NORMANNAHEIMEN

NORWAY TRYING ITS NEW ELECTION LAW

Indirect System, in Use Since 1814, Abandoned—Power of Party Organizations Curbed; Storthing Members Chosen by the People—One Election and Its Possible Meaning.

By S. C. Hammer.

Special Correspondence of The Journal.

CHRISTIANIA, NORWAY, Aug. 7.—After an electioneering campaign which has created comparatively little interest, the first elections for the storthing session of 1906-08 took place on Sunday in Christian's Amt. This county, which includes the well-known districts of Toten and Hadeland between Lake Misen and Lake Randsfjord and the great valleys of Valdres and Gudbrandsdalen, is from a political point of view a very interesting piece of Norway, owing to the fact that farmers and industrial laborers there are more mixed than perhaps in any other district. The new election system practiced for the first time on this occasion also makes the election somewhat of an event, and I shall sketch the system in a few words as the background of the whole situation.

The new election law, by which the direct election system was introduced in our public life, is dated May 15, 1905. From 1814 up to the present elections all Norwegian storthings have been elected according to the indirect system by which all the voters of each constituency met at the polls and elected a number of delegates (in the proportion of one to every fifty voters in town and one to every hundred in the country) to the district convention, in which the electoral representatives chosen at polls met and elected representatives to the storthing. From various reasons this system had gradually become more and more obsolete, especially in the greater towns and at Christiania, where we finally had 40,000 voters, electing a district convention of 800 members who on their side elected four representatives to the storthing. It goes without saying that this system was extremely cumbrous, and the need of reform therefore became obvious, the more so as the representatives to the storthing in many cases were directly designated by papers and party organizations and only had to undergo the indirect election as a sort of formality which was by no means in conformity either with the spirit or the letter of the election law.

How the New Law Works.

By the new law Norway is divided in 123 constituencies, the system being one representative to the storthing from each constituency. Each of the eighteen counties of the country is divided into constituencies, the number of which corresponds to the number of representatives to the storthing granted to the county in question by the constitution. Towns which formerly had one representative are still considered as one constituency, the same being the case when two or more towns have one representative. An example so far is the three towns on the Lake Mjosen, Hamar, Lillehammer and Gjovik, which in connection with Kongsvinger, miles and miles away, form only one constituency.

Notwithstanding this and other anomalies the direct election system is everywhere in this country considered an important reform and we are curious to see how it will work. To a certain extent we got a little test of it by the Sunday elections.

It had generally been assumed that the extraordinary events of 1905 had brought about a lull in the political interest, and the comparative calmness of the election campaign to which I have referred above tended to corroborate this view. The Sunday elections, may, to a certain extent, be described as a contradiction to it.

As I have pointed out in several letters to The Journal, we have put up with the Karlstad agreement and accepted the new monarchy and no honorable Norwegian with feeling of responsibility toward established facts is thinking of upsetting either. Unhappily several journals do not seem to understand this fact, and by ultra-loyal articles on the new monarchy and incorrect statements on the position taken up by the left wing of the liberal party, they are actually undermining the position of the conservatives instead of propping it up.

A Case in Point.

One of the Sunday elections is an example so far. In South Gudbrandsdalen they had lately a representative by the name of Mr. Enge. This gentleman was a true supporter of the government in 1905, and went in for the monarchy in the short fortnightly campaign which resulted in the election of our present king. He subsequently became a member of the deputation appointed by the storthing to go to Copenhagen to inform Prince Charles of his being elected king of Norway. Last Sunday Mr. Enge, who in November was supported by his electors, was beaten by his radical adversary by a majority of nearly 500. This fact points to a change in public opinion which is well worth attention, especially in America, where numerous Norwegians who have visited "the old country" this summer for the coronation festivities no doubt think of things in Norway as different from what they really are.

I need hardly add that the importance of the Sunday elections must not be exaggerated, but their radical turn has created attention all over the country and the conservative and moderate factions openly confess their uneasiness at this preliminary result.

The rest of the elections will take place on Aug. 13, 20, 22, 23, 24, 25, 27 and 28, the two most important election days being Aug. 20 and 27. On these two days there will be elected respectively thirty-seven and thirty-three representatives to the storthing.

Substantial Bequests.

The late Daniel A. T. Westman of Stockholm left 180,000 kronor of an estate of about 500,000 kronor to charitable and other public purposes. The sum of 100,000 is placed at the disposal of the law faculty of the Stockholm high school for the establishment of six stipends or scholarships within the faculty. The sum of 40,000 kronor is given to a pension fund, 10,000 kronor to Klara congregation, the latter to be used for members who may be in need. The musical academy receives 6,000 kronor for founding a scholarship, the post-office aid society 4,000 kronor, the musical society 2,000 kronor, and there were smaller bequests to other worthy organizations.

FLAWS IN SYSTEM

Kansan Finds Unexpected Features in Gothenburg Plan.

W. Y. Morgan, a more or less famous Kansan, writing to the Hutchinson News about the much-mooted Gothenburg system for regulating the liquor traffic confesses to some disappointment as shown in the following extract from his letter to home:

Our consular report quotes from government statistics to show that this system has resulted in a dcreased sale of liquor, credit being given to the fact that there is no financial object to be accomplished in pushing the sale, and because the regulations as to closing nights and Sundays are properly carried out. But the exceptions to the rule startled poor Kansas me! Wine and beer are not "spirits" and do not come under the law, but are handled on the same theory as milk and coffee. The finest building in Stockholm is not a royal palace or national museum, but a brewery.

IBSEN AND HIS WORKS

Henrik Ibsen usually disliked to witness presentations of his own plays. His friend William Archer, in an article in an English magazine describes the agony with which Dr. Ibsen witnessed the first performance of "Ghosts" in Germany. He continually uttered, "Oh! Oh!" as if in pain.

"I have quite definite conceptions," he once said, "of my own characters, and the actors come between me and those conceptions, in some cases permanently distorting or obscuring them."

Norway is a hotbed of tittle tattle. Everybody knows everybody, and everybody knows a great deal more about everybody else than they know themselves. One has only to read Ibsen's plays to realize the prevalence and power of personal gossip.

Ibsen was at one time violently unpopular in his own country; and tho in his old age his fame was looked upon as a national possession, the habit of malicious and mendacious chatter about his concerns still held its ground.

My brother was one day going to call upon him in Christiania, and remarked to a friend resident in the town that if Ibsen was not at home he hoped he might see Fru (Mrs.) Ibsen.

"Oh, no," said his friend, "you won't see her; she hasn't been able to live with him for five years."

My brother paid his call, and the first person he saw on crossing the threshold was Fru Ibsen. The incident was typical.

English in Denmark.

Amusing effects are produced in attempts on the European continent to attract English patronage, and the following from a Danish newspaper is no worse than thousands of others:

"The hotels charmingly situation, surrounded of a nice garden the good cuisine, the kindly accommodation with moderate charge and good conveyances with easy occasion for salmon and trout fishing, the ascending of the surrounding mountains has done this place well known and praised of all travelers: N. B. The Landlord is spoken English very good."

Local "News" a Quarter of a Century Old

Culled from The Journal of this Date, 1881

The Minneapolis Evening Journal.

Vol. 3, No. 125. MINNEAPOLIS AND ST. PA UL, FRIDAY, AUGUST 26, 1881. 50 CENTS A MONTH.

THE JOURNAL

Official Paper of the City.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 26, 1881.

Svenska Folkets Tidning is the name of the new Swedish paper to be started here, the preliminary steps to which were published in The Evening Journal two weeks ago. The Swedish Publishing company then organized, is officered as follows: President, Victor Bergson; secretary and general manager, Alfred Soderstrom; treasurer, P. J. E. Clementson. The members of the company are V. Bergstrom, O. P. Peterson, H. N. Clauson of St. Paul; P. J. E. Clementson, Alfred Soderstrom, of Minneapolis; R. L. Berglund of Red Wing, C. Bloomquist of Carver, and O. S. Ostram of Douglas county.

The Cincinnati Commercial's penny subscription in favor of Captain Cook is now open at 201 Nicollet avenue. This is the fund started to pay the fine of Captain Cook, who knocked down a fellow for saying he hoped President Garfield would die. One cent only will be received from a subscriber to the fund, thus testifying to the loyalty and sympathy of the people.

The St. Paul Union depot was thrown open last evening and brilliantly lighted from top to bottom. The first trains were made up, loaded and departed from the depot and there was a fine showing of centralized business. The depot is nearly finished in every part. The ticket office, the baggage-room and dining-room were in fine shape and open. The new depot is of great advantage to the city and public.

It does seem as if the Minneapolis official council proceedings ought to be ready to go into type the next morning after a session and appear in the official paper that day. If City Clerk Selah Mathews needs additional clerical help to accomplish this desirable consummation the Evening Journal will furnish it.

The East Side is anxious for some one to go over there and buy the Winslow house. This is a good chance for some one as the hotel has 150 rooms, all nicely arranged, but vacant as "a banquet hall deserted," as it were.

One by one the roses fade. The Rochester (Minn.) National, another Greenback paper, has "busted."

TALK OF THE TOWN

Patrick Callahan is the happy father of a 12-pound baby and it's half boy.

The first trains out of the new union depot at St. Paul left this morning, the Northern Pacific being the first out.

Dr. Dexter, the whilom man of Flattery, is in town. He is selling nostroms on his own hook now.

C. Parrish, the well-known confectioner of Grand Rapids, Mich., is in the city and thinks of locating here.

Colonel McCrory says the narrow gauge will run in to Excelsior next Tuesday.

Merriman, Barrows & Co. are putting up a large planing mill near the East Side junction.

The delayed stone for the completion of Westminster church is beginning to arrive.

Wilkins wants two good barbers.

Lithographs of Lawrence Barrett as Cassius and Richelieu now adorn the store windows about town.

Postmaster Keith is radiant with smiles today. The money orders handled in the Minneapolis postoffice reached $1,000,000 today and the new series has been commenced.

John and S. M. Rice, the well-known fish dealers, have completed the purchase of the corner of Second avenue N and Third street, paying therefor $11,000 cash.

Jones, "the fish man," has purchased eighty-five feet on Washington avenue, corner Second avenue S. He will build four stores, two for renting and two for his rapidly increasing fish and oyster business.

A. T. Ankeny's barn on Western avenue was struck by lightning yesterday. Two horses were hurt, one fatally, and the hired man badly scared.

It is announced that Vice President T. F. Andrews of the common council will fill the vacant chair of President F. L. Smith, who will resign as alderman from the fifth ward at the next regular meeting.

The city and county lists of taxable personal property as returned by the boards of equalization show towns, $1,472,672; city, $8,845,233; total, $10,317,355; 7,778 persons hold an average of property valued at $1,321,471. The total increase in value over 1880 is $1,863,612.

Conductor Harford held the motor twenty minutes last evening for the accommodation of patrons of the road who were returning from the Hazel Kirke performance. The action was highly appreciated and Colonel McCrory is respectfully requested to allow the same thing to be done during the theatrical season.

Hose Company No. 2 has put in the new patent hanging harness for constant use and the celebrated celerity of the company will henceforth be enhanced to the extent of several seconds of valuable time. The entire harness now hangs suspended above the proper places of the horses at the pole, all attached to the carriage and so arranged that the mere pulling of a cord and the snapping of one strap hitches the team in readiness for the street. The invention is simple and practicable.

THE AIR VOYAGE

What the New York Herald Says of Professor King's Trip.

New York Herald.

The strong interest that has gradually settled around the idea of a balloon voyage across the Atlantic ocean as a means of definitely distinguishing whether the atmosphere moves in an easterly direction around the earth or not, will be heightened by the announcement that Professor Samuel A. King has nearly completed an enormous rubber cloth balloon in which he expects to make a voyage across the American continent from Minneapolis to the ocean shore early next month.

This journey is the one object that the professor has for years sought to obtain in the hope that results will justify him in making an attempt to cross the ocean by the same means.

The impending overland voyage will take place about Sept. 7 from the grounds of the Minnesota State Agricultural and Mechanical association of Minneapolis. The average course of balloons that have started at high altitudes has been nearly thirty geometrical degrees south of due east. This would carry King's balloon to a point in the vicinity of Cape Hatteras, but the professor says that there are possibilities that the vessel may land anywhere south of Quebec.

GREENROOM GOSSIP

Effie Ellsler's name is Mrs. Frank Weston.

"Engaged" will be given at Pence opera-house Thursday evening next week. John Saphore says it is too utterly utter for utterance.

"The Streets of New York" will be given at Pence opera-house tonight by the Histrionics, a company of local players.

Captain Willard Glazier lectured last night upon the "Pioneers of the Mississippi" at Pence opera-house. There were very few present. It was a paneful affair for a glazier. It was a putty hot night.

THE LADY RIDERS

The three lady riders, Emma Jewett of Minnesota; Belle Cook of California and Mrs. Robinson of England, are all here and are in training for the two great races of fair week of twenty full miles each. Miss Cook and Miss Jewett ride on Tuesday and Miss Cook and Mrs. Robinson on Wednesday.

The ladies are to choose by lot the strings of horses just before the start. They will mount and speed away at the word, changing horses every mile or two, as the case may be.

The orchestra of Pence opera-house for the season which opens next week will consist of Julius Hunneman, leader and first violin; C. Lampe, double bass and tuba; Julius Allert, second violin and alto; J. P. Bracke, trombone; T. P. Robinson, clarinet; Arthur Wales, cornet.

The new mail route from this city to Milbank is open. The first pouch came in yesterday in charge of Agent Vanwig.

PERSONAL MENTION

Mel Eddy and wife, with a party of friends, did the lake yesterday on the City of St. Louis.

Joe Smith, the youthful comedian, who made such a hit in "Cinderella," was at the lake yesterday.

Professor B. F. Knerr, principal of the high school, was yesterday elected vice president of the State Educational association.

Otto F. Robbes is camping at Hogback (good place) on Big Island, Lake Minnetonka.

Miss Myra Hager of St. Paul is spending a week with Mrs. W. W. Sly.

Herbert G. Conner of Omaha, who is to have charge of the art department for the fair, arrived in the city today.

Dr. H. W. Brazie, formerly of Elkhart, Ind., has located in Minneapolis and has opened an office for the practice of his profession at 1411 Fourth avenue S.

Edward Price, formerly sporting editor of the Detroit Post and Tribune, will arrive in the city tomorrow as advance agent for John McCullough, the great tragedian.

E. C. Cauvet, of the firm of Cauvet & Reid, who has been in Chicago, returned today.

ABOUT THE STATE

Sauk Centre has organized a board of trade.

Duluth is to have an opera-house, seating 1,000 persons.

Work will soon begin on the new courthouse for Mower county at Austin.

Crookston complains that she has no cemetery. The place is so healthy it has not been needed, but a corpse will be imported to give a respectable start on a bone yard.

The new Congregational church at Northfield will be dedicated next month.

DAKOTA DOTS

Bishop Foss dedicated the new M. E. church at Lead City on the 14th inst.

Huron now has a board of trade.

Street lamps are Fargo's latest proposed metropolitan improvement.

St. Andrew's church, Elk Point, has a 200-pound bell.

The new extension of the Manitoba from Grand Forks to the Canada line will be ready for traffic Oct. 1.

AMUSEMENTS.

PENCE OPERA HOUSE.
The Family Theater of Minneapolis.
Phosa McAllister, Manageress.
Grand Re-Opening Monday Evening, Aug. 29.
LONDON ASSURANCE.
Popular Prices, 25 and 50 Cents.
ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

HAZEL KIRK.
C. W. Couldock and Effie Ellsler in the Cast.
Tonight, Saturday Afternoon and Evening.

Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday.
LAWRENCE BARRETT,
The Great Tragedian, with a Strong Cast, Under Direction of R. E. Stevens.

THE MINNEAPOLIS JOURNAL.

FICTION SUPPLEMENT.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 22, 1906.

"DOC" GORDON

[Seventh Installment]

By MARY E. WILKINS-FREEMAN.

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CHAPTER X.—Continued.

"That's all right, Doc," said Georgie K., and went.

James remained only a short time, since he had the other calls to make. He returned quite late to find that dinner had been kept waiting for him, and Clemency in her pretty red gown was watching. Mrs. Ewing had not come down all day. "Mother says she is easier," Clemency observed, "only she thinks it better to keep perfectly still." Clemency said very little about the man at the hotel. She seemed to dread the very mention of him. She and James spent a long evening together, and she was entirely charming. James began to put behind him all the mystery and dark hints of evil. Clemency, altho fond, was as elusive as a butterfly. She had feminine wiles to her fingertips, but she was quite innocent of the fact that they were wiles. It took the whole evening for the young man to secure a kiss or two, and have her upon his knee for the space of about five minutes. She nestled closely to him with a little sigh of happiness for a very little while, then she slipped away, and stood looking at him like an elf. "I am not going to do that much," said she.

"Why not, darling?"

"Because I am not. It is silly. I love you, but I will not be silly. I want only what will last. The love we are going to be married, but I shall not want to sit on your knee all the time, and what is more, you will not want me to. Suppose we should live to be very old. Who ever saw a very old woman sitting on her very old husband's knee? The love will last, but that will not. We will not have so very much of that which will not last."

For all that, James caught Clemency and kissed her until her soft face was crimson, but he said to himself, when he was in his own room, that never was a girl so wise, and how much more he wanted to hold her upon his knee—as if he had not already held her there—and yet she was not coquettish. She was simply earnest, with an odd, wise, childlike earnestness.

Early the next morning James went to the hotel, and found Gordon haggard and intense, sitting beside his patient, who was evidently worse. The terrible red fire of Saint Anthony had mounted higher, and settled lower. "It has attacked his throat now," Gordon said in a whisper. "I expect every minute it will reach his brain. When it does, nobody but you and I must be with him, not even Georgie K. He is getting some rest. He was up half the night, bless him! But when it reaches the brain two will be needed here, and the two must be you and I. Take this list, and make the calls as quickly as you can, and come back here." James, with a last glance at the black and swollen face of the man, who now seemed to be in a state of coma, obeyed. He hurried thru his list, and returned. He found no apparent change in the patient, and tried to persuade Gordon to take a little rest, but the elder man was obdurate. "No," he said, "here to stay. I have had a bit to eat and drink. You go down yourself and get something, then come back. The crisis may arrive at any second. Then I shall need you."

The fire had outstripped the blackness on the man's cheek toward the temple. One eye was closed.

When James returned after a hurried lunch, he heard a loud, terrible voice in the room. Outside the door stood with a horrified face listening. James grasped her roughly by the shoulder. "Get out of this," he ordered. "If I find you or anyone else here listening, you'll be sorry for it."

The maid gasped out an excuse and fled. James tried the door, but it was locked. "Is that you, Elliot?" called Gordon above the other awful voice.

"Yes."

The door was unlocked and James sprang into the room, but he was hardly quick enough, for the man was almost out of bed when the two doctors forced him back with all their strength. Then he sat up and raved, and such raving! James felt his very blood cold within him. Revelations as of a devil were in those ravings. Once in a while James opened the door cautiously to be sure that no one was listening. The raving man reiterated names as of a multitude. Gordon's was among them, and many names of women, one especially—Catherine. He repeated that name more frequently than the others, but the others were legion. There was something indescribably horrible in hearing this repetition of names of unknown people, accompanied with statements beyond belief regarding them and the raving man. Gordon's face was ghastly, and so was the younger doctor's. "Look and see if anyone is listening for God's sake," Gordon gasped after one terrific outburst, and James looked, but Georgie K. was keeping watch that nobody approached the door.

James never knew how long he was in that room with Gordon listening to those frenzied ravings, and striving with him to keep the man from injuring himself. The daylight waned, James lighted a lamp. Then a mighty creaking was heard outside and Georgie K. himself, bearing a great supper tray, knocked at the door. "It's me, and I brought you something," he shouted, and then they heard his retreating footsteps. Much delicacy was there in Georgie K., and much affection for Dr. Gordon.

James brought in the tray, and now and then he and Gordon took advantage of a slight lull to take a bite, but neither had any desire for food. It was only the instinctive sense that they must keep up their strength in order that nobody else should hear what they were hearing, that forced them to eat and drink. Well into the evening the ravings stopped suddenly, the man fell back upon his pillow and lay still. James thought at first that all was over, but presently stertorous breathing began.

"Now get Georgie K. up," Gordon said hoarsely. "There is no further need for us to be alone, and there will be directions to be given."

James went out and found Georgie K. sitting up in his barroom.

"Dr. Gordon wants you," he said.

"How is he?" asked Georgie K., following James.

"Dying."

Georgie K. made an indescribable sound in his throat as the two men ascended the stair.

The man was a long time dying. It seemed to James as if that awful struggle of the tortured face from the body would never cease. He knew, or thought he knew, that there was no suffering to the dying man, but, after all, the sounds as of suffering seemed almost to prove it. Gordon whispered for a while to Georgie K., as if the dying man might be disturbed by audible speech. Then Georgie K. tiptoed out in his creaking boots, and James knew that some arrangements were to be perfected for the last services to the dead. Gordon stood over the bed, with his owl face as ghastly as that of its occupant. James dared not speak to him.

It was midnight when the dreadful breathing ceased, and there was silence. Georgie K. had returned. The three living men looked at one another with ghastly understanding of what had happened, then they hastily arranged some matters. The dead man was decently composed and dressed, his throat swathed anew in linen handkerchiefs, and another handkerchief laid over the discolored face, which had in death a strange peace, as if relieved of an uneasy and wearing tenant. Before Georgie K. went out, the village undertaker had been summoned, and had been waiting for some time in the parlor with a young assistant. They mounted the stairs bearing some appurtenances of their trade. Gordon addressed the undertaker briefly, giving some directions, then he motioned to James, and they passed out. Georgie K. remained in the room. He prevented the undertaker from removing the linen swathe on the dead man's throat. "Doc says it's catching," he said, and the undertaker drew back quickly.

When Gordon and James were in the buggy on the way home, Gordon all at once gave a great sigh, like that of a swimmer who yields to the force of the current, or the fighter who sinks before his opponent. "I'm about done, too," he said. "Here, take the lines, Elliot."

James took the reins and looked anxiously at his companion's face, a pale blue, in the moonlight. "You are not ill?" he said.

"No, only done up. For God's sake, let me rest, and don't talk till we get home!" James drove on. Gordon's head sank upon his breast, and he began to breathe regularly. He did not wake until James roused him when they reached home.

The next morning before breakfast James was awakened by a loud voice in the office. He recalled how exhausted Dr. Gordon had been the night before, and rose and dressed quickly. When he entered the office Gordon was sitting huddled up in his old armchair before the fire, while bolt upright beside him sat Mrs. Slocum, discoursing in loud and angry tones, which Gordon seemed scarcely to heed. When James entered she turned upon him. "Now I'll see if I can git anythin' out of you," she said. "He" (pointing to Gordon) "don't act as if he was half alive. I'm goin' to have my rights if I have to go to law to git 'em. Dr. Gordon took away my boarder. And if I'd had him sick and die to my house, I could have got extra. Now that I want is jest this, an' I'm goin' to hev it too. Dr. Gordon said Mr. Meserve didn't have money. I don't know nothin' about that. I ain't went thru his pockets, but his trunk is to my house, and there's awful nice men's clothes into it, and I mean to hev 'em. That ain't nothin' more'n fair. That's what I hev came here for, jest as soon as I heard the poor man had passed away. I left my daughter to git the breakfast for the boarders, and I hev came here to see about that trunk, and hisn's clothes."

James laughed. "But, Mrs. Slocum," he said, "what on earth do you want with men's clothes? You can't wear them."

To his intense surprise the great face of the woman suddenly reddened like that of a young girl, but the next moment she gave her head a defiant toss, and stared boldly at him. "What if I can't?" said she. "There's other men as can wear 'em, and they'll jest fit Bill Todd. He's been boarding with me five year, and if he wants to git married and save his board bill, it's his business and nobody else's."

James turned to Gordon, who seemed prostrated before this feminine onslaught. "Do you object to this woman's having the trunk?" he asked.

Gordon made an effort and roused himself. "She can have it after I have examined it for papers," he said.

"There ain't a scrap of writin' in the trunk," Mrs. Slocum vociferated. "Me an' my boarder hev looked. There ain't no writin', an' no jewelry, an' no money. He used to carry his money with him, and a bad a bankbook in his pocket, and a long red book he used to git money out of the bank. I've seen 'em. Dr. Gordon said he didn't have no money. He did hev money. Once he left the long, red book on his bureau, and I looked in it, and the leaves that are as good as money wan't a quarter torn out. I know he had money, an' I've been cheated out of it. But all I ask is that trunk."

"For God's sake, take the trunk and clear out," shouted Gordon, with unexpected violence, "but if there is a scrap of written paper in that trunk, and you keep it, you'll be sorry."

"There ain't," said the woman with evident truthfulness. She rose and clutched at the back of her skirt, and tugged at her box and coat. "Thank you, Doctor Gordon," said she. "Thank is the funeral goin' to be?"

"Tell her tomorrow at 2 o'clock at the hotel, and tell her to leave," said Gordon, and his voice was suddenly apathetic again.

When the woman had gone Gordon turned to James. "How comedy will prick thy tragedy," he said.

"Yes," James answered vaguely. He looked anxiously at Gordon, whose eyes had at once a desperate and an utterly wearied appearance. "I will make all the arrangements for the funeral, if you wish, Doctor Gordon," he said. "I know the undertaker, and I can manage it as well as you. You look used up."

"I am pretty nearly," muttered Gordon. Then he gave an almost affectionate glance at James. "Do you think you can manage it?" he said.

James smiled. "It is a new thing to me, but I have no doubt I can," he replied.

"You cannot imagine what a weight you would take off my shoulders. Don't spare money. See to it that everything is good and as it should be. The bills are to be sent me."

Gordon answered an unspoken question of James. "Yes," he said, "he had money, a considerable fortune, and he has no heirs—at least, I am as sure as I need be that he has none. In his pockets were two bank books, small check books, and a security register book. I have done them up in a parcel. See to it that they are buried with him."

"But," said James.

"Oh, yes, I know. Sooner or later there will be advertisements in the papers, and that sort of thing, but that will pass. God knows I would not touch his money with the devil's pitchfork, nor allow anybody whom I loved to touch it. Let him be buried under the name by which he was known here. It is not the name, needless to say, on the bankbooks. While living under other than his rightful name, he must have gone to New York in person to supply himself with cash. There was some two hundred dollars in banknotes in his wallet. That is with the other things. Let the whole be buried with him, and see to it that Drake does not discover it. You had better take the parcel now. Open the right drawer of the table, and you will find it in the corner. Then, after breakfast, you had better see Drake at once. I will attend to the patients today."

"You are not able."

"Able is a word which I have eliminated from my vocabulary as applied to myself."

The funeral, which was held the next afternoon in the parlor of the hotel, was at once a ghastly and a grotesque function. The two doctors, the undertaker and his assistant, Georgie K. and the bartender, and Mrs. Slocum with a female friend, and a man, evidently the boarder to whom she had referred, were the only persons present. The boarder wore a hat which had belonged to the dead man. It was many sizes too large for his grayish blond, foolish little head, and, when he put it on, it nearly obscured his eyes. Mrs. Slocum sniffed audibly thru the service, which was short, being conducted by the old Presbyterian clergyman of Alton. He hardly spoke above a whisper of "the stranger who had passed from our midst into the beyond." His concluding prayer was quite inaudible. Mrs. Slocum had brought a bouquet of cheerful pink geraniums from her window plants, which on the top of the closed black casket made an odd spot of color and life in the dim room. Among the blossoms were some rose-geranium leaves, whose fragrance seemed to mantle everything like smoke. While the clergyman conducted the inaudible services loud voices were heard in the bar-room, and the yelp of a dog. On one side of the house was the hush of death, on the other the din of life. James wondered what the clergyman found to say; all that he had distinguished was the expression, "The stranger within our midst."

It all seemed horribly farcical to him. The dead man in his casket had no personality for him; the sniffs of Mrs. Slocum, her boarder with the hat, assumed, in his eyes, the character of a "Punch and Judy" show. But along with that feeling came the realization of a most terrible pathos. He felt a sort of pity for the dead man, whose very personality had become nothing to him, and the pity was the greater because of that. It became a pity for the very scheme of things, for man in the abstract, born perhaps, thru no fault of his own, to sin and misery, both miserable and causing misery, thru no fault of other men. He felt that it would not be so sad if it were sadder, if Mrs. Slocum's sniffs had come from her heart, and not from her sentimentality. He felt that a funeral where love is not the most mournful function on earth. Then, too, he felt a great anxiety for Dr. Gordon, who sat shrugged up in his gray overcoat, with his gray grizzle of beard meeting the collar, and his forehead heavily corrugated over pent and gloomy eyes.

The Eighth installment of "Doc Gordon" will be printed in The Journal next Wednesday or Thursday.