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APPEARANCES PRESERVED.

"NOW, Baker, what do you think about the horse?"

"Evidently it is all right, sir," answered the trainer, curtly, with true English impudence.

Whereupon M. de Loyaumont looked as if he thought "Fortune knows what she owes me."

Still, any one that was well acquainted with him would see that he was nervous from the way his fingers tortured his eyeglass. It was the day before the Grand Prix, and, nothwithstanding Baker's confidence, our noble sportsman felt anxious. True, Jaguar was a splendid animal, and had shown such splendid speed at Chantilly that M. de Loyaumont was justified in expecting that to-morrow his horse would take the lead from the start, and keep to it, too. Still, the racetrack holds so unexpected surprises that he could not help feeling just the least bit uneasy. His aristocratic eyebrows drew themselves nervously together as he heard a slight knock at the door of the smoking room.

"What is it, Firmin?"

"Madame sends word to monsieur le comte that M. Berard was very ill last night."

M. de Loyaumont's noble eyebrows contracted entirely as he drawled:

"I must see the horse first. After that I will go to M. Berard before breakfast.

He did not utter another word, for he was too much put out to trust himself. When he had married M. Berard's niece it was on condition that her uncle should be ignored; and now the tradesman, with the impertinence of a millionaire, dared to be ill in his house—whom, very impudently, he persisted in calling "son-in-law." Nothing less than Jaguar's excellent condition could have put M. de Loyaumont in good humor again.

As he entered the dimly lighted stall Jaguar turned his head toward the door and stretched out his muzzled nose, as though he were going to bite. His master lovingly passed his hands over the animal's satiny neck. The two resembled each other. Both unmistakably showed race and high breeding in their muscular tenderness, grace of motion, and delicate firmness of limb. M. de Loyaumont passed the remainder of the morning talking to the stableman, and listening to the gossip of the jockeys about the rumors which Jaguar's adversaries were spreading. He had so completely forgotten Uncle Berard's illness that he was fairly startled when, without warning, Firmin said to him, on his entering the house.

"M. le comte, it is a stroke of apoplexy."

Sure enough, when the count entered the sick room, he found the invalid stretched motionless on the large canopied bed. His silvery hair, cut close to his perfectly round head, and the whiteness of the sheets, made the naturally red face look purple. His shirt was open at the throat revealing a massive neck. The fat body raised the blankets till they resembled a huge eiderdown cushion, while the sufferer's hands lay inert on the satin counterpane. The dying plebeian business man seemed sadly out of place in the gorgeous bed, and his agony seemed to be watched with disgust by the powdered, wigged and scarlet-coated gentlemen whose portraits looked down from the high walls upon the moribund stranger. Disgust, also, was plainly written on

"WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT THE HORSE?"

M. de Loyaumont's face when he coldly asked the physician:

"Only an indigestion, is it not?"

But the doctor shook his head. None of the remedies had helped. M. Berard's case was hopeless. M. de Loyaumont seized the physician's arm.

"Impossible! My horse runs tomorrow, and I can't withdraw him."

The man of science made an impatient gesture. But M. de Loyaumont was not in a mood to be contradicted, and saying decidedly: "Your patient must not die, doctor," he went to find the countess. She was in consultation with her dressmaker. But the count was so exasperated that he took no notice of the presence of a stranger.

"Do you know what a trick your uncle is trying to play me?"

Mme. de Loyaumont was as annoyed as her husband, and replied sharply:

"Am I not as vexed as you about it? I have just received my dress for the races—a perfect beauty!"

Her selfishness, which surpassed even his own, increased M. de Loyaumont's irritation. He said:

"[illegible] your toilette is all you

"I should at least expect you to evince some concern at your relative's want of tact," and murmuring something about "low-bred vulgarians," he went out, slamming the door.

Poor Uncle Berard died alone that evening at 6 o'clock, without having regained consciousness. The heirs felt no fear about the will. The good man had adopted his niece almost from her cradle, had had her educated at a convent with the daughters of the nobility, and all his life had worked to amass an immense dot for her. He had hardly suffered from her ingratitude. He was content to be the lowest step in the monumental staircase up which "his Helen" had mounted to her grand social position.

In coming home to dinner and finding Barker in the ante-room M. de Loyaumont was startled.

"Has anything happened to Jaguar?"

"No, monsieur le comte."

"What then?"

"Madame's uncle has died."

Notwithstanding his usual self-possession, M. de Loyaumont rushed like a whirlwind into his wife's apartment.

"Well," said he, "he has done it."

Mme. de Loyaumont wiped her eyes with a little lace rag.

"Do not let that prevent your horse from running," said she. "Uncle Brerard never would permit such a sacrifice."

Loyaumont shrugged his shoulders. "I do not care for his permission and I have never asked him for lessons on etiquette"—he came near saying, "nor you either," but a remnant of good breeding kept him silent.

Mme. de Loyaumont did so wish to find a way out of the difficulty.

"Look here," said she, "My uncle never went out—none of our friends know him. Would it not be sufficient if you and I kept away from the race course, Sunday?"

Loyaumont sneered. "And let my jockey wear crepe on his cap? I dare say you would consider that good form!"

And as the lady asserted that young de Teramont went to the hunt last year shortly after his mother's death, her husband completely lost his temper.

"Hunting is permissible during mourning, and those are customs you would oblige me by learning. By Jove! I really thought you were better brought up."

"Well, what do you propose doing?"

Without replying, M. de Loyaumont pressed the electric bell and said to the butler who answered it: "Send me the cook at once."

"When the chef appeared M. de Loyaumont asked: "Casimir, can you preserve a large piece of game on ice?"

"A large piece, M. le comte?"

"Yes, a boor—a bear!"

The cook hesitated. "Last week," said he, "I lost some fine game. True, the weather is cooler now. We might try, M. le comte."

The master gave a satisfied nod, and explained:—

"This is the case:—M. le comtesse's uncle has suddenly died. If it were known before Sunday night, my horse could not run. Build an ice chest in the old carriage house and try to preserve the body. You understand? And now, one word more. You know I am liberal. I count upon your silence and that of all my employes."

A complacent smile passed over the face of the chef as with becoming deference he answered:—

"M. le comte may feel perfectly easy. Everybody in the house has bet on the horse."

Jaguar ran, won the stakes, and appearance were preserved.

Do Not Sleep on the Left Side.

There is little doubt that an immense number of persons habitually sleep on the left side, and those who do so can never, it is said, be strictly healthy. It is the most prolific cause of nightmare, and also of the unpleasant taste in the mouth on arising in the morning. All food enters and leaves the stomach on the right side, and hence sleeping on the left side soon after eating involves a sort of pumping operation, which is anything but conducive to sound repose. The action of the heart is also seriously interfered with and the lungs unduly compressed. Hence it is best to cultivate the habit of always sleeping on the right side, although Sandow and other strong men are said to invariably sleep on their backs.

Too Much Economy.

To economize time is a sensible thing, and yet there are occasions when it brings trouble, as in the case of a Mr. Johnson. Mr. Johnson's lawyer, calling one day, found Mrs. Johnson alone and walking about in a state of violent excitement. He asked what was the matter. Her only answer was that her husband was "a villain." After a time, she added, with some hesitation: "Why, I have discovered all the love-letters he sent me were the very same he sent to his first wife."

A Stomach Register.

An instrument known as the gas tograph has been constructed for the purpose of recording the motions in the stomach of a patient under treatment, the movements of the food while it is undergoing chemical action being carefully and minutely recorded by means of electricity. In appearance this instrument somewhat resembles a stock indicator.

Not so Bad.

The late Rev. Dr. King of Glasgow was not imposing in personal appearance. On the birth of one of his children the little stranger was brought to James, the beadle, who was making his daily call. James looked [illegible] while and then said: "Nae

A DOUBLE PUPIL.

He Attended the Same Class Under Two Names.

This interesting story grew out of the fact that there was a silent syllable in the small Louisville boy's name, which the unknowing generally pronounced. The small boy started to a new school a little over a month ago. To the principal he spelled out his name in full as his. When he had been in class for several days his teacher enrolled his name as it was pronounced, for all the children called the boy by that name.

Every morning when she called the roll she read the boy's name as she had gotten it from the principal and as she had written it herself. She thought the names belonged to different persons. The boy would answer to both the names. The class was so large that the teacher did not notice her mistake for some time. It was the same during recitations. The boy had to recite for both names.

But all things have an end and the conclusion to this peculiar case occurred several days ago. It was when the reports of what each pupil had done during the past month were made out. The boy's mother was greatly surprised to receive two reports of two different scholars. One of the reports was made out in her son's name in full, and the other in the name of a syllable short. The laughable feature of the case was that the average in the report of the shortened name was forty per cent in excess of that received by the other. The mother went to the school and had an interview with the teacher. The matter was finally explained to the amusement of all concerned. Now the boys say that his real name is the short one. In explaining about the average the teacher said when the boy was called on to recite the second time he probably became careless since he had answered the questions a few minutes before, and that, therefore, his average with the long name was made lower.

MILK PURIFIER.

Impurities Removed While the Fluid Is Still Warm.

The invention of a Scotch dairyman is for the purpose of purifying and aerating milk. This is an apparatus adapted for purifying milk by the process of eliminating from it all taints and odors immediately after it is drawn from the cow. It has been found that milk so treated will keep sweet for a greater length of time, and will even withstand the influence of thunderstorms. To the cheesemaker this is a matter of special importance, since first-class cheese cannot be made from tainted milk, while in the case of milk for town supply the preservation of its freshness should prove of incalculable benefit to seller and purchaser alike.

The appliance is extremely simple, consisting of tinned wire cloth so arranged on a stand that the milk flowing from the vessel above passes over it, and gets broken into the finest stream, thus allowing every part of it to be treated by the atmosphere. The aerator is equally useful to the dairy farmer for the purpose of purifying milk preparatory to cream raising or separating, and it is desirable to note that all milk should be aerated before refrigerated. At present the refrigerator is generally used to cool impure milk, from which results the fact that refrigerator milk goes sour very quickly when brought to a temperature exceeding 60 degrees. This appliance is undoubtedly a new and valuable adjunct to the dairy.

Queer Timekeepers.

To ascertain the time at night the Apache Indians employ a gourd upon which the stars of the heavens are marked. As the constellations rise in the sky, the Indian refers to his gourd and finds out the hour. By turning the gourd around he can tell the order in which the constellations may be expected to appear. The hill people of Assam reckon time and distance by the number of quids of betel-nuts chewed. It will be remembered how, according to Washington Irving, Governor Wouter Van Twiller dismissed the Dutch colonial assembly invariably at the last puff of his third pipe of tobacco. A Montagnis Indian of Canada will set up a long stick in the snow, when traveling ahead of friends who are to follow. He marks with his foot the line of shadow cast, and by the change in the angle of the shadow the oncoming party can tell, on arriving at the spot, how far ahead the leader is.

Carnot's Successor.

M. Casimir Perier, president of the French republic, during his recent tour in the provinces, drove about in an especially constructed carriage, the seat of which was so high that an ordinary person could scarcely reach it from the street. Any repetition of the Caserio incident would have been impossible The president was always accompanied in his drives by a large force of gendarmes, and at the various railroad stations the public was carefully excluded from the platforms.

Oregon Claims a Record.

Oregon has long been celebrated as the land of big red apples and red-cheeked children, and the supply of both is pretty well maintained. Some do more in keeping up the record than others, but a couple on the east side, Jarrett by name, have, it is believed, broken the record for Oregon, and are world beaters. They have five living children, born to them within a period of one year. The triplets, two boys and a girl, are about 3 years of age, and the twins, a boy and a girl, are less than a year younger. Mr. and Mrs. Jarrett came from Missouri to the state.

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