

HOTEL MORGUE AND ITS GUESTS

To Hotel Morgue the guests come in
With a strangely silent air.
And however hoarse a man has been
He makes no noise and he makes no din
When once he enters there.
And however poor, he rides in state,
Stretched at his ease, through the hotel
gate.

A bath and a gown and cool, cool bed
Are given to all who come,
But never a one is whined or fed,
And never a word by one is said,
For the guests are always dumb,
And whatever is done, and however they
fare,
They only lie and stare and stare.

From Hotel Morgue the guests pass on
Full off at the break of day,
And they pay no bill as forth at dawn
With staring eyes and white lips drawn
They silently sail away,
Though clothed and sheltered and asked
no price.

To Hotel Morgue no guest comes twice.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

"Marriage is the saving of a young man," said my Aunt Tabitha sentimentally.
I assented, for I find it pays to give a ready acquiescence to abstract propositions.
"You must marry," continued my aunt.

I hesitated, for to assent to the concrete is more dangerous.
"I am still very young," I said, meekly.

My aunt turned to my mother.
"Whom shall Alfred marry?"
My mother shook her head.
"Somebody nice," she volunteered.

"What do you say to Letitia Brownlow?" asked my aunt.

"I would prefer to say nothing to Letitia Brownlow," I interposed, hastily.

"O' Amelia Stafford?"
"Is she not rather—" my mother waved one hand—"and Alfr' is so slim."

"I think she has a very fine figure," responded my aunt. "Or there is Gertrude Williams; she will have a fortune if she outlives her sisters."

"There are only five of them," I said hopefully.

"Or Mabel Gordon?"

"She has taken a course of cooking lessons," observed my mother.

"No, none of these!" I cried, decisively.

My aunt looked offended.

"Very well, then, choose for yourself," she said, tartly.

"Perhaps that would help," I remarked, thoughtfully.

"You will choose somebody nice, won't you, Alfred?" said my mother.

"With money," observed my aunt.

"Well connected," emphasized my mother.

"Not too young," added my aunt.

"And religious," begged my mother.

"There is no objection to her being good looking?" I asked, a trifle timidly.

"No, I think not," said my aunt, "provided she fully understands beauty is but skin deep."

"I will tell her," I murmured.

"Well," said my aunt, impatiently, after a short pause, "whom do you suggest?"

I thought for a moment.

"What do you say to Winifred Fraser?"

"That mix!" cried my aunt.

"Oh, Alfred!" echoed my mother.

"Why not?" I asked.

"Such a dreadful family," said my mother.

"So fast!" interjected my aunt.

"But have you never noticed the sun on her hair?" I asked, innocently.

My aunt drew herself up.

"We have not noticed the sun on her hair," she said, with much dignity; "nor do we wish to observe the sun on her hair."

I was justly annoyed. "I really think it must be Winifred Fraser," I said.

"She is very fond of me—"

"How can you be so cruel to me!" cried my mother. "Have you noticed how gray my hair is getting? You will not have me long." She drew out her handkerchief.

"You will come to a bad end," said my aunt. "I always thought you were depraved. If you marry that painted hussy you must not expect my countenance."

"Under the circumstances I will not marry Winifred Fraser," I said, with great magnanimity, for I did not particularly want my aunt's countenance.

My aunt sniffed. "You had better not."

"I merely joked," I said, soothingly, remembering she had not made her will.

"Indeed!"

"The truth is—I dropped my voice—I am in love with some one else."

"And you never told me!" said my mother, reproachfully.

"The girl I love is not free."

"Married!" cried my aunt.

"Not married—but engaged."

"Who is it?" asked my mother, gently.

"I was silent for a moment, and then I sighed.

"It is Constance Burleigh."

"It would have been a most suitable match," murmured my mother.

"Very suitable," replied my aunt.

There was a momentary silence, broken by my aunt.

"I did not know Constance was engaged."

"It is a secret; you must not repeat what I have told you."

"I don't like these secret engagements," said my aunt, brusquely.

"Who told you?"

"She told me herself."

"Who is the man?"

"I do not think I should repeat his name."

"I hope Constance is not throwing herself away."

I shook my head doubtfully.
"You know the man?"

I nodded.

"Is he quite—quite—"

Again I shook my head doubtfully.

"What have you heard?" my aunt asked, eagerly.

"I don't think I ought to repeat these things."

"You can surely trust your mother," murmured my mother.

"And my discretion," said my aunt.

"Well," I said, "I have been told he is cruel to his mother."

"Really!" cried the two ladies in a breath.

"His mother told me so herself."

"How sad!" said my mother.

"And what else?" asked my aunt.

"Another relation of his told me he was depraved."

"Poor, poor Constance!" whispered my mother.

"And would probably end badly."

"I expect he drinks," said my aunt, grimly.

"Does Constance know this?" asked my mother.

"I don't think so."

"You did not tell her?"

"Of course not."

"I consider it your duty to."

"I really cannot."

"Then I will," said my aunt, resolutely.

"What I have said has been in confidence."

"I do not care."

"I beg you not to do so."

"It is my duty. I am too fond of Constance to allow her to throw herself away on this worthless man."

I shrugged my shoulders. "Do as you please, but don't mention my name. By the way, Constance said she would probably call this afternoon."

At that moment the bell rang.

"That may be she," said my aunt, flying to the window. "It is."

I got up slowly and sauntered into the conservatory, which adjoins the drawing-room. From behind a friendly palm I could see without being seen. I saw my aunt look toward my mother.

"If we open her eyes," I heard her whisper, "it may pave the way for Alfred."

My mother said nothing, but I saw the same hope shine from her eyes.

The door opened and the servant announced Constance. She came forward with a little eager rush; then a rapped short, embarrassed by the want of reciprocity.

"We are glad to see you," said my mother, and kissed her.

My aunt came forward. "We were just speaking of you," she said, solemnly. "Sit down."

Constance looked a little crushed. "I thought Alfred would have told you," she murmured.

"We have heard—" began my aunt.

"Hush," interposed my mother.

"Come nearer me, Constance. Won't you take off your hat?"

Constance came and sat by her side. "I was anxious to come and tell you that—that—"

"If you are alluding to your engagement," said my aunt, somewhat severely, "we have already heard of it."

"You have heard?" cried Constance.

"With the deepest sorrow."

Constance drew herself up.

"You do not approve?" she asked, proudly.

"We love you too much," said my mother, gently.

Constance looked bewildered.

"You are too good for the wretch!" cried my aunt. "What! Oh, what do you mean?"

"If you marry this man," continued my aunt, vigorously, "you will regret it."

My mother took her hand. "My sister should not tell you this so suddenly."

"It is my duty to speak, and I will," cried my aunt. "I will not let Constance unite herself to this man with her eyes closed."

"What have you against him?" demanded Constance, a red spot beginning to burn in each cheek.

"He drinks," answered my aunt, almost triumphantly.

Constance sank back in the cushions. "I don't believe it," she said, faintly.

"He ill-treats his mother—beats her, I believe," continued my aunt.

"This cannot be true," cried Constance. "Mrs. Granville, tell me."

My mother nodded sadly.

"Alas! I cannot deny it."

Constance arose. "This is awful!" she said, holding on to the back of the sofa. "I could never have believed it!" She put her hand to her forehead. "It is like a bad dream."

"My poor, dear Constance," murmured my mother, rising and putting her arms round her.

"He is thoroughly depraved, and will come to a bad end. His relations are as one on this point."

Constance buried her face in my mother's bosom. "Oh, dear! oh, dear! and I loved him so!" she sobbed.

In the adjoining room I was becoming uncomfortable.

"We thought it right to tell you," said my aunt, moved by her tears, "though Alfred begged and implored us not to."

"I could never, never have believed it," sobbed Constance. "Poor, poor Mrs. Granville!"

My mother soothed her.

"How difficult you must have felt it to tell me this," exclaimed Constance, drying her tears. "It was so good of you. I will not give him another thought. To treat his mother so cruelly! Oh, Mrs. Granville, I am so sorry for you!"

"It is I who am sorry for you," said my mother, doubtfully.

"And no one would have dreamed it. We always thought you were so fond of him and spoiled him utterly. And all the time you were hiding your sorrow. How noble of you!"

My mother looked at Aunt Tabitha, who returned her stare.

"Who ever is it?" said Aunt Tabitha, whispering. "Find out."

"Where did you meet him, dearest?" whispered my mother.

"Meet him? Why, here, of course," said Constance, with opening eyes.

"Yes, yes, of course," said my mother, mystified.

"I thought you would be pleased, and I hurried across to tell you."

"Can Alfred have made a mistake?" muttered my aunt, hoarsely.

The two elder ladies stood still in the utmost embarrassment.

"I shall never be lappy again," said Constance, mournfully.

"Don't say that," implored my mother. "Perhaps there is a mistake."

"How can there be a mistake?" asked Constance, raising her head.

"There can be no mistake," said my aunt, hastily.

"How could he be cruel to you?" cried Constance, kissing my mother.

"Cruel to me?" cried my mother.

"You said he was cruel to you."

"Of whom are you speaking?" cried both ladies.

"Of Alfred, of course."

The two elder ladies sat down suddenly.

"You are not engaged to Alfred?" they gasped simultaneously.

"To whom else?" said Constance, in amazement.

"There is some misunderstanding," I observed, smoothly coming in at the moment.

The three fell upon me together.

It took at least an hour to explain. Yet I had said nothing which was not strictly true.

"You will not allow these practical jokes when you are married, will you, Conny?" said my mother, fondly.

"I will not," replied Constance, tightening her lips.

"Marriage is the saving of a young man," repeated my aunt, grimly.—Chambers' Journal.

ENOUGH CHALK FOR ALL TIME.

Great Block that Was Once as Large as the Continent of Europe.

The small piece of chalk which is in constant use in the schoolroom, the lecture-room, the billiard-room and the workshop has a strange history, the unraveling of which through all its complexities is one of the most difficult problems with which the science of the present day is called upon to deal.

This piece is in reality a chip of an immense block of chalk that once filled an area the size of the continent of Europe, and of which even yet several gigantic fragments remain, each hundreds of square miles in extent. These patches are scattered over the region lying between Ireland on the west and China on the east, and extending in the other direction from Sweden in the north to Portugal in the south.

In the British Isles the chalk is found in greatest perfection and continuity in the east and southeast of England. A sheet of chalk more than 1,000 feet in thickness underlies all that portion of England which is situated to the southeast of a line crossing the island diagonally from the North Sea at Flamborough Head to the coast on the English channel in Dorset. This enormous sheet of chalk is tilted up slightly on the west, and its depressed, eastern portions that dip toward the waters of the North Sea are usually buried from sight by means of overlying sands and clays. Where the edges of the chalk floor come upon the sea the cliff scenery is strikingly grand and beautiful. Anyone who has once seen the magnificent rocks of Flamborough and Beechy Head, the jagged stacks of the Needles or the dizzy mass of Shalk-speare's cliff, near Dover, can understand why "the white cliffs of Albion" has grown into a stock phrase.

This massive sheet of chalk appears again in France, in many other parts of Europe as far east as the Crimea, and even in Central Asia, beyond the Sea of Aral. How far it stretched westward into what is now the Atlantic may never be known, but chalk cliffs of at least 200 feet in thickness are seen at Antrim, in Ireland and less conspicuous formations are found in Scotland, in Argyll and Aberdeen.

There can be little question that all these now isolated patches were once connected in a continuous sheet, which must, therefore, have occupied a superficial area about 3,000 miles long by nearly 1,000 broad, an extent larger than that of the present continent of Europe.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Would Follow the Cows.

Justin Sackett, who recently died in Springfield, Mass., at the age of 83 years, was a noted landscape gardener, and laid out Forest Park in Springfield. He had a most remarkably true eye, always making sufficient "offset" or allowance to avoid stiffness in his work. With it all he exercised his shrewd Yankee wit and inventiveness, as this story shows: One day he was driving with a friend, who asked him out of curiosity how he would plan a road to the top of a certain hill that they passed. "Well," said Mr. Sackett, with a twinkle in his eye, "I should turn in some cows awhile and watch how they got up."—New York Tribune.

A Good Excuse.

"Have I done anything to offend you, darling?" he asked, brokenly. "To-day you passed me without bowing and now you sit there with such an air of hauteur and pride that—"

"George," interrupted the girl, with an unbending air, but in her voice a cadence sweeter than music at night, "I have a stiff neck."—Boston Globe.

So Comfortable.

"I always like to see that Senator get up to make a speech," said the drowsy-looking man.

"He isn't very interesting."

"No. When he is on his feet I'm always sure that my nap will not be disturbed by any outburst of applause."—Washington Star.

AFRAID OF NOTHING.

Mexico's Wild Hog, or Peccary, Runs from Nothing Under the Sun.

The most vicious and fearless of the brute creation is the peccary or wild hog of Mexico. This animal seems utterly devoid of the emotion of fear. I have never seen it turn a hair's breadth out of its path for any living thing, says a writer. Man is its special bete noire. It displays an intelligence in fighting the human stranger at variance with its apparently complete lack of any mental attributes, save the very lowest order of instinct. They are rarely found singly, but go in droves of from a hundred to thousands. Their ability to scent men is particularly marked. I have known a drove of them to scent a man a mile off and strike as straight for him as the arrow flies. There is no use to try to frighten them with guns. The cannonading of a full battery would have no more effect on them than the popping of a fire cracker. The only thing to do when they get after you is to run away from them as fast as a horse can carry you. And then there is no certainty that they won't catch you. They are nearly as swift as a horse, and their endurance is as great as their viciousness.

A friend of mine encountered a drove of them in a wild part of Mexico a few years ago, and his escape was miraculous. He very foolishly shot and wounded a number of them. Then he took refuge in a tree. The peccaries kept him in the tree all that day and through the night. They circled around the tree, grunting and squealing their delight at the prospect of a feast. He soon exhausted his ammunition, and brought down a peccary at each fire. But this had no terrors for the beasts. Along toward morning the brutes began to eat the ones he had killed, and when they thus satisfied the cravings of their stomachs they formed in line and trotted off. If they had not had some of their own number to devour, they would have guarded that tree until my friend, through sheer exhaustion, dropped from his perch and allowed them to make a meal of him. The wild cats and tigers that infest the Mexican wilds, flee from the peccaries with instinctive fear, and even rattlesnakes keep out of their path.

An Actor's Ruse.

"Had a funny experience down in Georgia once," laughed the actor who has been over the whole route from barn-stormer to leading man in a crack company.

"We had played a little one-night town where the people expressed their appreciation by a vegetable bombardment of all on the stage. I was hurrying to the little dingy hotel, mad as a hornet, when I heard one of the natives making some very caustic remarks about my efforts to personate Claude Melnotte. I was foolish enough to pitch into him, and five minutes later I was the sole occupant of the calaboose. After relieving myself by swearing a few chapters, and wondering how far I would have to walk to catch up with the company, I suddenly struck upon a possible scheme of escape.

"In my wrath I had not waited at the hall to get rid of my make-up. Now I snatched off my blonde wig, washed the cosmetics from my dark face, stuffed my gay wrappings under a bunk, made my seedy suit look a little more respectable by a few rents, and then sent up a yell for help. This brought the sleepy constable, who looked as though he wanted to run when he caught sight of me. I assumed an Irish brogue and talked so fast that he had no chance to think or talk back. I told him how 'some divil of a pirate capered out of the place just as Ol' war passin' peaceable as a lam', 'ran me in a foot of Ol' could aven spake, an' barred the door on me."

"He hurried me out, gave me \$2 if I'd say nothing, left the door wide open and went home. I recaptured my bundle and left with the rest of the company on the early train."—Free Press.

Royal Correspondence.

A letter sent to a native prince in India is a very elaborate affair. The paper is specially made for the purpose, and is sprinkled with gold leaf. Only the last few lines of the somewhat lengthy document contain the purport of the letter, while the remainder is made up of the usual round-about and complimentary phrases. It is folded in a peculiar way, with the flaps outward, and placed in a muslin bag, and this latter into one of crimson and gold tuck, with a slip-knot of gold thread, attached to which is a ponderous seal. The address, written on a slip of parchment, is attached to the outside box. These details are very important for polite letter writing in India, and if any of them were omitted it would be an insult to the person addressed.

Desired Information.

While preaching a sermon on the tender wisdom of the Omnipotent, a preacher illustrated his point by saying that he knows which of us grows best in the sunlight, and which must have shade. "You know you plant roses in the sunshine," he said, "and heliotrope and geraniums; but if you want your fuchsias to grow, you must keep them in a shady nook." After the sermon a woman came up to him, her face glowing with pleasure. "Oh, Doctor, I am so grateful for that sermon," she said, clasping his hand and shaking it warmly. His heart glowed for a moment—only for a moment, though. "Yes," she went on fervently, "I never knew before what was the matter with my fuchsias."

Why is it they call a man 'the late' when he has been dead ten or fifteen years?

Why always wonder at this time of the year where the flies come from.

WOMAN'S REALM

NEW WOMAN EVEN IN CHINA.

AMONG delegates to the women's congress to be held in London next year will be two Chinese girls, Miss Wang and Dr. Hu King Eng. The latter is a leader in the small but pertinacious army of Chinese women who have risen in revolt against the subjection of their sex in the Orient. Dr. Hu was born in Foochow to

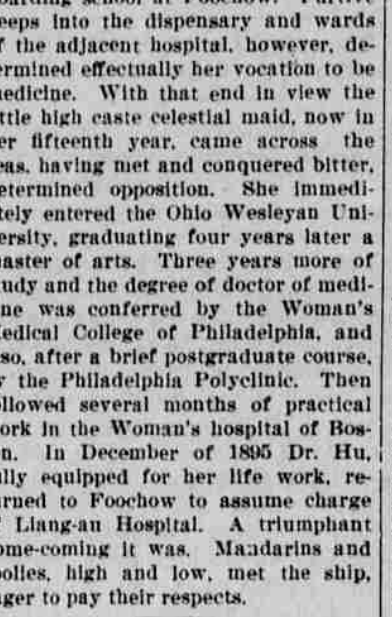


CHINESE WOMAN DOCTOR.

a heritage of wealth and aristocracy. Her grandfather, Hu, was a mandarin of influence. In the seventeenth year of his age he became a convert to Christianity, and with him his two sons, Hu Po Mi and Hu Yong Mi—King Eng's father—both of whom for more than thirty years have been Methodist pastors and presiding elders. Soon Grandmother Hu and her daughters-in-law, all of the bound foot class, influenced by convincing, even coercive, arguments, also reluctantly embraced the alien faith. When quite a child King Eng was placed in the girl's boarding school at Foochow. Furtive peeps into the dispensary and wards of the adjacent hospital, however, determined effectually her vocation to be medicine. With that end in view the little high caste celestial maid, now in her fifteenth year, came across the seas, having met and conquered bitter, determined opposition. She immediately entered the Ohio Wesleyan University, graduating four years later a master of arts. Three years more of study and the degree of doctor of medicine was conferred by the Woman's Medical College of Philadelphia, and also, after a brief postgraduate course, by the Philadelphia Polyclinic. Then followed several months of practical work in the Woman's hospital of Boston. In December of 1895 Dr. Hu, fully equipped for her life work, returned to Foochow to assume charge of Liang-an Hospital. A triumphant home-coming it was. Mandarins and coolies, high and low, met the ship, eager to pay their respects.

Miss Dill's Long Trip.

One of the longest equestrian recreation trips on record has been begun by



MISS EMMA DILL.

Miss Emma Dill, of Orange, N. J., who is accompanied by her father and three other men. Mr. Dill, a wealthy lawyer, arranged the trip with Walter D. Grand, managing director of Tattersall's, London. The journey is to be from Orange to the Rangeley lakes, Maine, via Poughkeepsie, the Berkshire hills, Vermont, Canada, the White mountains and northern Maine. Each member of the party will ride an Indian pony, fourteen of these hardy little animals having been provided. Miss Dill is the most enthusiastic member of the cavalcade, her only regret being that she cannot ride her favorite saddle horse. She is a familiar figure on horseback in the neighborhood of Orange, taking equestrian exercise in all sorts of weather.



MISS EMMA DILL.

Girls Expect Too Much of Young Men
"The average young man is the agreeable fellow who earns enough money to take care of himself and to put by a little for special occasions," writes Ruth Ashmore in the Ladies' Home Journal. "But he is not a millionaire, and he is not the young man drawn by those illustrators who, in black and white, give us so-called society sketches. A combination of fool-

ish influences makes the girl of to-day expect entirely too much from the young man of to-day. She read, or is told, that when a young man is engaged to be married he sends his fiancée so many pounds of sweets, so many boxes of flowers, as well as all the new books and all the new music that may appear each week. . . . If there were more honest girls in this world—honest in their treatment of young men—there would be a greater number of marriages and fewer thieves. Yes, I mean exactly what I say. It is the expectation on the part of a foolish girl that a man should do more than he can honestly, that has driven many men to the penitentiary, and many more to lives of so-called single blessedness."

Women in Business.

"All women who are active in business or professions want is a fair field and no favor," says Margaret Sangster. "We ask for nothing on the ground of sex. We are willing to compete with and work with men on their own ground and desire to be measured by the same standards. We demand no courtesy further than that which prevails between gentlemen; we expect no deference. In business life men and women are simply workers, and the more the element of sex is intruded the greater the interference with the success of women. The business woman who expects little attentions she is accustomed to in the drawing-room shows her ignorance of business. If they are necessary to her peace of mind she is out of place in the business world."

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