



CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

"So, so you were spying on me?" cries he, in little gasp. "What brought you, eh? That door below was locked—has been locked for fifty years. Is there a conspiracy against me, then, that you can thus force yourself into my presence, in spite of bolts and bars?"

CHAPTER XV.

Going to where Tom Peyton is diligently wedding, Griselda takes him to task. "Why didn't you tell me your sister was the sweetest woman on earth?" demands she, in quite an aggrieved tone.

CHAPTER XVI.

In the last four days Peyton has mysteriously disappeared, no one knows whether, except perhaps Griselda, his sister. "What is the meaning of this masquerade?" demands Dyrart presently with an angry frown; "what brings you here, Peyton, in that dress, and with my cousin?"

CHAPTER XVII.

In the last four days Peyton has mysteriously disappeared, no one knows whether, except perhaps Griselda, his sister. "What is the meaning of this masquerade?" demands Dyrart presently with an angry frown; "what brings you here, Peyton, in that dress, and with my cousin?"

once for all," raising her voice and throwing up her head. "I warn you, rather than marry you," making a slight gesture of horror, "I would accept the first man that asked me."

HIS FAVORITE NOVEL.

POPULAR ENGLISH WRITER ANSWERS A QUERY.

A Few Reflections Upon "David Copperfield" and Some of its Principal Characters—Why the Book Will Live—Humanity Likes Sad Stories.

How can I say which is my favorite novel? I can only ask myself which lives clearest in my memory, which is the book I run to more often than to another, in that pleasant half hour before the dinner bell, when, with all apologies to good Mr. Smiles, it is useless to think of work.

THE FILIPINO SCHOOLBOY.

He Learns Very Little About the United States.

It has been frequently remarked that the Filipinos could have no conception of the extent and resources of the United States or they never would have been deceived into the hallucination that they could successfully combat us. In going through their school here I found a little manuscript volume in which, in less than a hundred manuscript pages, was comprised all of syntax and geography that was taught the children here. And it must be remembered that Malolos, before the insurrection, was an important city in this part of the world, and one where the children would be expected to receive the average education. Turning to one of the pages in this book that I picked up, I found the United States of America discussed upon, immediately after Nigeria, and just before Mexico. Here is the entire lot of information given to the United States, in the form of questions and answers:

"Where is this country (the United States) situated? In North America. "What are its boundaries? To the north, British America; to the east, the Atlantic ocean and the Bahama channel; to the south, the Strait of Florida and the Gulf of Mexico, and to the west, Mexico and the Grande (Pacific) ocean."

"What is the form of government? It is a federal republic. "Of what is this republic composed? Of forty different States. "What are its rivers and mountains? The most notable rivers are the Mississippi (literal spelling), the Niagara, the Missouri (again the literal spelling), the Colorado and the St. Lawrence, and the principal mountains are the Cumberland and Rockies."

"What is the capital? Washington, but the most important city is New York. "Protestantism prevails, but there are Catholic archbishops. And this is the sum total of what the average Filipino boy has been taught about our rather considerable and somewhat prosperous country—Manila Letter in Leslie's Weekly.

He Had Two. Out on Lexington avenue a cable car stopped at the signal of a man by the wayside. The man was bareheaded and carried a baby on his arm. By his side stood a woman.

Milk and Eggs a Bad Diet. "People over 30 would do well to give up milk and eggs in any form as a diet," said a well-known physician. "These are the structure-forming food of animals which mature in a short time, and when taken in quantities by human beings whose structures have already formed they tend only to the hardening and aging of the tissues. I have seen people who were beginning to find stair climbing difficult, and who were losing their elasticity, much benefited by eliminating these articles from their diet. That there has been a great increase in the duration of life below the age of 30 statistics prove, but beyond that period there has been no improvement. In my opinion, the person over 30 would have a good chance to preserve life as the child just beginning its struggle with existence if he would only suit his diet to his years."

Preferred English. French politeness is proverbial, and deservedly so, if the following is a fair example of it. Scene, a shop in a French city. Briton—Vookey you donny mwaww—The proprietor—Pardon! Monsieur can speak the English to me. Briton—Why so? Can't you understand my French? The proprietor—Monsieur, I am from the south, and find it difficult to comprehend the true Parisian accent.—Pick-Me-Up.

Foreign Capital in Spain. There is much French and Belgian capital invested in the principal railway lines of Spain, while England owns many of the shorter lines and is also at the head of the mining interests.

A Harem Case. Central Asian railroad managers try to meet the desires of their public. A harem car with latticed windows has been constructed for the Emir of Bokhara.

A Thankful man owes a courtesy ever; the unthankful but when he needs it.—Ben Jonson.

The population of the world increases 10 per cent. every ten years.

DECREASE OF KISSING.

WOMEN NOW GREET EACH OTHER WITH GRASP OF THE HAND.

In this page right, or is it mistaken in thinking that kissing among women is greatly on the decrease? Time was when feminine relatives met they invariably saluted each other on the lips, not because of any great esteem that they felt one for the other, but because the tie of blood seemed to demand some warmer greeting than a mere handshake.

Why, one country church in Southern Maryland that this page attended as a child had a congregation in which everyone was related to everyone else, and before the morning service on Sundays a regular oratory meeting was held in the vestibule, even the rector being sometimes involved, though, of course, without scandal, for nothing less than second cousins were expected to salute him. After service adieu were said in the same warm fashion, and then the flower of the countryside drove away well pleased with itself.

Sometimes small boys and self-conscious youths writhed out of the grasp of those who would caress them, and managed to elude their pursuers, but generally everyone submitted with the best grace he could muster to a ceremony that was plainly perfunctory, but done in the best interest of the community.

A little later than this the cheek began to be offered for the salute instead of the mouth, and this page remembers well with what embarrassment she did wonder what she was expected to do with the ear her Cousin Bella, late from New York, turned toward her. Luckily she gave it a dutiful peck, and did not scream into it as she was half minded to do.

Turning the cheek, it now becomes apparent, was an expedient intended to let one's friends and relatives down easy before ceasing to kiss them altogether, for it was shortly after this that the masculine grasp of the hand came into such vogue. Said grasp seems now more than popular. One rarely sees a warmer greeting between two femininities in public, but it seems sufficient to express a rare degree of cordiality. The bachelor girl would scorn anything more enthusiastic, of course, and her mother almost as rarely forgets herself.

Occasionally a white-haired old lady indulges in some show of tenderness when people are about, but she quickly checks it as she remembers that she may have an audience. After all, why may not a warm clasp of the hand express as much affection and sincerity as a kiss? Perhaps it may. Perhaps it expresses more. At all events, femininity seems to think it the most fitting greeting at this period of the world's history.—Baltimore News.

Writers Whose Names Contain "W." Beginning with William Shakespeare, we remember instantly Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Walter Scott, William Wordsworth, Washington Irving, William Makepeace Thackeray, Henry W. Longfellow, John G. Whittier, William Cullen Bryant, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Oliver Wendell Holmes and Walt Whitman. Others whose names occur almost simultaneously are William Cowper, Isaac Watts, Henry Ward Beecher, Daniel Webster, Wendell Phillips, George William Curtis, Richard Grant White, Julia Ward Howe, Grant W. Cable, William D. Howells, Charles Dudley Warner and Richard Watson Gilder. To these are easily added Sir William Blackstone, John Wesley, Edmund Spenser, Nathaniel P. Willis, Walter Savage Landor, Will Carleton, James Whitcomb Riley, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, Hamilton Wright Mabie, William H. Prescott, Constance Fenimore Woolson, Mary E. Wilkins, and many more.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Letter Writing Ceasing. The autograph letter is rapidly becoming a thing of the past. Short-hand and the typewriter have killed it. No business man nowadays writes a letter with his own hand; he supplies the matter and his signature, and his typist does the rest. It is an age of short cuts, and even literary men find it more profitable to dictate than to write their copy. One of the most successful of modern newspaper proprietors confessed the other day that he had not written a letter for seven years, although his private correspondence amounted to more than fifty letters daily, says the London Tatler.

Cabinet ministers alone seem to cling to the old tradition. Lord Salisbury abhors a typewritten letter, and Arthur Balfour writes a large part of his correspondence himself. Even Mr. Chamberlain, who is essentially up to date, seems to regard the typewriter as altogether inferior to the telegraph as a vehicle for conveying his opinions.

The Mirror Prehistoric. An ingenious archaeologist says that the oldest evidence of civilization is the mirror. The Japanese and Koreans discovered the art of making one from iron at least 2,500 years ago. This long period is dwarfed by the Chinese record, which shows that mirrors, large and small, made of brass, copper or silver, have been in use in that land over 4,000 years. Dr. Morgan found a mirror that seemed to date from the second dynasty in Egypt about 5,000 years ago, and the latest investigations in the civilizations of Akkad and Nipur show that the belles of those half-forgotten countries used to admire themselves in glasses of some sort or in burnished metal, at least fifty centuries before the Christian era.—New York Mail and Express.

A Mean Mother. Tommy—Ma, can I have two pieces of pie this noon? Ma—Certainly, Tommy. Cut the piece you have in two.—Somerville Journal.

Consistency is a Jewel with which beauty is seldom adorned. The less a man cares the more love a woman wastes on him.

HUMOR OF THE WEEK

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Odd, Curious and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent Word Artists of Our Own Day—A Budget of Fun.

"The postman has just brought me Aunt Jane's present," said the poet's wife. "What do you think it is?" "I don't know," replied the poet, disturbed at work. "But can't you think?" "Gee whizz! How do you expect me to think now? I'm writing something for the magazine."—Philadelphia Press.

In a Fight. Dr. Phil Graves—I can't do anything for your eye. I'll have to put in a glass one. Fuller Boose—Not on your life; no glass eye for me. Dr. Phil Graves—Why not? Fuller Boose—Why, say, Doc, it would get smashed in a day or two.

His Plan. "And now you must see papa," twittered the happy maiden, after consenting to be his. "I will, my love, just as soon as I go home." "How can you see him there?" "I'll see him over the telephone."

Real Pleasure. Her Father—Aha! I caught you kissing my daughter, sir! What do you mean by that sort of business? He—I don't consider it business at all, sir, but pleasure, purely pleasure.—Philadelphia Press.

We Never Went There Again. Hostess (at the party)—Miss Robinson has no partner for this waltz. Would you mind dancing with her instead of with me? Hawkward—On the contrary, I shall be delighted.

What Boomerang Them. "Some men seem born to command and yet do not fulfill our expectations," said the Wise Guy. "Maybe they get married," suggested the Simple Mug.—Philadelphia Record.

Surprised. Frank—Were you actually surprised, as you said, when I proposed? May—Yes, indeed; I really had all but given you up.

WHAT A PITY! The Parson—Child of the Evil One, why do you fight thus? Do you not know that perdition stares thee in the face? Child of the Evil One—Yes, an' it's a pity yer hadn't better manners.

Feline Depravity. "Oh, Horace" wailed his wife, "I have just found out that Ajax, our beautiful Angora cat, has been leading a double life." "That makes eighteen, I suppose," said Horace. "What has he been doing?" "You know I let him out every morning, because he seems to want to go and play out of doors. Well, I have discovered that he goes over to the Robinsons and lets them feed him and pet him."—Chicago Tribune.

Between Friends. Edith—Ferdie and I have been engaged for a month, and nobody suspected it. Ethel—No; everybody thought from his looks he'd been playing the rascal.—Puck.

Interested Him. "This," said the guide, as we passed through the workshop and inspected the massive machinery, "is a traveling crane." "Where?" asked the ornithologist of the party. "I am interested in migratory birds."

Christmas Cigars. Ethel (up stairs)—Is papa smoking? Maude (down stairs)—Yes. Ethel (up stairs, resignedly)—All right, I thought something might be burning in the kitchen.—Somerville Journal.

What She Wanted. Mrs. Simpton—I want to get a dog. Dealer in Dogs—Yes'm. What kind do you want? A pug, a fox terrier, St. Bernard, Irish setter or— Mrs. Simpton—No; I want to get one of those ocean greyhounds that I've read about in the papers.—Baltimore American.

Had Made a Record. Ascum—I hear you've started your own business for yourself. How is he doing? Richman—Splendidly. He's been in business nearly two months now, and he hasn't failed yet.—Tid-Bits.

Proving His Identity. Strangers frequently find difficulty in proving their identity to French officials at postoffices and other places, says the Paris Messenger. Applicants for letters, at ceters, often go empty away for want of some means of proving that they are what they pretend to be. The difficulty was, however, surmounted the other day by a gentleman in the circus business who called at the Thionville postoffice for letters addressed M. X., acrobat. The post-office clerk was not satisfied with the applicant's proofs of identity and refused to hand over the letters, saying: "How do I know that you are the man?" "After a moment's reflection the applicant said: "All right, I will give you proofs," and slipping off his coat, he proceeded to make the dull little postoffice lively with somersaults, contortions and circus "business" generally. The post-office man, scared out of his life and fearing the wreckage of the premises, handed over the letters and said he was satisfied.

Her Accomplishment. Lady Sneeze—Have your daughters accomplished much in music? Unfortunate Father—Yes; the lodgers below have moved.

A Financial View. Eustacia—I knew that man was a physician by the way in which he shook hands. Edgar—Yes, of course; that's his \$5 touch—his tender, delicate, considerate touch.—Detroit Free Press.

Present of Mind. "I think it was the most touching gift I ever saw, yet there sat Maud Gardingharn as dry-eyed as could be." "Because she knew she would have to be dry-eyed when she came out under the glare of the electric light."—Chicago Tribune.

For Concentration. Desmond—If you buy this elegant fur coat, Dorothy, how are we ever going to pay for it? Dorothy—Oh, Desmond, don't let's talk about two things at once! Let's talk about the coat.—Life.

Presence of Mind. "I think it was the most touching gift I ever saw, yet there sat Maud Gardingharn as dry-eyed as could be." "Because she knew she would have to be dry-eyed when she came out under the glare of the electric light."—Chicago Tribune.

Her Accomplishment. Lady Sneeze—Have your daughters accomplished much in music? Unfortunate Father—Yes; the lodgers below have moved.

A Financial View. Eustacia—I knew that man was a physician by the way in which he shook hands. Edgar—Yes, of course; that's his \$5 touch—his tender, delicate, considerate touch.—Detroit Free Press.

Problem Solved.

Lady (seeking a cook)—You have good references, I suppose? Applicant—No, ma'am, I haven't any at all, ma'am. Lady—But I really do not like the idea of engaging a cook without references. Applicant—Oh, that'll be all right, ma'am. You can pay me in advance.—Chicago News.

Private and Personal. Teacher—Suppose an irresistible force should meet an immovable body, what would happen? Little Girl—Please, sir, ma says I mustn't talk about our family affairs.—Puck.

Reserved. "I've seen a good many people painted 'around here.'" "You must be quite a critic, I suppose?" "No; I keep me opinions to myself."—Puck.

Real Pleasure. Her Father—Aha! I caught you kissing my daughter, sir! What do you mean by that sort of business? He—I don't consider it business at all, sir, but pleasure, purely pleasure.—Philadelphia Press.

We Never Went There Again. Hostess (at the party)—Miss Robinson has no partner for this waltz. Would you mind dancing with her instead of with me? Hawkward—On the contrary, I shall be delighted.

What Boomerang Them. "Some men seem born to command and yet do not fulfill our expectations," said the Wise Guy. "Maybe they get married," suggested the Simple Mug.—Philadelphia Record.

Surprised. Frank—Were you actually surprised, as you said, when I proposed? May—Yes, indeed; I really had all but given you up.

WHAT A PITY! The Parson—Child of the Evil One, why do you fight thus? Do you not know that perdition stares thee in the face? Child of the Evil One—Yes, an' it's a pity yer hadn't better manners.

Feline Depravity. "Oh, Horace" wailed his wife, "I have just found out that Ajax, our beautiful Angora cat, has been leading a double life." "That makes eighteen, I suppose," said Horace. "What has he been doing?" "You know I let him out every morning, because he seems to want to go and play out of doors. Well, I have discovered that he goes over to the Robinsons and lets them feed him and pet him."—Chicago Tribune.

Between Friends. Edith—Ferdie and I have been engaged for a month, and nobody suspected it. Ethel—No; everybody thought from his looks he'd been playing the rascal.—Puck.

Interested Him. "This," said the guide, as we passed through the workshop and inspected the massive machinery, "is a traveling crane." "Where?" asked the ornithologist of the party. "I am interested in migratory birds."

Christmas Cigars. Ethel (up stairs)—Is papa smoking? Maude (down stairs)—Yes. Ethel (up stairs, resignedly)—All right, I thought something might be burning in the kitchen.—Somerville Journal.

What She Wanted. Mrs. Simpton—I want to get a dog. Dealer in Dogs—Yes'm. What kind do you want? A pug, a fox terrier, St. Bernard, Irish setter or— Mrs. Simpton—No; I want to get one of those ocean greyhounds that I've read about in the papers.—Baltimore American.

Had Made a Record. Ascum—I hear you've started your own business for yourself. How is he doing? Richman—Splendidly. He's been in business nearly two months now, and he hasn't failed yet.—Tid-Bits.

Proving His Identity. Strangers frequently find difficulty in proving their identity to French officials at postoffices and other places, says the Paris Messenger. Applicants for letters, at ceters, often go empty away for want of some means of proving that they are what they pretend to be. The difficulty was, however, surmounted the other day by a gentleman in the circus business who called at the Thionville postoffice for letters addressed M. X., acrobat. The post-office clerk was not satisfied with the applicant's proofs of identity and refused to hand over the letters, saying: "How do I know that you are the man?" "After a moment's reflection the applicant said: "All right, I will give you proofs," and slipping off his coat, he proceeded to make the dull little postoffice lively with somersaults, contortions and circus "business" generally. The post-office man, scared out of his life and fearing the wreckage of the premises, handed over the letters and said he was satisfied.

Her Accomplishment. Lady Sneeze—Have your daughters accomplished much in music? Unfortunate Father—Yes; the lodgers below have moved.

A Financial View. Eustacia—I knew that man was a physician by the way in which he shook hands. Edgar—Yes, of course; that's his \$5 touch—his tender, delicate, considerate touch.—Detroit Free Press.

Presence of Mind. "I think it was the most touching gift I ever saw, yet there sat Maud Gardingharn as dry-eyed as could be." "Because she knew she would have to be dry-eyed when she came out under the glare of the electric light."—Chicago Tribune.

For Concentration. Desmond—If you buy this elegant fur coat, Dorothy, how are we ever going to pay for it? Dorothy—Oh, Desmond, don't let's talk about two things at once! Let's talk about the coat.—Life.

Presence of Mind. "I think it was the most touching gift I ever saw, yet there sat Maud Gardingharn as dry-eyed as could be." "Because she knew she would have to be dry-eyed when she came out under the glare of the electric light."—Chicago Tribune.

Her Accomplishment. Lady Sneeze—Have your daughters accomplished much in music? Unfortunate Father—Yes; the lodgers below have moved.

A Financial View. Eustacia—I knew that man was a physician by the way in which he shook hands. Edgar—Yes, of course; that's his \$5 touch—his tender, delicate, considerate touch.—Detroit Free Press.

Presence of Mind. "I think it was the most touching gift I ever saw, yet there sat Maud Gardingharn as dry-eyed as could be." "Because she knew she would have to be dry-eyed when she came out under the glare of the electric light."—Chicago Tribune.