# Second Cousin Sarah

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ANNE JUDGE, SPINSTER," "LITTLE KATE KIRBY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

The reputed wealth of Simon Culwick of Sedge Hill, Worcester, his position in the county or his opinion of himself, did not exercise any restraint upon the peculiarities of the young woman who confronted him; who leaned across the table, and unceremoniously snatched from his hands the painting that she had placed between them. There was no respect for persons in the mind of Lucy Jennings, especially when her blood was up.

"What do you mean by nothing of the sort?" she exclaimed, and at the ominous flashing of her eyes Simon Culwick's lower jaw dropped; "haven't you come in all humility, and kindness, and Christian charity to this house?"

"Certainly not," said Mr. Culwick, making a stand for it.

"Sit down, please, while I talk to you," said Lucy very feverishly, and at the young woman's excitement Mr. Culwick glared in mute amazement. "Have you ever thought what is to become of you, old man, when you are closer to the grave than you are now? When you are dying, and all your pride and wealth are not worth that," she continued, with a quick snap of her fingers so close to his face that he winced and drew back his head with alacrity.

"You—you wretched woman!" cried Mr. Culwick, finding breath to reply, and clutching the arms of the chair with both hands, and shaking them in his rage, "how dare you speak to me? Do you know that—that I have never been talked to in this way in my life—that this is an unwarrantable liberty from one in your position?"

"I don't care for your position," cried Lucy Jennings; "I wouldn't change my position for yours for twice your money—for fifty times all that you have hoarded together, and hardened your soul with. What are you but a selfish old sinner, who broke his wife's heart, and turned an only son out of doors, and who must stand before his God—aye, sooner than he thinks, perhaps," she added, with an angry bang upon the table that shook the whole house, and took Mr. Jennings dieconsiers with a headlong plunge, under the impression that his stock had exploded—"to answer for both crimes?"

"Look here," shouted Simon Culwick, "I have had enough of this."

"You will hear me out," said Lucy, leaning against the door with her chair, as he rose from his seat; "you have come of your own free will to this house, where no one is likely to be afraid of you. You are here boasting of your want of affection, bragging of the possibility of wounding one afresh whose life you have already darkened, and I will tell you what is to become of you hereafter."

"You are a fanatic. You're raving mad," said Simon Culwick, dropping into his seat again.

"I have no more to say," she exclaimed. "Now think of it, and do your duty, as I have done mine, before it is too late."

There was a slamming of the door, and he opened his eyes to find that his persecutor had gone. He rose at once, and took his hat.

"What a horrible creature," he muttered; "I will not stop another moment."

He was half way toward the door when the picture attracted his attention again, and he stopped. It was his ruling passion; success in business, present power, future happiness, were not upon his mind now in any great degree.

He went back to the picture, and knitted his brows at it, as a man might do intently puzzled with a problem of more than ordinary difficulty; he took it to the window, he placed it on the table, and hid himself in the curtain folds, behind the light to gaze at it; he put his hat on the floor, and sat down with the picture in front of him, and began rubbing it carefully with the palm of his hand; finally he thrust his hands into his pockets, and stared at it, forgetful of time and place, and of the main object of his visit. He was a man possessed of one idea.

There were feet ascending the stairs now, lightly and springily. There was a voice he should have recollected as belonging to old days. It was only when the handle turned sharply, and the door opened, that he awoke to the consciousness of where he was, and what figure had come into the room from the world that was so different to his own.

"Father," said Reuben Culwick, as he advanced toward him. "You have come to see me, and I am glad."

"You haven't much to be glad about at present," replied the father; "I was in the neighborhood, and I thought that I would call and see where you were lodging, and what you were doing. I haven't come from Worcester expressly to see you."

"It does not matter; pray don't apologize," said Reuben lightly, as he took his seat at the desk, opened it, and glanced carelessly at the letters and papers which had arrived.

"I have been thinking a great deal about you lately; you have bothered me."

"Indeed?"

"You came to Sedge Hill—you were the first to write to me—the first to make advances. And although calling on me only proved that you were as obstinate as ever—that we should never get on," he continued—"still I accepted it as an apology. And it struck me that there was some amount of respect for me in your heart, possibly some regret for all that has parted us."

"Well?"

"You remember what we quarreled about?"

"Perfectly."

"I wanted you to marry Miss Holland."

"Yes."

"That is the girl whom you saw at my house last May."

"Yes."

"Then," he said, after a strange fighting with his breath, "marry her now, and I'll forget everything."

Reuben was prepared for many strange reasons for his father's presence in Hope street, but this one took him completely off his guard. He sat back and glared at his father.

"You don't answer me," said Simon Culwick, in his old sullen and aggrieved tone of voice.

"I must decline to marry the lady."

"You—you fool!" blurted forth the father.

Simon Culwick rose, buttoned up his coat, and set his hat firmly on his head.

"Good morning to you."

"One moment. Is Miss Holland aware of your proposition?"

"Certainly not."

"I am very glad of it."

"I don't see anything to be glad of," said Mr. Culwick, as he walked toward the door, where he paused, and looked at the picture. "I had forgotten that," he muttered, as he returned to the table, and where Reuben was standing the instant afterward with the picture in his hand.

"You will pardon me, but Mr. Jennings will not sell this portrait."

"He has already——"

"Mr. Jennings will not sell it, I assure you," said Reuben, with great urbanity of manner, as he bowed once more to his father, with the picture pressed to his breast.

Mr. Culwick, senior, descended the stairs with extreme care, and passed through the parlor and shop without bestowing any further attention upon Mr. Jennings or Sarah Eastbell. Standing at the shop door was Lucy Jennings. She stood aside and as she passed her, she said in a low tone:

"Try to remember how close you may be to your grave, before you leave this house as wicked a man as you entered it."

He glared at her defiantly; his fingers even closed upon the stick, as if the idea of striking her with it had suggested itself, then he stopped and put his face close to hers, eagerly and confidentially.

"A ten-pound note for that picture, and I'll take it away with me."

"You will take nothing away with you but our contempt," said Lucy, banging the door behind him, and shutting him out in the front garden, down which he proceeded slowly.

He turned in the direction of the Camberwell New Road, but altered his mind, and passing the house again, looking up at the window of the first floor, and even hesitated, as if the idea of re-entering had struck him; then he went on to Walworth Road, where he lost himself. He gave up asking the way to London Bridge after a while, and looked on in a purposeless fashion that was new to him, until he found himself standing by a lamppost in a crowded thoroughfare, thinking of his son, and then of his dead wife—which was very strange indeed—and then of Mary Holland, down in Worcestershire.

He stepped into the road and made for the opposite side of the way. There were wagons and omnibuses and carts coming in all directions, and their drivers shouted at him, and foot passengers screamed wildly at the danger which he had not seen for himself. His giddiness overmastered him, and he fell amid clattering, stumbling iron hoofs, and whirling, grinding wheels, and it was beyond mere help to save him.

CHAPTER XIII.

Mrs. Eastbell waited very patiently for the return of her granddaughter to the almshouses. She was very happy in her nest, she said. Sarah wrote her letters; Miss Holland read them to her; everybody was kind, and her granddaughter would soon be home again. What was there to disturb her old head in any way? She was well in health, too, and wonderfully strong.

Suddenly the visits of Mary Holland abruptly ceased, although a message was sent to the old lady that Mrs. Muggeridge's niece had been telegraphed for to London, and would return in a few days. The niece would take that opportunity of calling upon Sarah Eastbell, and bring back to Worcester all the news—possibly Miss Eastbell herself, if she was strong enough to leave.

How long Mary Holland was away Mrs. Eastbell did not know, one day being very much like another, and time passed away smoothly and easily with this complacent specimen of age, and then, one afternoon, when the kettle was singing on the handful of fire which Mrs. Muggeridge had made, Mary Holland came softly into the room, and stood by the bedside of the woman.

"I have returned," she said; and the eyelashes of the listener quivered at the voice.

"Thank you, child," was the answer, as the thin yellow hand crept from beneath the sheets to welcome her. "Have you brought Sarah with you?"

"She will be in Worcester to-morrow."

"Now that's good hearing! Is that all you have to tell me?"

"Oh, no—I have brought a great deal of news with me—good and bad. I am afraid that you must have them both together, for they both affect you, Mrs. Eastbell."

"Go on, girl; let us have them in the lump, then. But," she added, quickly, "is it anything to do with Sarah?"

"It concerns yourself most of all. Can you feel what trimming is on my sleeve?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Eastbell, "crape! You have lost some one?"

"I have lost one who was kinder to me than to any living soul. I shall be richer for his death. I never expected anything. It was on the condition that I should never touch a halfpenny of his money that I became the keeper of his house, the watcher of his lonely life. His father and mine had been great friends, but they had quarreled at last, as everybody quarreled with this man."

"You must mean my brother Simon?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Is he really dead?" she asked in a whisper.

"Yes; he was run over in the streets, and he died in the hospital next day."

"Poor Simon; I fancied that I should outlive him, old as I was, though I didn't think he would go off in a hurry like this. I have been waiting years for him, making sure that he would come here some day, and say, 'Sister, I'm sorry that we ever had any words, and there's an end to it;' and instead of this, there's an end of him! Well, he was a good man, with a will of his own, like the rest of the family."

Mrs. Eastbell had certainly received bad news with composure, as age will do very often, but still Mary Holland was astonished at her equanimity.

"You are not shocked?" she asked wonderingly.

"I am too near the end myself, child, to be surprised at Simon's starting before me—the right way, too, for he was an honest, straightforward fellow, wasn't he? And Reuben comes back to his rights at last, and all's well."

"All is not well with Reuben Culwick, so far as his rights are concerned. His father has cut him out of his will, as he said that he would." Mary explained still further, "and as I knew that he would."

"Then who has got the money?"

The young woman's hand touched the dry and withered one lying close to her own.

"You have," said Mary Holland, after a moment's silence.

"What's that you say?—who's got the money?—me?" she screamed forth.

"Yes, you are the heiress," said Mary Holland, somewhat satirically.

"How much money is there?" she asked, so keenly that Mary almost fancied that the old woman was peering at her from under her sealed lids.

"More than you will know what to do with."

"Not more than I can take care of," she added, with one of her low chuckles of satisfaction.

"For yourself, and for those who come after you," said Mary, in a low, thoughtful tone.

"Yes; but I must enjoy myself first. I haven't had much pleasure in my life stuck here like a Guy Fox, goodness knows!"

"What do you think of doing?" asked Mary Holland.

"I shall take possession to-night," said the old lady; "I must get to Sedge Hill. I shall be able to welcome my granddaughter to her new home then. I am strong enough, if somebody will only dress me, and send for a conveyance. Why should I stop? Haven't I had enough of this prison and this poverty? I can't live here any longer."

Mary Holland thought it would have been wiser to have brought her news at an earlier hour then. She endeavored to persuade Mrs. Eastbell to rest till the next day, but the old lady was obstinate and not to be turned from her intentions.

Mary Holland gave her tea, but although she went from the room, she did not proceed in search of a conveyance to Sedge Hill, but entrusted that commission to the old lady next door. She wondered if the old woman's strength would last to Sedge Hill, or if the reaction would come and leave her prostrate. She was not prepared for this sudden awakening to a new life; it bewildered her, shrewd little woman though she was in many things. She had wished to break the news to Mrs. Eastbell, and the task had been intrusted to her accordingly, but had it been done wisely, and was this a wise step, on the part of Mrs. Eastbell, to leave St. Oswald's in ungrateful haste?

"What a time the cab is!" said Sarah Eastbell suddenly.

"In your happier state apart from this life, you will not forget the man whose place you take, whose home is yours, whose father set him aside without fair cause," urged Mary.

"This isn't a time to worry me about him. I have no fault to find with Reuben—he's an excellent young man—but that's no reason why I should talk of him to-night."

"He is poor."

"I dare say he is," was the reply, "but I must think of my own family first. I can't be bothered with nephews just now."

Mrs. Muggeridge's head peered round the door.

"The cab's come," she said; "do you think you can walk to the outer gate, Mrs. Eastbell?"

"I could walk a mile. There's a teapot of mine on the hob, and it draws beautifully. Take it, tea and all, and don't forget me. Good-by. How very glad I am to get away from here! This way?"

"Yes, this way," said Mary.

"The night's cold, and though I am not used to night air, I can go through it to my new house and my new life as briskly as you can. What a change for me and Sally!"

"And for more than you two," added Mary Holland.

(To be continued.)

## A PIGSTY READING-ROOM.

**Unique Institution Started by English Colliers and Forgemen.**

A reading room and library that can exist in complete independence and probable ignorance that any such person as Mr. Carnegie ever lived is sufficiently unique to command attention. One such not only exists but flourishes in a pigsty in Hartshay, a little Derbyshire hamlet, and its beginning and its present condition have been recently described in Country Life.

Up to 1804 the men—the sober-minded ones—had no other meeting-place in Hartshay after the day's work was done than the bridge over the Cromford and Derby Canal. There they smoked, read the evening paper aloud, and talked over current events. This was not a bad rallying place when the weather was warm and fair, but in the winter it was not quite as pleasant. Then, when it rained or was very cold, they walked down the towpath and held their meetings under the bridge.

In the autumn of that year one of the members of the little assembly came into undisputed possession of a pigsty, the former occupants of which had been converted into pork. The new owner furnished it with a few boxes for seats, and invited his mates to make it their winter headquarters. They jumped at the chance, and thenceforth met nightly in the pigsty.

It was the rudest hovel, barely six feet square, and without windows, so candles were necessary day and night. To enter, it was necessary to crawl through the low door on hands and knees. Nevertheless, the former habitues of the canal bridge promptly constituted themselves a society, and drew up rules for the government of Lower Hartshay Reading-Room.

New members should be proposed and seconded, and pay an entrance fee of sixpence. Twopence a week should be paid for the purchase of a newspaper and the provision of candles. Two nights were set apart for reading aloud. Members were required to clean out the room once a week. Gambling was prohibited; also the introduction of alcoholic liquors. And rule eleven ran: "Members are requested to swear as little as possible."

Soon a rough table was added; a daily and a weekly newspaper were taken in, and in addition to the few books that the members owned, a number were contributed by outsiders. Five nights in the week reading, smoking, games and social intercourse were in order, but Wednesday and Friday evenings were devoted to reading aloud by the best scholar, and the first two books thus read were Carlyle's "French Revolution" and Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

When there were twenty or more members they decided to take the adjoining pigsty. A full-sized door was put in; a skylight placed in the roof; rough wooden benches added; also a battered and smoking stove; the walls were whitewashed and book-shelves put up. All the work was done by the members.

Thanks to good financial management, the shelves are now laden with books; otherwise the pigsty library has not been further improved. Nor is there need of finer surroundings; the men are the thing. Derbyshire colliers and forgemen who read Gibbon and Carlyle by the light of tallow candles in a pigsty six by six can afford to do without modern refinements and improvements. Indeed, their sturdy figures would look out of place in some modern reading-rooms.

He that fancies himself very enlightened, because he sees the deficiencies of others, may be very ignorant, because he has not studied his own.—Hare.

## GREAT MAN OF THE FAR EAST.

ADMIRAL ALEXIEFF.

Admiral Eugene Ivanovitch Alexieff, who is considered to be the great man of the far East, is not only a naval and military commander of approved skill, but an astute diplomat, in whom his imperial master, Czar Nicholas, places the utmost confidence. In various capacities Alexieff has shown the ability that he possesses. He has been governor of Russian Manchuria, governor general of Eastern Siberia, and before being appointed viceroy in the East had been for a short time foreign minister at St. Petersburg. He has brought the Muscovite navy to such a high standard that it now takes third rank in Europe. For distinguished services in the Boxer rebellion the Czar presented him with a sword studded with diamonds. Admiral Alexieff is now 60 years old, and is described as being hale and vigorous and possessing a genial disposition and wonderful will power.

## BATTLING WITH AN OCTOPUS.

That vampire of the ocean, the octopus, appears from time to time in real-life narratives as fascinating as fiction. Such is the story told in the Royal Magazine by Capt. S. F. Scott of British Columbia. He was yatching off Victoria with a party of friends, and while alone one evening in a row boat a mile from the yatch, got into a school of black fish, one of which struck the little boat with such force that its occupant was sent flying into the water. Captain Scott continues:

It seemed a joke to be upset like that, and I laughed. But this was to be my last laugh for a long time, for just as I had swum back to the boat and laid my hands on the upturned keel, I felt myself seized round the legs, half-way below the knees—seized with such strength and suddenness and pulled down with such tremendous force that the boat was jerked clean over, and came down on top of my head.

Like lightning came the truth. I was in the arms of a devil-fish.

I knew that the waters swarmed with the deadly octopus. I knew that one had got me. There is no mistaking the grasp. Every one of the devil fish's eight powerful arms closes upon his prey, and he pulls down, down, until he drags it to the bottom.

With a desperate kick I freed myself from the creature below me. Seizing the boat, I had my arm under one of the thwarts when the devil-fish caught me again.

I felt his grasp tighten. The pain was excruciating. With every movement that I made my flesh was lacerated. I began to grow weak from loss of blood. But I never relaxed my hold of the boat.

The agony must have lasted for only a few minutes in reality, but it seemed an eternity before I felt the clutch on my legs loosen. I kicked with all my strength, struggled, twirled, and then felt myself free. I think my solid boots must have injured the arms of the octopus and compelled him to let go.

It was not until an hour and a half later that my friends noticed that my boat was motionless on the water, and came out to see what was the matter. They found me more dead than alive. The skin was nearly all gone from my feet to my knees, and above that it remained for weeks as black as a man's hat. For two months afterward I lived only on milk.

Altogether I was laid up for seven months as the result of my encounter.

## ORIGIN OF CANT PHRASES.

**Where Some Expressions Daily Heard First Came Into Use.**

Royall Tyler, who was born in Boston in 1757, visited London in 1809. From there he wrote a letter to a friend in New England, a bit of which may not be uninteresting to readers of today:

Some years since "all the rage" was the cant, and an Englishman asserted that universal philanthropy and peace were "all the rage." To this succeeded "quiz" and "quizzical;" every man of common sense was a quiz and every blockhead quizzical. To these succeeded "bore;" everything animate and even inanimate was a "bore," a "horrid bore!" I am not certain that I give you the correct order of succession, for, indeed, I am not ambitious of the correctness of the genealogy of nonsense. The cant expression now in vogue are "I owe you one" and "that's a good one." * * * But besides these evanescent vulgarisms of fashionable colloquy there are a number of words now familiar, not merely in transient converse, but even in English fine writing, which are of vulgar origin and illegitimate descent, which disgust an admirer of the writers of their Augustan age and degrade their finest compositions by a grotesque air of pert vivacity. Among these is the adjective "clever," a word not derived from those pure and rich sources which have given all that is valuable to the English language—a word not used by any English prose writer of eminence until the reign of George III. nor even introduced into a serious poem until adopted by Cowper—a word which, if we may judge of adjectives as we do of men, by their associates, shows the baseness of its origin by the company it keeps, being generally coupled with "fellow," a term I conceive of no respect except in courts and colleges.—Brooklyn Eagle.

## FREE SMOKES FOR SINNERS.

**Tobacco Used in Prisons Does Not Pay a Government Revenue Tax.**

Convicts serving time in the various prisons of the country have one privilege people outside the walls do not enjoy. The commissioner of internal revenue has decided that it is permissible for state prisons to manufacture tobacco or cigars for its own inmates without paying license. The commissioner says:

"I would say that upon careful consideration of the question involved, it is held that a charitable or other institution conducted by the state and under state authority, with its own operatives, has the right to manufacture tobacco, cigars or any other tobacco product without the payment of tax when all such manufactured tobacco is used exclusively within the state institution.

"The tobacco must, however, be manufactured within the limits of the state institution, and no portion of it be removed therefrom. If any portion of such manufactured tobacco is found outside of the limits of the institution, it will be liable to seizure and forfeiture the same as any other unstamped manufactured tobacco which might be found upon the market."

**Rather Hard to Please.**

Mrs. Moke Smith, of Calwood, Callaway county, has perhaps the most varied and remarkable matrimonial career of any woman in Missouri. Her life shows what may be accomplished under the marriage and divorce laws of this State by a woman who is active, industrious and not slow about falling in love or falling out again. Mrs. Smith has just been married for the third time. Her maiden name was Fannie Terrance. Her first husband was Moses Shaffer.

After living with Mose a while she got tired of him, secured a divorce and married Moke Smith. Tiring of Moke, she got a divorce from him and united herself to Ferd Altheiser. After living with Ferd a while she concluded Moke was a better fellow than she had thought and she left Ferd and was remarried to Moke. Tiring of Moke a second time, she again separated herself from him and in due course of time was wedded to J. H. Berry. Berry, however, suited her no better than Shaffer or Smith or Altheiser and she soon left him. Not long afterward she was remarried to Berry, only to soon weary of him and get a divorce from him. Now she is trying Moke again.—Kansas City Journal.

**Entitled to a Pardon.**

An amusing story is told of "Uncle Dick" Oglesby, once govenor of Illinois. He made a tour of inspection of the Joliet prison, and came to a cell in which a hideously ugly man was confined. The man was so ill favored that the governor stopped to ask about him.

"What's he in for?" he asked.

"He forced a young woman to elope with him at the point of a pistol," the keeper replied.

"Well," said Oglesby, "I guess I'll pardon him."

"Pardon him!" protested the warden. "Why, governor, the proof against him is absolute."

"I know," said the governor, "but he couldn't get her to marry him in any other way."

## MOTHER'S HANDS.

My mother's hands are soft and white, her fingers long to see,
And oh, she does so much with them, for all the house and me!

At morning, mother's fingers lace my shoes and comb my hair,
And feel my apron over well, to find a tiny tear.

They bring my bowl of mush and milk, they hold my two cheeks—so,
Quite cool and soft and loving wise, when out to play I go.

Then all day long they sweep and dust, and bake and sew and ny.
My fingers do not know the way, no matter how they try.

And when the day is over quite, they help me into bed,
And smooth the sheets and pillows down, and stroke my sleepy head.
—Farm and Home.

## CONCERNING THE OPPOSITION

CONFOUND the girl! Where on earth did she ever get such ideas? Have a cigar, Ted."

Theodore Lord lighted the proffered weed and smoked thoughtfully for several minutes.

"You have me there, Judge," he said at length. "Possibly from some of this latter-day literature. It seems to me as if I had read something similar."

"Very possibly," said Judge Martin, frowning. "You say she thinks the affair too cut and dried?"

Lord smiled.

She doesn't express herself in just those terms. She says everything is too obvious," said he.

Judge Martin snorted in disgust. "Too obvious! Too obvious! What in the world does she expect or want? I don't care if she is my daughter, Ted, I do think women folks nowadays get the wildest notions in their heads."

"She says," Lord continued, "it has been too glaringly apparent how everything would turn out. She can't remember the day, she claims, when it wasn't obvious that she would some day marry the nice little boy who lived across the street. She presumes, too, that it was just as obvious to the nice little boy that he would some day marry Judge Martin's daughter. Now,

"THERE, YOU ARE MISTAKEN."

she says, it is obvious to everybody that we were made for each other. In fact, things have been so terribly obvious from the very beginning that she fears we don't know our own minds, and perhaps later we may find we have made a great mistake."

Judge Martin ran his fingers nervously through his bushy white hair.

"I always thought she was the most sensible girl in the world," said he.

"She is," said Lord quickly. "There may be reason in what she says."

"I know she thinks the world of you, no matter what she says," said the Judge stoutly.

"I've had the temerity to think that myself," said Lord, "and I've tried to think this state of mind is merely temporary with her."

He blew smoke rings thoughtfully.

"Perhaps if I went away this winter," he continued, "it might help matters. There's the trip to California, you know. I might take that."

"Nonsense!" the Judge exploded. "You can't leave your practice here. And you can't afford it, either. You'll need all your money for your house. The trouble is, Ted, this affair of yours has been altogether too smooth. It needs opposition to stir it into healthy life. I believe a little touch of romantic opposition would work wonders with Elizabeth."

"I'm inclined to think you're right," said Lord slowly.

The Judge brought his fist down on the library table with a bang.

"Confound it!" he said, his eyes twinkling. "I don't want you for a son-in-law. I've never thought of such a thing. Marry my daughter Elizabeth? Never, my presumptuous young friend. See the point, Ted?"

Lord sprang to his feet.

"Judge," he said, "you're a thoroughbred."

The Judge was evidently well pleased with himself.

"Somewhat better than California, I fancy," he drawled.

"Infinitely," the young man said with enthusiasm.

"Come around to-morrow at 3," said the Judge. "Elizabeth will be here then. Oh, I'll sit you beautifully. Take another cigar with you."

"To-morrow at 3, then," said Lord, picking up his overcoat.

The Judge nodded and dropped one eyelid deliberately.

The following afternoon at 3 o'clock Theodore Lord and the Judge were again seated in the library. They looked nervously at each other, as conspirators have looked at each other for all time. They even grinned at each other a bit sheepishly.

"Hush!" said the Judge. "She will be coming down the stairs in a moment. When I speak loud you do it, too. There, that's her door, now. She's coming." Then, with a sudden change of tone: "No, sir, I most assuredly do not propose to hand my daughter to you. It is the height of presumption to suppose that I would be willing to do any such thing. Never!" The Judge's voice quite shook with fury.

"I scarcely expected you to fly into a rage, sir, merely because I come to you and ask for your daughter's hand in honorable marriage."

"You didn't, eh?" The spasmodic anger of the Judge's voice was beautifully done.

"I confess I expected quite a different reception," said Lord.

"May I ask," said the Judge, hotly, "on what such expectation was based?"

"I thought you knew, sir," Lord said calmly, "of my honest affection for Elizabeth. I thought that would be very apparent, even to you. Indeed, your actions have led me to believe your consent would be freely given."

"Young man," sneered the Judge, "I like your nerve! Your supposition that I would give my consent for Elizabeth to marry a penniless young saw-bones is quite on a par with your other mental processes."

"I'll admit my practice and income are neither very amazing," said Lord with some heat, "but I think you'll find them sufficient to warrant the request I have made; besides which, I have health and ambition and no intention to stagnate."

"Your practice and your income, indeed! I like that. I've taken the trouble to find out a little about your practice and your income, which you're so free in alluding to, and all I have to say is that if you had as much of either of them as you have of amazing nerve you'd be the richest doctor in the country. But I prefer something a little better for my daughter than slow starvation. The upshot of the whole matter would be that you'd be coming home to me and I'd have to keep you both."

"What you say is insulting in the extreme," said Lord. "But I must remember that you are an old man and you are Elizabeth's father. Therefore I will pass your insults by. What I want to know is, do you flatly refuse your consent?"

"How many times must I tell you so?" the Judge howled.

"Then it is only fair to you to say I shall try to win her affections without that consent," said Lord angrily.

"Do so, by all means," roared the Judge. "I can tell you now she doesn't care a snap of her fingers about you."

The portieres were flung violently apart, and Elizabeth, white but with proudly lifted head and flashing eyes, stood before them.

"There you are mistaken," she said in a shaken voice, looking unflinchingly at her father.

For a moment there was silence; then the Judge turned to Lord.

"Leave the house," he bellowed.

"Father!" said Elizabeth.

"Leave the house before I throw you out," said the Judge.

Elizabeth walked over to Lord and put her hand in his.

"You may throw me out, too," she said quietly.

The Judge turned away, ostensibly to control his wrath.

"Keep the young idiot if you want him," he said; "I'm going to the club."

Late that evening Lord found the Judge in his favorite corner at the club. The Judge grinned as he came up.

"How about the opposition, eh? Have a cigar, Teddy."—Pittsburg Gazette.

## A SAFE DIET RULE.

**Eat the Smallest Amount of Food that Will Preserve Good Health.**

How shall one determine how much food to eat? Too much mystery has been thrown upon this subject. Let your sensations decide. It must be kept in mind that the entire function of digestion and assimilation is carried on without conscious supervision or concurrence. It should be entirely unfelt and unknown, excepting by the feeling of bien-etre which accompanies and follows its normal accomplishment. Satiety is bad. It implies a sensation of fullness in the region of the stomach, and that means that too much food has been taken. The exact correspondence, in a healthy animal, between the appetite and the amount of food required is extraordinary. As a rule, the meal, unless eaten very slowly, should cease before the appetite is entirely satisfied, because a little time is required for the outlying organs and tissues to feel the effects of the food that has been ingested. If too little has been taken, it is easy enough to make it up at the next meal, and the appetite will be only the better and the food more grateful.

No one was ever sorry for having voluntarily eaten too little, while millions every day repent having eaten too much. It has been said that the great lesson homeopathy taught the world was this: That whereas physicians had been in the habit of giving the patient the largest dose he could stand, they have been led to see that their purpose was better subserved by giving him the smallest dose that would produce the desired effect. And so it is with food. Instead of eating, as most people unfortunately do, as much as they can, they should eat the smallest amount that will keep them in good health.—Century.

An ardent lover is pleasanter in a book than in real life. In real life, if his sweetheart doesn't love him hard enough, he is liable to shoot her.

A great many people speak of "wanting to do what's right," as if they have a monopoly of the desire.