

Synopsis.

Tom Vanrevel's first meeting with Betty Careve occurs in that young lady's garden on the morning after her home-coming to Rowel. Ind., from the convent achoel. The occasion of the meeting is the score of Miss Betty's white kitten, which Tom gallantly rescues and presents to its owner, but is prevented from introducing himself by his companion, Panchon Barcaud. This is on account of the bitter enmity existing between Tom and Miss Betty's father. The men have quarried over politics—these are the days just before the outbreak of the Maxican War-and also threak of the Maxican War-and also the outbreak of the Maxima variance over personal affairs, and old Squire Carewo has publicly threatened to shoot Tom should the latter ever be caught trespassing in his property. Miss Bareaud is the affianced of Cralley Gray, Tom's lazy, popular, thiented, pood-for-nothing law partner. Miss Betty's at adventure occurs also to the garden, set eral days later, this time in the evening.

Chapter II (Continued.)

EN paces in front of her a gap in the shrubbery where tall trees rose left a small radiant area of Illumination like that of a limelight in a theater, its brilliancy intensified by the dark foliage behind. It was open to view only from the bench by which she stood, and appeared, indeed, like the stage of a little theater, a stage occupied by a bizarre fig-ure. For in the center of this shining patch, with the light strong on his face, was standing a fair-haired young man. dressed in a yellow cost, a scarlet and white striped wnistcoat, wearing a jauntily cocked black hat on his head. And even to the last detail, the ribbon laces above the ankle and the gold-buckled shoes, he was the sketch of Georges Meilhae sprung into life.

About this slender figure there hung a wan sweetness like a fine mist, almost on thereality in that light; yet in the pale face lurked something reckless, something of the actor, too; and though his smile was gentle and wistful, there was a twinkle behind it, not seen at first, something smused and impish; a small surprise underneath, like a flea in a rose jar.

Fixed to the spot by this apparition Miss Betty stood wildly staring, her straining eyelids showing the white above and be low the large brown iris. Her breath me faster and deeper, until, between her parted lips it became vocal in a quick

ound like a sob. At that he spoke.
"Forgive me!" The voice was low. vibrant, and so exceedingly musical that he might have been accused of coolly se-lecting his best tone; and it became only sweeter when, even more softly, in a semi-whisper of almost crucial pleading, he said. "Ah-don't go away:"

In truth, she could not go; she had been too vitally stirred; she began to tremble excessively, and sank back upon the bench, motioning him away with vague gestures of her shaking hands.

This was more than the incroyable had counted upon, and far from his desires. He started forward with an exciamation. "Don't come near me!" she gasped. "Who are you? Go away."

"Give me one second to explain," he be-gan; but with the instant reassurance of this beginning she cut him off short, her fears dispelled by his commonplace. Nay, indignation displaced them so quickly that she fairly flashed up before him to her

full height "You did not come in by that gate!" she cried. "What do you mean by coming here in that dress? What right have you in my garden?"
"Just one word," he begged quickly, but

gently. "Y "You'd allow a street beg-

She stood before him, panting, and, as he thought, giorious, in her flush of youth and anger. Tom Vannevel had painted her incoherently, but richly, in spite of that, his whole heart being in the portrait; and Cralley Gray had smiled at what he deemed the exaggeration of an ordinarily unimpressionable man who had fallen in love "at first sight"; yet, in the presence of the reality, the Incroyable decided that Tom's colors had been gray and humble. It was not that she was merely lovely, that her nose was straight, and her chin dexteriously wrought between square and oval; that her dark hair lay soft as a shadow on her white brow; not that the trembling hand she held against her breas sprang from a taper wrist and taperes again to the tips of the long fingers; no that she was of that alenderness as strong as it is delicate; not all the exquisite reg-ularity of line and mold, nor simplicity of color, gave her that significance which made the Incroyable declare to himself that he stood for the first time in the presence of Beauty, and that now he knew the women he had been wont to call been tiful were but pretty. And yet her beau-ty, he told himself, was the least of her levelinese, for there was a glamor about her. It was not only the richness of her youth; but there was an ineffable exhala-tion which seemed to be made partly of light, partly of the very spirit of her, and nddly enough, partly of the scent of the little fan that hung by a ribbon from her wrist. This was a woman like a wine, he felt, there was a bouquet. In regard to the bouquet of the young

man himself. If he possessed one, it is ner tinent to relate that at this very the thought skipped across his mind (like the hop of a flen in a rose dar) that some day he might find the moment when he ld tell her the truth about herself-with 6 half-laugh—and say:
"The angels sent their haloes in a san-

dal-wood box to be made into a womanand it was you!"
"If you have anything to say for your

self, say it quickly!" said Miss Betty "You were singing a while ago," he answered somewhat huskily, "and I stopped on the street to lister; then I came here to be nearer. The spell of your voice." He broke off abruptly to change the word. "The spell of the sons came over me—it is my dearest favorite—so that I stood after-ward in a sori of trance, only hearing again, in the slience. The stolen heart, like the gathered rose, will bloom but for E day!" I did not see you until you came to the beach. You must believe me: I would not frighten you for anything in the

"Why are you wearing that dress?" He laughed and pointed to where, be-hind him on the ground, lay a long, gray cloak, upon which had been tossed a white mask. "I'm on my way to the masquerade," be answered, with an airy gesture in the direction of the victing.
"I'm an increyable, you see; and I had the costume made from my recollection of a sketch of your great-uncle. I saw it

straightforwardness which made him afraid she would prove lamentably direct; "I do not know you." Perhaps she remembered that already

one young man had been presented to her by no better sponsor than a white cat, and had no desire to carry her unconven-tionally farther than that. In the present

instance there was not even a kitten. She turned toward the house, where-upon he gave a little pathetic exclama-tion of pleading in a voice that was mas-terly, being as sincers as it was musical,

and he took a few leaning steps toward her, both hands outstretched. "One moment more!" he cried, as she turned again to him. "It may be the one chance of my life to speak with you; don't deny me this. All the rest will meet you when the happy evening comes will dance with you, will talk with you, see 'you when they like, listen to you sing. I, alone must hover about the gates, or steal like a thief into your garden to hear you from a distance. Listen to me—just this once—for a moment?"
"I cannot listen," she said, firmly; and

stood quite still. She was now in deep

"I will not believe you mercliess! You would not condemn the meanest criminal unheard!" Remembering that she was so lately from the convent, he ventured this speech in a deep, thrilling voice, only to receive a distinct shock for his pains, for she greeted it with an irrepressible, most unexpected peal of contraits laughter, and his lips parted slightly with the surprise

They parted much farther in the next instant—in good truth, it may be stated of the gentleman that he was left with his mouth open—for, suddenly leaning toward him out of the shadow into the light, her face shining as a cast of tragedy, she cried in a hoarse whisper:

cried in a boarse whisper:

"Are you a murdeter?"

And with that and a whisk of her skirts and a footfall on the gravel path, she was gone. He stood dumbfounded, poor comedian, having come to play the chief role, but to find the scene taken out of his hands. Then catching the flutter of her wrap, as she disappeared into the darkness of the veranda, he cried in a loud, manly volce: manly voice:

"You are a dear!"
As he came out into the street through a gap in the hedge, he paused, drawing his cloak about him, and lifted his face to the eastern moon. It was a strange face; the modelling most like what is called "Greek," save for the nose, which was a triffe too short for that, and the was a trifle too short for that, and the features showed a happy purity of outline almost childlike; the bine eyes, clear, ficcidess, sevenely irresponsible, with more the fook of refusing responsibility than being unconscious of it; eyes without care, without prudence and without evil. A stranger might have said he was about 25, and had never a thought in his life. There were some blossoms on his life. There were some blossoms on the hedge, and he touched one lightly, as though he chucked it under the chin, he smiled upon it then, but not as he had smiled upon Miss Betty, for this was his smiled upon Miss Betty, for this was his own, the smile that came when he was alone; and, when it came, the face was no longer joyous as it had been in repose; there was an infinite patience and worn tolerance—possibly for himself. This incongruous and melancholy smile was astonishing; one looked for the laughter of a boy and found, instead, a gentle, worldive old prelate. ly, old prelate.

ly, old prelate.
Standing there, all alone in the moonlight, by the hedge, he lifted both hands
high and waved them toward the house,
as children wave to each other across
lawns at twilight. After that he made a
fantastic bow to his corrugated shadow
on the board sidewalk.
"Again, you rogue!" he exclaimed
aloud. Then, as he faced about, and began to walk in the direction of the beek-

gan to walk in the direction of the beckoning violins: "I wonder if Tom's kitten was better, after all!"

CHAPTER III. The Rogne's Gallery of a Father Should Be Exhibited to a Daugh-

ter With Particular Care. of the merry people of Rouen, polsing one night, between earth and stars, discovered a single brilliant and resonant spot, set in the midst of the dark, quiet town like a jeweled music-box on a black cloth. Sounds of revelry and the dance from the numinous spot came up through the Summer stillness to the weary guardians all night long, until, at last, when a red glow stole into the east, and the dance still continued, nay, grow faster than ever, the celestial watchers found the work too heavy for their strength, and forthwith departed, leaving the dancers to their own devices; for, as every one knows, when a dance lasts till daylight, guardian an-

All night long the fiddles had been swinging away at their best; all night long the candles had shone in thin rows of bright orange through the slits of the window-blinds; but now, as the day broke over the maples, the shutters were flung open by laughing young men, and the drivers of the carriages, waiting in the dusty street, pressed up closer to the hedge, or came within and stretched themselves upon the lawn, to see the people waitzing in the daylight. The horses,

of Washington methods of transpor-

tation were the same. They were

limited to the horse and wagon, oars and

sails. Then one century outdid 30 and

and then with a rush the trolley, the bi-

cycle, the automobile and perhaps the

ods of communication. In 30 centuries we

postal service, the telephone, the phono-

If we turn now to charity we find that

from the earliest days until almost the

present time charity had but two forms-

largess and custody. These were illumi-

nated by the devoted personal service of

good men and women, but this personal service, like the forces of steam and elec-

tricity, though not new in the world, did

not find effective expression until our own

day. Largeze slowly grew more intelli

gent, and custody grew more humane

and even curative; but these still remained

the type. The new charity, in its reaction almost goes so far as to discountenance

The reaction against alms was for

graph and the marconigraph.

gained only the printing press, but this

salloon. It is almost the same with meth-



Over the unwearied plaint of French horn, violin, and bassoon, rose a silvery confusion of voices and laughter and the sound of a hundred footfalls in unison. while, from the open windows there issued a warm breath, heavily laden with the smell of scented fans, of rich fabrics, of dying roses, to mingle with the splcy perfume of a wild crab tree in fullest blos som, which stood near enough to peer into the ballroom, and, like a brocaded belie herself, challenge the richest to show raiment as fine, the lovellest to look as fair and joyful in the dawn.

Believe me, if all those endearing young which I gaze on so fondly today,

Were to fade by tomorrow and fleet from my Like fairy gifts fading away-

So ran the violins in waitz time, so bassoon and horn to those dulcet measures; and then, with one accord, a hundred voices joined them in the old sweet melody:

Thou wouldet still be adored as this for thou art. Let thy loveliness fade as it will;

And around the dear ruin each wish of my Would entwine itself verdantly still. And the jealous crabtree found but one

Either unwise relief or unwise custody

will do more harm than good, but the

latter is, on the whole, less open to

abuse than the former, and the doctrine of

should support institutions for "Indoor re-

lief" of the poor or for the sick but

should give no relief outside of institu-

tions. No outside relief is now given by

New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, St.

Louis, Baltimore, Washington, San Francisco, New Orleans, Louisville or Kansas

City, and in our other large cities the amount of public outside relief is steadily

amount of public outside relief is steadily decressing. In New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia and Washington City outdoor relief was abandoned after it had been given for years. It is now generally agreed that this form of relief is better, left to the more flexible and personal methods of private charity. In private charity we are not so apt to have the bare of the property without the street with without the street.

gift without the giver; but the giver fol-lows his giving with continuous care; and, moreover. In private charity, love, inge-nuity and patience will often find substi-

tutes for relief which help more safely.

These substitutes for relief are the glory of modern charity. In both public and private charity it is being realized that cure is better than care, but that

ROM the time of Homer to the time | more or less unnatural institution life.

added first the railroad and steamboat, | the present day is that city governments |

THE CITY AND ITS DEPENDENT CLASSES

having no such desires, stood with loosened check-reins, slightly twiching their upper lips, wistful of the tail grass which bordered the wooden sidewalk, though now and then one would lift his bead high, sniffing the morning air and bending an earnest gaze not upon the dancers but upon the florid East.

Over the upwessfed eights of Franch Cover the upwessfed eights of Franch Co craning neck over partner's shoulder) seek to fix her with his glittering eye, while he sang, "Oh, believe me," most directly and conspicuously at her. For that night was the beginning of Miss Betty's famous career as the belle of Rouen, and was the date from which strangers were to hear of her as "the beautiful Miss Carewe," until "beautiful" was left off.

visitors to the town being supposed to have heard at least that much before they came. There had been much discussion of her, though only one or two had caught gilmpses of her, but most of the gallants appeared to agree with Cralley Gray, who aired his opinion—in an exceedingly casual way—at the little club on Main street. Mr. Gray held that when the daughter of a man as rich as Bob Carew was heralded as a beauty the chances were that she would prove disappointing, and, for his part, he was not even interested enough to attend and investigate. So he was going down the river in a canoe and preferred the shyness of bass to that of a girl of 18 just from the convent, he said. Tom Vanrevel was not present on the ccasion of these remarks, and the general concurrence with Crailey may be suspected as a purely verbal one, when the evening came, two of the

duce vice and pauperism. Municipal Sum-

mer concerts compete with the more dan-gerous attractions of the saloon. Munic-

ipal tenement-house ordinances, and in Greater New York the admirable Tene-

ment House Commission, are routing pov-erty in its chief stronghold. Where munici-

pal ordinances will not suffice the state often steps in, and with compulsory edu-cation laws, and laws regulating the em-

ployment of women and children in fac-tories and stores and on the streets. Hereafter, for instance, in New York and Buffalo, boys under 14 cannot sell papers late at night, and boys under 10 cannot

il at all. In city after city juvenile purts are being established, so that de-quent children will be saved from all ontact with adult vice. Through proba-

tion ther are given a chance to reform, while a personal influence is brought to bear to which the children respond won-

Most, or all of the measures just men-

tioned, were first tested by private philan-thropy, and even where the action has been official it has often been on the mo-tion of a society or individual. The charity

in lighting the house.

The crafty pair had planned this early descent with a view to monopoly by right of priority, in case the game proved worth the candle, and they were leaning effectively against the little railing about the musicians' platform when Mr. Carewe entered the room with his daughter on his arm.

She was in white, touched with countless small lavender flowers; there rows and rows of wonderful silk and lace flounces on her skirt and her fan hung from a rope of great pearls. Ah, hideous, blue, rough cloth of the convent, unfor-tunately, but laid aside forever, what a

chrysalis you were! Tappingham twitched his companion's sleeve, but the general was already posing; and neither heard the words of presentation, because Miss Betty gave each of them a quick look, then smiled upon them as they bowed; the slayers were prostrated before their prey. Never were lady-killers more instantaneously tamed and subjugated by the power of the feminine eye. Will Cummings came in soon, and almost upon his heels Eugene Madrillon and young Frank Chenoweth. No others appeared for half an hour, and the five gentlemen looked at one aside, each divining his own another enthusiastic dancers and lovemakers of in his fellow's eye, and each laboriously the town, the handsome Tappingham explaining to the others his own mistake

I municipal lodging-houses all help to re- | books at all formerly, because they do not | character-on sloth or appetite or weal

"programme" of dances.

It may not be untimely to remark also, of these five redovbtable beaux, that, during the evening it occurred to every one of them to be gad that Crailey Gray was letrothed to Fanchon Bareaud, and that he was down on the Rouen River with a canoe, a rod and a tent. Nay, without more words, to declare the truth in regard to Crailey, they felt greater security in his absence from the field than in his betrothal. As Mr. Chenoweth, a youth as topen as out-of-doors, both in countenance and mind, observed plaintively to Tapillagham Marsh in a corner, while they watched Miss Betty's lavender flowers miraculously swirling through a quadriller "Crailey, you know—well, Crailey's been engaged before." It was not geniality itself, but might be third cousin to it. Indeed, in his way, he was almost proud of her, though he had no wish to show it. Since one worth's habit to disguise his apprehensions, well that she be like this one.

this prodigious artlemenss, she aiready possessed no novel acquaintance with the exclamation. But she made no comment; her partner's style was not a stimulant to repartee. "It would be heaven," he amplified earnestly, "It would be heaven to dance with you forever—on a desert isle where the others couldn't come!" He finished with sudden acerbity as his eye causing the Garcest's.

caught the General's. caught the General's.

He proceeded, and only the cessation of the music asided Miss Carewe in stopping the declaration before it was altogether out; and at that point Frank's own father out; and at that point Frank's own father came to her rescue, though in a fashion little saving of her confusion. The eider Chenoweth was one of the gallant and kindly Southern colony that made it natural for Rouen always to speak of Miss. Carewe as "Miss Betty." He was a handsome old fellow, whose hair, long mustache and imperials were as white as he was proud of them, a Virginian with the admirable Southern fearlessness of being thought sentimental. Mounting a chair with complete dignity, he lifted a glass of wine high in the air, and, when all the other glasses had been filled, proposed the of wine high in the air, and, when all the other glasses had been filled, proposed the health of his young hostess. He made a speech of some length, pronouncing himself quite as hopelessly in love with his old friend's daughter as all could see his own son was; and wishing her long life and presperity, with many allusions to fragrant bowers and the Muses.

It made Miss Betty happy, but it was rather trying, too, for she could only stand with downcast cyes before them all, trembling a little, and receiving a mixed impression of Mr. Chenoweth's remarks, catching fragments here and there. "And

catching fragments here and there. "And may the blush upon that gentle cheek, loveller than the radjunt clouds at set of sun," and "Yet the sunds of the hour-glass must fall, and in the calm and beauglass must fall, and in the calm and beau-teous old age some day to be her lot, when fond mem'ry leads her back to view again the brilliant scene about her now, where stand 'fair women and brave men,' wine-cup in hand to do her honor, oh, may she wipe the silent tear," and the like. As the old gentleman finished, and before the toast was drunk. Fanchon Bareaud, kissing her hand to Betty, took up the song again; and they all joined in, lifting their glasses to the blushing and happy girl clinging to her father's arm: girl clinging to her father's arm: Thou wouldst still be adored as this mome

thou srt.

Let thy loveliness fade as it will;
And around the dear ruin, each wish of my
heart,
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

They were happy people who had not learned to be self-conscious enough to fear doing a pretty thing openly without

mocking themselves for it; and it was a brave circle they made about Betty Ca-rewe, the charming faces of the women and their fine furbelows, handsome men and tall, all so gray, so cheerly smiling, and yet so earnest in their welcome to her. No one was afraid to "let out" his voice; their song went full and strong

over the waking town, and when it was finished the ball was over, too. The veranda and the path to the gate became like tropic gardens, the fair colors of the women's dresses, ballooning in the early breeze, making the place seem strewn with giant blossoms. They all went away at the same time, those in carriages calling faravalls. carriages calling farewells to each other and to the little processions departing on foot in different directions to homes near by. The sound of the voices and laughter drew away, slowly died out altogether, and the ellence of the street was strange and unfamiliar to Betty. She went to the hedge and watched the musicians, who were the last to go, until they passed from sight; little black tollsome figures, carry-

in regard to the hour designated upon Mr. Carewe's cards of invitation. This small embarrassment, however, did not prevent Genefal Trumble and young Mr. Cheneweth from coming to high words over Miss Carewe's little, gilt-filigree "programme" of dances.

It may not be untimely to remark, also, it may not be untimely to remark, also, What she needed now was another girt; what she needed now was another girt;

plingham Marsh in a corner, while they watched Miss Betty's lavender flowers miraculously swirling through a quadriller "Crailey, you know—well, Crailey's been engaged before" It was not Mr. Chenoweth's habit to disguise his apprehensions, and Crailey Gray would not ush for bass forever.

The same Chenoweth was he, who, madened by the General's triumphantly familiar way of toying with Miss Betty's fan between two dancea, attempted to propose to her during the sunrise waits. Having sung "Oh, believe me" in her car as loudly as he could, he expressed the wish—quite as loudly. That this waits might last for always!"

That was the seventh time it had been said to Betty during the night, and though Mr. Chenoweth's predecessors had revealed their desires in a guise lacking this prodigious artiesmess, she aiready possessed no novel acquaintance with the exclamation. But ane made no comment, her partner's style was not a stimulant to be life that of its indeed. In his waits way, he was almost proud of her, though he had no wish to show it. Since one was compelled to display the fact that one possessed a grown daughter, it was well that she be like this one. There was no sense of temporal about the sense of companionship for either in the other: she had been unable to break through his perfunctory, almost formal, manner with her; therefore, because he encouraged no affection in her, she felt none, and wondered why, since he was her father. She was more curious about him than interested, and, though she did not know it, she was prepared to judge him—should occasion arise—precisely a she would judge any other mere acquaint tance. This morning, for the first time, the prodigious artiesuness, she aiready possessed no novel acquaintance with the exclamation. But ane made no comment, her partner's style was not a stimulant to be the first time to the friends made it appear possible that and gratitude toward him, the emborate fashion in which he had introduced her to his friends made it appear possible that he liked her; for he had forgotten noth-ing, and to remember everything in this case was to be lavish, which has often the

case was to be lavish, which has often the appearance of generosity.

And yet there had been a lack; some small thing she had missed, though she was not entirely sure that she identified it, but the lack had not been in her tather or in anything he had done. Then, too, there was something so unexpectedly human and pleasant in his not going to bed at once, but remaining to smoke on the veranda at this hour, that she gave him credit for a little of her own excitement, innocently funcying that he, also, might feel the need of a companion with whom to talk over the brilliant passages of the night. And a moment ensued when she debated taking his hand. She was too soon glad that her intuition forbade the demonstration. demonstration.

"It was all so beautiful, papa," she said,

timidly. "I have no way to tell you how I thank you."
"You may do that," he replied, evenly, with so unkindness, with no kindness, either, in the level of his tone, "by never dancing again more than twice with one

man in one evening."
"I think I should much prefer not, myself," she returned, lifting her head to face him gravely. "I believe if I cared to dance more than once with one i should like to dance all of them with

Mr. Carewe frowned. "I trust that you discovered none last night whom you wished to honor with your entire programme."

gramme."
"No," she laughed, "not last night."
Her father toosed away his cigar abruptly, "Is it too much to hope," he inquired, that when you discover a gentieman with whom you desire to waitz all night, you will omit to mention the fact to him?" There was a bitef flash of her eye as she recalled her impulse to take his hand, but she immediately looked at him with such complete seriousness that he feared his irony had been thrown away.

"I'll remember not to mention it." she anawered. "I'll tell him you told me not to."

"I think you may retire now," said Mr.

Carewe, sharply.

She rose from the steps, went to the door, then turned at the threshold. "Were

all your friends here, papa?"
"Do you think that every ninny who gabbled in my house last night was my friend?" he said, angrily. "There was one friend of mine, Mrs. Tanberry, who wasn't here, because she is out of town; but I do not imagine you are inquiring about women. You mean: Was ever unmarried male idlot who could afford swallow-tail coat and a clean pair of gloves cavorting about the place? Yes, miss, they were all here except two, and one of those is a fool, the other a knave. "Can't I know the fool?" she asked,

"I rejoice to find them so rare in your experience!" he retorted. "This one is out of town, though I have no doubt you will see him sufficiently often when he re-His name is Crailey Gray, and he is to marry Fanchon Bareaud-if he

"And the knave?" "Is one!" Carewe shut his teeth with a venomous snap, and his whole face red-dened suddenly. "I'll mention this fellow once-now," he said, speaking each word with emphasis. His name is Vaurevel. You see that gate; you see the line of my property there; the man himself, as well as every other person in the town, remembers well that the last time I spoke members well that the last time I spoke to him, it was to tell him that if he ever set foot on ground of mine I'd shoot him down, and he knows, and they all know, I shall keep my word! Elsewhere, I told him that for the sake of public peace, I should ignore him. I do. You will see him everywhere; but it will not be difficult to one will have the hardibleod to cuit; no one will have the hardihood to present him to my daughter. The quarrel between us—" Mr. Carewe broke off for a moment, his hands clinching the arms of his chair, while he swallowed with diffihis chair, while he swallowed with diffi-culty, as though he choked upon some acrid bolus, and he was so strongly agi-tated by his own mention of his enemy that he controlled himself by a painful effort of his will, "The quarrel between us is political—and personal. You will remember."

"I shall remember," she answered in a

rather frightened voice.

It was long before she fell asleep. "I slone must hover about the gates or steal into your garden like a thief," the Incroyable had said. "The last time I spoke to him it was to tell him that if he ever set foot on ground of mine, I'd shoot him down!" had been her father's declaration. And Mr. Carewe had spoken with the most undeniable air of meaning what he said. Yet she knew that the Incroyable

would come again.

Also, with hot cheeks pressed into her pillow, Miss Betty had identified the young pillow, Miss Betty had identified the young man in the white hat, that dark person whose hand she had far too impetuously selzed in both of hers. Aha! It was this gentleman who looked into people's eyes and stammered so sincerely over a pretty speech that you almost believed him, it was he who was to many Fanchon Bareaud—"if he remembers!" No wonder Fanchon had been in such a hurry to get him awa. If he remembers!" Such was him away. If he remembers!" Such was that young man's character, was it? Mass Carewe laughed aloud to her pillow; for, was one to guess the reason, also, of his not having come to her ball? Had the

town?"
Then, remembering the piquant and generous face of Fanchon, Betty clinched her fingers tightly and crushed the imp who suggested the unworthy thought, crushed him to a wretched pulp and threw him out of the open window. He immediately sneaked in by the back way, for, in spite of her victory, she still felt a little sorry for poor Fanchon.

(To be continued.)

work now done, and the better outside in-fluences, still better results can be ex-pected in the near future. Nearly all vol-untary poverty rests on some fault of Buffalo, N. Y.

SONGS AND THEIR AUTHORS

need material relief, but, nevertheless, the total number of dependent families has grown smaller while the city has grown larger. Pauperism is being reduced and not merely relieved; and with the better long as human nature and human insti-

William Cox Bennett was born at Green-

tion of a society or individual. The charity organization societies and settlements alone are responsible for much good social work in our cities, which will bear rich fruits. Nothing in this modern work is more vital than its personality. The early conception of a charity organization society in the popular mind was a sort of detective bureau to sift out fraud. Such societies now make their trained workers a nucleus for a great amount of intellithe costume made from my recollection of a sketch of your great-uncle. I saw it a long time ago in your library."

It is a long time ago in your library."

Miss Carew's accustomed poise was guits recovered; indeed, she was astonabled to discover a distinct trace of disappointment that the brilliant apparition must offer so tame an explanation. What he said was palpably the truth; there was a masqueezade that thight, she knew, at the Madrillou's, a little way up Carewe's accustomed police was guits recovered; indeed, she was astonabled to discover a distinct trace of disappointment that the brilliant apparition must offer so tame an explanation. What he value of relief and less upon its dan as masqueezade that thight, she knew, at the Madrillou's, a little way up Carewe's great and ber father had gone, an hour sariler, a blue domino over bis arm.

The Incryable was a person of almost magleal perceptiveness; he felt the jetting of the protest against mere aims, unaccompanied by percent. Not only is the cottage system now make their trained workers to industry the truth; there was a manual standard to the protest against institutions is more recent and her father had gone, an hour sariler, a blue domino over bis arm.

The Incryable was a person of almost magleal perceptiveness; he felt the jetting of the protest against institutions is more recent magnetic to the cottage system now make their trained workers to increase the very highest type of charity, the series can are being given in charity than ever some in being realized that cure is better than cure. Vaster of time is better than cure. Vaster of time is better than cure. Vaster of the value of relief and societies are beginning to realize the manual school and train the being large of charity, the police of the value of relief and less upon list dan protects and the value of relief and less upon list dan protects and the value of relief and less upon list dan protects and the value of relief and less upon list dan protects and the value of relief and less u Cheeks as soft as July peaches;

Graspings small at all that passes; Pullings off of all that's able Pullings off of all that's able
To be caught from tray or table;
Silences, small meditations
Deep as thoughts as cares for nations
Breaking into wisent speeches
In a tongue that nothing teaches;
All the thoughts of whose possessing
Must be woosed to light by guessing;
Slumbers—such sweet angel seemings
That we'd ever have such dreamings;
Till from sleep we see thee breaking.

By FREDERICK ALMY

Chairman of Committee for National Conference of Charities.

That we'd ever have such dreamings;
Till from sleep we see thee breaking.
And we'd always have thee waking;
Wealth for which we know no measure.
Gladness brimming over gladness;
Joy in care; delight in sadness;
Loveliness beyond completeness;
Swestness distancing all sweetness;
Beauty all that beauty may be—
That's May Bennett; that's my baby.

One Woman's Unique Vocation.

A very unique position is held in the City of St. Louis by Mrs. Graham Frost. In one of the first banks there she occupies a position known as that of the "hostess." Her duty is to explain hanking methods to the woman patrons, thus relieving them of embarrasament and expediting the course of business. Mrs. Frost finds that nearly all women need instruction as to the cuipping of coupons, renting safe deposit boxes, real estate matters, redemption and exchange of money, and so forth. Benedical results have accrued to the bank from Mrs. Frost's employment, the volume of business being greatly increased. It has already 2000 women depositors.

Baby May.

wich, England, October 14, 1820, and died at Blackheath, March 4, 1895. Many of at Blackhesth, March 4, 1888. Many of his songs enloyed wide popularity, and, according to one critic, "his work shows facility of execution and considerable range of feeling." Mr. Bennett's activities were mainly educational and reformatory. Americans are indebted to him for his successful efforts to have a bust of Longfellow placed in Westminster Abbey, Lendon, where the ashes of many eminent men are at reat. One of Mr. Bennett's popular songs is a tribute to his own baby:

That's May Bennett; that's my baby, One Woman's Unique Vocation,