

MRS. HARDINE'S WILL.

By ABIGAIL SCOTT DUNNWAY,
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"AMIE AND HENRY LEE," "THE HAPPY
HOURS," "MADONN BONNINO,"
"FACT, FATE AND FANCY,"
ETC., ETC., ETC.

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CHAPTER XLII.
CONCLUSION.

The moonlight flooded the pleasant room with a silver radiance, and played at hide and seek with Tirzah's flowing hair as it lay in half transparent waves upon her snowy pillow. A caucy in a gilded cage warbled a roundelay, as though it thought the morn were breaking.

"God, I thank Thee!" softly exclaimed the inspired invalid, as she laid her thin hands upon the heads of her brother and sister.

The exclamation aroused them as from a holy reverie.

"Will you forgive me, 'Liza?' asked the long-gone wanderer, as he bowed low in the presence of the glorious woman whom no trial had conquered and no disappointment could crush.

"Forgive you, John?" was the impulsive answer. "Could I do so, I would. Am I not one of your bones and flesh of your flesh? Has not our Heavenly Father united us from the beginning? And could I help myself when, in trying to harbor resentment against my own self, I failed?"

"But I was weak and wicked," 'Liza' abandoned you in a cowardly way."

"I know you did, John."

"You would not have treated me so badly under like circumstances."

"Maybe not, John."

"Then why do you not despise me?"

"How do you know but that I do? Please rise to your feet, sir, and have a chair. I'll ring for lights, so we can see you more plainly. When did you arrive?"

John Ingletton, with all his experience in the world's affairs, could not easily comprehend a woman's moods. 'Liza' had been surprised into a sudden betrayal of her feelings. Woman-like, she was resolved to recover her vantage ground.

Under the glare of the gaslight it was easy to see how greatly her lover had changed. His once slender form was broadened by years, and his once boyish face was thickly covered upon cheek and chin with a handsome beard. There were lines of thought and suffering upon his forehead, and in his eyes a hungry, eager look, as though his very heart had beamed through them during a long-deferred but aimless search for his other self.

"Poor John!" said Tirzah, in a bloodily voice. "You've gathered gray hairs in your beautiful locks, and grown old in every way, haven't you?"

"Yes, sister. But I don't care for youth or age, if only at last I may find happiness."

"Have you news of our brothers and sisters, John?"

"Yes. And it is the best of news. I have been overhauling the Hardine and Hardpan titles to the Chinacpin Barrens, and have found a flaw in the deed. The Hardines and Hardpans are no longer the owners of Chinacpin Oaks, thank God!"

"Thank God!"

"I didn't suppose you'd accept the news like this, sister, seeing you're the wife of John Hardine."

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He put his arm around her and gently drew her toward him.

"Won't you allow me to prove that marriage is not always a delusion and a snare, darling?" he whispered, fondly.

"Yes, John," was the confident response, and once more, as in the more than quarter of a century gone, he pressed upon her lips the pure kiss of betrothal.

"And now, my dear brother and sister," said Tirzah, "will you not hurry up this long-delayed union, and allow me to realize a little of your perfect happiness before I am called away for good and all?"

The lovers were suddenly recalled from their own ecstasy by this pathetic appeal to their sympathy and concern.

"Dear Tirzah, don't talk of dying when we are so happy," said 'Liza. "It is too cruel to think of. We are not ready to give you up."

"I have prayed for death for twenty years," was the quiet answer, "and the response to my petition is nearly ready."

"But think of your children, dear."

"Alas, they are not mine, but only John Hardine's. He's taught all of them but the very smallest ones to look upon me as a servant, or necessary evil, always sick and always dragging, but of no account except as their menial. When I am gone, the whole family will be compelled to learn my worth."

"Compose yourself to sleep, Tirzah, and forget these morbid fancies. You are weary to-night."

"Yes, 'Liza, I am weary, and have been for more than twenty years. But I'll have rest by and by. You may leave me alone now. If I need assistance, I will ring."

The lovers lingered for a time in the corridors, indulging in the cooling play which mother Nature has instilled in every human heart. Then they repaired to the parlors, where the newcomer was introduced as Colonel Ingletton of Washington City.

Mrs. Tubbs saw at a glance that her lover was to be the lion of the evening. They wandered up and down the parlors, receiving and bestowing compliments, and she was much surprised to encounter Judge Orlando, who had pocketed his chagrin at the result of his well-known matrimonial attempt, and desired to take rooms at her house, in the hope of basking sometimes in the sunlight of her presence.

The sudden report of a steamer's gun announced a long line of new arrivals in the city, among them General Bateman, whose company Mrs. Tubbs desired to secure at her pleasant home, and whom she had previously made arrangements to entertain.

"Colonel Ingletton, will you be kind enough to accompany me to the steamer and invite the General to my lodgings?"

"Certainly," he replied, with a look in his eyes of kindly interest in both question and questioner which was answered by an equally earnest gaze from her own.

"How fortunate that I should have just arrived. Luckily I came overland, and so am on hand in time to meet the General."

"Will you excuse us for half an hour, friends?" asked the hostess, turning to her guests and bowing herself out, still leaning upon the arm of her betrothal.

"A clear case of metempsychology!" exclaimed Judge Orlando, who often attempted to be witty, and who had never become reconciled to his failure to secure the widow's hand in marriage in three months after he was himself a widower. "You may safely calculate that there's a wedding brewing in the air."

"I'd say it was brewing in their hearts if I were to judge from appearances," exclaimed a distinguished bachelor, who had also been suspected at one time of harboring hopes in a like direction.

turn to introduce the Mrs. Ingletton—that is to be."

The congratulations that followed were numerous; and if the nettle of envy or disappointment rankled in any bosom, its presence was successfully ignored.

"If I had done my duty, gentlemen, this lady would now have borne my name for the past twenty-five years," said Colonel Ingletton, frankly.

"He evidently means to say that I was ready at any time to be caught," laughed the widow, as she looked archly into his eyes. "But he's altogether mistaken. I could not leave my mother when circumstances forced him away from our early home. The fates and furies have conspired against us during all these years. But the obstacles that we had placed in our own pathway have at last been removed by a merciful Providence, and the union the General speaks of, which began so many years ago, is to be consummated in a few days. I must now give you warning, gentlemen, much as I dislike to, for you have all been very kind to me. Next month my house must close, as I shall be called to the East, or, rather, the Middle West, on important business."

Murmurs of mingled regret and congratulation were heard upon all sides.

"I go because I rejoice in the ultimate triumph of the right, gentlemen, and because it devolves upon me to avenge, as far as may be, the wrongful act of my sire, who conspired, years ago, with the father of the unjust Judge who lately robbed me of the benefit of my mother's will."

She was interrupted by the entrance of her daughter, who announced, with frightened voice, that Mrs. Hardine was very ill.

"Liza flew to the bedside, to find her sister and friend in a very precarious state from hemorrhage induced by the sudden excitement of the evening.

"It is nothing. I shall be better presently," she gasped, in reply to her sister's look of terror. "Send for a lawyer, please; I do not need a physician. My newly-recovered possessions must be looked after; and there will yet be another opportunity to test the validity of the will of a Mrs. Hardine."

General Bateman and Judge Orlando were summoned to Tirzah's side, and for an hour the complex mysteries of legal lore were calmed by them into something of the sense of which, when shorn of ambiguity, was intended to convey her newly-acquired share of her father's estate to her children and their heirs and assigns. Eliza Hardine Tubbs was named as Administratrix without bonds, and John Ingletton was assigned the guardianship of her minor children.

"I want John Hardine to be punished, if possible," she explained to her brother, "for compelling me to desert my poor parents after the law had robbed them in his father's name."

"You really must not talk, Tirzah," said her sister, in a soothing tone.

"But I must, 'Liza. Don't tell John about the will till after I'm gone. I mean John Hardine. I won't be afraid of him then—nor of Mrs. Sappington, either, thank God!"

"And now," said she, after the instrument was finished, "it is some comfort to know that neither John Hardine nor Judge Hardpan will handle any more of my poor father's money."

"Poor child!" said 'Liza, said. "She does not know that the will of a married woman is null and void so long as her husband lives."

"Don't tell her," whispered Colonel Ingletton. "Let us rather strive to get the laws amended after she is gone."

"I have another request to make now, dear friends," she said, in a difficult whisper. "I want you, John and 'Liza, to be married before I die."

"We are not ready," was her sister's woman-like response.

"Then get ready; and send for my children, please, and all the rest of the Hardine family. When you dismiss your lodgers, you'll have room for them. Now that I own a large share of Chinacpin Barrens in my own right, I propose to use a part of the proceeds in my own way before I die."

"Liza saw that her project of taking Tirzah back to her old home was impracticable, and she reluctantly abandoned it. Her sister's life was ebbing rapidly. Nothing remained but to carry out her wishes to the letter, and this the brother and sister resolved to do.

The lodgers found other quarters, and the Hardine family, for some time, were alone excepted, filled the great house with nephews, nieces, sisters, cousins, aunts and sons.

planting herself upon his knees and stroking his hair playfully.

"Then why didn't you?"

"Because I couldn't. It was not my fault that I forgave you."

"My darling, I want you to know that I owe my life to poor old Dave, the colored oracle. I called to see him on my way to Portland. It is doubtful whether he will be able to come, but I want him to attend our wedding, if possible. He's old and garrulous, and white folks have spoiled him a good deal, but he's as good as gold and as true as steel."

"True, John. And there is another duty before us. We must go and fetch my brother, John Hardine."

An exclamation suspiciously like an oath escaped his lips, but 'Liza would not listen to his objections.

"Poor fellow! His sunshine friends have all forsaken him. Even Judge Hardpan—"

"Your old suitor, Sam?"

"Yes. Even he no longer befriends him. Though, for that matter, his friendship isn't worth much any more. After all his boasting as a Judge about man's protection of woman, he has come down to living on his wife's income, and isn't able to pay for a dorkie's breakfast unless she gives him the money."

"Will you write for John to come?"

"I think not. He must be managed judiciously, or he will not come at all. I want him to see Tirzah and confess his wickedness before she dies, for it will be easier for him to repent in this life than in the next. So, if you are willing, we will go and fetch him."

In the great bare farm-house which John Hardine had builded as a monument to his own over-reaching—a building as stark and unshapely as his own selfishness and as comfortable as his life-long greed—the triumphant breaker of his mother's will and the bankrupt despoiler of his marriage roof-tree sat in solitary desolation, his head on his breast and his eyes riveted to the floor.

The entrance of visitors did not arouse him. And, when his sister knelt beside him, and with endearing words sought to win him back to consciousness, he saw that he was dead. Near him was an open letter, addressed to Tirzah Hardine.

"I have not committed suicide, but I am dying of palpitation of the heart," he had written. "And, now that my end is near, I will confess to you that I have not been happy because I have been un-deserving. Forgive me, Tirzah; I wronged you because, as a husband, I had the power, and as a man I had the will to do it. You are left a beggar—me and the children; and may Heaven grant that our daughter may not become the wife of such a husband as I have been. Tell 'Liza that I am sorry that I robbed her. I would atone if I could. Write to John Ingletton, and tell him, for me, that my father drowned his horse Reuben in the run below the Widow Ridgeway's garden. This was the first act that drove John away from home to seek the means to pay his father's creditors. Tell 'Liza to forgive John for deserting her. He was more stung against than winning. I have lived for self, and I will die as I lived. Forget me, Tirzah; and teach the children that there is but one road to happiness, and that road leads to many a stopping place of kindly deeds. I would restore my mother's farm to 'Liza if I could; but it's too late—too late."

The letter closed as abruptly as it began. There was no time for lamentation or tears. Dave, the oracle, who had grown even more rheumatic than when the reader last met him, was summoned and dispatched for aid. The face of a coroner's inquest delayed the funeral rites, and Tirzah, who could not account for her sister's long absence, grew fretful and impatient. When 'Liza returned to her side, pale and pre-occupied, and bearing in her hands the explanatory letter, she did not grieve nor start.

"Poor John! He fostered self at the expense of his own happiness as well as mine," she said, sadly. "It is enough for me that he has at last confessed the truth. Perhaps he will be able to begin anew, on a higher plane, on the other side of life. Maybe my father and mother can forgive him there."

"And it is hoped that his sad awakening will cause men to see the enormity of their sin against woman in making one-sided laws," said 'Liza, earnestly.

"I exclaimed General Bateman, admiringly, while John Ingletton gazed upon her in silent rapture, and Dave, the oracle, wept aloud.

"Procure your marriage license and call the children. Remove me to the parlors and call a magistrate. I want to see the old dream of 'Liza's life realized before I die, and we haven't any time to lose."

The flowers that adorned the bridal of the lovers festooned the caquet of the dead. The chaste happiness of the long-stranded couple was beautiful in witness, and the fatherly solicitude of General Bateman was as welcome as to a timely.

Patience reader, there is little more to tell. Mr. and Mrs. Colonel Ingletton went East on their bridal tour, accompanied by General Bateman. They lingered long in their children's home, and attended a Fourth of July celebra-

tion at Chinacpin Oaks in the year 1876, just thirty years after the day of their betrothal and my story's beginning. General Bateman, who was present, was invited to officiate as orator of the day, but he declined, on account of advanced years, in favor of Colonel Ingletton, whose brilliant wife was chosen by acclamation to read the Declaration of Independence. Her husband followed with a novel speech for such an occasion; for, instead of the stereotyped rehash of Bunker Hill, Tecumseh and Valley Forge, the American eagle and the star-spangled banner, his oration was a masterly defense of the grand fundamental principles of liberty as immortalized in the ringing words of the American Bill of Rights, and read in their hearing by his noble wife. The people listened, spell-bound. Never before had they heard such logic, and never can it be forgotten.

Chinacpin Oaks is a city now, a point where four great railroads meet. Few persons care to remember the pinched face of John Hardine senior, or the privations endured by his family during the long years of their pioneering before civilization brought the steam engine to their cabin door.

Colonel and Mrs. Ingletton will return to Oregon. The children of John Hardine and Tirzah, his wife, are their charge now, as are the numerous sons and daughters of Peter Tubbs. The Colonel is ready to purchase the Hardine property at the coming administrator's sale, and will provide not only for the poor relations of his noble wife, but also for the declining days of Dave, the oracle, who, having spent the better part of his early life as a servant without wages, is as disadvantageously situated, almost as though he were a superannuated woman. But he has one comfort, he says, and that is that younger colored men will reap the full reward of liberty. And, as I close the leisurely narrative that for nearly ten long months has employed my mind at regular intervals with its many details, I join with my colored sovereign in the ardent desire that the political and legal advantages his race now enjoy as their inalienable right, may soon accrue to my sex as its acknowledged prerogative.

[THE END.]

LONG BRANCH.

[BY OUR NEW YORK CORRESPONDENT.]
LONG BRANCH, August 7, 1880.
TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:

I shall never forget the feeling of unalloyed delight when two weeks ago I was permitted to leave the hot streets of New York to enjoy the cool breezes at Long Branch, nor the looks of my fellow toilers when bidding them good-bye. The response, in gruff or feeble tones, were tinged, I imagined, with jealousy; but I selfishly cared not, and called forth, imbued with that Mark Tapley philosophy which impels one to be "jolly under any circumstances."

I took a new grip on life and my traveling bag and boarded the train for the Queen of Summer resorts. The contrast between this resort and Coney Island is as great as can well be imagined. It extends from the beach itself to the hotels and the people. The beach is abrupt, and the sea breaks squarely upon it at high tide in a way that defies the trifling of bathers. There is no mob of fat women and lean men and children of all sizes foiling with the surf here. They must choose the occasion when they can bathe. The high bank hides the bath-nouses from the shore view, and there is nothing to mar the glorious sea horizon of the aristocratic residents of Ocean avenue. There are no crowds of boisterous excursionists over-running everything.

"We don't want them," said one of the most prominent hotel proprietors, "for they are a damage to any watering place. The pier here was built in spite of us. We don't want boats to land here or bring their crowds. Let them go to Coney Island."

Before being there an hour I understood him, and understood, too, why Long Branch is preferable as a Summer resort. There is a quiet, genteel atmosphere observable everywhere, inside and out. It strikes one rather heavily at first, fresh from New York, but it has the sweet sensation of peace and rest.

The air from the sea is cool and fresh, and when it comes from that direction at evening is a tonic. It would be hard to describe the pleasure of exhibiting the "Christian graces" in such localities and with such antecedents. Is the Scripture lesson new to them, that need cast upon stony ground cannot "take root"? The soil must be cultivated before the seed is sown, and when it emerges from the earth it still needs "culture," and culture the plant must have in order to thrive and grow symmetrically. But if the plant requires cultivation, and the "lower animals" improvement, what does humanity require? If children have any rights of birth or education, can they have them in a hotel, or by working eleven hours a day in the stilt of a five-story factory?

But not only in factory life, or among the poor and the outcasts, but in outwardly prosperous homes, are children deprived of the rights of parental love and unending blessing. The common mode of committing the little ones of the

Branchers waits with the arms extended like a wind-mill, to the great danger of everybody's digestive apparatus; that the homeliest women wear the largest diamonds and the richest dresses; that one of these women let her lap-dog, a nasty, top-eared poodle, drink out of the general cup in the cars; that the broad belt is general at Long Branch; that the fat women are supported in the surf by the lean men; that the surf knocks the poetry out of a woman—also the breath; that the run on ten-cent novels at Long Branch is something immense; that the bar at Brighton is divided off like a dry goods establishment, having a coal-tar counter, a beer counter, a mineral-water counter, a gin-and-sugar counter, etc.; that I saw more things than I can mention at present, except that my Summer vacation is ended.

AUGUST.

RIGHTS OF CHILDREN.

BY H. N. GREENE BUTTS.

A society was formed some time since in New York to defend the "Rights of Children." I am glad that somebody is giving attention to this subject. It seems to me that if it is right to bring children into the world, they should be treated like human beings after they are born. If children are of as much importance as horses and cattle, why not establish societies for the "prevention of cruelty" to them? Should not they be treated as well as beasts?

A few years ago, the "Granite Mills" disaster, of Fall River, Mass., the burning of children to death, with no means of escape, was a terrible crime—and where rests the responsibility? Or is nobody responsible for such wholesale cruelty? Where were these little children before the dreadful fire? Alas! we are compelled to think of them toiling on from day to day, and even from year to year, dragging their weary limbs up, up, up those long flights of stairs to the attic, where they were forced to toil eleven hours a day, in a badly ventilated room, and perhaps under the surveillance of some craven and cruel overseer. All who have worked inside the walls of a mill know with what little consideration children are often treated. The writer has seen enough of the harshness to children in factories. The memory of it will serve for a life-time!

I sometimes feel, in thinking over such a disaster as that of Fall River, that death, to many of those poor children, as dreadful as it was, was kinder than life. What had they to look for or hope for—the buoyancy and elasticity of childhood all crushed out of them? No play-spells in the green fields! No opportunity to pluck the sweet wild flowers that grow in profusion on the hill-sides! No chance to listen to the birds' free song or to inhale the spicy air of the shadowy groves!

Sometimes the children of the Sunday school, in bright dresses and with cheery faces, are treated to an excursion among the fields and flowers; but seldom do the wheels of the factory suspend their sordid whirl for the recreation of the "children of the mill." No; it is toil, toil, from one year to another, with little prospect of release. Some of them, as they grow older, and the light fades from their eyes, supinely accept their lot as fate. Others chafe in the harness, and seek redress, while yet others may meekly toil on, trusting in God, though often thinking of the pleasures, the schools, and advantages of rich men's children, and asking, "Why is it so?"

But where are the parents of the over-worked children in the factories? If once factory children themselves, or subject to the tyranny of hunger and labor, can they allow their little ones to labor, like slaves, through all their childhood? Have they no rights which parents are bound to respect, either before or after birth? It is the writer's religious belief that it is a cruel wrong for more children to be born than can be well educated and cared for. So long as there are unswallowable children, there will be inhumanities, homes, and vice versa, with paupers and criminals in society. It is marvelous that so few religious teachers take any cognizance of this subject. Telling children that they "must be good" is right and proper, when the conditions of goodness are possible; but what avails it to tell a child of wretchedness and crime, born in "Poverty Lane," where few sunbeams enter, to be good? It would be hard to describe the pleasure of exhibiting the "Christian graces" in such localities and with such antecedents. Is the Scripture lesson new to them, that need cast upon stony ground cannot "take root"? The soil must be cultivated before the seed is sown, and when it emerges from the earth it still needs "culture," and culture the plant must have in order to thrive and grow symmetrically. But if the plant requires cultivation, and the "lower animals" improvement, what does humanity require? If children have any rights of birth or education, can they have them in a hotel, or by working eleven hours a day in the stilt of a five-story factory?

But not only in factory life, or among the poor and the outcasts, but in outwardly prosperous homes, are children deprived of the rights of parental love and unending blessing. The common mode of committing the little ones of the

household often has a tendency to arouse their combative feelings, or develop the worst passions of their nature. The flushed face, the trembling lip, the gripped hand, in the highly sensitive child; the angry, flashing eye, the little hand raised in defiance or self-defense in the more obstinate, might often be avoided by calmness of spirit and the gentle magnetism of the parent. A tear of sorrow in the mother's eye is a mightier conqueror than harsh words or bitter recrimination; yet the mournful fact is that mothers themselves are often so worried by the accumulating cares of the household and the demands of maternity that they are incapable of self-government, and so unfit to mould the plastic minds of their children.

And then, the children of the same family may require very different treatment. As a mother once said:

"There are plants which spring into great vigor if the pressure of a footfall crush them; but oh! there are others that even the perils of the light dew bend to the earth."

This was a mother who spoke from a sad experience. She had been taught to believe in a very strict and stern way of enforcing discipline, and sent her sensitive little Nellie to bed one night without her customary kiss, because she had committed some fault during the day. The child had forgotten the offense, and stood wonderingly before her mother, with quivering lip, and gathering tears in her large, mournful eyes, when she saw that the usual kiss was withheld from her.

"I can't go to sleep unless you kiss me, mamma," spoke a sobbing voice, later in the evening, from the child's bedroom.

The words fell upon the mother's ear; but, wishing to impress the fault more indelibly, she still refused the kiss, though her heart yearned to bestow it. At last Nellie fell into a troubled sleep, repeating, in her dreams: "Kiss me, mamma! Oh, do kiss me, mamma!"

During the night the child was taken with a brain-fever, and through all her delirium, until the hour of her death, her piteous cry was: "Oh, kiss me, mamma! I can't go to sleep!"

"God knows," said the bereaved and almost frantic mother, "how passionate and how unavailing were my kisses upon my darling's cheek after that fatal night! I would have yielded up my very life, could she but once have been conscious of them and of my forgiveness."

Thus we learn that children have a right to love, and to love's free and holy expression; right to harmonious home and pleasant surroundings; the homes of peace, the sacred retreat, where strife, hardness and jealousy are unknown, and where all the heavenly graces reign. It may cost much effort to attain the voice and gesture to harmony, but it will save us many a regret and heart-ache.

Vine Cottage, Hopedale, Mass.

Mr. Bradlaugh's personal unpopularity in England puts the principle which he represents at a disadvantage; but it is certain sooner or later to be accepted and adopted by the English people. He objects to taking the customary oath of his office as member of Parliament, "So help me God," because he is an atheist; and the question of modifying the oath has been referred to a special committee. Meanwhile, a motion in opposition to administering the oath to Mr. Bradlaugh has been rejected by a vote of 289 to 274. Parliament long since abolished the oath required to resign a Roman Catholic; it has struck out the oath of the words "upon the faith of a true Christian," so as to admit Jews; it has permitted a simple affirmation to take the place of the oath, so as to admit Quakers, and sooner or later it will allow whatever modification may be necessary to open its door even to an atheist. We do not admire the political wisdom of Mr. Bradlaugh's constituents; but if any English constituency chooses to elect an atheist as a representative, the rest of England will not permanently deny them the right. The successive changes in the form of oath made to admit to Parliament Romanists, Jews and Quakers are prophetic of the final admission of an atheist as a representative who is loyal to his country, whatever may be his religion or his irreligion. Disfranchising atheists will not convert atheists.—Christian Union.

USE AND ABUSE OF WEALTH.—Col. R. G. Ingersoll says: "I don't see how it is possible for a man to die worth five or ten million dollars in a city full of want, where he meets almost every day the withered hand of beggary and the white lips of famine. How a man can withstand all that, and hold in his clutches of his hand twenty or thirty million dollars, I don't know."

I should not think he could do it any more than he could keep a pile of lumber when hundreds and thousands were drowning in the sea. If you had but a dollar in the world, and you have got to spend it, spend it like a King; spend it as though it were a dry loaf, and you the owner of unbounded forests. That's the way to spend it. I would rather be a beggar and spend my last dollar like a king, than be a king and spend my last money like a beggar."

It doesn't make half so much difference to the Summer boarder at the seaside as to what the wild waves are saying as it does to know what the clerk at the hotel will say if the week's board isn't paid on the day it becomes due.

Do not make a pretense of gentility, nor parade the fact that you are a descendant of any notable family. You must stand for just what you are, and must stand on your merits.

Lady Ann Innes, the eldest grand-daughter of Lord Byron, and sister of Baron Westworth, has just been converted to Roman Catholicism.