# DR. FALCONER'S TEMPTATION.

A SHORT STORY

(Continued.)

"A soldier!" cried Mary. "Oh, Richard, you must try if we can't do something for him. I never hear of an old soldier without thinking of my poor brother, Jack, who, you know, ran away and enlisted while I was quite a little girl, and how miserably he died in Africa. Oh, what a pet I used to be of poor Jack's! If we had heard of any one who had been good to him at last, how we should have blessed him! Do tell me all about this poor fellow, and let us see if we can devise any way of helping him."

"I am afraid he is pretty well past help," said Richard. "I left him unconscious, and I should not be in the least surprised if he should never come to himself again."

"But surely he can't be left to himself in an empty house, Richard! It would be a sin and a shame to leave anybody so. He must be got to the infirmary."

"He won't go. I have tried my best to make him, but he is obstinate."

"Then we must bring him here. We have more than one empty room, for the house is far too big for us. Do let me get a bed put up in one of them."

"Why, Mary, you know well enough we can't even keep ourselves! How are we to keep and feed a stranger as well?"

"Oh, we must, Richard!" she cried impulsively, her tender eyes filling with tears. "Think how forsaken and wretched he is! Suppose it were your brother—and he is your brother, even if he be what you call a stranger. We mustn't shut our door on him—'I was a stranger, and ye took me not in'—how could you bear to hear that?"

She ran lightly out of the room to give her orders and see them carried out, leaving Richard sitting conscience-stricken in his chair, all his subtle arguments scattered to the winds by a single word.

"Took him not in!" he echoed with a bitter laugh. "No, Lord, I didn't take him in! I knew a trick worth two of that; so I robbed and murdered him instead, and then swore lies about it at the inquest. And the best of it was that I did it all from the most exalted motives—to promote the greatest happiness of the greatest number, at no expense except of the life of a wretched miser of whom the world would be well rid, who was only a burden to himself and a nuisance to everybody else! How clear it all was! but I dare not say it to Mary, and should hate her if she could listen to it for a second."

He lay back in his chair for a moment with closed eyes, a thousand old-world dreams and half-forgotten ideals and aspirations crowding back upon his memory and circling round the image of his wife as he had first seen and loved her. There were unaccustomed tears in his eyes as he opened them to see her standing before him in hat and cloak.

"Come, Richard," she cried, "you must take me to the place at once. There was some wine left, and I have it in this basket. I have told Alice to make up a bed in the back room and to have some hot soup ready in an hour. Now get your coat on and take me to the house. We shall need a fly to bring him here; but we can order that on the way."

Her bright, quick eagerness carried him along; in another minute they were passing through the streets and had hailed a crawling cab. Richard regarded his wife with a kind of dazed surprise. All the wan depression of her face, which had weighed upon his spirits for weeks, was gone, and a bright and almost joyous energy seemed to possess her that reminded him of the Mary of brighter days. He seemed awakened from a nightmare as he looked after her, and sprang lightly down to help her as the fly drew up in the wretched street before the empty house. Already the early evening was closing in, and it looked doubly desolate and forbidding in the twilight. "Why, surely there is no one living here!" she exclaimed; "he must indeed be in a wretched plight, poor fellow!"

Richard tried the door, but found it locked. He had no recollection of his departure from the house in the morning, but on putting his hand in his pocket he found the key, which he must have slipped into it on leaving. They entered the bare outer room, and he could hardly hear his wife's exclamation of pity and dismay, his own heart was thumping so loudly with terror and suspense. Should they find him still alive? His hand shook as he laid it on the handle of the inner door, the lock rattled, and for a moment he recoiled as from a living thing. Nerving himself with an effort, he pushed open the door and went in. The room was precisely as he had left it in the morning; the patient lay in a profound sleep, breathing heavily, and bathed in a profuse perspiration. Richard bent over him and felt his pulse, then shook him sharply by the shoulder and called loudly on him to awake, but without rousing him in the least. Slapping his face with a wet handkerchief, raising him off the ground, produced no better effect. Taking the little bottle of wine from Mary's ready hand, Richard forced a few drops into his mouth. They were swallowed with a convulsive gulp, but made no change in the profound unconsciousness in which the patient lay.

"It's no use," he said at last. "He's too far gone to awake. And yet his pulse is very good, and if I had him at home there are one or two other things that I might try. So just tell the driver to come in and help me carry him to the fly."

He wrapped around him the rug he had sent the evening before, which was the only thing about him not in rags, and with the driver's assistance carried him out and propped him up in the fly. Before quitting the place Richard turned the bed over with his foot to be sure nothing of value was left behind. A heavy revolver, which proved to be loaded, rattled upon the floor, and as he stooped to pick it up a yellow gleam caught his eye among the rags. "What! more money!" he exclaimed, but on looking closer he found that it was only the gilt case of an old-fashioned, faded daguerreotype portrait. Nothing else was to be found, and slipping it into his pocket with the revolver, he returned to the cab, locking the door behind him as he left.

A few minutes' driving brought the party back to Richard's house, and with the assistance of the cabman, the still unconscious patient was carried up to one of the empty rooms, where a bed had been prepared to receive him. Mary was ready with hot soup and coffee, and felt a little disappointed when Richard turned her from the door. "No, no, Mary, it's no use trying to give it to him that way. Make a little very strong beef-tea; I will find a way to administer that. Send me up the bottle of Condy's fluid, and a glass and a jug of water."

Left to himself, he proceeded with a fierce anxiety, very different from his usual professional coolness, to take such measures as his knowledge dictated to awaken his patient from his stupor, and these not proving immediately successful, to sustain life, if possible, until the effect of the drug should pass off. It was late when, after having exhausted nearly every means known to him, he left him still lying unconscious, and went down-stairs. Mary had prepared a little supper for him, and was anxiously awaiting his appearance.

"A good, strong cup of tea for me, Mary."

"Why, Richard, you know tea at night always keeps you awake. You would not sleep a wink after it."

"That's what I want. I am going to sit up with my patient tonight, and before Alice goes to bed you had better tell her to light a fire in his room."

"Oh, Richard, mayn't I sit up along with you? I am sure I shall not close my eyes the whole time for thinking of you. I never can sleep when you are away from me at nights."

"All the more reason for you to be resting quietly in bed, then," said Richard, who had his own reasons for wishing to be alone with his patient in the event of his recovering consciousness.

When the household had retired, Richard sat down in an easy-chair beside the fire, having first made a careful examination of his patient, who moaned and muttered in his sleep as he turned him over to sound his heart. Reassured of these signs of reviving consciousness, he opened the latest works on "Poisons," on which he had recently expended a guinea which he could very ill spare, turned to the section on "Morphia," and settled himself in his chair to study it attentively.

About four hours later he was awakened from a deep sleep by a loud cry uttered near him. The book had fallen to the floor beside the chair; the fire had gone out, but the lamp was burning brightly. The sick man was sitting up in bed, from which he had thrown off the covering, and was wildly groping among the bed-clothes in search of something.

"Lost, lost!" he shrieked. "Help! thieves! Police!"

Richard was at his side in a moment and caught him by the shoulder.

"Thank God, you are better!" he exclaimed. "But what are you looking for?"

"What, doctor, is it you? Where am I? What has been the matter with me? I feel as if I had slept for a hundred years!"

"You are in my house," said Richard, "and everything you have is safe. Now pull yourself together and let me have a look at you. Pupils normal, heart all right. Why, you are a miracle! Just swallow this cup of coffee; it's cold, but your throat must be like a chimney. Down with it!"

"More, more; I could drink up Esil!" he cried, holding out the empty cup to be refilled.

"You must be a magician, doctor, to have brought me round so quickly. I'm accustomed to these attacks, as I told you, and the worst is always over in three days. But there is always sickness and prostration afterwards, and this time I positively feel better than I have done for years. I have had such a sound sleep as I thought I should never enjoy again. How did you do it, doctor?"

"Morphia!" said Richard grimly. "A heroic dose; I saw you were pretty bad and it had to be either kill or cure. Till within five minutes ago I was greatly afraid it was going to be kill. You have slept about twenty hours."

"I can never thank you enough for your courage, for it has put new life into me. I must have been as sound as a church if you have removed me without my knowing it. But are you quite sure you left nothing behind, for I missed something just now that must not be lost on any account?"

"I know," said Richard quietly, but keenly watching the other's face as he spoke. "You had a belt around you with several thousand pounds' worth of money and jewels in it. You had also a loaded revolver, for the purpose, I presume, of defending your wealth. Don't be uneasy about them; I have them both safely under lock and key."

(To be Continued.)

## LIMITS OF MARRIAGEABLE AGE

**When Couples May Be United According to Laws of Various Nations.**

It makes considerable difference in the matrimonial advantages of a person where he may have been born or is a citizen. This remark applies with peculiar force to the minimum age which renders a union legal. It in a measure implies the consent of parents or guardians in all the instances cited, although once united the law sustains the marriage maugre dissent of the parents, etc. In Austria 14 years is looked upon as sufficient to entitle a person of either sex to take on the burdens of matrimony. Germany requires the male to be 18 and the female 16. In France and Belgium the man must be 16 and the woman 15. In Spain the intended husband must have passed the 14th year and the woman her 12th. The law in Hungary for Roman Catholics is that the man must be 14 years old and the woman 12; for Protestants the man must be 18 and the woman 15. In Greece the man must have seen at least 14 summers and the woman 12. In Russia and Saxony they are more sensible, and a youth must refrain from matrimony till he can count 18 years and a women until she can count 16. In Switzerland men from the age of 14 and women from the age of 12 are allowed to marry. The Turkish law provides that any youth and maid who can walk properly and can understand the necessary religious service are allowed to be united for life.—Anaconda Standard.

## POINTS ON FOOD.

Coffee is to be cheaper. This is to be one of the results of the war. Nearly half of the world's coffee crop comes to the United States. We consume almost twelve pounds per annum for every one of our population, and spend on an average nearly $90,000,000 a year for coffee. Two-thirds of the world's supply of coffee comes from Brazil, which places an export duty of 11 per cent upon the fragrant berry. The finest coffee in the world is grown in Porto Rico, Cuba and the Philippines, and under the stimulation of American enterprise these countries will, within a few years, be able to supply the world with coffee. What this means to the coffee consumer he can clearly understand.

After all that has been said about the large quantity of valuable food that is going to waste in the shape of edible mushrooms, recent investigations made by Prof. L. B. Mendel of Yale show that the nutritive value of the mushroom is not so very high after all. Science describes Prof. Mendel's experiment as follows: "Chemical analyses were combined with experiments in artificial digestion and special attention was given to the amount of available (digestible) proteid present. The latter was found to be not over 2 or 3 per cent in fresh mushrooms, which shows that the prevailing idea of the great nutritive value of mushrooms is not yet justified. They may be valuable as dietetic accessories, but they do not deserve the term 'vegetable beefsteak.' Their nitrogen is largely in the form of nonproteid bodies. The amount of fat, cholesterin, soluble carbohydrates, crude fiber and inorganic substances contained in them corresponds in general with that found in other vegetable foods, such as peas, corns and potatoes."

Rice bread is the staple food of the Chinese, Japanese and a large portion of the inhabitants of India. In Persia the bread is made from rice flour and milk; it is called "lawash." The Persian oven is built in the ground about the size of a barrel. The sides are smooth mason work. The fire is built at the bottom and kept burning until the wall or sides of the oven are thoroughly heated. Enough dough to form a sheet about one foot wide and about two feet long is thrown on the bench and rolled until about as thin as sole leather; then it is taken up and tossed and rolled from one arm to the other and flung on a board and slapped on the side of the oven. It takes only a few moments to bake, and when baked it is spread out to cool. This bread is cheap (1 cent a sheet); it is sweet and nourishing.

**Largest Room in the World.**

The largest room in the world under one roof and unbroken by pillars is at St. Petersburg. It is 620 feet long by 150 in breadth. By daylight it is used for military displays, and a whole battalion can completely maneuver in it. By night 20,000 wax tapers give it a beautiful appearance. The roof is a single arch of iron.

If it is true that the smartest man makes the most munny, then the men hoo allow themselves to be skint are fools. Does it take a very smart man to skin a lot of fools?

The Maccabees of Yankton will give a minstrel show on May 25.

The widow of the late Rev. J. L. Brown of Aberdeen, has been granted a pension of $8 per month.

Now that Mellette has voted against licensing saloons, there is a demand that gambling should also be suppressed.

Fathers Smith and Kennedy, Paulists of New York, will conduct a mission at the Catholic church at Aberdeen the entire week beginning June 3.

The J. I. Case threshing company is negotiating for a site at Aberdeen, on which to erect a large brick building to be used as headquarters for the two states.

The Exchange hotel building at Beresford has been leased by Louis Lyckholm, who will take possession June 1, and have it ready to reopen as a hotel by the 15th.

Charles Mix county has reached a period in its existence where it can have its name added to the list of South Dakota counties which have no outstanding warrant indebtedness.

The city authorities of Brookings are figuring on putting in a hot water heating plant for the purpose of supplying heat during the winter to business houses adjacent to the engine house.

Yankton college, not to be behind other organizations of a similar nature has staked a Greek play "Sappho" on the college green in the correct historical costumes. The play made a decided hit.

C. F. Boyd and his wife, Rachel McBride and their 3-year-old grandson were thrown from a wagon at Deadwood, the boy being instantly killed. Boyd and his wife were dangerously bruised.

The annual encampment of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Union of the Black Hills will be held in Sturgis June 13 and 14. Special arrangements have been made to have present to volunteer soldiers of the late Spanish war.

A volunteer fire company has been organized at Esteline with the following officers: J. W. Bowe, chief; E. J. Carnahan, first assistant; C. S. Ainswirth, second assistant; C. S. Whittemore, secretary; E. M. Pope, treasurer.

A new Mennonite colony to be established near Scotland will consist of fourteen families. They have ordered some new machinery of the latest improved pattern for a flouring mill they have purchased and expect to have it repaired and in running order in about five weeks.

Yankton's school authorities have decided to keep all its old teachers and the only places to be filled will be the vacancies caused by resignations. The high school force has been reduced by one teacher, and the superintendent will hereafter be required to give half of his time to teaching.

Two Pine Ridge Agency Indians named Brave and White Bull have been arrested by the United States authorities and held to appear at the next term of the federal court at Sioux Falls to answer to the charge of stealing and butchering cattle belonging to white stockmen.

John Ronning, a young man residing near Wentworth, is suffering from a new disease called by the attending physician "bicycle paralysis." The young man was prostrated by overexertion while bicycle riding, and the paralysis resulted. His physician does not apprehend anything permanent in his disease.

While Henry Nearman, a farmer, was engaged in burning cornstalks on his farm near Elk Point, he miraculously escaped instant death. Just after passing near a point where some cornstalks were on fire there was a terrific explosion, it afterwards being discovered that a quantity of dynamite had been buried in the ground, the heat of the fire exploding it.

The Huron board of education has accepted a proposition from certain bondholders whereby $100,000 indebtedness is settled by the extesion of the time for the payment of the bonds 20 years, and the reduction of interest to three per cent. This includes judgment, interest on same and the interest on the principal. The settlement is very satisfactory to all concerned.

An old Indian, a typical member of the Sioux tribe, who has lived at Flandreauefor the past 30 years, known commonly as Granny Weston, died at this place Friday night, having reached over four score years. She was well known through a wide extent of this section among the white population as well as the Indians. She was heir to some property interests of value inthe state of California.

Through the carelessness of an engineer at Abe hoise, Homestake mine, a number of men had a remarkable escape from instant death. The cage started from the surface to the 800-foot level. At the 600-foot level the chair or steel support for the cage had fallen across the shaft. The cage struck it with terrible force. Several of the men had their legs broken and received internal injuries of a serious nature.

The mystery surrounding the disappearance of the young man Frank Lampe from his ranch near Leslie, 70 miles from Pierre, grows deeper as the days go by. He rode away one morning about 10 days ago, saying to his partner, Durdick, that he woud go to look for a missing cow. The next heard of him his horse was found loose on the prairie with the reins dragging. It was thought he met with some accident. Durdick at once instituted a thorough search, hiring 50 Indians, but all to no purpose. Things have come to light that lead to the opinion that there has been foul play and the three brothers of the missing man, living in Wisconsin, have been notified and one or two of them are expected out soon to begin a systematic investigation, and no stone will be left unturned till something satisfactory is learned.

Paul Kirkasler, while loading sand alone at the gravel pit at Aberdeen, was caught in a cave-in and had his right leg badly torn and lacerated against one of the wagon wheels. He was buried to the waist and had great difficulty in extricating himself, but accomplished the feat after much suffering.

Because a minister during a sermon in what is known as the Brooklyn church in Clay county, made remarks which did not suit the fancy of some mere boys, they, after the building had been deserted, set fire to the structure and burned it to the ground.

**Well Guarded.**

"Jonas Junius employs two lawyers constantly."

"Why two?"

"He gets business advice from one, and then he consults the other about how much he ought to pay of the first one's bill."—Chicago Record.

## PATENTS.

**List of Patents Issued Last Week to Northwestern Inventors.**

George A. Elder, St. Paul, Minn., liquid tempering apparatus; John O. Ingrebetson, Moe, S. D., self-dropping mechanism for self-binding harvesters; Iver P. Meloos, Stony Brook, Minn., key wrench; Charles H. Melvin, St. Paul, Minn., back-pedaling brake; Edward G. Regli, Duluth, Minn., combined carriage and sleigh.

**Merwin, Lothrop & Johnson, Patent Attorneys, 911 & 912 Pioneer Press Bldg., St. Paul**

**A Foreign Tongue.**

"As I understand it," said the talkative one, "the Africanders trekked from the voorlooper to the kopje, and dorped it from the spruit to the disselboom. It stands to reason, too, for—"

"I don't understand golf," the other cut in, wearily.—Harper's Bazar.



Lots of men never succeed in getting there simply because a dread of failure keeps them from starting.

Archeological explorations in Algeria are lagging owing to lack of funds.

The love of money is the root of all evil, but not all money is bad.



**Recipes.**

The windows are gay with new novels that shine
In bindings of wonderful hue;
They are wondrously fair as they stand there in line
To tempt any one who may view.
There are books about fairies
And big dictionaries
And histories grave and the rest—
Yet of all the wise prints,
Tales of practical hints,
My grandmother's cook book seems best.
When stone bruises came to my juvenile heel
It told how to conquer the pain,
And how to make soap or apply lemon peel
To remove some insidious stain.
What to do, it portrayed,
For a drowning man's aid,
And how to make blackberry wine;
And how to clean paint
And cure people who faint—
My grandmother's cook book was fine.
No frivolous poems! No fiction to fill
Our lives with a vague discontent!
No long, prosy essays! 'Twas written with skill;
The author said just what he meant.
Of cooking, 'tis true,
What my grandmother knew,
'Twas beyond any volume to state,
But for hot drops and such,
When we'd eaten too much,
My grandmother's cook book was great.
—Philander Johnson in Washington Star.