

# EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

## WORKING GIRLS AS WIVES.

**C**OLLEGE education seems to insure reduction of progeny among college-bred fathers and mothers. Not two-thirds of the men graduates have children. Not 50 per cent of the girl graduates ever wed. Those who become wives seldom or never bring large families of children into the world. In this dilemma President Mary E. Woolley, head of Mount Holyoke College, a Massachusetts institution, acknowledged to be one of the leading girls' colleges of the English-speaking world, comes to the rescue with the admission that working girls make better wives than college graduates or girls reared in idleness.

The working girl appreciates the difference between housework at her own convenience and toll for a fixed number of hours six days a week in store, office or factory under orders from some one else. The college graduate or the girl reared in idleness condemns her husband to life in apartment hotels and boarding houses because she thinks housework a burden.

The working girl wife is seldom seen in the divorce court. She does not taunt her husband with his inadequate income or moan because she has fewer dresses than her father used to provide. She leaves recrimination and divorce to wives who read novels and primped while their mothers did the housework.

The business girl makes housekeeping a business and her home is a success. She is a helpmeet and not a drawback, and the man who weds her may well consider himself in luck. Such is Miss Woolley's high opinion of the large class of young women to whom we must look for the mothers of the next generation.—Chicago Journal.

## THE MAN "ON THE JOB."

**A** WIDE-AWAKE and energetic clergyman who takes a lively interest in politics opposes the plan of direct nominations upon grounds that are striking, if not novel. He says he prefers government by "the few who stay on the job and know their business." That is to say, he would rather trust the experienced politicians than the amateurs who wake up occasionally and go in for political reform. He says the substitution of direct nominations for the effective control of a few persons experienced in government is a long step toward Socialism. He wants a political revival, with the leaders the first to approach the mourner's bench. And he believes that desired reforms can be more quickly brought about by converting the leaders than by putting affairs in the hands of the inexperienced and the incompetent.

The plan of direct nominations is yet in its experimental stage. Much has been hoped from it. In some elections it appears to have given a reasonable degree of satisfaction, while in others it has resulted in much disappointment. This, of course, is to be expected of all reforms, but it should teach us not to dwell too fond-

ly upon the idea that the direct nomination is a panacea for all political ills.

In all other departments of human endeavor experience and skill are accounted valuable assets. Trained engineers are set to the task of building the Panama canal. A learned lawyer must be had to try a complicated lawsuit. A skilled financier must conduct the business of a bank, if it is to be successful. Is the science of government less complicated? In a country where party government prevails, politics in some sort becomes a science. There must be wise political direction or good government is impossible.

To convert the political leaders to righteousness may be a hopeless task, but obviously not more so than to convert the masses of the people. Under any system, experience and knowledge and skill must in the end prevail over inexperience and ignorance. The man constantly "on the job" will always have an advantage.—Minneapolis Journal.

## AGE PENALTY QUESTIONED.

**T**HE United States navy has proved in time of war that its men are valiant, its guns effective and its ships efficient. In time of peace the fleet has performed a wonderful cruise, demonstrating that the navy has gained in efficiency with its increased size. The people are proud of its achievement, and anxious to keep it up to the highest standard of effectiveness, in order that it may be ready for any emergency. It is a pity, therefore, that the directing minds of the ships—the men upon whom all the responsibility would fall in case of war—are prevented from reaching command rank until they have almost reached the age of retirement. It is an extravagant system, because it fails to utilize to the best advantage the ripened physical and mental powers of the officers who have been trained for a lifetime to handle the nation's sea power.—Washington Post.

## THE AMERICAN WOMAN.

**W**E Americans are not yet quite able to distinguish a type, either of man or woman, that has developed out of our very complex ethnographic condition. We think, now and then, that we can see certain qualities or characteristics so grouped in an individual as to make us say for the moment that there is an "American." The American woman is perhaps even a little more undeveloped, to our thinking, than is the American man. We admire or tremble before women of a certain air or quality; but this very men and quality of her do not seem permanent, fixed; and the woman we class as "American" to-day may be altogether different from the imperious creature we crowned yesterday. Perhaps it is with regard to the woman as it is with respect to the past. It takes the tone of distance, space, to bring out the glory and the distinction—to orb her.—Columbia (S. C.) State.

## NEW IDEAS IN MILLINERY.



looked as though they had not had enough to eat. But they were bright-eyed and alert and not for a moment did their attention stray from the white-bearded old rabbi who was teaching them Jewish prayers, although the smarmy little pictures on the walls and the myriad of noises of the roaring East Side street must have been a constant temptation. And then the door opened and City Marshal Lazarus stepped in, dispossessing warrant in hand, says the New York correspondent of the Cincinnati Times-Star. The stragling little congregation of the synagogue hadn't been able to pay the rent. Their few pennies were needed to keep their own roof trees and give their little ones a meager fare. The old teacher stood silent, with bowed head, as the poor furnishings were ripped from the place and stacked in the street below. Tears trickled down his beard. The children carried the tidings through the squalid neighborhood and in a moment the street was choked with shrieking, gesticulating, weeping men and women. They begged the marshal's men for mercy. As each bit of the poor furnishings appeared they redoubled their outcries. The rabbi, no longer erect and venerable, but a poor, old, grief-stricken man, his eyes red with tears, his hands shaking, moved among them, trying to repress their emotion. Marshal Lazarus was moved by the agony of this, perhaps the most poverty-stricken congregation in all New York. He went to the old rabbi and handed him a little money. "That's to keep you going for a few days," he said kindly.

The old man accepted it. "But it is for my people," he said proudly. "Myself, I can starve. But who will watch my little children here?"

**Cosmopolitan Chicago.**  
I pay my fare and reach the cold, unappreciated pavement, and board a car going in the opposite direction, says C. H. White in Harper's Magazine. Now we are passing through a city canon echoing with the roar of traffic. A horde of people rushes past in the gloomy shadow cast by great walls of granite, groaning under tons of bastard ornament. This must be one of the principal thoroughfares, and I ask my neighbors where we are. "Non aptico, Signore," is his polite reply. I bow my thanks and turn to my left.

"Could you tell me what street this is?"  
"Bitte, ich bin nur Heute hier angekommen."

He smiles and makes some primitive sign with his hands and arms. I reply by motions more involved, occasionally moving my scalp. We are making little headway, when I spy a likely fellow sitting beside my new acquaintance. With suppressed agitation I put my question to him.

"Fardos, vat for you demands?"  
He is anxious to help me. I repeat slowly. "The name of the street we are on."  
"Tiens! for sure vat go on—" he replies reassuringly; "maals lementem. Alles! Nom de Dieu, on va plus vite ces nous!"  
Then I remember that Chicago is cosmopolitan.

Agree with people more. It is a good way to get rid of an argument. Besides, the people you agree with will always like you better.

There is one thing about an automobile we greatly admire: it doesn't shed hair in the spring.

## WEDDING RECEPTIONS TO GO.

Place May Be Taken by a Party the Day Before the Ceremony.

It seems quite possible that the reception after a religious ceremony at one of the fashionable churches will in time cease to figure as a social function in England, the London Gentleman says. It is becoming increasingly the fashion for the bride's mother to have an afternoon or evening party on the day before the wedding, at which the presents are displayed in all their glory, and then on the wedding day itself to restrict invitations to the house after the service to immediate friends and relatives only.

This has been the plan adopted at several recent London weddings. From what one hears it may be very generally imitated, so that in time the once indispensable wedding reception may become as obsolete as the wedding breakfast of the Victorian era, when all marriage ceremonies in church were bound by law to be concluded before noon.

I do not think any of us would regret very deeply the disappearance of the aforesaid wedding reception. Three o'clock in the afternoon is not an hour which any one is feeling much inclined for a party; no one ever knew what to do, moreover, for the hour is too early for tea, too late for luncheon, while the only refuge for the destitute-looking at and appraising the wedding presents—is generally rendered nugatory by the fact that every one else wishes to do exactly the same thing at the same moment.

Most of us in consequence—certainly such as are of the male sex—generally stayed about five minutes and then fled precipitately; whereas under the new arrangement of a party the day before any hostess is at liberty to choose her own hour for showing off her daughter's presents, and as this would probably be either at tea time or after dinner we should all feel a great deal more sociably inclined than two or three hours after.

All things considered, therefore, if this new fashion does take on, it will really conduce to the happiness of many, and it will be no bad thing either to divide the sacred and secular parts of the wedding festivities more decidedly than they are at present.

## CONDEMNED TO DEATH.

A curious story of a night in prison during the Reign of Terror in France is told by Monsieur Ferrers. Probably few political prisoners of that period had their fears of the guillotine so promptly removed as did Monsieur Ferrers and his companions. Some sixteen prisoners were thrown into a dungeon of the prison of Tarbes. It was so dark that no man could see his hand before his face.

Suddenly a click, as if a box had been closed, was heard, and a voice speaking with an Italian accent was heard:

"Well, here I'm captured, now for judgment. What is your name?"  
Then a small, squeaky voice replied, "I am called Mouse."

"What have you done for the Revolution? Where were you on the great tenth of August?"  
"In a church."

"O fanatic! fanatic! And where were you on the immortal thirty-first of May?"  
"In a cheese dairy."

"Monopolist and fanatic! You are condemned to death and immediate execution."

There was a slight noise, a little cry, and then all was silent.

At intervals through the night similar dialogues were heard, and to the terrified imagination of the prisoners, they always ended with the death of the victim. Who could tell at what moment his turn might come? It was daylight brought cheer. It was discovered that the dungeon was full of mice, and that an Italian prisoner, who had a mouse-trap, had been willing away the hours by catching mice and passing judgment upon them.

**A Chronic Grumbler.**  
Charles Lamb tells of a chronic grumbler who always complained at what because he had so few trumps. By some artifice his companions managed to fix the cards so that when he dealt he got the whole thirteen, hoping to extort some expression of satisfaction, but he only looked more wretched than ever as he examined his hand.

"Well, Tom," said Lamb, "haven't you trumps enough this time?"  
"Yes," grunted Tom, "but I've no other cards."

**Sweedish Peat Bogs.**  
According to the latest statistics, the total peat bogs of Sweden would be capable of producing ten thousand millions of tons of air-dried peat, suitable for fuel. This quantity, as compared with the present import of coal, would be sufficient for a period of 1,500 years. More exact examinations of the geological character of the peat bogs will soon be started by the Swedish Geological Society.—Detroit News.

**Getting a Move on Himself.**  
"I got so that I didn't pay any attention to my old-fashioned alarm clock," said Mr. Urlyrise. "But I'm out of bed and wide awake at 6 o'clock every morning now."  
"How did you manage it?"  
"I got one that honks like an automobile horn."—Washington Star.

**A Sure Shot.**  
"Have you got a remedy for superfluous hair, some drug which will remove it so that it will stay removed?"  
"No, but I have something else just as good."  
"What is it?"  
"My wife."—Houston Post.

**Laconic.**  
"Hair's a little inclined to—"  
"Cut it!" interrupted the man who wanted to catch a train.—Puck.

A woman can put a lot of meaning in few words when she says of another: "She isn't so innocent as she looks."

## FADING-LEAF AND FALLEN-LEAF.

Said Fading-Leaf to Fallen-Leaf—  
I toss alone on a forsaken tree.  
It racks and cracks with every gust that rocks  
Its straining bulk! Say, how is it with thee?

Said Fallen-Leaf to Fading-Leaf—  
A heavy foot went by, an hour ago;  
Crushed into clay, I stain the way:  
The loud wind calls me, and I cannot go.

Said Fading-Leaf to Fallen-Leaf—  
Death lessons Life, a ghost is ever wise:  
Teach me a way to live till May  
Laughs fair with fragrant lips and loving eyes!

Said Fallen-Leaf to Fading-Leaf—  
Fate then, and fall; thou hast had all  
That Life can give; ask something now of Death!  
—Richard Garnett.

## DARKIE'S CRIME

"A woman is in the surgery, sir, and says she must see you at once." I looked up from my paper at the speaker—Mary, the housemaid—with a weary sigh. The life of a doctor, is not, to use a timeworn, and perhaps vulgar, aphorism, "all beer and skittles," and certainly mine on that day had not been. Sickens was very prevalent in Colbourne, and the bills of four thousand inhabitants were in the hands of two doctors. Besides, there had been an outbreak of smallpox among the navvies engaged in cutting a new railway to join the Colbourne terminus, and of late we had had our hands full. Evidently my desire for the quiet evening I had coveted was now destroyed.

"Did the person send in her name?" I inquired.

"No, sir; she said I was to look sharp and ask you to come at once—she repeated 'at once,' sir; and, oh, there was an awful look in her eyes."

I rose and went to the surgery, and there found a young woman. She did not reply to my greeting, but at once plunged into the object of her mission. Her husband, Bill Crossland, had met with an accident on a cutting of the new railway, and had been brought home on a stretcher in a "bad way."

"I will be with your husband in a few minutes," I replied, seeing that the nature of the case demanded my instant attention.

The woman left me, and procuring what I thought necessary, I hurried to the squalid yard in which Bill Crossland lived. Colbourne, like many other small towns, had slums almost as bad as some of those which we are told exist in the East End of London, where fever and other pestilences thrive like weeds in an ill kept garden. The houses in this yard were rickety, and some of them filthy and abominable.

I found the injured man lying on a sofa, which had been improvised into a bed. An old woman was attending to his wants, and by the fire-place an elderly man—a navvy—stood. As I approached the bed, he left the house. My patient was a strong, lusty looking fellow, with an almost negro complexion, crisp black hair and mustache.

I speedily examined his injuries, and found them of a serious nature. His ribs had been severely crushed, and a portion of one had penetrated a lung. But he bore up with wonderful courage, and scarcely emitted a groan when I handled him. Having done everything possible for his comfort, I prepared to leave the house, at the same time beckoning his wife to follow me, with the idea of warning her of the danger her husband was in. The injured man noticed the motion, and called me.

"Doctor," he said faintly, "there's one thing I want to know. Now tell me—am I done for?"

The question was so pointedly put that it quite upset my former answer. I began to hesitate in my evasive answer to him, but he quickly stopped me.

"Don't be afraid o' tellin' me," he said roughly. "Bill Crossland ain't a coward—he's stood worse than this—he's cheated the hangman o' his noose, and he'll not shrink from a decent death now."

I wondered at this allusion to the "hangman's noose," but tried to re-arrange with him, telling him it was necessary that he should be quiet, and not talk.

"Look here, doctor," he replied, in a more determined tone, "I'm a-going to hear the truth from you before you go. I'll have it out of you or I'll limb it out, I will!" and his black eyes gleamed like burning coals.

Again I remonstrated with him, but he would not heed me, and at last his wife interfered.

"You can tell Bill anything, sir," she said. "Let him know if he's got to pass in his checks, and maybe he'll prepare for it. It's some too good a life he's lived," and she jerked her thumb over her shoulder at the recumbent figure.

"Well, then," I replied, "I may as well be frank. The fact is, I entertain very little hope of your husband's recovery."

"Ye hear that, Bill? Doctor says yer to pass in yer checks, so just yer git ready and do it!"  
"I was amazed at her cold-blooded tone."

"I know'd it, lass! I know'd it!" Bill replied. "Doctor!" I turned to the bed. "Sit down, Martha, bring the doctor a chair," and the old woman placed one close to the bed for me.

When I had seated myself—for I thought it best to humor him—he looked round the room and said:

"Now, I'm a-come to make a confession. I don't any of yer git interruptin'. 'Cause I can't speak so well." He paused, and then deliberately went on: "Breath seems terrible short!" Then, turning his head to me, he remarked: "Ye remember that 'ere accident to Jen Barker nigh on a twelve-month sin'?"

I nodded, for I recollected it perfectly. One of the drivers in the tun-

nel just outside the town had slipped and fallen on a rail in the dark. A load of earth had passed over his body, breaking his back, and death had resulted almost instantly. He was found shortly afterwards, and the coroner's jury returned a verdict of "accidental death."

"Well, the injured man pursued, 'that 'ere accident wor no accident! It wor no accident! It wor somat else. I had better tell ye that Jen Barker and I wor mates; he wor called 'Guz-zler,' 'cause he could swallow so much drink—like soap suds down a sough, as the sayin' is. I wor called 'Darkie,' 'cause—well, ye can see why if ye look at me physog. I could do a fairish drop o' liquor at times, but the worst of it wor that we both wor fond o' the same gell—that's Liz o'er yonder,' and he nodded in the direction of his wife, who was seated on a box which stood beneath a window. Her eyes were fixed on the speaker.

"Liz!" he suddenly exclaimed and with somewhat more energy than he had displayed in the narrative, for his breath had failed him several times, then, "Liz, Liz! don't look at me like that! I canna bear it! I canna!" and he broke off into a long groan.

His wife dropped her eyes, but still sat like a statue, with her hands clasped in her lap. The injured man struggled for breath, and then went on:

"I know'd Liz wor fond o' Jen, 'cause he wor fair and handsome, but I loved her the bestest. Ay, though we be navvies, doctor, we can love—only some people thinks as how we just pair off like! But they're wrong. Well, to be gettin' on w' my story Liz 'ere had no eyes for me when Jen wor about, and I got jealous. All the

old friendship 'tween me and Jen wor gone on my side, and I began to hate 'im. The crisis came one night when I meets Liz a-comin' back from the tunnel, which wor then bein' bored. I wor on day duty, and Jen wor workin' at nights, 'cause then we worked day and night in shifts. She had 'a'en him down some supper, and I could see how things wor goin'.

I up and tells her of me love, and axes her to marry me. Liz treated me better 'an I thowt she would; but she just says, 'Bill, I don't dislike ye, but I like Jen better, and I've promised 'im.' I wor furious—thet's what remember it, I dessey, Liz—but she just turns on 'er heel and walks off, sayin' as when the drink wor in the w' wor out! I had had drink, thees know'st, I went down to the tunnel and meets Jen a-comin' out w' a truck o' muck—we call earth muck, thees know'st. I didna let him see that I wor angry, so I just jokes w' him like. As I wor goin' through the tunnel a thowt struck me; if I wor just to come up behind Jen, and gie 'im a push in front of the truck, it would perhaps lame 'em, and then perhaps Liz would be bothered w' a lame chap. I left the tunnel and went 'ome, but I didna sleep that 'ere night. Next day I took Jen's place driving, and 'twere then I worked out my plans. Thees know'st there be timbers, called side trees, on each side to support the roof o' the tunnel 'til the bricks take the work in hand, and I thowt as how, if I wor to hide in one of them just in the darkest place, and when Jen comes on just put out my 'and and gie him a push, it would do all I wanted. I shanna forget that 'ere day! The idea growed on me, and when I left work, I made up my mind to do it. So I walks down about 9 o'clock the same night, and just as I reached the open cutting I heard Jen wish Liz good-night. I wor fair mad w' jealousy. I had murder in my 'art. Kewp in out o' sight o' Liz, I creeps down just in time to see Jen take the horses back into the tunnel to bring a load o' muck up. I creeps down in the darkest part, and past the shed where Bob Dalton wor pumpin' air into the tunnel, w'out bein' seen. I know'd every inch o' the place, and I ad made up my mind where to hide. I soon found it, 'cause I ad put a big stone there. Besides, I ad picked out a spot which wor always wet, 'cause of a spring which he had tapped above, which wor always runnin'. Then it



SHE DROPPED ON HER KNEES BESIDE THE BED.

old friendship 'tween me and Jen wor gone on my side, and I began to hate 'im. The crisis came one night when I meets Liz a-comin' back from the tunnel, which wor then bein' bored. I wor on day duty, and Jen wor workin' at nights, 'cause then we worked day and night in shifts. She had 'a'en him down some supper, and I could see how things wor goin'.

I up and tells her of me love, and axes her to marry me. Liz treated me better 'an I thowt she would; but she just says, 'Bill, I don't dislike ye, but I like Jen better, and I've promised 'im.' I wor furious—thet's what remember it, I dessey, Liz—but she just turns on 'er heel and walks off, sayin' as when the drink wor in the w' wor out! I had had drink, thees know'st, I went down to the tunnel and meets Jen a-comin' out w' a truck o' muck—we call earth muck, thees know'st. I didna let him see that I wor angry, so I just jokes w' him like. As I wor goin' through the tunnel a thowt struck me; if I wor just to come up behind Jen, and gie 'im a push in front of the truck, it would perhaps lame 'em, and then perhaps Liz would be bothered w' a lame chap. I left the tunnel and went 'ome, but I didna sleep that 'ere night. Next day I took Jen's place driving, and 'twere then I worked out my plans. Thees know'st there be timbers, called side trees, on each side to support the roof o' the tunnel 'til the bricks take the work in hand, and I thowt as how, if I wor to hide in one of them just in the darkest place, and when Jen comes on just put out my 'and and gie him a push, it would do all I wanted. I shanna forget that 'ere day! The idea growed on me, and when I left work, I made up my mind to do it. So I walks down about 9 o'clock the same night, and just as I reached the open cutting I heard Jen wish Liz good-night. I wor fair mad w' jealousy. I had murder in my 'art. Kewp in out o' sight o' Liz, I creeps down just in time to see Jen take the horses back into the tunnel to bring a load o' muck up. I creeps down in the darkest part, and past the shed where Bob Dalton wor pumpin' air into the tunnel, w'out bein' seen. I know'd every inch o' the place, and I ad made up my mind where to hide. I soon found it, 'cause I ad put a big stone there. Besides, I ad picked out a spot which wor always wet, 'cause of a spring which he had tapped above, which wor always runnin'. Then it

At last the paroxysm of tears spent itself and the woman became calmer, though she still knelt with her face hidden in her hands. I bent over her and whispered:

"Mrs. Crossland, one word to make him happy. He's dyin'! Remember the prayer, 'Forgive us our trespasses—'"

She raised her head. There was a new light shining on the tear-stained face.

"Yes," she returned, "we should forgive. Years ago, when I went to a Sunday school, I was told that! But 'tis hard, sir—so hard—'cause I loved Jen so, and 'im I didna care—"

"Hush!" I raised a warning finger. "His life is ebbing away. Come, Mrs. Crossland."

"Liz!"

The name came very faintly. Crossland's hand strayed over the coverlet, and I took hers and placed it within his. She rose, bending over the murderer, pressed a long kiss upon his forehead. He opened his eyes and met hers, and there he read his forgiveness. A smile of peace and contentment illumined his features; he slowly closed his eyes and sighed, and on that sigh the atained soul of Darkie Crossland floated over the border to that land from which no traveler returns.—Grit.

**Moving Pictures in Subways.**  
As is well known, says Scientific American, moving pictures are produced by a film traveling with intermittent motion before a projector or lantern which throws successive views on the screen. The same result could be obtained if the pictures were stationary and the audience itself were in motion, so as to view the pictures successively. An ingenious inventor has hit upon this scheme to relieve the monotony of subway travel. He proposes to mount a continuous band of pictures on each side of the subway, and have these pictures successively illuminated by means of lamps behind them. The circuits of the lamps would be successively closed by means of a shoe upon the subway car engaging contact plates at each side of the track.

**A New Industry.**  
"I see that some of these theatrical stars have plays written especially for them."

"What of it, senator?"  
"Why couldn't I have a few anecdotes written especially for me to figure in 'Eh, what'?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Another sign of advancing age is that your shoes wear longer than they used to.

We have always had a morbid curiosity to taste a cake baked by a school teacher.

strikes me as how, if I wor to put the stone in Jen's path he might stumble o'er it; so I puts it there. I 'adna long to wait afore Jen comes down the tunnel, which wor a bit on the incline.

"My 'art begins to thump until I wor afraid Jen might 'ear it, but just then he comes up to wheer I had put the stone. He stumbled o'er it, and the horse swerved a little, but he nearly recovered himself, and so I puts out my hand and gentle pushes 'im. He falls down on the line, and the truck goes o'er him, 'cause I heard 'im groan. I slipped behind the truck and out again into the cutting w'out bein' seed, and bunked off back to town. I wor scared! Next mornin' I herd as how Jen 'ad met w' a accident and that he had stumbled o'er a stone, supposed to have tumbled from a truck afore him, and the truck 'ad broke his back. I wor a bit sorry at first, and then I began to be afraid they might trace it to me. But I said now to nobody, and the inquest said as how 'twere a accident, and I didna trouble myself. Then Liz and I wor spliced, and though we quarreled, yet I would a done anything for her! Thees know'st it, dostna, Liz?"

The woman looked up. Her face was pale in the extreme; her black eyes blazed, and her fingers twitched. She rose and approached the bedside.

"Murderer!" she hissed between her clenched teeth.

"Ah, Liz," the man replied calmly enough. "It's no good a-callin' me that now; what thees better do is to fetch a preachin' chap to pray for me!"

"A preachin' chap! No! I did like thee a bit till now, but—A preachin' chap!" she broke off in a voice of supreme disdain and mockery. "No! What soul thees hast, let it go to 'ell!"

"Liz! Liz!" the man's voice broke in imploring sobs. "Forgive me! Forgive me! Doctor, and be turned with a piteous look to me, 'ax her to forgive me."

The woman was standing with her hands clenched, and her eyes gleaming—a statue of Fury. I then noticed, for the first time, that she was a remarkably handsome woman, though rather coarse. I went round the bed to her.

"Mrs. Crossland," I said quietly, "your husband may not live through the night. Do not let him go from this world to the next, whatever it may have in store for him, without your forgiveness. Do you remember the old prayer, 'Father, forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us?'"

The fury gradually died out of the woman's face, her hands unclenched, and tears welled into her eyes. Her bosom heaved as if suppressed sobs were almost bursting it; then, as though the effort were too much, she dropped on her knees beside the bed, and sobbed aloud.

Crossland was fast sinking, his breath came in difficult gasps, and his dark visage grew almost ashy pale.

"Liz! Liz!" he murmured faintly, "do you forgive me?"

Still the woman sobbed on. Her grief was poignant—was it for the sinfulness of her husband or for the memory of her past love? I asked myself.

The old woman—Martha—who was evidently a Roman Catholic, crossed herself and called upon the Virgin Saint to have mercy on the unfortunate man's soul, while he, in the most endeavoring tones, implored his wife's forgiveness.

At last the paroxysm of tears spent itself and the woman became calmer, though she still knelt with her face hidden in her hands. I bent over her and whispered:

"Mrs. Crossland, one word to make him happy. He's dyin'! Remember the prayer, 'Forgive us our trespasses—'"

She raised her head. There was a new light shining on the tear-stained face.

"Yes," she returned, "we should forgive. Years ago, when I went to a Sunday school, I was told that! But 'tis hard, sir—so hard—'cause I loved Jen so, and 'im I didna care—"

"Hush!" I raised a warning finger. "His life is ebbing away. Come, Mrs. Crossland."

"Liz!"

The name came very faintly. Crossland's hand strayed over the coverlet, and I took hers and placed it within his. She rose, bending over the murderer, pressed a long kiss upon his forehead. He opened his eyes and met hers, and there he read his forgiveness. A smile of peace and contentment illumined his features; he slowly closed his eyes and sighed, and on that sigh the atained soul of Darkie Crossland floated over the border to that land from which no traveler returns.—Grit.