

By Thomas W. Lawlor

CHAPTER VII—Continued.

Bob left his wife at his mother's house while he went to Sand Land to the funeral. The next day he learned that his victims had been laid away and the relatives had gathered in the library of the great white mansion...

They are instantly to shut off the rest of the door and house until I can get to her. Here comes a laughing, happy child. Her name is in spite of her finely developed, womanly figure, had lost nothing of its wonder...

"Good Bob has come back to play with Beulah," she said. "She knows he had gone to the woods to gather pretty flowers. Beulah knew if Bob had gone to the woods he would have laid Beulah with him. Now Bob must play school with Beulah's schoolbook. With mock severity she said, 'Bob, eat. What does it spell?'

Two days after the funeral Bob's dearest boy fled. He had ordered all things in the Sands plantation to be in their everyday condition. Beulah Sands, uncle, aunts and cousins had arranged to welcome her and to try every means to bring her back to her lost mind. They assured Bob that barring the absence of Beulah's father, mother, and sister, there would not be a single thing missing. Bob and his wife landed from the river packet at the foot of the driveway, which led straight from the landing to the wine-cellar, the pillared portico. Bob's agony must have been awful when his wife clasped her hands in childish joy and exclaimed, 'Oh, what a pretty place!'

Man or the tax collector, the butcher or the baker, as the case may be, he never thinks he may have been taken in his neighborhood. There is no such word as 'neighbor' in the New York city dictionary. It may have been there once, but if so, it was long ago used as a synonym for the backwoodsman, a man who keeps your distance and we-keep-your-distance-until-we-know-you-ness. It is told of a minister from the rural districts of a neighborhood in America, who came to New York to take charge of a parish, that he started out to make calls and was seated in the hall of what he had supposed to be a parsonage. He was rushed away (of Bellevue for examination as to his disposition) before he had time to utter a word. Had no letter of introduction and was not in the set."

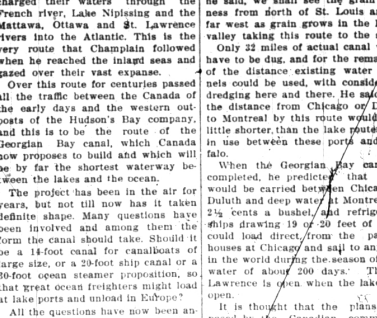
Shortly after the first anniversary of his wedding Bob went to his office with Randolph & Randolph and opened one for himself. He explained that he was giving up his commission business to devote all his time to normal trading. With the opening of his new office he again became the most active man on the floor. His trading was intermittent. For weeks he would not be seen at the Exchange or on "the Street." Then he would return and after executing a series of brilliant trades, which were invariably successful, he would again disappear. His name became known as the luckiest operator in Wall Street, and the beginning of his every new deal was the signal for his fast-growing following to get on.

"From time to time I learned that Beulah Sands was making no real improvement, though in some details she had learned as a child learns. But there was no indication that she would ever regain her lost mind."



"Good Bob Has Come Back to Play with Beulah."

GEORGIAN BAY ROUTE (BLACK LINE) COMPARED WITH THE ROUTE VIA THE ERIE CANAL (DOTTED LINE).



Many thousands of years ago the Great Lakes are supposed to have discharged their waters through the French river, Lake Nipissing and the Mattawa, Ottawa and St. Lawrence rivers into the Atlantic. This is the very route that Champlain discovered when he reached the inland seas and gazed over their vast expanse.

All the questions have now been answered. For two years the Georgian Bay and the Canadian committee have been studying every phase of the enterprise and it is now prepared to build the canal. The fact is, there is very little canal to build. Some long stretches in the rivers must be cleared at a cost of \$2,830,000. The rest of the route is a few miles of rock barrier and a few mud and sand banks must be removed, but the whole work can be done in a few months.

This will be the nearest approach to an air line water route between the lakes and the Atlantic for which nature has provided facilities. It will make the route to Montreal 340 miles shorter than by way of the Welland canal. The fact is, there is very little canal to build. Some long stretches in the rivers must be cleared at a cost of \$2,830,000. The rest of the route is a few miles of rock barrier and a few mud and sand banks must be removed, but the whole work can be done in a few months.

Producers and shippers in the United States are interested in this project because it promises to give them the shortest and cheapest water route to the Atlantic. Not a few western railroads are also in hearty sympathy with the project.

J. Hill of the Great Northern railroad said a while ago that the Georgian Bay canal would be the most popular enterprise that the Canadian government could undertake.

Jim Johnston, the famous baseball umpire, said recently in New York that baseball crowds were not going to be any more used to umpires, than they are used to be.

"This is true of theater crowds, too," said Mr. Johnston. "Why, you remember in the past, mistreatment was regularly expected. In fact, the complaints profited by it in more ways than one."

But finally a weary auditor in a paroxysm of rage and scorn hurled a heavy boot, and the actor, thoroughly provoked, and with a gasp, dodging an onion or a baseball every other minute, and pretty soon there those missiles that he hadn't been able to dodge.

"Keep on playing, you fool," blazed the manager from the wings, as he hooked in the boot and the actor said: "Keep on till we get the other one."

PRESCRIPTIONS IN LATIN.

The Public Should Have Them Translated by the Druggist.

What virtue is there in the secrecy with which the doctor hedges about his profession? "Professional etiquette" occupies a prominent place in the curriculum of every medical school, and when strictly analyzed "professional etiquette" means the art of writing in Greek or Latin, the doctor, individually and collectively.

Among the things that "is best for the patient" is the writing of his prescriptions in Latin, and thus keeping the public in ignorance not only of what it is taking for its ills, but foredooms it to pay for each time a prescription is needed.

In plain and unmistakable English the writing of prescriptions in Latin means that the patient is in the habit of meeting in the street and exchanging caps, so that should a complaint be made of money collected, the regular receipt of the doctor from envelopes intrusted to the boys for delivery, it would be easy to establish an audit. Miss King's company by her revealing concerning the tricks of the messenger boys and the regular receipt of the doctor from envelopes intrusted to the boys for delivery, it would be easy to establish an audit.

It would be a good thing for the public to be able to decipher the prescriptions that they are given. It would be a good thing for the public, individually and collectively.

You call in the physician when you have the ache, the prickle, or any other ailment which hampers your life, and which you may have again some day. The doctor prescribes—in Latin, and you take this, to you, meaning that you have no right to have it compounded. Right here is where you come in, if you are wise. Say to the druggist, "Can you translate my prescription into English?"

With the translated prescription in your possession you have two distinct advantages. First, you know what you are taking, and should you wish to call some other doctor at some time you will be able to tell him what drugs you are taking, and remember, you had a horse racing at Newmarket. He chartered a fishing-boat, took for the eastern counties, just got back the post back to London and stopped on the way to dine. In the middle of the port and dice after dinner he was taken ill by a special messenger, who had been tearing over half England in search of him and reminded him that he had to move to the House of Commons. He rushed to the stables, reached the House in time to make a brilliant speech in reply to North by a single vote.

Others led the Strenuous Life. A mode of Fox's was a singularly untragic race through life, reconstructed by Mr. Cook from various sources, is excellently given. Fox had no sense, and in due time betrayed him to the police. She has been threatened time and again, but has not so far succumbed to the threats she ignores, and any one who has talked with her for a time is impressed with the idea that it is a "woman's affair," so she says: "A woman is as good as a man in a gun fight, and I am always ready."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Jerome on Colored Evidence. District Attorney Jerome, of New York, has written a piece of sensible evidence: "It is evidence that has been tampered with, colored. It is like the doctor's report of his physician's prescription."

"A lady one day in July visited her physician. The man examined her and said: 'Madam, you are only a little run down. You need frequent baths and plenty of fresh air, and I advise you to take in the coolest, most comfortable clothes—nothing stiff or formal.'"

"The Denver National bank not long ago received the following letter from a lady who had just been elected a Gentlemen:—Please stop payment on the check I wrote out today, as I accidentally burned it up. Yours, Mrs. Black."

Great Bird's Eye. As a result of his own researches and the experiments of Professors Krawalski and Moselicki, of Freiburg university, has discovered the presence of a special medium derived from the atmosphere. This process is available for commercial, industrial and agricultural purposes, and is a great step toward the world's food problem.

Girls Destined for Harems. The Circassians, who live in the northwestern part of the empire, are a people who think it is more honorable to be plundered than by industry, make it a custom to bring their daughters into slavery, and sell them to the Turks and Persians. Circassian beauties, therefore, shine not in their native land but in the harems of the orient.

Where Russia is Behind. England has 144 churches for every 100,000 people. In Russia we have only 14 for a similar number.

TOUCHING THE AGE LIMIT.

Rear Admiral Godrick Makes Some Pertinent Remarks.

"I do not look over the body of officers I perceive no change from the general attitude which prevailed when I was a young man. But too old we certainly are if we fall to perceive that what the Nation demands of us is the trained faculty to direct the movement of our ships and squadrons in line of battle. I pray most reverently that such a supreme test may never come to us—but if it does come and if we have wasted our precious days in the nonessential, such as undue idleness of the staidist, then we shall go down like the formal navies of Frederick the Great vanquished into this air before the battle tactics of Napoleon—Army and Navy together."

"A dog worth knowing. Two years ago a boy 14 years old named Edward Smith followed home by a small dog. The animal was spotted and spotted and by no means fat and plump. He laughed at her for having him around. Within a week, however, the dog brought home a five-dollar bill in his mouth. The next week he brought a silver dollar. Then he brought a pocket knife, and followed that with a dollar bill. There has hardly been a week in these two years that the dog has not found something. He makes a very satisfactory companion on the highways, and often travels a distance of 30 miles. Up to the present date he has found and brought useful things."

"Finger nails. While spots on the nails are usually due to imperfect circulation of the blood and nervousness, and these, again, are due to wrong living. Live right, and the spots will disappear."

THE DOG WORTH KNOWING.

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WOMAN DETECTIVE FEARLESS IN HER WORK.

Ethel King Responsible for the Breaking Up of Many Gangs of Criminals—Able to Take Care of Herself.

Should you meet a good-looking sailor boy, with a complexion something like the good for one who follows the sea, take a second look at him. It may be Ethel King, the woman detective of Philadelphia, in one of her disguises.

Take a searching glance at the messenger boy who runs, with head down, to deliver a message. It is possible that the female sleuth may spot a familiar identity within the blue suit.

Look around you in opium-smoked Chinatown. The dapper messenger boy, with the look-out at the gambling joint, with a side glance at the closed door, may be pretty Ethel King in the costume of her own gang. Do not be misled that it is frequently a very unusual woman.

At some Miss King lives a quiet and cozy life. Few of her associates in the boarding-house at which she has her room know what a distinguished personage is the dark-eyed girl who so frequently awakes on mysterious trips.

Absolutely without fear, Miss King has been seen in the line of duty. She has donned the uniform of a United States sailor and haunted the docks and navy yards, in quest of information regarding sailor criminals.

Being a small woman and looking like a young girl, Miss King has no difficulty in assuming the character of a district messenger. She readily assumed the regular uniform of the corps, and the uniform of the messenger boy, and did valuable work in breaking up a series of petty crimes, and in fact, the youngsters had carried on for years at the expense of the company and its customers.

As a zealous girl, Miss King has been in the habit of meeting in the street and exchanging caps, so that should a complaint be made of money collected, the regular receipt of the doctor from envelopes intrusted to the boys for delivery, it would be easy to establish an audit.

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