

The Master's Mistake

By FREDERIC ADYE

Yes, he said, his daughter was at Sherburnton. She spent much of her time there with an aunt who was most kind to her, and, indeed, to all of them. In fact, he hardly knew what they would do without her help, with the increasing depreciation of title, glebe letting at 10 shillings the acre, a large family to support, and so on. He had heard of his child's going out with the hounds, but was not aware that she enjoyed the honor of Lord Paladore's acquaintance. Needless to say they would feel much honored by the distinction conferred by his lordship's proposal, and he would summon his wife to see Lord Paladore.

The lady came, red and flushed no doubt by the nature of her husband's hasty communication, and while she divined here and there the reason why she was commending the pudding for the early dinner, she did not detect the four upon her sleeve. She was, however, more equal to the occasion than her husband and waxed quite voluble as she realized the full glory of the announcement. No, she said, she would soon learn, for she was as much at Sherburnton with her Aunt Jane, who was much respected, and unaccustomed to good society, and, moreover, was a very quick girl and had got on wonderfully with her French and music when for a short time they had been able to keep a governess, etc. And for nearly an hour Lord Paladore sat on a chair, his hand on his forehead, respectfully to his future mother-in-law's detailed account of the bringing up generally and treatment of the infant ailments particularly of Catherine and her eight brothers and sisters. Though conscious of inward qualms, he did not flinch from his purpose, albeit he felt thankful that neither of his own parents happened to be present at his interview with these ladies, who, it would now be incumbent upon him to present to them as his prospective bride.

Declining, much to the worthy lady's inward relief—for, poor soul, with the most hospitable inclinations, there was absolutely nothing in the house she would have deemed fit to set before so august a guest—her invitation to stay to lunch and declining also an invitation "to see the church," Lord Paladore effected his escape on the plea of a long drive home. His groom had managed to bait the horses, and there were sandwiches and sherry in the carriage, which he consumed as they rolled up the long hill which conducted out of the dreary and dirty village, where the air seemed polluted through insufficient drainage and the surface water stood muttering with his own heart the while. Things were pretty bad, but not of that sort of badness which could not easily be remedied. A clergyman could all proper surroundings, and surely there should be little difficulty in procuring a canopy, an archdeacon or something of the kind more suitable to the father-in-law's rank and position. He now understood his dear girl's reticence and admired her the more for her delicacy. As he had left Emmore in good time, he would drive round by Sherburnton and tell her the result of his interview. It was ten miles out of his way, but he was rewarded by finding her alone. Her surprise equaled that of her parents.

"You have seen my father already?" she exclaimed. "Yes, he left me at 6 o'clock last evening and has been to Leamington and back between then and now? How did you manage it?" "Leamington?" "Yes; you told me you had the address when I offered to give it you." "Certainly it is, and he lives at 54 Bridge street, Leamington. Until you have seen him I cannot possibly give you any more definite answer to what you are good enough to ask me yesterday—Lord Paladore, are you his? May I get you some brandy or anything?" "No, no; it is all right—quite right, I assure you. I will see your father—again—and on my return shall be in a position to explain everything. Yes, if you will write it down, please—thank you." And with a discreet effort the unhappy man bowed himself out, Miss Harvey making no attempt to detain him. She almost feared he had been drinking or was out of his mind.

If Lord Paladore had been somewhat taken aback at Emmore his dismay was instant and complete when the following day he presented himself about noon at 54 Bridge street, Leamington, and inquired for Mr. Robert Harvey. In the individual who greeted him with an indescribable blend of effective familiarity and obsequiousness there was no semblance of a gentleman. A heavy topped man with a red face and ruddy whiskers, clad in a riding coat of a loud check, with a riding cap and breeches and shiny butch boots, he looked all over what he proved to be—a horse dealer in a good way of business.

"Glad to see you, my lord," he said. "Heard from my little girl the subject of your lordship's visit. You do us proud, my lord, I'm sure. Lunch will be on the table directly, and afterward we'll have a look round the boxes. My man was back from Ireland with a string last night, and I think we can show you one or two of the right sort. This way, my lord. Mother," he shouted in the ear of an old lady when he had conducted his distinguished guest to the dining room, "here's Lord Paladore, my dear old as the honoree!" "Yes, yes, Robert; you shouldn't speak so loud; ain't that?"

man, ain't it? Sit down, sir, please. You ain't the first nobleman as have cut his mutton at our table, is he, my lord?" the old lady said, determined, unlike the Harveys of Emmore, not to be overwhelmed by the unexpected honor done to her family. "Not him, mother," responded Bob. "You see, my lord, I've a goodish connection in your lordship's walk in life, and my customers sometimes has a bit of bread and cheese with us. Why, bless you, the Duke of Doncaster and Prince Balfazzi has both had their legs under this mahogany, ain't they, mother? And hears and vis-counts by the score."

In this agreeable way the worthy people strove to let themselves and their guest at ease, but poor Lord Paladore felt anything but comfortable. Under ordinary circumstances his natural courtesy might have rendered him as affable as the more distinguished personages who had preceded him in the hospitality, but his situation was peculiar. Feeling he could get on better with the old lady than with his prospective father-in-law, he addressed himself chiefly to her. She was rather deaf, so that conversation was difficult, but he gathered that Violet had worked too hard at the ladies' college for her final examination, and the doctor had ordered a change of air and plenty of outdoor exercise, wherefore she had been sent off with a chaperon, an experienced groom and two or three horses to recruit her health in the Crackmore Vale country.

A LOST ISLAND.

West Indian Legend. The Dates back to Columbus' time. There is an old legend in the West Indies which has been handed down from the time of Columbus to the effect that somewhere among the numerous cays of the Caribbean sea there exists an island inhabited only by women.

The aboriginal Caribs and Ararwaks found it inconvenient to have women around in times of war. Usually when the enemy conquered a number of the tribe's fairest maidens were carried off. So goes the story.

The deplorable possibility of losing all the women of the tribe was averted, however, by the prompt action of the chiefs, who ordered all of the remaining female element to this unknown island in the Caribbean. According to the legend, the place is copiously watered by ideal streams, overshadowed by breadfruit, mango, plantain and all the necessities to life and poetry. The husbands and lovers were allowed to visit the island paradise not more than twice a year in times of peace.

But it is further handed down that all the men of the tribe were eventually wiped out in an Indian war and that all trace of the tale of women was lost. According to Washington Irving, even Columbus made vain efforts to find it.

CLEAN SHAVEN FACES.

A contention that every man should show his features.

A recent writer, says the Chicago News, has this to say about beards: "The ideal man is clean shaven. Confidently he exposes to the world his features undisturbed by hirsute appendages. Can we conceive the Apollo Belvedere with even a mustache? I think not. A merely honest man also, one would think, should wear no hair upon his face and for these reasons: Each of us in great measure, partly from exaggerated ideas of his own perspicacity, partly from the stress of life, judges his neighbor from his face. His clothes are but a doubtful index of his character, but his features are, we firmly believe, indicative of his nature and his mode of life."

BENEDICT ARNOLD.

The Tragic Ending of the Life of the Talented Traitor.

The last twenty years of the life of Benedict Arnold were probably the most unhappy that ever fell to the lot of man. The British were willing to use him to promote their own plans and to pay him for his disgraceful services, but everywhere he was held in such scorn and contempt that for years he scarcely ventured to appear in public. Before his treachery he stipulated for a fortune in cash and a commission as major general in the British army.

Judge Shea Foesd.

Some years ago Judge Shea, a New York lawyer, became chief justice of what was then the marine court and what is now known as the city court of New York. He went to England once and was registered at a hotel as "Chief Justice of the Marine Court, U. S. A." The lords of the admiralty and the judges of all the great British courts looked upon him, put him up at their clubs, invited him to dinner, and treated him with as much consideration as if the tribunal of which he was the head had been, as they supposed it to be, one of the great courts of the United States, instead of a purely city affair.

Liquor and the Term "Proof."

What "proof" means as applied to the quality or the measurement of the strength of whiskey is not understood by many people. As explained by a man who knows the correct use of the term it is simple enough. The standard of the United States revenue is a liquor half of which, by volume, is alcohol. This is 100 proof. If a whiskey, then, is described as 80 proof, it means that it contains 80 measures of water and 20 measures of alcohol. Whisky of 100 proof contains equal measures of each. Whisky of 120 proof contains 100 measures of water and 20 measures of alcohol.—Philadelphia Record.

Why It Changed Weapons.

"Here you is in trouble ag'in," said the colored deacon. "Didn't I tell you ter fight you' way only wid de sword er de spear?" "Yes, suh," replied the penitent, "but de razor cut so handy."—Atlanta Constitution.

WOMAN AND FASHION.

Polka dots of varying sizes play a strong part in the season's fashions and appear with smart effect on the lines of dress and evening. The little dots are set with a yoke pattern.



POLKA DOTTED WASH FROCK.

dropping off the shoulder, to which the extremely full sleeve is tucked, the upturning cuff edged with linen embroidery. The blouse sags back and front into the deep and much wrinkled girdle. The yoke effect is repeated in the skirt, the lower skirt being applied with tucks, and a flounce is put on in the same manner.

QUEER ILLUSIONS.

Morbid Minds That Associate Names and Numbers With Colors.

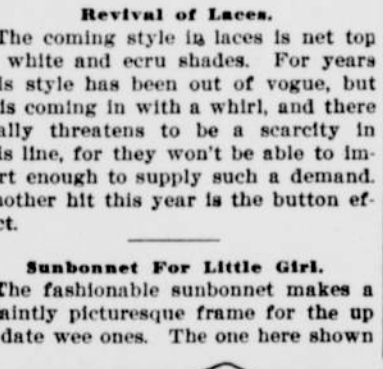
"Numerals have no colors to you and to me," said a psychologist. "Three, for instance, doesn't seem to us to be pink, and eight doesn't seem to us to be brown, but there are certain slightly diseased minds to which almost every word in the language appears to have color."

Revival of Laces.

The coming style in laces is net top in white and ecru shades. For years this style has been out of vogue, but it is coming in with a whirl, and there really threatens to be a scarcity in this line, for they won't be able to import enough to supply such a demand. Another hit this year is the button effect.

Sanbonnet For Little Girl.

The fashionable sunbonnet makes a quaintly picturesque frame for the up-to-date wee ones. The one here shown is made of pink chambray. The hood is cut in scallops and attached to the front of the bonnet with small white pearl buttons. The cape has four small tucks and the ruffle around the front is white embroidery.



PINK CHAMBRAY SUNBONNET.

THE BUTTERFLY.

Some of the Extraordinary Gifts of This Silent Insect.

The extraordinary gifts of the butterfly have always excited the wonder not only of naturalists, but of the most ignorant observers—their silent and unseen changes, the instinct by which they distinguish their favorite plant food—as, for instance, even among the scarcely differing species of the complex race of moths, where they show themselves, as Professor Asa Gray said, "better botanists than many of us," their skill in depositing their eggs unerringly on or near the precise plant upon which the forthcoming caterpillars are fitted to feed, although they as butterflies have never tasted it. To these should be added their luxurious spread of wings, giving opportunities for those likenesses and variations of color which protect them during the few days of their winged state; the brief time when, if ever, their eggs must be laid and the continuance of the race made sure. The whole realm of animal "mimicry," as it is now termed, reaches its highest point in them and leads to some extreme cases, as in the fact that, while butterflies are ordinarily monogamous, there is yet one species in Africa which has departed so widely from this rule that the male has not one mate only, but actually three differently colored mates, each so unlike him in appearance as to be mistaken for another for wholly different species.—T. W. Higginson in Atlantic.

Time and Money.

The counterfeiter was in prison for ten years. "What are you doing here?" asked a visitor. "Passing time." "Ah, what for?" "Passing money." And the visitor passed on.

After Midnight.

Wife—I'm sorry to see you come home in such a state as this, Charles. Husband—I knew you'd be sorry, Carrie, and that's why I told you not to sit up.—Boston Transcript.

Hope to Scatter.

But the most upright of all parasites, for she frequents the poor man's flat as well as the palace of his superior.—Shenandoah.

GASTE IN INDIA.

Its Penalties Illustrated by the Religion of the Sweepers.

Among the most unwholesome problems of Indian ethnology is the religion of the sweeper caste. It seems clear enough through all the confusion that the supreme deity of the Chhimras is Laljura, or Lalberg, "the god without form or dwelling place."

A mound of earth, surmounted by a piece of stick and a big cloth for a flag, is this deity's shrine, and to it "poojah" is made and a little sacrifice offered of ghee, or grain. It needs no consecration, this simple shrine, and whenever the sweeper may be, if sickness comes or a gift is desired, the little shrine may be set up, with its queer bit of rag and stick, and the worshiper's prayer is made.

The sweeper will have nothing to do with the transmigration of souls. Once a sweeper always a sweeper, and even the ideal sweeper, Pir Jhota, with his broom of gold and basket of silver, "cleans" not the fourth heaven, the house of God, and sweeps the apartments of the highest. The good sweeper goes to heaven, however, after death, but in the heaven of a sweeper there is nothing to do but bathe and sit at ease.

The bad sweeper, on the other hand, goes to hell, where he is tormented by fire and winds and the deity is pleased to vouchsafe relief. Between these two extremes is a kind of purgatory, where the sweeper who is not good enough for the one place and not bad enough for the other undergoes a sort of probation which either kills or cures him.

As for Lalberg, the great leader of one set of sweepers and now himself, like a Hindu deity, he was born of heaven, the accounts differ so widely that it is difficult to identify him. It seems clear, however, that with the profession of sweeper he combined the recreation of poetry, and there is some amount of evidence in favor of his having been the author of the "Ramayana."

Wise Beyond Her Years.

He was a curly headed boy with life before him. She was a little girl with a saucy pug nose, but wise, it would seem, beyond her years. The fact that she was nursing a doll with eyes that opened and shut with a click may have been his inspiration.

A Sioux Indian Custom.

Among the Sioux Indians a common custom exists. When one family borrows a kettle from another, it is expected when the kettle is returned, a small portion of the food that has been cooked in it will be left in the bottom. Should this custom be disregarded by any one, that person would never be able to borrow again, as the owner must always know what has been cooked in her kettle. A white woman on one occasion returned a scoured kettle, intending to teach a lesson in cleanliness, but her act became the talk of the camp as a fresh example of the meanness of the whites.

Not at Home.

A little girl on being told by her mother that when a child died an angel came and took her up to heaven thought deeply for a moment, then said: "Ma, if an angel comes asking for me say I am not in!"—New Yorker.

Settled.

Younger Sister (speaking through key-hole)—Mr. Spoonmore is going to propose to Bertha tonight. Johnny—How do you know? Younger Sister—I can tell by the determined look on Bertha's face.—Chicago Tribune.

In the fruit basket the sparrow has its brood a year, in Britain's seldom more than one.—Shenandoah.