

AFTER LONG YEARS.



ASLAND stood on the crest of the hill and looked across the waste of tangled gorse. He wiped his forehead with his handkerchief and stretched himself at full length on the sun-baked turf.

"What weather!" he growled, fumbling idly with his sketch book. "Too hot to live, almost, and only May! That girl must be as mad as myself to think of walking on a day like this."

He glanced down the winding path with a pathetic curiosity, unbuttoned his coat, and fanned himself vigorously with his sketch book. Then he lay still for fully ten minutes.

"Hallo!"

The ejaculation stifled a ponderous yawn. Hasland sprang to his feet, pulled off his coat spasmodically, and faced the girl with a flush of embarrassed pleasure.

"Miss Thornton?"

"I—I had almost abandoned all hopes of ever seeing you again," he began. "You know I was away when you left, and—"

"And what are you doing here in the wilderness?"

"Trying to kill two birds with the proverbial stone," he answered lightly. "Endeavoring to earn a living and get some fresh air at the same time, and faring badly on both sides. It's too



AN ARTIST WAS BUSILY WORKING.

hot to work, and the heat won't give the fresh air a chance. I suppose you're staying in the village, eh—Miss Thornton?"

"Yes, at the manor. I have a situation there for the summer."

She looked down at her dusty shoes, and Hasland realized with a little pang of pity that fortune was still unkind to her. She was wearing the same plain white dress that she had worn the first time he met her two summers before.

"And do you like your new position?" he ventured.

"Oh, yes." She raised her head with a start. "I am companion to a lady, and she is generally very good to me. I have not a great deal to do, but sometimes—"

"Well?" asked Hasland, with eager interest.

"She is very irritable at times. Poor soul! she is lonely, and I think she has had a lot of trouble. I have been here nearly four months, and we have never had a visitor. She lives in London during the winter, and I think her niece, Miss Colmore—"

Hasland was busily engaged in filling his pipe, but both pipe and tobacco pouch slipped from his fingers, and his teeth closed together with a snap.

"Miss what?" he gasped.

"Colmore. She was at the last drawing-room, you know, and they say she is engaged to be married to Lord Fiskerton. She is coming to stay at the manor for a few weeks."

He rubbed his chin and gazed away pensively toward the river. The girl held out her hand, but he did not notice it for a moment.

"I must really go, Mr. Hasland," she said. "It is almost 4 o'clock. I cannot tell you how pleased I am at having seen you again. I hope you are selling plenty of pictures?"

"I shall see you again," he questioned, furtively evading her glance. "I am staying at the inn. Oh, yes, I am doing fairly well," he went on, hastily. "There are some charming bits of landscape down in the valley; it's a regular artist's paradise. But, Ethel—Miss Thornton—"

"Good-by."

"An revoir, then!" he answered, reluctantly, raising his cap. "I shall see you again one of the days."

Stretched there in the sweltering haze he mused with half-closed eyes over the days he had spent in the shabby-respectable London boarding-house. Every morning at 9:30 precisely the plaintive creaking of the unpainted gate would draw him cautiously to his window to watch her set out cheerfully

to meet that monotonous unchanging round of toil.

"Poor little girl!" he said, rising and picking up his sketch book. "And what a coincidence! If I can see Kate the fates may take it into their heads to smile, after all."

He descended the hill whistling, and, crossing the common, reached the dusty road leading to the village. A rumble of wheels and a rattle of harness made him turn his head inquisitively, and then a scene almost identical with the one that had taken place on the hill half an hour before was enacted.

"Harold!"

Hasland staggered under the hail of questions that followed, but struggled manfully to answer them. Giving the coachman orders to drive slowly, she tripped down and they walked on side by side.

"Have you seen Aunt Carrie?" she asked.

"Good gracious, no, Katie! It's the queerest thing in the world. I only came down here a day or two ago, and I hadn't the faintest idea in the world that she was within 100 miles of the place. I haven't seen her or had a line since our mutual understanding and the battle that followed. I suppose she's as flinty as ever?"

"Poor fellow," she said sympathetically. "It must be a horrible experience to be cut off with a shilling or without even that; but I'm sure it would be infinitely worse for both of us had we countenanced her pet scheme and married. I am very fond of you, Hal, but—"

"It would hardly have been a Darby and Joan existence, eh? What does aunt think about your engagement with Lord Fiskerton?"

"She didn't like it at all at first and gave me homilies in the hour on my base ingratitude in abandoning her in her old age. She declared she would leave every penny she possessed to some home for lost donkeys, or something similar."

"But she seems more contented since she got this new lady's companion and she never writes me without landing this person to the skies."

A sudden bend in the road brought them in sight of the straggling village street, and both paused simultaneously. Hasland was embarrassed and irritated.

"I—I wish you wouldn't call Miss Thornton a 'person,' Kate?" he blurted out, after an awkward pause.

"Oh, you know her?"

"You see, Kate," he stammered, with sudden resolution. "I'd better make a clean breast of it, for after all you owe me something. The fact is, I'm in love with her—over head and ears. She's had a rough passage, poor little woman, but even taking that into consideration, I can't ask her to marry me, my princely salary being something like \$1,000 a year. If you can do nothing else, be kind to her. Promise."

"Of course I will," she answered.

The old lady was not in a pleasant temper. She motioned to Miss Thornton, who had been reading to her, to lay down the book.

"I think a little sunshine will do me no harm," she said sharply. "Let us walk down as far as the river."

They crossed the quaint wooden bridge and turned down the shady path under the willows.

Near the gate that barred the path stood an easel, and an artist was busily at work under the shade of an umbrella.

The recognition was instantaneous, and the old lady caught her breath gaspingly, while Hasland compressed his lips.

Then, for the third time in the three days the little tableau was enacted.

"Harold," she said hesitatingly.

"Aunt!"

The old lady stood irresolute for a moment, and then extended both hands, which Hasland caught in his.

That evening, just at dusk, Harold Hasland and Ethel stood on the broad veranda together. His arm was about her waist.

"It is all so strange," she whispered, "that I can hardly realize it yet."

"It is strange," he answered, with a kiss, "but it is true for all that."—London Evening News.

Making a Left-Handed Admission.

Three citizens—one a lawyer, one a doctor and one a newspaper man—sat in a back room recently in the gray light of the early dawn. On the table were many empty bottles and a couple of packs of cards. As they sat in silence a rat scurried across the hearth into the darkness beyond. The three men shifted their feet and looked at each other uneasily. After a long pause the lawyer spoke. "I know what you fellows are thinking," he said; "you think I thought I saw a rat, but I didn't!"

You can always please a woman by guessing under her age.

REALISTIC LAKE BATHING.

Chicago Small Boy Defies the Law and Scorns Clothing.

Summer is the joyous season when the small boy goes down to the lake front, climbs over the frowning wall of the Illinois Railroad Company, trespasses upon the right of way regardless of the warning signs, and takes off his clothes in view of the audience when he has reached the breakwater, says the Chicago Chronicle. Then he jumps into the shallow water and flounders gleefully in the sand for some time. Passing railroad trains filled with passengers disturb him not. He pays no heed to the disturbed gaze of the resident on Lake avenue, who views his antics with undisguised disfavor. He wants to swim, and there is the water, and what more is necessary? Anon comes the railroad policeman with raucous voice and threatening club, hurdling across the tracks, filling the air with strange oaths and acting generally as though he were trying to disperse a riotous mob. Then the small boy takes his clothing, usually consisting of two pieces, and lies him along the piling to the convenient shelter of a boathouse. If the uniformed ululon of the corporation pursues him he slips into the clothes with two motions and defies the law. If the copper gets tired of the job and weakens in the pursuit the small boy drops the clothes and dives into the water again.

If only one small boy did this he might not attract much notice. But there is more than one small boy in Chicago who pants for the cooling waters of the lake on sultry days, and when scores of them line the breakwater pier they occasion some comment among passengers on the suburban trains. The boys have never acquired the bathing-suit habit. The law prescribes it, but the small boy never did have much respect for the law and ignores it unless it begins to chase him with a club. Therefore the spectacular effect of the bathers is a bit startling to the eye as viewed from the flying trains.

They don't give the boy much of a chance in Chicago. If he flies a kite in the streets he is arrested; if he plays baseball on forbidden territory he is chased from it by the police; if he throws stones, one of the prerogatives of all boys in all times, he is breaking the law, and if he goes swimming in the great, cool lake which stretches so invitingly before him he is harried by the police and arrested if they get near enough to him. The city eternally for-



bids him to swim in the big lake unless surrounded by proper facilities in the way of bathing suits and bathhouses, but it does not furnish the suits or build the houses. If both were supplied by the municipality the small boys in droves would take advantage of them. There are two or three public bathhouses in Chicago, but they are not what the average healthy boy wants. They are all right for the pur-



BOYS BATHING ON THE LAKE FRONT.

poses for which they were designated—to furnish bathing facilities in crowded tenement districts. But the boy who wants to cool off and splash around in the water does not want to go into a building under a roof and slip into a warm, nauseating pool, the limits of which he can see with half an eye, and whose scant dimensions are shared by a hundred others at the same moment. He wants to get into the lake—into the limitless, heaving body of blue water which lies at the very door of Chicago—with nothing over him but the blue sky and plenty of room for 100,000 other bathers.

Finding himself without the facilities in the way of bathhouses and bathing suits, the small boy is obliged to

make shift with what he finds—the lake and the pier—and if he unconsciously furnishes a summer spectacle to all beholders he feels it is not his fault. In the meantime bathing must be done from the piers with such scant protection from the gaping world as is furnished by the advertising signs and the boathouses.

Of course it is against the law—nearly everything the small boy does or

GREAT PRINCE OF INDIA.

He Has Placed His Herd of Elephants at Disposal of Lady Curzon.

The pretty, girlish creature whose beauty once captivated the marriageable men of Chicago and Washington society circles, but who married an English lord and is now vicereine of India, has just added to her list of sought admirers the Maharajah of



LADY CURZON, FORMERLY MISS LEITER OF CHICAGO.

wants to do in Chicago is against some law. But, while the law expressly forbids bathing in public without the outward and visible signs of a bathing suit it offers no recourse to the panting youngster who, free from school and home duties, wanders about toward the great, blue, cool looking lake on a hot day and is possessed of a desire to "go in." He sees no reason why he should not. The lake is public property. He climbs on the pier or walks out on some rotting stringer, "shucks" his clothing and wades slowly into the water. Perhaps a score or a half-dozen go in together. In half an hour a few more boys, drifting idly along, see the bathers and are inspired with the same desire to swim, and in they go. Policemen often try to arrest the lawbreakers, and there is a hasty exodus of the happy boys when they see the minions of the law coming.

Development of English Language.

If some recently published statistics are to be trusted the English language is developing more than any other, past or present. While the German contains 80,000 words, the Italian 45,000, the French 30,000 and the Spanish only 20,000, Dr. Murray's English Dictionary is expected to contain no few-

Durbhunga, one of the premier noblemen of Hindoostan and a trusted adviser of Lord Curzon. This Hindoo prince has respectfully placed at the disposal of Lady Curzon the splendid herd of elephants that are among his vast possessions, thus making Lady Curzon the possessor pro tem, of more of these lordly creatures than any other woman in the world. Her ladyship has developed a great liking for the elephants and frequently takes advantage of the friendliness existing between the viceroi and the maharajah to ride forth on one of the gorgeously caparisoned elephants of state.

With that happy spirit of frank friendliness in the company of underlings that only an American woman knows how to indulge without loss of dignity, the vicereine has made herself the idol of the attendants at the palace of the Indian prince. To penetrate the reserve of an Oriental of high degree is a feat that not every white man or woman, even among the upper ten of India, can boast of having accomplished. To be given the freedom of the magnificent palace of his highness the Maharajah of Durbhunga is a compliment even to a viceroi and vicereine.

The elephants belonging to the rajah are under the control of an old man upwards of eighty years of age. Each elephant rejoiced in an appellation taken from the names of mythological or historic heroes; and it is their veteran keeper's boast that every elephant is known to him by name.

The title dates back only to 1803, when the then Maharajah Chatter Singh was formally recognized and invested by the British Government. But the origin of the family can be traced as far back as the reign of the Emperor Akbar, whose lieutenants they were in the province of Behar.

The growing friendliness of such a man for Lord and Lady Curzon is viewed with pleasure by those interested in the welfare of India, for if the hearts of the native princes are with the Queen's representatives the stability of the Government is doubly assured. To have won so emphatic a demonstration of regard from the Maharajah of Durbhunga shows that in the future of the great Indian empire the American wife of Lord Curzon is destined to play a significant part.

Anecdote of Rosa Bonheur.

Mme. Rosa Bonheur (Rosa stood for Rosalie) was not without a sense of humor, so it is told of her that while presiding over a school of design in Paris, the pupils being girls, the artist was disgusted with the class, because imitating their teacher, the young women had cut their hair short. "Grand Dieu!" cried Rosa Bonheur, "how horrid you all look! This is not a class of boys. You silly creatures let your hair alone and do your best so as to retain all the advantages of your sex."

Every woman occasionally curls her hair and starts out fiercely to be Happy in Spite of Fate. (By fate is meant an unappreciative husband.)

A Celestial Reproach.

Dorothy—Mamma, if I should die, would I go to heaven?
 "Why, yes, darling; of course you would."
 "And if you should die, would you go to heaven, too?"
 "I hope so, dear."
 "I hope so, too; because it would be very awkward for me to be known as the little girl whose mother is in hell."
 —Life.