



CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

Standing upon a mound near her, she places her hands to her pretty mouth, and with a simple eloquence that cannot be too highly commended, cries "Hi!" to him, at the top of her fresh young voice.

Whether the breeze has played traitor, or whether the bending figure is of so gross material as to be deaf to this brilliant appeal, who can say. At all events, he never stirs or lifts himself from his task, whatever it may be. Nothing daunted, Griselda returns to the attack. "Hi!" cries she again, with a sharper, freer intonation. And still nothing comes of it. The bending figure refuses to straighten his back, and things remain as before. It is really too bad. Getting down from her mound she clambers up on a higher bank, and once more sends out her voice upon the world:

"Hi, my good man!" This does it. As if compelled to acknowledge this tribute to his virtues, "my good man" appears himself, looks round him at every point but the right one first, and at last sees Griselda. The effect produced is not only instantaneous but marvelous. Down goes his rod, his cast, his choicest fly—an admirable orange ground—and he comes steaming toward her at about twenty knots an hour.

His eyes, ever since they first lighted upon Griselda, have seemed to grow to her, and now, as he draws nearer, she too sees and recognizes him. The knowledge thus gained so surprises her that she very nearly falls off her high bank, and then grows very charmingly rosy, and as charmingly confused. It is none other than the young man who had helped to restore the carriage to its legitimate position.

CHAPTER IV.

"It is really you!" cries he, with unaffected delight, coloring warmly.

"It is you, too," replies she, reflectively, and as though it is a little unfair to throw all the personalities at her.

"So it is," says he, smiling gayly. "You wanted me? I hope you had not to call often?"

"Very often," smiling, too, and jumping down off her pedestal. "I thought I should never make you hear. Do you know the road to Greycourt? I don't."

"I do. It is a tedious way, and so complicated. But if you will permit me to go with you and show it to you, Miss Dyrart?"

"Oh, no, no, indeed. It is giving you quite too much trouble, and I hope I'm not known to my name," she says, with a shy glance at him from under her long lashes.

"I asked somebody in the village," confesses he, honestly, "and he told me you were Mr. Dyrart's niece. You don't mind that, do you?"

"No, I, too, heard of you," she says, "but then I didn't take for granted everything that was told me."

"What did you hear of me?"

"That you were a young man down from Lannan town, an' as full o' tricks as an egg's full o' mate," replies she, demurely, evidently quoting somebody, and with a glance so "full o' tricks" on her own account that he laughs in spite of himself.

"Well," says he, "I'm not from Lannan town, certainly, and I hope I'm not a greater wretch than my fellows. As to my 'tricks,' I don't believe I've one."

"If not from London, from where?"

"Rather close to you. My sister lives just over the border of this county, a matter of twenty miles or so; and I spend most of my time with her."

"It was a very good thing for my sister and me that you came fishing," says Griselda, musingly. "He is all mind, in my opinion. There isn't a weak spot in him. By the by, have you ever been to Greycourt?"

"No, I've often thought I should like to go on some Wednesday or other."

"Some Wednesday? What Wednesday? And why Wednesday? Griselda is distinctly puzzled, but hardly likes to ask a question on the subject.

"It's a quiet old house," she says, "and might be lovely, I think, if the trees were cut away and some sunlight let into it, and a little furniture. It's empty, positively empty."

"Surely you forget the galleries?" says he. "Is it indeed possible that you do not know that those pictures of your ancestors are absolutely priceless? Pure Reynolds. Why, those galleries at Greycourt, I've often heard my father say, are about the finest in England. Your uncle is good enough to open them to the public every first Wednesday in the month at the very trifling charge of half a crown."

"Why?" cries Griselda, flushing so hot a color that the tears grow within her eyes. "Oh, you can't mean that."

"Well, why not?" says the young man, boldly, preparing with a stout courage to defend a vile cause. "It is to improve the tastes of the multitude that he does it, of course. And if he chooses to repay himself for the wear and tear of his carpets, who shall say he has not common sense on his side?"

At this moment the chimneys of Greycourt shone through the interstices of the trees on her left, and with the knowledge that she had gained her home, comes, too, the sound of running water, and the thought that all through her return walk through the leafy woods that music had rushed as a chorus to her words.

"Ah! now I know!" cries she, stopping abruptly, and looking full at her companion, who grows somewhat guilty in appearance. "That noise of running water—that is the river that flows beneath Greycourt. If I had only followed it I need not have given you all this trouble."

"It is no trouble," says he, plainly. "She holds out to him her hand. "Good-bye," she says, gently.

"Oh, no good-bye," he returns, he anxiously, taking the slim little hand and holding it as warmly as he dares, perhaps more closely than he is quite aware of.

"I shall see you again!"

"Oh, no, no, indeed," softly. "You must not think that. Uncle Gregory does not permit us to know our neighbors."

"He likes his hat and Griselda, giving him a rather solemn little salute, turns away from him. A second later, however, she finds him again beside her.

"—There is all the appearance of coming rain in the sky," he says, gravely. "Don't you think so? I fear we shall have a perfect storm before long. I thought I'd tell you, so that you might get as much good out of these woods as possible before the deluge. This week, now, might be fine, but I should not answer for the next; and, indeed, if you will permit me to advise you, I should recommend you to take a walk to-morrow. Who shall say that rain might not fall the day after?"

Who, indeed?

It seems the soundest reasoning. So Griselda, having shown herself impressed by it, inclines her head to him once more, and, a turn in the path hiding him at last from view, takes to her heels, and hardly draws breath until, having found the small iron gate that admits to the garden at its lowest end, she enters by it and feels herself at last at home.

On the hall doorsteps, as if lying in wait for her, stands Mrs. Grunch, the housekeeper.

"Dear me, miss, and so you have returned," says she. "Dear! but master will be main glad to hear of it. He was that upset by your absence that he hasn't so much as approach him." Griselda's blood grows cold. "But now he'll be sure to tell you himself how glad he is to see you back safe and sound."

CHAPTER V.

Mrs. Grunch, as Griselda left her, turned aside, and with darkened brow made for the library. Mr. Dyrart's usual abiding place. Not finding him here, she hurries onward toward the hall, until she comes to a heavy curtain, once hung with no-moth-eaten and dingy, and pushing it aside, reveals a long flagged passage, with a high, narrow door at the extreme end.

Stepping as she comes to it, she peers through the keyhole, and finding it empty, tries, with a cautious, quiet grasp, the handle of the door to find the latter locked. Still very cautiously she slips her hand into the keyhole, draws out a key, and, with a gasp, and inserting it in the lock, softly opens the door.

A grim smile overpreads her face, as she looks toward the further end of the room. There, on his knees beside a cabinet, kneels Mr. Dyrart. It is open, and Mr. Dyrart, in his worn and shabby old coat, is kneeling before the secret opening, gazing openly upon its contents. Flies upon flies crawl over his face, and he builds one on the top of the other, until they reach from one narrow resting place to the other above, and so on. Dull, heavy gold that scarcely glitters, save in the eyes of the wretched miser, lending over them.

Yet it is not so much on the money as on a paper he holds in his hand that his attention is concentrated. He is so bent on the pursuit of it that he hears neither the turn of the key in the lock nor the woman's entrance. And now, as a malicious chuckle breaks from her, it so startles him that he springs to his feet as if shot, and a sharp, horrid cry, that is almost a shriek, escapes him. His face has grown deadly white, great drops of sweat stand out upon his brow.

"Contorting yourself with a look at it," says she, with a malignant leer. "As she speaks she points not at the gold, but at the paper he has tightly clutched in his hand.

"How did you come here, woman?" demands he, in a shrill tone. He is trembling, and with nervous fingers presses the paper into the secret recess in the cabinet, and shuts to the oakwood work.

"Why, through the door," retorts she, sullenly. "How else? You should remember to lock it when engaged on work like this."

"I could have sworn I locked it," says he, still shaking. "See! here is the key in my pocket. I tell you, with increasing agitation, "I did lock it. Are you a fead that you can follow me through bolted doors?"

"Hush! Don't give way to foolish fancies. And after all, why need my coming foster you? Surely, with a mocking smile, "You are a man of an innuendo; you were but refreshing yourself with a glimpse of—"

"Be silent, woman! Are you mad?" cries he, lifting his arms like one in mortal fear.

"You're but a poor sort after all," she says, contemptuously. "Too poor for faith or trust of any sort. What! can you not even believe in me, who has served you and yours long and faithful for forty years? Is it likely I'd betray you now for my children?"

"Ay, he served you falsely once," says Gregory Dyrart, a savor of pleasure in his tone.

"He took my best—my life, my soul—the heart of everything," says she, slowly, beating one withered hand upon the other. "Though years have rolled by I have not forgotten; I shall not forget at all. When first I saw them I felt as though, if power were given me, I could have blasted as they stood those insolent hussies upstairs."

Something out of the goodly past, some vague touch of decency belonging to the days when he was young and happy, and when honor was still a word to which he clung with all his might, renders this coarse epithet, as applied to the pretty orphans committed to his care, insupportable.

"You hardly remember, perhaps, that you are speaking of my nieces," he says with an angry frown.

"Holy rony!" None of your airs with me," says she, sternly. She advances a step nearer to him. "Remember, Dyrart, that I can either make or mar you. I, and I only."

"I would I were sure of that," says he, moodily. "But—Have you forgotten Sedley? He knew."

"Fish! He's dead; let him rest. What a one you are to worry! Twenty years and more, and no sign of him, and I ask you was he the one to remain quiet, if he saw a way to forcing a sovereign out of you?"

"True, true," says Dyrart, eagerly catching at this suggestion. "And yet I would give much to know that he was in the grave."

"Ay, and I in mine! I know you," says she, with an evil look. "You fear me," she says, gently.

"I fear nothing," says he, coldly.

"Holy rony!" says she, slowly, regarding him closely. "Not even that your son should know?"

"She pauses, pleased with her work. All

at once, as if were, on hearing this question, the old man quails before her like a beaten hound. The life goes out of him, he seems to shrink into himself, and puts out his hands as though to ward off some fatal blow.

"Not that. Anything but that," he mutters, feebly.

"Well, don't drive me to it," says she, sulkily.

"Remember, it was for him I did it," cries he, sharply. "After all my love, my care, my secrecy, to have it now laid bare to him! I tell you," his fingers working convulsively—"rather than that he should know, it seems to me that it would be a sweet and simple thing to murder him who would betray me."

"I'm not going to betray you," says she. "And as for saying 'twas for him you did it, why—"

"For him. For his sake only."

"Farily, I think," says she, dryly.

"Sincerely, altogether. What other creature had I to love me—to love? His mother, as you know, hated me; and when she died I was glad," says he, crushing his fingers together.

"Yet the deed was scarcely necessary if done for him," says Grunch, holding the mother. "That old aunt of his—the mother's sister—put want out of the question for her."

"I knew nothing of her desire to make him her heir—then."

"You know it now, anyway," says she, with a nasty sneer. "And it is never too late to mend—to find by accident that paper you have just looked up."

"I have thought of it," says he, with lowered brow and eyes bent upon the ground, "dreamed of it; and all my dreaming has but convinced me that things had better stay as they now are. Into what better hands could they have fallen? Who would have husbanded it all like me? You know the care, the trouble, the sleepless days and nights I have devoted to the management of—of it. You know whether it has ever been a joy to me—rather a grief, a weariness of the flesh, a curse?" The words come from between his lips with a little hissing sound. "But it is all for him, for him," he says, in a dying tone.

With restless, feeble steps he begins to pace the room.

"He believes in me. He trusts me; he alone—now! But if ever he were to learn the truth he would turn me from him. I swear to you—he turns and fixes his burning eyes on me—'I'd strangle you with these hands,' holding them out before me, trembling with passion, yet strong and lithe, 'before the world could pass your lips.'"

"I'm not going to play traitor. I've told you that," says she, frowning. "I've had a chance before this if I wished to do it; and I'm not going to help his children, whatever happens." Her brow grows black and her eyes lighten. "May curses follow him wherever he be, even through the gates of death!"

"Amen," says Dyrart, earnestly. Then, in a different tone: "Seaton is coming home to-morrow."

"You have a design," says she, fixing her sharp eyes on him with a searching regard.

"True; and I think well of mentioning it to you," says Dyrart, slowly. "For long and careful thought I have decided on abandoning more ambitious schemes and wedding him to my elder niece, Vera."

CHAPTER VI.

DOROTHY DREW.

Anecdotes of the Late Mr. Gladstone's Little Granddaughter.

Dorothy Drew, Gladstone's famous grandchild, whose loving companionship added so much to the happiness of his later years, is the subject of a very interesting sketch in the Young Woman. We learn from it that before her fourth year her political views had become decidedly radical; for her mind the House of Lords was a most reprehensible institution, and the House of Commons the mainstay of the nation. When the House of Lords was spoken of in her presence as the "Upper House," she would retort: "You mean the House of Commons!" She visited the latter during her third year, and for a time thought herself in church. The frequent rising and sitting of the members soon and cooled her, however, and from these movements and the oratorical gesticulations of the speakers, she fancied herself in a gymnasium—an impression derived from a previous visit to such a place. For some time after this, the Commons was "the place where grandpa goes to do his 'nastics,' or, on occasions, 'the place where grandpa goes to do his lessons.'"

Her visit to Queen Victoria was a momentous episode in her young life, and from the article above mentioned we quote the narrative of her delightful experiences:

Dorothy relates how she went down the long white corridor to put on her new white frock and her silk gloves, and how a grand servant all dressed in red came to say that the Queen was waiting.

"The Indian man whom the Queen likes very much was at the door, and the next moment Dorothy stood before the great Queen whom her grandpapa had served for sixty years. But Dorothy thought nothing of the vastness of the empire, or of the length of the reign which all the world was celebrating. It was nothing to her that the kindly gray-haired lady, before her was mistress of one-quarter of the whole human race.

To Dorothy she was just another woman like grandmamma, with a white cap on her head; and Dorothy courted and kissed her, and told her name was "Dorothy," that she called Mr. Gladstone "grandpapa," that they all had pet names at the castle, and so on and so on; and many interesting pet names were revealed on both sides.

"The Queen put on her glasses and asked me to go to the other side of the room, so that she could see me better," Dorothy explains, "and then she took a little jewel-case and said: 'This is for you.'"

"I opened it and saw a darling little brooch, with a diamond V and a diamond R and a turquoise I, and a little crown at the top made of red enamel. I courted and kissed her hand and said: 'Thank you very much.' She looked very nice and kind, and I liked her very much."

Then the Queen kissed the little Dorothy again, and Dorothy and her mother returned to town.

Kipling, who is numbered among the celebrities who have sought Dorothy's acquaintance, tells an amusing story of their meeting. They had been in the grounds surrounding Hawarden for some time together, when Dorothy's mother appeared, saying:

"Now, Dorothy, I hope you have not been worrying Mr. Kipling."

"Oh, no, not a bit," was the frank, unconvictional reply. "Mr. Kipling, has been wearing me!"

HATED FENIMORE COOPER.

Perpetual War Waged Between Author and Village Lads.

Not so many boys read J. Fenimore Cooper nowadays as three or four decades ago, but if it were possible to have an accounting to-day it would probably be found that no one, barring only Captain Marryat, has pleased and delighted so many lads with his stories.

It is more or less of a shock, therefore, to those who remember him as one of the chief patron saints of their boyhood, to learn that in actual life Cooper and the boys of his village were sworn enemies. N. C. Brewer, who was one of the boys, but is now an elderly man living in Cleveland, gave the world this interesting bit of personal reminiscence the other day. He lived at Cooperstown, Otsego County, N. Y., when Cooper made his home there.

"There was not a man in the town whom the boys hated as they did Mr. Cooper," said Mr. Brewer. "He was a typical Englishman of the austere sort, surly to boys and very liberal in the use of his walkingstick on their backs when he got the chance."

"He was probably very irritable, and the boys knew this and made matters worse by going out of their way to annoy him. We used to get into his orchard and steal his apples, more for the pleasure it gave us to make him angry than for the sake of the apples."

"His manner seemed to indicate to us that he had a very exalted sense of his own importance and that he thought we boys ought to take off our hats to him every time we met him in the street. I was about 10 years old at the time and had not read any of his stories."

"Perhaps it may seem odd, but it is a fact that while I have all his works in my library, I have never read any of them, and the only recollections that I have of him are the boyhood feelings of dislike caused by his manners and by his treatment of the boys of Cooperstown. This seems strange, when the fact is considered that his stories have pleased so many thousands of boys."—New York Sun.

ROYAL INFANT PHOTOGRAPH BY QUEEN OF ITALY.

Amateur photography has entered on a sudden revival in Italy since royalty adopted the fad. Queen Helena is now one of the most ardent enthusiasts with the camera and one of the most skillful.

The snapshot she prides herself most on is that she recently obtained of her infant daughter, the Princess Yolanda Margherita Milena Elisabeth Rowana Marie. Copies of the photograph have been presented to the women of the royal court and they are taking up the camera fashion.

The little princess is 7 months old.



THE QUEEN AND HER BABY.

Her birth was not hailed with great delight in the palace or among the people, as a male heir was hoped for, but she has won her way into popularity and is enthusiastically cheered wherever she appears in public. She is a healthy, vigorous child.

At her birth, the first of last June, thousands of prisoners were pardoned and liberated, and all the poor children of Rome were given dinners in honor of the little royal maiden. Every child born in Rome, in Naples and in the metropolitan provinces on the same day received from the King and Queen a complete outfit, a cradle and a savings bank book with \$20 in his credit.

An Opportune Gift.

A good-natured, easy-going German living in Chicago asked his American wife to pick out some little present for his sister in the old country. He had squandered his fortune, says the Record-Herald, but his sister will have hers, and with careful Teutonic management had swelled it to a comfortable sum.

The American wife knew nothing of her sister-in-law, and she appreciated the limitations of her own finances as well as the difficulty of choosing a gift for a stranger. But she went to a repository for women's work and discovered there a dainty bag of chambray leather embroidered with wreaths of forget-me-nots and emblazoned with the one word "Money." To indicate its use as a secret purse to be worn about the neck in traveling.

It seemed an innocent little gift, but Fritz danced with delight when he saw it. "Ach, the very thing!" he cried. "I would not write, and ask her—no, 'Money' and 'forget-me-not,' neb, it is the most beautiful reminder!"

His wife, who had not thought of the matter in that light, protested and would fain have withheld the present, but Fritz was firm. It was sent to Germany at Christmas.

A few weeks later a substantial check came in acknowledgment. The sister had indeed appreciated the situation.

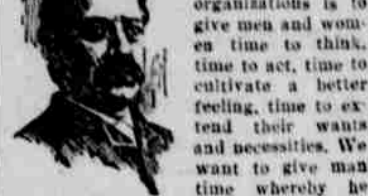
Two English "A's."

It is said that in the window of a country undertaker's shop is displayed a full-sized coffin, wherein is placed this notice: "Wanted—An adult assistant. Inquire within." The case finds a parallel in that of the picture shop, the window of which contained a picture of Cupid, to which the legend was attached: "Wanted—A respectable boy."—London Globe.

Ever notice that when your child wants you to do a thing, they have a way of getting word to you?

LEADERS BY THE PEOPLE

Aim of Labor Organizations.



The underlying philosophy of labor organizations is to give men and women time to think, time to act, time to cultivate a better feeling, time to extend their wants and necessities. We want to give them time whereby they may cultivate a fraternal feeling with his fellows, that he may cause a demand for articles that contribute to his comfort and sustenance. In a word, to make the workers—the producers of the wealth of the world—great consumers.

To permanently improve the condition of the people, to improve their habits and customs must be our aim. There are two classes who indulge in debauchery and run—those who do not know what to do with their time because they have too much money, and those who have no work to do and cannot obtain any.

The man who works twelve hours a day finds life comfortable. He sleeps to work, lives to work and knows nothing else but work. He who works too many hours a day has no regard for his personal appearance. He meets and associates with nobody when he goes to work who is better conditioned than he is. He cares for nothing but work. On the other hand, the man who works a reasonable number of hours is the very opposite in his personal habits. He has some spare time and he does not waste it. He goes into his parlor. If that parlor has no carpet, he feels that it should have one. As his children grow up about him he must learn a little music. He must have pictures and other things that contribute to his comfort. By degrees his habits and customs improve and, therefore, to that extent, he is a better citizen and he helps all the more to strengthen the republic. This is a high aim. It is the true aim of labor in America and every country of the world.

For too many years, for too many centuries, have the working people been looked upon as wealth-producing machines, to be used to the utmost extent; to be pushed, to be lashed, to be cast down, to be grinded by cast-iron tyranny so long as the profit does not do with it. Too much thought has been devoted to what men and women can produce, and too little to giving them an opportunity to live.

We want to give the people time—time, the great factor of the world; time, which produces all wealth; time, which begins our era and ends our last breath; time, the converter of all opposition to reason; time, which abolishes poverty, gives justice and allows fair dealing and common honesty to prevail.

THE SELFISHNESS OF CHURCHES.

It is admitted that each individual has a conception of the religion of Christ differing from that of others; but the fundamental principles, love for all mankind, and its concomitants of charity toward the needy and wayward, and help for the weak and dependent, seem to be the generally accepted idea of the teachings of Christ. As to the practice of these teachings, for which it may be supposed that church organization was instituted, a few inquiries may not be amiss.

Is there still charity in an organization which endeavors to have its members consider the organization as the principal feature, and is not this the universal practice of all denominations of the Christian religion? Are not the questions raised in the business and other meetings questions in which the denomination is the central figure?

As there is light in the life or teachings of Christ which lead to this condition? Did he say, "You Presbyterians must advance Presbyterianism," or "You Baptists must add to your roll of membership?" or "You Episcopalians must add to your wealth?" or "You Catholics shall hold yourselves aloof from all others?"

How much time and direction was given by Christ to organizing and how much by the modern church organization as compared to the work of love in healing the sick, feeding the hungry, clothing the naked and helping the weak?

Is it of Christ's teaching that the entire effort of the congregation shall be put into the erection of a temple of worship, in which it is themselves who are the beneficiaries of almost all the effort?

Is the rivalry between the different denominations to have the most splendid building, the finest and most costly furnishings, the best music, and the most brilliant orator for the pulpit of the teaching of Christ?

Is it religion or is it selfishness which prompts the congregation to spend thousands of dollars for building and furnishing costly edifices and let the widow starve in the adjoining block?

Is it a tribute to Christ that one denomination has the highest salaried minister in the world, and yet it is in that fact, and not in the amount of Christian fellowship exhibited, in which that congregation prides itself, and for which their strongest efforts have been given?

Does the educated mind become so that it cannot comprehend what is made plain to the most unlearned, but must have the simple truths enlarged upon, elaborated, and presented in the language of the most profound scholars?

Evidently there is a lack of congeniality between the plain and simple teachings of Christ and the modern churches, for the conditions, as above interrogated, are certain to be the most noticeable of the features of the churches, which are, in effect, if not in intent, but societies of men's own instituting.

FRANK PLANET.

What is an Educational Fad?

A school fad is a part of a line of school work with which one is not in full accord or sympathy, through ignorance of its purpose or on account of an honest difference of opinion. It is a school-room innovation in the nature of the elements of time, and locality. They are different things in different times at different places. They have their exits and their entrances. Time alone proves their value or their worthlessness, and that which is fashionably dubbed a fad will fade as a ribbon of the hour. Fads are of two kinds, ephemeral and eternal, and mortal man, be he editor or educator, cannot always classify. A fancy to-day may be a fad to-morrow, a fable the next day, and in the hands of some unbalanced enthusiast, a fool thing thereafter.

We do not now consider geography a fad, but the courtiers of Isabella of Spain said that subject was a fad with one Christopher Columbus. A half century ago the Spenser system of penmanship was hailed as a fad; it was opposed because it was said to destroy individuality



and character in penmanship. To-day the vertical system is termed a fad and opposed for precisely the same reasons but the one had and the other has a mission to perform; each was a distinct step in advance; each received or will receive modification, but each systematized the work and called attention thereto to the most important subject. Music is sometimes and in some places termed a fad. But the fifteen minutes daily of instruction in vocal music in the school room has a distinct temporary and permanent value; we may say it has a temporal and spiritual value. Condemn sooner the two or three hours' daily instrumental practice in the home.

In many central States the consolidation of small rural schools and the transportation of pupils by public conveyance may be considered and is sometimes termed a fad, but it is a fad that will grow in favor as its advantages are better understood by the public. Whatever tends to improve the rural schools and to keep the boys on the farm should receive universal approbation, be it fad, fact or fancy. In Nebraska at present the elements of agriculture, including a fair knowledge of the habits and structure of the common plants, birds, insects and quadrupeds, is a fad, perhaps, but that great agricultural State will instruct its youth thoroughly in the causes and dependencies of its commonwealth.

Drawing and elementary science are not fads, and they have a distinct economic value in industrial centers. Manual training in its various phases, domestic science, etc., may or may not be fads, according to local conditions. Extending the department store plan of the great universities and colleges down through the high schools into the grammar grades is, I fear, a dangerous fad.

We lack the time and the public lacks the patience to wait for results in uncertain experimentation in the grammar grades. Less than one hour in eight is passed by the child in the school room when he attends regularly throughout the school year. The average attendance would not equal one hour in twelve. Perhaps there are fads in the home, even when they are for good or for ill. Society may train our youth for social functions, pink teas, and midnight revels, while the school is endeavoring to train for better citizenship. Our schools for delinquents and defectives are now striving to give each individual therein that equipment which will enable him to live an independent life in the world, and the public schools should do no less; they should do more; that which they do in the direction of developing and strengthening an earnest desire for better living, for honest labor, for higher citizenship, for independence, for self-reliance, is not faddism.

WILLIAM K. FOWLER,
State Superintendent of Instruction, Nebraska.

What to Do When Engaged.

Matrimony has been described in two acts as follows:

Act I.—Pays her addresses.

Act II.—Pays for her dresses.

But surely there ought to be an engagement act, and the question is how long that should be. It should be long enough to enable the couple to study and understand each other's characters, but not so long that they grow away from each other in tastes and feelings. Better to take the ball at the hop, so to speak, and marry in the ardor of first love. Some people who have been acquainted from childhood become engaged, and are so long in that condition that they get a settled down, not to say prosaic, look. They might as well be married, and indeed, far better. At first, engaged people are mildly interesting to their friends, but a little of them goes far. We weary of hearing of the perfection of the loved one, and of romantic plans for the future married life. Amelia's eyes and hair may be beautiful, but the sisters of her sweetheart prefer to talk and hear talk about their own eyes and hair.

The society mother says to her daughter: "For the sake of your family don't have a long engagement. You'll want to see him every day, and if I don't go with you to places, people will talk. There must be as many rooms reserved for you as for royalty, and if your father smokes cigars, he won't like it, and other young men will become sly of the house, and your sisters will be bored, and, my dear, if you are going to be married, marry soon and have done with it."

So much depends upon time, place and the circumstances of those concerned that it is not possible to lay down a rule as to the proper length of engagements. More important it is to think how the time should be used.

Unsympathetic people often wonder what engaged persons find to say to each other during the hundreds of hours they spend together. Consider, however, that they have to tell the history of their past lives, their present feelings, and their future hopes. Not long ago I heard an engaged girl saying, "I wonder if I ought to refer to anything more criminal than some mild flirtations, but it is well, as a rule, to make a clean breast of it so that there may be no revelations after marriage. During the engagement period the couple should point out to each other alterations that should be made in conduct and character as plainly as they do in reference to the house they are taking. This is better than establishing a mutual admiration society with a membership of two and might save criticism and nagging afterwards.

The best use to which a couple can put the engagement time is to settle, for the sake of each other, their habits in a right direction. A good test of love is to ask how much he or she will be willing to give up for the sake of the supposed loved one. I know young men who have given up almost all small luxuries in order to be able sooner to afford that greatest luxury in life—a good wife. A suggestion was recently made that there was room for a new society which should teach husband and wife their duty to each other. "The first article of the constitution should be that any person applying for membership should solemnly covenant and agree that throughout married life he or she would carefully observe and practice all courtesy, thoughtfulness and unselfishness that belong to what is known as the engagement period."

This would be an excellent rule, for the

engagement period should prepare for marriage, and the conduct of people towards each other in the former should not greatly differ from what it is in the latter. Why should love-making end with courtship, and of what use are conquests if they are not guards?

REV. E. J. HARDY,
Author of "How to Be Happy Though Married."

False Economy is a Destroyer.

What should you think of an engineer who would try to economize on lubricating oil, at the expense of his machinery or engine? We should say that he is very foolish, but that of us who do much more foolish things; for, while we do not economize on that which would injure inanimate machinery, we economize in cheerfulness, in recreation, in play, in healthful amusements, which would lubricate life's mechanism and make it last longer.

How many of us allow the delicate machinery of our bodies, so wonderfully made, to run without lubrication until it is so worn, rasped and ground away by friction that the whole being jars and shakes, as it were, when it should run noiselessly and unconsciously?

We economize in our friendships by neglecting them; we economize in our social life until we are obliged to pause in our lifework, because the axes, so to speak, have become dry, and we have to stop life's train every little while because of the hot-boxes, whereas, if we would only lubricate our bearings by taking a few minutes here and there to see the ludicrous side of life, or have a little chat with a friend, we might avoid much physical misery and many things detrimental to health.

How unfortunate it is that the poor, the people who should pay the least for things, pay the highest prices for nearly everything—prices which even people in better circumstances cannot afford!

They buy shoes which come to pieces almost the first time they put them on, and purchase clothing which rips, and has to be constantly sewed and re-sewed, and which never looks neat. They buy their coal by the bucketful, even when they could better afford to buy it by the ton, thus paying two or three times what it is worth. They buy cheap groceries, which is the worst kind of economy; adulterated spices, because they are cheaper; poor soaps, poor everything—and this is the worst kind of economy.

The poor would be shocked if they were told that they are more extravagant than the people who are well-to-do. It is not always because they cannot afford to buy in quantities, but they do not think. These people rarely calculate or use paper and pencil to figure out the cost. If poor people would learn how to use their brains, and learn to figure more how to buy, with even their small means, to the best possible advantage, and how to use the best economy—not for the day merely, but in the long run—they would greatly improve their condition.—Orison Swett Gardner in Success.

Movement for Good Roads.

The movement for good roads will be one of the greatest of this century. Good common roads are bound to come. They carry 90 per cent of the commerce that comes from the farm before it can reach a railroad train or boat. It is this item that assures us good roads in the near future, and accounts for our need of them. Their construction will mean not alone a benefit to the farmer, but to commerce in general.

In our own country State aid is going to be placed forcibly before the people. The National Good Roads Association will lead in this, and undertake to educate the people of the cities that they will willingly assist in the construction of roads in the agricultural communities.

The roads belong to everybody, and everybody should be interested in them. New York, Massachusetts, New Jersey and other States have already adopted wise legislation for their improvement, and I believe that within a very short time other States will follow the examples set by these leaders.

W. H. MOORE,
President National Good Roads Association.

CONQUERED THE BAKER.

Elephant Brought His Ill-Natured Friend to Time.

Among the many odd presents received by Queen Victoria was an elephant, which, when a mere baby, was sent to her by an Indian prince. He traveled as a deck passenger on one of the Indian mail steamers from Bombay, and as he had attained but the height of a well-grown calf and was always docile and tractable, he was permitted to have the run of the decks for an hour or two every morning.

By the sailors he was called the "boon's mate," owing to the penchant he had for carefully picking up every loose coil of rope that he could find and then throwing it over the side, being, as Jack said, "as bad as a naval lieutenant for keeping the decks tidy."

Among other acquaintances that he formed was that of the ship's baker, whose galley he soon discovered to be the place of origin of all the sweet dainties with which he was feted. Here he took to making a regular morning call, and was generally regaled with a tart of piece of cake.

But one morning, when he called and extended his trunk, as usual, the cook happened to be in ill humor, and instead of a cake the elephant received a tap on the trunk from the rolling pin.

The blow was not severe, but the boon's turned tail and went trumpeting up the deck, where he took a position that enabled him to watch for his assailant.

Before long he saw the baker leave his "shop," and having apparently made up his mind what to do, the boon's promptly marched down, and with a few vigorous sweeps of his trunk cleared every shelf in the bakery. Loaves, tarts, cakes, patty pans and cake tins lay in a confused heap on the deck. This achieved, he bolted like a mischievous schoolboy, and was locked up in disgrace; but when the circumstances became known the popular verdict was in his favor, and he was allowed his liberty as before.

Boon's was no sooner set free again than he marched down to the baker's, and from that day he never failed to exact his tribute. It was regularly paid, and he and the baker became the best of friends.—Youth's Companion.

Too many people do what they should do and then expect credit for it.