INEXACT SCIENCE -- A SHORT STORY.

Judge Wykoff's Solution of a Problem.

thoughtfully stroking his chin. as a governess I consider Miss Neville

mendation from the convent where she covered her face with kisses. was educated," said the judge, graveand mother loved her as if she were ton Colville, sarcastically. her own."

"My dear Lenville"—there was a in a low voice. touch of impatience in the lady's tone wisdom or judgment from her any longer. As for the children, Miss Neville spoils them-completely.' "They are very young yet, Caro fine."

"Young," echoed Mrs. Colton Colville, who until her marriage two years ago had been the mistress of her brother's widowed home, and was a power to be reckoned with, even when on a brief visit as at present "I am surprised at a man of your intellect, Lenville, being so out of date. As I proved in my paper read before the Congress of Mothers last year, education should begin the first month of the child's life. The brain cells should develop according to regular system. There should be conservation of energy from the first. Most women are absolute idiots on such matters. Think of the awful waste of infantile powers involved in learning such things as 'Baa, baa, black sheep,' or 'Ding-dong, bell!' "

A faint smile trembled on the judge's lips. He had learned a great deal of "Mother Goose" himself during the past winter. Miss Neville suggested that juvenile classic as suitable papering for the play room walls.

Mrs. Colton Colville continued: "Of pedagogy, as the exact science it has tecome in our modern schools, your governess knows nothing, Lenville. I found her last night rocking little Wilfrid to sleep in her arms!"

The speaker missed the look that stole over her listener's face at her words. Pale little 5-year-old Wilfrid was the darling of his father's heart.

"Rocking is, as you know, condemnad by all the best authorities as distinctly injurious to the brain centers. And I understand from Mildred the governess tells fairy stories, one of the most pernicious errors of the past. And when I questioned the children about the physical culture I consider so absolutely necessary, I learn that they found the lessons so tiresome Miss Neville had given them up, and terms, Lenville." that instead she plays soldiers with them every night."

"She does," assented the judge. "I bad one. In fact, it struck me as a gren." physical drill to gay music, and under a prettier name. The children are, as the gentleman with an odd smile you know, Caroline, like their poor advised a young, cheerful teacher-"

"Young and cheerful perhaps," in- teacher-as you observed-" verrupted the lady, sharply. "but not ville cannot be more than 20. What quietly. can a girl of 20 know of forming the burst of laughter from the lawn with- fill quite-quite acceptably." out the library window seemed to corspreading oaks.

And looking out, the judge saw as

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that COD LIVER OIL and IRON are beyond question the greatest medicines known. Then why does not everybody take Cod Liver Oil and Iron? Simply because most people cannot take the Oil and few can digest the Iron in any ordinary form. These difficulties have been entirely removed by the introduction of FERROL, in which the Iron is scientifically combined with the Oil, rendering the Oil palatable and the Iron digestible. While

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of Cod Liver Oil (the whole of the Oil) and is richer in oil than any other ulsion, and while it contains just the emulsion, and while it contains just the right quantity of the best form of Iron and Phosphorus, it is so scientifically prepared that not one person in a thousand finds any trouble in taking it, and infants digest it without difficulty. Moreover the well-established value of the Oil and Iron is immensely enhanced by the process of manufacture, and as the formula is freely exposed it is not to be wondered at that posed it is not to be wondered at that physicians everywhere have fully endorsed FERROL and used it largely in their practice. FERROL is invaluable for the treatment of any kind of Lung or Bronchial troubles, while for wasting diseases it has no equal, and

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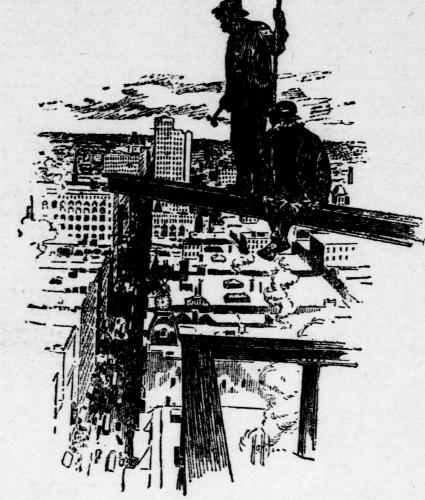
§ proposocionomicionomicionomicione propositionomic "Unsuitable," echoed Judge Wykoff, pretty a picture as unscientific eyes "All," was the answer, in a tone Yeaning back in his big chair and could wish. His three fair little girls bravely steaded into calm. "That I dancing in glee about their governess, have not been exacting, or exact, I "Most unsuitable," repeated Mrs.Col- who had just started to her feet in know. But may I explain that, when ton Colville, emphatically. "In fact, good humored dismay, as her golden I first came here, Dr. Dent, your chil-Lenville, I will go further and say that hair, that little Wilfrid had roguishly dren's physician, had a serious converloosened from the comb, fell in rip- sation with me. He told me, in plainer positively injurious to your mother- pling glory aimost to her knees. She terms than he liked to use to you, that shook her head gaily at the culprit, they had inherited frail constitutions

"I suppose this is what Miss Neville ulated, to study; that, pardon me now ly. "The children are devoted to her, calls a morning lesson," said Mrs. Cel- if in my own defense I repeat his for you.

Mrs. Colville, that you-you were dissatisfied with my methods, and wished to make a change.

"Dissatisfied! Make a change!" For a moment the judge stood bewildered, and then his conversation with Mrs. Colton Colville flashed into his mind. Though not a profane man, he had to bite back from his lips. "She-she told

you, then-"She brought the highest recom- and the boy sprang into her arms and and extreme nervous excitability; that



EVERY MAN TO HIS TRADE.

"It's a wonder them street cleaners doesn't git run over." "I'd hate to have their job. I'd be scared stiff all the time."-Life.

your duty to speak to her in plain er than an older sister-a loving play-"You think so," asked the judge, reflectively stroking his beard.

"Undoubtedly," continued the lady

"I do, most assuredly," his sister no doubt, and, though unfitted for a

thoughtless and untrained. Miss Ne- dear Caroline," corrected the judge,

"As you please, then," she contincharacters or minds of your children? ued. "I was about to say, that, though all mistaken-" Absolutely nothing. They are all run- unsuitable as a governess there is no ning wild together." And a silvery doubt some other position she could

"I am sure of it," was the quick reroborate the lady's words. "As you can ply. "In-in fact, it is a matter I have She told me you had been wishing to see for yourself now," added Mrs. Col- been thinking over for some time, but speak to me for months, and could not ton Colville, with a severe glance to- -with a man's natural hesitation, I find courage."

> ject to Miss Neville." "Then let me do it for you." said his sister eagerly. "I can put the matter to tell what I feared would drive joy before her in a light to which no rea-

sonable woman would object." "Impossible, my dear Caroline-impossible!" And the speaker rose as if to terminate the interview. "I will

handy. For stomach and bowel trou- get up courage to discharge the girl.

The spring twilight was falling over my children's sake, I said truly, I would the paling rose of the hills, the air was do so when I found courage-courage filled with the breath of lilacs, and a to plead with you for them and mypair of mating birds in the tree that self. When she said there was another brushed the library window were twit- position you could fill more acceptably tering their even song. Judge Wykoff my heart leaped with the sweet, wild sat in his armchair, his eyes fixed upon hope that there was, indeed, another the one white star trembling in the place, a dearer, higher, holier, waiting glow of the west. He was dreaming as for you here. Will you take it, Norhe had not dreamed for years; a ten- ine? Will you be queen and mistress der smile played upon his usually grave of my home, mother of my motherless lips, and the serious face had relaxed into almost the gladness of youth: for the judge had just reduced a mathe- ville, when the judge gently broke the matical problem that had been troublieng him all winter to very simple terms. Twenty and forty—not an impossible equation in Love's count. Twenty and forty-nothing to hearts yesterday morning-" that beat as one. Twenty and forty-only the sunlit, flowery stretch 'twixt the budding leaf and the sheltering dryly. "But, happily, it is all settled. bough. Twenty and forty - he would I have spoken to her, as I promised

settle matters this very night. culation that he was unconscious of other position as you suggested-one the soft tap at his library door, until more suited to her capacity-as teacher it suddenly opened, and his children's of that sweet, old-fashioned, inexact governess stood before him.

She was in walking dress. Usually she wore white on these balmy evenings, when her day's work was done, and seated at the plane in the drawing-room, she sang for his mother the sweet old convent hymns they both ing, lung-developing exercise, and it is as

good for girls as boys. And humor can be "I beg pardon," she began. "I knocked several times and thought perhaps cultivated in a girl's mind without any you were out in the garden. May I abatement of the dignity and modesty and charm of her womanhood. Not the unspeak to you for a few moments?" "Certainly," he said, startled into anxiety by something sharp and strange in her tone. "There is nothing wrong. I hope, with Wilfrid—with the children."

"Cartainly," he said, startled into pleasant and constant frivolity evidenced in "smart" speech or quickness of repartee, but the humor that looks at the world with a twinkle in the eye and sees its absurdities, its smallness and its fun, says Woman's Life.

"Nothing," she answered. "Thank God, I leave them all well, perfectly well! I-I had written a formal resig-"Nothing," she answered. "Thank

"Resignation!" gasped the judge.
"But, after all your kindness and consideration for the past ten months. I felt something more was due to you—and—to myself," she added, with quiet dignity. "It was only a few hours and of life's small worries as well as its greater ones. The bringing up of children, the care of servants and the many social duties that become a burden, are all made easy and possible to put up with by the woman with an unfailing sense of humor and of the bright side of life.

they must not be forced, or even stimblunt words, they had been most fool-"So it seems," the judge answered, ishly mismanaged in the past; and their health, perhaps even their lives, "It is little wonder the children are depended upon an entire change of in-

"One moment."

children, my guiding angel-my wife?"

news to her next morning. "Miss Ne-

must be mad. After all you said to me

"And after all you said to her yes

terday afternoon," added the judge,

you, in the interests of my children,

LAUGHTER AS A MUSCLE.

MAKER.

Laughter is a good, healthy, muscle-mak-

science-love."

Woman's Life.

"Your wife!" gasped Mrs. Colton Col-

mate-a watchful friend. Had I known that this would be objectionable to you "Objectionable!" Great heavens! Ob-

"If you put it in that light," said ing him into words.

"Pardon me-as 'you' observed, my not change. I can only-go-and-

ward a group under one of the big, lacked the courage to broach the sub-

speak myself, and-and at once, I assure you."

"I don't believe it," said the lady, as the judge left the room. "He will never Men are such fools on such subjects But if he won't settle the matter, I swered with foolish evasion. When will!" And Mrs. Colton Colville pressed she pointed to you with my boy in her thin lips together with the deter- your arms, I agreed with her that that mination of a matron, who, having was your morning lesson, and blessed lived in single blessedness for forty God that my child was learning such years, had learned to have both her joyful trust and love. When she told will and her way.

So absorbed was the judge in his cal- and she has consented to accept an-

ago that I learned from your sister, MARRIAGE FAIR IN BELGUIM

> OPENS IN JUNE IN THE VILLAGE OF EUCASINS-LALARGN.

Fourth Fete of the Maiden / Matri--An En shman's Experience,

Downcast bachelors, take heart of courage! A club of pretty new women has organized to make marriage easy

in search of Her. She is waiting for you served the purpose of Bradstreet's in company with all the other members In it each visiting bachelor records his -"mother is 70. We cannot expect making slow progress. Clearly it is fluence. He asked me to be less teach- of the club. You have only to recog- age, his fortune, his occupation, his nize her as Her when you meet her, prospects, his social and religious

and she is yours. you wish.

not make the path of true love rough rimonial Club and the visiting bacheby foolish coyness. Sit beside her at lors in the public market place, which the banquet table, dance with her, or, is gay with the Belgian colors and garif you cannot dance, sit in a secluded lands of June roses. Here the president corner, her hand in yours, while you of the association, the programme inwatch the other dancers.

grow red in the face, looking as though only to signify his choice by asking the you are an idiot, as all men look when maiden who best pleases him to sit bethey propose. You need not say fond, side him at the banquet table. foolish things, that, no matter what their sincerity, sound imbecile, even to market place, will be spread with the girl herself. You need only look viands of the maidens' own cooking. It at her. If you prefer you may look will be followed by a dance in the great away from her and say: "Of course, your approve of the pur-

poses of the club or you would not be betrothals. a member of it?" A little fluttering sigh of assent will have only to ask the address of the all nations, registered in the Book of

parish priest, or the nearest officiating Gold. Mlle. Gros, casting a shrewd clergyman, and before sunset she will be yours. Can anything be more com- glit'ering entries. A place in Kent, a plete, more admirable? And the opportunity, like the plan of

salvation, is free to all the world. Are you single and do you desire a wife? death. Then you have only to go to the Mar- | Mindful of all this, she saw to it that riage Fair at the picturesque village of Eucasins-Lalaiga in Belgium. It will be held on June 5. It is the fourth row of the young women who assemfete given by the Maidens' Matrimonial bled that afternoon in the market Club. The club has issued invitations, place. to all the bachelors of the world to attend. It practically guarantees that turn a married man. If you do not it side him. will be because you are crusty, impossible to please, by nature a curmudgeon In his eagerness lest Mile. Gros might instead of a bridegroom.

that the town is in gala attire for its any others." have seen the game, and it is not a "in justice to your motherless chil- jectionable!" interposed the judge, un- the English bachelor, traveling alone lishman and the Belgian maiden got able to shape the emotions overmasterchanced to stop there over night last quet without waste of words, and when old warrior. year on a ramble about the continent. Mr. Carson led Berthe Dupre out for "I might have used other methods," As he opened the door of his com- the varsovienne it had been settled man. continued Miss Neville, her voice a mother, frail and nervous. Dr Dent went on "The girl is well intentioned, little tremulous. "But now-new it is partment of the railway carriage at that they should be married that day the station he saw that the wooden week. too late. The children have learned to

building was festooned with bunting in the Belgian colors. In huge letters of gold against a fresh white background hung beside the station door the announcement of the great fets. The Marriage Fair!

"Oh, I say, now, my boy, what is that?" Mr. Carson screwed in his monocle and blinked at the grinning

guard. "As though you don't know." Carson thought the guard's grimace offensive. He told him so. The guard merely pointed a derisive thumb at the white and gold sign, and as the train snorted and puffed its way out of sight the Englishman read:

"The youn gwomen of Eucasins-Lalaign invite for the fourth time the bachelors of all the world to the Matri-

monial Fete. "The programme of the fete."

There followed the official plan for the day. First, the registering in the You need not wander over the world Book of Gold. The Book of Gold standing. Second, they are taken in You need not pay long and persistent charge by the committee of entertaincourt to her. You may meet her and ment, of whom brisk, businesslike but be presented to her at noon, woo her wholesomely charming Mile. Blanche before 3 o'clock, and wed her at 6, if Leuten is the chairman. The committee takes the visitors about the town. You need not propose. It is well un- Third occurs the grand climax of the derstood why you are there. She will day, the meeting of the Maidens' Matforms, presents the bachelor to each You need not choke and gurgle and member of the club in turn. He has

The tables, set in the middle of the pavilion, and, and after the dance the president, Mlle.Gros, will announce the

John Carson remained at Eucasins. Lalaign for the Marriage Fair. He, in be your answer. And for the rest you company with the expectant swains of eve over the record, was amazed at its sh soting-box in Scotland, twenty thousand pounds a year in his own right, which should be tripled at the uncle's

the pretties girl in the village, Mile. Berthe Dupre, should be in the front

Mr. John Carson, accustomed to asking for what he wanted, stared through if you go there a bachelor you will re- the monocle, as Mile. Gros stood be- who flourished stumps and limbs, like "The one with black eyes! There!"

"The young women of Eucasins- Berthe, who bent her head and blush-Lalaign in Belgium on the 5th of June ed. "You need not introduce me to great matrimonial fete. John Carson, It was amazing how well the Engand aimlessly for his selfish pleasure, on. It was all arranged at the ban-calling on the general's daughter, met the

A MAKER OF HISTORY.

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"The late Gen. Shafter," said a soldier, 'had a contempt for military posers. They medals, got no sympathy from him. "In San Francisco I once heard him ridicule those military posers. He said not see her, he pointed straight at there was a general of volunteers who got his leg scratched by a caisson wheel in a retreat, and forever after nursed and glorified the trifling wound, growing lamer and

lamer as the years passed, in order that his bravery might never be forgotten. "'I see you're lame, sir,' said the young

"Yes,' said the general, pompously; 'I am lame.

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'Slip on the ice?

'No, sir,' said the general, with a frown. 'Not an automobile mix-un I hone?" 'No, sir, it was not an automobile mixup.' The general spoke ferociously.

'Sleigh overturn, sir?' The general rose. He set hi agely from the threshold, he shouted: "'Go read the history of your country you young puppy!" "-Minneapolis Journal



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