Hingston, 17; Stewart, 5
Skip Richardson, 14; Norquay, 10
Skip Crisp, 15; Young, 8
Skip De Gex, 12; Noble, 17
Skip Moncrieff, 18; Macfarlane, 8
Skip Bruce, 20; McKinnon, 7

This leaves Skips Richardson, Bruce, Moncrieff and Hingston ahead by one game, but there are four weeks play yet to finish the tournament.

NOT WORTH THE COST

Is an Eminent Writers Opinion.

Of Uncle Sam's System of Carrying Mail From St. Michael to Kotzebue.

Last year the government established a postal route in the extreme western part of Alaska. Beginning at the Island of St. Michael, the route extended in a northerly direction to the head of Kotzebue Sound, thence westerly to Cape Prince of Wales, returning to St. Michael by the way of Port Clarence, Teller, Nome, Golovin Bay and Norton Bay. The route was a thousand miles long and the trip was made by W. S. Flannagan and Francis H. Gambell. An account of the trip, made last spring, and many of its experiences is published in a recent issue of World's Work, the story being written by Mr. Gambell.

The unique mail train that Messrs. Flannagan and Gambell provided consisted of a light birch sled built especially for their trip and drawn by six heavily coated Alaskan dogs. They carried three hundred and sixty-five pounds of mail and supplies. On the first day they met a stiff breeze from the north with the thermometer four degrees below zero. That day they traveled thirty-five miles. Gambell's chin was frozen and it took some time to thaw it out with snow. The second day they traveled eighteen miles in the face of an ever-increasing wind. Day after day they fought their way through the snow, wind and bitter cold.

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