



QUEER MRS. EWING.

"I do wish," said Lou, with impetuous earnestness, "that that Mrs. Ewing wouldn't look so queer. She wears her hair shingled and her dresses short and plain as plain can be, and it just seems as though she was trying to look mannish."

"Yes," said Florence, "I don't see why a woman can't try to make herself look pretty and ladylike; and if she is real womanly she will."

"I'm not a bit surprised at you girls," said Maggie, "I've been through all that, in regard to Mrs. Ewing. When she first come here I used to go by her desk, with my head in the air, invariably despising her, but now I despise myself a thousand times more for not appreciating her. I don't believe there is a more womanly woman in town."

"Maggie, what do you mean? For my part I'm mortified that she's in our office. Well, if you're not surprised at us, we are at you. What has whirled you around that way? Mrs. Ewing is certainly very ordinary if appearances are not deceiving."

"That's so," agreed Maggie, "ordinary and 'common' are the words I bestowed upon her. Perhaps it is too strong a word to say I despised her. But I just thought she was a nobody."

"I'm sure we are none of us so silly as to snub a person just because she does not belong to our set, but I think if a lady is poor she can make herself pretty, and I can't like her, if she don't."

"Nor I," echoed Florence, "and I don't believe Mrs. Ewing cares. She looks perfectly contented in her old duds and her shingled hair."

"Girls, I won't scold you, but I'll tell you what I know and then if you want to scold yourselves I'll sit by and let you. One day as I was passing her desk with my usual air of superb indifference, she reached out her hand and said, 'Do you like little girls?' 'Indeed I do,' I cried, for you both know that the biggest part of my heart is back at home with my wee sister. 'Then,' she said, 'perhaps you would like to see mine.' She handed me a photograph of two lovely children. 'Your little girls!' I exclaimed, and stared at her in great astonishment. The tears were in her eyes. 'Yes,' she said simply, and I saw that it was all she could say just then. It was the 'short cut' to my heart, girls, that little cry of hers over her children. 'And where are they?' I asked, after I had talked of the beauty of the picture till we were both a little steadied. 'A thousand miles away, back in my old home in Virginia.' 'Oh,' I cried, thoughtless as before, 'how can you bear to be separated from them?' 'I can't bear it,' she answered, 'I just have to do it.' Then I sat down by her side and we had a long talk and she told me all about it, and I went home a different girl, I can tell you. I had all the conceit taken out of me. I'm the nobody, instead of Mrs. Ewing. She and her husband had both been sufferers for years, and in some way she heard of our doctor, out here in our hospital, and of the great cures she was doing, in cases just like hers, and some friends helped her to come out here and got her into the hospital. She had terrible times with her head and had to have her hair shaved; and even now whenever she is very tired those headaches come on again, and so she has never dared to let her hair grow out. Well, our good doctor did help her, and after months of the hospital she was able to come out, and the doctor spoke for this place for her here. For she could not afford to be idle, she said."

"Where is her husband?"

"Oh, I forgot to tell you that part. He is a confirmed invalid, and is living with her mother and those two dear little girls at the old home, and she is working so hard and pinching and saving every cent she can to send back to them."

"Can't her mother support them?"

"No, she has a home and a little garden, but not much money, and they have to live on what she can send them."

"Think of that woman," cried Lou, with tears in her voice, "scraping along like that on the wages she gets, and doing without a great many things for the sake of those dear people at home; and then look at us silly girls presuming to think ourselves her superiors, and calling her unwomanly. Do you think she has ever noticed how we girls have felt toward her?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. She is so sensible and so good that I know she does not have any hard feeling; and she is so happy to think that she can support her dear ones, it makes me ashamed of myself."

"I should think so," answered Florence, emphatically, "and that is what I called 'being contented with her old duds.' And only think how hungry she must be to see those babies!"

"Yes, she says that sometimes she lies awake in the night and thinks of them, and it seems as though her heart would starve to death for lack of seeing their faces and hearing their voices. She has read me some parts of her husband's letters, and I tell you girls they are a beautiful family, if they are broken up like this."

"Can we do anything for her?"

"I tell you what I would like to do; to raise some money to send her home to spend the holidays with her family."

"That is beautiful! Count me in Maggie."

"And me, and I will help you collect for it too. I am sure that she has done us more good than we can ever do her, for we have learned that being short-haired and plainly dressed does not prevent one from having the heart and the will and the courage and the tenderness of a most womanly woman."

The little queen of Holland is only ten years old, and is a bright and sensible child. Her mourning is to be pure white. Although she is a queen, she enjoys most the pastimes that all children love, and probably has a deeper affection for last year's battered doll than for the fine new one that says "mamma."



See advertising columns for particulars of prizes for puzzles and answers.

No. 23. A KING'S MOVE PUZZLE.

B	I	E	M	C	A	P	E	L	
O	O	S	L	O	L	K	N	B	Y
E	L	T	E	D	O	L	G	T	R
S	L	V	A	I	J	B	H	B	U
E	M	P	L	F	E	K	A	R	K
I	N	C	F	O	E	S	R	T	F
H	T	E	N	E	R	A	O	T	O
R	Y	R	R	B	H	N	H	N	R
U	S	I	E	L	G	W	A	E	
B	A	S	R	V	L	S	O	T	H

The accompanying one hundred squares contain the names of a number of actors and actresses, which may be spelled out by what is known as the "king's move" in chess. This, as all chess players know, is one square at a time in any direction, either straight or diagonally. The same square is not to be used twice in any one name.

In sending answers, indicate the squares by the numbers, thus: Booth, 1-11-12-23-34.

The answer containing the greatest number of names spelled out correctly will be considered the best.

Portland, Oregon.

R. A.

No. 24. BRYANT'S POEMS ENIGMA.

I am composed of 114 letters:

My 109, 2, 56, 51, 93, 21, 40, 114, 70, 67, 6, 16, 64, 33, 110, 101 is the title of a beautiful little poem by Bryant.

My 74, 80, 103, 61, 29, 98, 58, 105, 49, 13, 20 is the title of his most celebrated short poem.

My 92, 28, 112, 4, 99, 108, 11, (10, 15 or 79), 72, 22, 81, 90, 60, 83, 52, 37, 32, 85 is the title of still another poem.

My 7, 75, 19, 12, 91, 104, 31, 26, 94, 25, 89, 107, 77, 86 is the title of yet another poem.

My 30, 2, 65, 82, 104, 87, 50, 71, 84, 106, 57, 99, 17, 95, 59, 58, 97, 30, 54, 78, 73, 66, 27, 21, 8, 48, 55, 1 is a line from the third verse of my first.

My 63, 36, 111, 102, 72, 88, 3, 98, 50, 28, 44, 105, 104, 39, 90, 106, 34, 5, 50, 42, 76, 105, 41, 45, 85 is another line from my first.

My 23, 100, 112, 6, 68, 94, 37, 113, 81, 106, 104, 96, 70, 38, 4, 44, 14, 101, 62, 54, 32, 103, 46, 31 are the last words of my second.

My 102, 109, 93, 48, 40, 83, 35, 47, 60, 108, 74, 12, 82, 84, 75, 19, 22, 64, 53, 69, 27, 73, 9, 23, 55, 110, 76, 43, (or 18) is a line from my third.

My 40, 86, 51, 91, 61, 113, 58, 92, 36, 52, 37, 33, 40, 24, 96, 47, 14, 99, 109, 104, 41, 8, 57 is a line from my fourth.

My whole is the last verse of my first.

Rochester, New York.

G. M. J.