## THE GOOD ANGEL

WERE a house party says he. You deadly respectable fellows that are forever choking your natural passions and handcuffing any instinct that is a bit wild, you don't realize the tremendous exhibitant there is in the gallop.

"At this he swung around in his chair, and says he: I say, Roger, were you not so crooked, as his ancestor's chim-(Copyright by Alice French.)

his mother thought was punishment

of mine, I had to beg the young ras-cal out of his just deserts. Naturally, after that it fell to me to pull Master Jim out of hot water as a regular job. I must say it was a pretty steady job, He was expelled from two schools, where he had been so popular that he returned home with a miscellany of tokens of regret in the shape of broken pocket knives, old cravats, a revolver without any cartridges and three trained mice. It was Mrs. Cunningham's notion to have a tutor for him. Digby was an innocent young fellow in training for a clergyman. He was so innocent that Jim worked his spress off on him as malaria. Like every one else, he grew fond of Jimmy; and Jimmy liked him so much that he borrowed Jimmy, who must have perfumed money to buy Digby a gold watch when ter in his bath and a barber of his parted He taught poor Digby they parted. He taught poor Digby draw poker, and, when the malaria wasn't too bad, Digby taught him the classics. Really, Digby did push through the college examinations. be sure, he was heavily condit and dropped the next year, bu couldn't blame the tutor for that, sure, he was heavily conditioned

ious sensation it is to let yourself go.' says he. 'You deadly respectable fellows that are forever choking your natural passions and handcuffing any instinct that is a bit wild, you don't realize the tremendous exhibaration there is in the gallop.'

neither from fear nor favor, but principally, I think, because he saw the odicusness of his own vice in another
man's actions. That was a queer case.

"You mean Jimmy?" said the judge.

"See here, Roger, your wife isn't here,
and we are all in the family; tell us

"I wouldn't ask a better clerk or
abetter partner, if he would only keep
straight, I have heard Ralph wall a
dozen times. There it was: Jimmy would
not keep straight. To look at him, with
his delicate face and curling hair and
pensive eyes, always so trim and dainty
in his appearance and so gentle of manner, you could not suggest him of a "You mean Jimmy." said the Judge.
"Bee here, Roger, your wife isn't here,
and we are all in the family; tell us
about Jimmy."

"Patty wouldn't mind, I know. Tell
them, Roger," said his sister. So, in
the end, Roger did tell us.

He rubbed the shining top of his
head, from which his brown curls are
receding; his kind, keen eyes contracted
absently; he sighed and began.

"My first acquaintance with Jimmy,
said Roger, "goes back to a period that
makes me feel my age, for I was old
enough to be in Harvard iaw school sad
Jimmy was in knickerbockers. I found
him in a high seat of a circus in Chicago, caulting in the dangers of the
trapeze. He had made friends with a
newsboy—even at that tender age Jimmy's perlicus sociability was in full
bloom—and they were exchanging emotions. "My!" squeats Jimmy, ain't she
a daring lady! Would your mamma dare
do that? Mine wouldn't."

"Who is your mamma? said I, we
being aiready on terms of camaraderie,
thanks to the balmy influences of peanurs and plank lemonade. Jimmy answered frankly: Oh, my mamma is MrsJames Cunningham, and I sin't got any
papa, and we don't live in Chicago, but
we're visiting my Aunt Sue, and Ranging
ing the police about him by this time,
and I wheedded him nots giving me the
street number, and the upshot of the
incident was I returned him to his
mother that afternoon. That is how I
became acquainted with the Cunningham left his fortune unconditionally to his wife.
There was half a million dollaraenough to spoil a boy; not enough to
spon the stock at one cough to last a to concerne contracted
was I returned him to his
form of the sumys was a generous soul, never nigsgring all the cisterns and harrassing the police about him by this time,
and I wheedded him into giving me the
street number, and the upshot of the
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There was half a million dollaraenough to spoil a boy; not enough to

I married Patty. Mr. Cunningham left his fortune unconditionally to his wife. There was half a million dollars—enough to spoil a boy; not enough to rill him with the sense of obligation that sometimes a great fortune will bring. It did spoil Jimmy. He was at my wedding, the sweetest little goldenhaired angel in blue velvet you ever saw. And after the wedding breakfast, while Patty was 'rying to console her mother, he tied an old shos full of rice to the bridal carriage, and then configurated a bottle of champagne to cheer some choice friend of his waiting in the stable, and contrived during the revei to tumble out of the second-story window and break his collarbone, which his mother thought was punishment. extraordinary charm of the fellow. whis mether thought was punishment enough.

"I didn't, but I was too new in the family circle to be loud in my opinions. I didn't hear very much more of Jimmy that year until he got into a mess at school, and, the master being a friend of mine, I had to beg the young rascal out of his just deserts. Naturally, basest part of him, though it sphesical to the sun—see Aesopy Spales. He had a quick and happy sympathy about him, and a genuine interest in other people, that was irresistible. And while, of course, his perverse gratification of the basest part of him, though it sphesical basest part of him, though it should break his mother's heart, was infernally selfish, he wasn't selfish in little things. I have seen Jim do a hundred vagrant kindnesses that wouldn't occur to most men. But, as I said, this time there was a kind of contempt of our feelings in the performance that rasped me; besides, it was a last straw. And Mrs. Cunningham was reluctantly brought to consent to my plan. I hunted Jim up in Chicago. A nice time I had doing it; but never mind that. I found him in a squalid hole. He had pawned the very clothes on his back he was occupying. Such a room! Then Raiph took Jimmy into the felt myself growing warm; but I me es, just as I was beginning to tioned the messenger with me to put trs. Cunningham would regard the a large Gladstone that he was carrying

averaing over a bowd of genuine Virgina ian eggnog. A moble fire biased up Roger's colonial chimney, as generous, if not so crooked, as his ancestor's chimneys in Berkeley manor;; and we could, did we choose, rest our eyes from its bilnding splendor by a search through the window panes, until the vast dark bulk of the lake shaped itself out of the incessant moan of its surf on the beach. Bomehow our talk, which had started lightly enough amid dead-and-gone Virginian revels, sank into a sombre mood, and presently we were discussing not and occasional missiep over the bounds or temperance, but the doctor believed in legislation, backed by a good, stiff sentence in prison. Roger had listened, saying nothing, but puffing away at that brierwood pipe of his that be smokes whenever he is under the protection of his own household gods. At last he removed the pipe and polace it is ali, with the manner of one about to speak. We all listened, for Roger does not often discoulses out of court; and when he does he is likely to have some thing to say. Besides, Roger is the best fellow in the world.

"I have nothing to say against the Keeley cure," said Roger in his soft, deliberative toises. "No doubt it helps some men mightily, and that is not saying that the doctor here cannot give just as good a hypodermic as they give at Dwight; there is the contagion of sympathy and the influence of fain to be taken into account, you know. There is sense, too, in what Ben' (waving the pipe at the doctor) has to say about fear as a detriment, and I dare say many fellows have been reformed through their affections, which is the pleasing theory of the ladies. My own impression is that each case has a pownimpression is the ear nor isver, but principles in the province of th

"I told Mrs. Cunningham I knew where Jimmy was, and that he was all right, which eased her mind: and I told Patty the truth. She said: "You let him alone, Roger," and I promised: but the next time I was in Chicago Jimmy appeared at my office. He was well dressed and entirely sober. His first proceeding was to draw out a little roll of bank notes from his pocket and lay them before me. "First installment, said he. "Thank you, said I; and how are

sort of lob."
"'What is it?"

"I dare may you came here to see Reisling? "Yes, said I 'Are you employed by



"Flacing the Diabes and Uncorking the Wine With All the Suave Decorum of a veteran."

In cheek, with an air of importial medication, precisely as if he were some one circle improved it is worth as more and an account of the way of the veter indefination, or any over the test indefination, and the property of the veter indefination of the property of the veter indefinition of the property of the veter indefini

Oh, fairly well; but I have a droll

"Then Raiph took Jimmy into the business, just as I was beginning to the business, just as I was beginning to fair Mrs. Cummingham would regard the law as the best reform for a wild young man, and saddle Jim on me.

"Poor Raiph kept Jim a year. Then he came to me very solemnly and told me about the Keeley cure, and was sure it would make a man of Jim."

"Well, I should not like to offer Jim's case in disparagement of the Dwight cure him; and only went, as he expressed it, to oblige the ladies." The worst thing about Jim was that he liked his, evil ways. He was the most unabashed sinner you ever saw. He went through a certain form of panitence when he was getting over a fit of intolication, but dig announced boldly that he diffur't intend to give up his times—only, in deference to the moral sensitive, possibly as he was, and I hadn't the maride sensitiveness of his family, he might agree to have rather fawer of them." I assure you he would argue the mariter, cool as a carky with a disclaim or the mariter, cool as a carky with a disclaim or the mariter, cool as a carky with a disclaim or the mariter, cool as a carky with a disclaim or the mariter, cool as a carky with a disclaim or the mariter, cool as a carky with a disclaim or the mariter, cool as a carky with a disclaim or the mariter, cool as a carky with a disclaim or the mariter, cool as a carky with a disclaim or the mariter, cool as a carky with a disclaim or the mariter, cool as a carky with a disclaim or the mariter, cool as a carky with a disclaim or the mariter, cool as a carky with a disclaim or the mariter, cool as a carky with a disclaim or the mariter, cool as a carky with a disclaim or the mariter, cool as a carky with a disclaim or the cool of the mariter, cool as a carky with a disclaim or the cool of the coo

left, and recognize I am your only chance of bracing up and living like a man, and not like a dog, says Jimmy, sweetly. Now you lie down, and I'll

"Jimmy had a most lovely voice. That "Jimmy had a most lovely voice. That was one remon I despaired of him. When so much sensibility and tenderness and indescribable purity of melody get into a voice, it generally implies that the music has scraped the fellow's conscience bare; all the pretty things are in the voice, and none left in the moral nature. But that's merely my theory; myself. I don't know one tune from another without the words Jimmy did have an angelic voice. Now he began to sing Rock Me to Sleep, Mother in his most affecting manner. Directin his most affecting manner. Directly there comes a roar from the bed.
"Don't want me to warble?" says Jimmy, sweetly.
"'Want you to sing something lively,"

"Want you to sing something lively," growls the audience.
"You don't need anything lively," answers Jimmy, placidly; 'what you require is to have your conscience awakened and your affections touched, and a general kind of wish-you-were-dead feeling encouraged.
"Mother, come back from the echoless

Drop that pillow! You'll have to Personally Maharaja Gackwar is a

Suave Decorum of a Veteran."

If an hoping he will save you Jim y, said I, whether you save him of now the substitute and the s

comparing his own past with Reisling's present. The mischief with Reisling, said he once, very seriously, is that he thinks he has a good time, while he is driving his wife crany with anxiety, wasting his money and ruining his "I am hoping he will save you, Jim-my, said I, whether you save him or

door; and simultaneously, as luck would have it, a lady of huge proportions, dragging after her two large children, rolled loward the door, too. She lurched against Jimmy, and Reisling, got past. I was farther down in the car, but I tumbled out somehow, and there in front was Jimmy's gray derby bebbing among the crowd after Reisling's bare head. You know what kind of a station Randolph is, with the huddle of tracks and the crowd, and one policeman to prevent a significant of the innocents. Reisling plunged recklessly on the tracks. He didn't hear, or he was too crasy to head, the policeman's yell. I could see the crowd shiver, and the faces go white in a second, and the black moneter roaring and snorting down on them. Jimmy's hands went up in the air; he was so close to Reisling, I couldn't see either of them. A woman shrieked: 'He's down! His shoe's caught!' and there was an awful kill of a groan from the crowd that turned me sick. Then the air seemed to hiss with cinders, and my eyes and mouth were full of them, while I was saysgely shouldering and hitting my way to a heap on the platform. Of course, you all anticipate: It wasn't Reisling. Oh, ne! Reisling had drunkard's luck. He was moaning and crying over Jimmy, who had cut his shoelace and jerked him out of the jaws of death before they snapped, and had his own leg crushed for his paina. He was senseless with the shock, and didn't revive until he was in the ambulance. 'Where's Reisling? he asked, in his first conscious breath. Is he hurt?'

"No; I'm all right, d—n me!' sobs Reisling, who was sober enough now.

"Jimmy smiled. 'Never mind,' he said, and shut his eyes.

"We had an anxious time, but Jimmy recovered, although he lost his leg. During his iliness Reisling was his devoted and most miscrable attendant. A few words from Jimmy insured my giving an expurgated edition of the accident to the women when they came.

## A CHARACTER IN AN ARABIAN NIGHT

an amazingly pleasant half hour. Then Jimmy had to betake himself to Reisling.

"He has been drinking very hard, said Jimmy; but now we have correled him in his room and taken all his clothes away, except pajamas, so he is just where we want him.

"That evening, as I was waiting for Mrs. Reisling in their parlor, I had an interesting insight into Jimmy's methods. My client's bedchamber was the next room, and I could hear him offering Jimmy a hundred dollars for a suit of ready-made clothes.

"Til tell you something, Mr. Reisling, responded Jimmy's imperturbable accents. I am a gentleman. Kindly don't insult me with bribery and corruption, You haven't enough money to buy a suit of clothes from me. See?"

"I don't know why I'm so stuck on you.' Reisling whimpered back; 'you're forever slanging me! Why don't I send you off"

"Possibly you have a drop of sense left, and recognize I am your only chance of bracing up and living like a man, and not like s dog, says Jimmy, Three for the Gaekwar.

"Three for the poor, he squedzed his subjects beyond the limit of endurance; and as to his pajace affairs, the scandal of it reached even the ears of the vice-roy of Calcutta.

Matters reached a crisis when the British resident, and the resident refused the Gaekwar's demiand for her return, on the more than likely chance of going to the bottom of a well in some secluded corner of the paiace gardens. Upon this the infuriated Gaekwar thought to frighten the resident and his wife by discharging blank artillery aimed at the residency compound. As the only result, however, was to fill the resident with threatening wrath, the Gaekwar took the still more objection-discharge of bracing up and living like a man, and not like s dog, says Jimmy, Three for the Gaekwar.

Maharaja Gaekwar rises early and proceeds first to distribute alms to his proceeds first to distribute alms to his personal Brahmins, or, as we would say, private chaplains. The amount of the daily gift is about \$15, for which the Brahmins offer a short prayer in his behalf and presence. On such festivals as the day of offerings for the India. In this latter order, by the way, dead and the day of birthday thanksgiving he attends public worship in the palace temple. During the season of mourning all such ceremonies are omitted. After his poola, or devotions, the Maharaja partakes of a light breakfast of bread, fruit and mijk. Then he rides in stocks and bonds, the value of real or drives for an hour or so, and returns estate in India has not yet been enof bread, fruit and milk. Then he rides or drives for an hour or so, and returns to the palace for reading of a serious character. In this he is assisted by resident pundits, or professors, the subjects embraced being ancient and modern history, philosophy, statesman-ship, with perhaps a dip into Shakes-peare, of which poet he prides himself on being a deep student.

on being a deep student. Beef and Alcohol Barred.

At 11 o'clock he lunches with his sons and the members of his staff. This meal is served in European fashion, though no alcoholic liquors are offered, and, needless to say, no dish comes upon the table which bears the slightest re-lationship to beef. If any Americans desire to extend hospitality to the Maha-

Galekwar's wife fied in terror to the British resident, and the resident return, on the more than likely chance of turn, on the more than likely chance of turn, on the more than likely chance of turn, on the more than likely chance of spoing to the bottom of a well in some sectuded corner of the palace gurden of thought to frighten the resident was the only result, however, was to fill in the resident with threatening wrath, the Gaekwar took the still more objection able course of seasoning his political guardian's food with chemicals not into the political guardian's food with che

to all his subjects. Early to bed is the rule at the palace of Baroda.

This rather "simple" life is varied by hunting expeditions, from which the Maharaja has returned with numerous lion and tiger trophies, an occasional splendid entertainment in the form of nautch dances when distinguished Europeans come his way, and extended travels mainly for the Benefit of his health. The Maharaja has visited Europe several times, and when in England throws aside, as far as possible, native prejudices.

As his sons have been educated at Eton and Oxford, in manners, at any

daily life in Baroda will show that if it the efforts of both the Maharaja Gaekpasses without much excitement he does not shirk administrative duties. their subjects the imperial governmen has conferred upon them the highest

zon and Mrs. Cornwallis-West.

As to the wealth which has failen to the lot of this erstwhile best boy of Baroda no definite calculation can be made. Indian princes do not invest much in stocks and bonds, the value of real estate in India has not yet been enhanced by a boom, and as to the Weight of their treasure chests one can only hazard a guess. If the public revenue of Maharaja Gaekwar is some \$5,000,000, his private income probably amounts to hazard a guess. If the public revenue of Maharaja Gaekwar is some \$5,000,000. his private income probably amounts to as much again. Scindhia of Gwallor, with \$15,000,000 a year, is said to be the richest of the Indian princes, and next to him comes our visitor from Baroda. We do, however, know something definite about the value of his jewels. Maharaja Gaekwar possesses the most costly piece of jewelry in the world. In dazaling magnificence it never has been or is ever likely to be, excelled. This treasure is in the form of a shawl or cloak of woven pearls, edged with a deep border of arabesque designs of diamonds, rubles, emeralds and sapphires. Originally it was intended as a covering for the tomb of Mahomet, but somehow it was diverted into a former Gaekwar's possession. In cold figures the stones alone have been appraised at \$5,000,000; so when Ghekwar enters a grand dubar with that cloak over his shoulders his \$100,000 gloves on his hands the scintillating persons of other princes are as flickering candles in a blaze of electric light. Though usually spoken of as "the Gaekwar" of Baroda in reality Gaek. ering candles in a blaze of electric light. Though usually spoken of as "the Gaekwar" of Baroda, in reality Gaekwar is not a title, but a surname, like Gould or Vanderbilt. The real designation of the prince is Maharaja Sir Sayaji Rao Gaekwar Sena Khas Khel Shamsher Bahadur of Baroda, G. C. S. I. and of his wife, Maharani Sahib Chimna Bai Gaekwar. Simplified one can best refer to them as the Maharaja and Maharani of Baroda.

From the New York World:

A new use has been found for breakfast foods. During the recent baskethell erries between the Washington teem and the New Yorks rain began falling about the fifth inning. "Spithall" Cheshro was pitching. The ball was wet and he could not handle it and the batter were falling on him like a ton of brick. "Bring some sawdust!" relied the pitcher. The groundkeeper skirmished around and finding none came out with a number of packages under his arm. He handed Cheshro a package of puffed rice. The pitcher rubbed the ball in it and struck out the batter.

"Here's another package," the groundkeeper said, tossing over another.

This time it was fretted wheat. Cheshro used another package of breekfast food with overy ball-until he had consumed all the samples of breekfast foods which the groundkeeper had collected during the winter.

"I think that puffed rice and fretted wheat are suptrior to sawdist," Cheshro said when he finished the game.