

THE CHARITY GIRL

By EFFIE A. ROWLANDS

CHAPTER I.

"And is it really good-by, Audrey, really and truly good-by? Oh, dearest, I am so grieved to let you go. I don't know what my life will be like now."

The speaker was a thin, nervous-looking girl, with large gray eyes, and a weak mouth. She stood with her roughened hands clasped tightly together, and tears were rolling down her cheeks, and falling unheeded on her shabby serge gown.

Audrey Maxse also wore an old serge gown, but somehow the garment did not seem to be as shabby or as ugly as that which Jean Thwait had on; her small hands were roughened, too, as with much work, yet their shape was exquisite, and their fingers slender and straight like poor Jean's; her little head was poised proudly on her shoulders; she carried herself with a regal air, and gave evidence at this early age of possessing that most rare of gifts, a beautiful face.

What a dreary picture the Female Orphan Asylum was, to be sure! There was an air of gloom in the dirty-gray-colored walls; an unpleasant sense of sadness and restraint in the unlovely, high-walled corridors, the severe matrons, the young persons in their dingy uniforms of blue serge, with their duster aprons and thick gray stockings. And as the girls' home in Broadborough, and never was anything under the sun so miserable. From morning till night the day was one long round of drudgery, good hard manual labor, lightened by many prayers, and by one hour's so-called recreation, in which the girls found many odd tasks to perform that were not exactly in the category of idleness or pleasure.

The Mayor of Broadborough had much to say in the matter of election into the asylum, and it was through his influence that Jean Thwait, granddaughter of old Samuel Thwait, the bookseller, was provided with a home when the old man died suddenly and left her, a little child, without a penny or a known relative in the wide world. Everybody knew that Ralph Thwait, Jean's father, had made a bad marriage, but the shop of Samuel Thwait had been an institution in the town, and naturally out of respect to an old inhabitant the Mayor did his best to get the orphan girl well cared for in the future. This one, little Jean Thwait, troubled no one any more; so Jean was left to her own devices, and the Mayor, and grew up from lilyhood to girlhood, working in the gloomy routine of the asylum as hard as though she were of the stronger, not the feebler, sex. Most of her companions were cases like her own, all respectively connected, with an occasional cousin or cousin-in-law, and they came to the day set apart for this function, and who all with one accord held up their heads and looked down on Jean's pet, Audrey Maxse.

How this latter ever got into the home was a miracle to most people. A founding, the wail and strident cry of a vagrant woman who begged her last in the Broadborough workhouse infirmary, she was taken in by the Mayor, and through the influence for election into the institution as the memory of the pious widow of a rich Broadborough tradesman.

Audrey's pride had brought down many a weary punishment on her head; her fearless, outspoken disposition was called rebellious; her innate sense of delicacy and neatness became inordinate vanity, and her beauty was the last straw to the heap of objections that the matron and her assistants piled on this girl. Every means had been tried to crush Audrey's proud spirit, but she was too strong for them. Every possible barrier had been thrown in the way of her advancement in education, and yet, in spite of all, the girl progressed; her hot pride, her extraordinary will carried all before her, and to the chagrin of the matron and her other enemies, at the annual public examination, held in the chancel-house-like schoolroom, before the Mayor and committee, it was always Audrey Maxse who carried off the first marks for proficiency and general satisfaction.

In all the years she had lived at the asylum Audrey had only one friend, one loving heart to sympathize and help her in her troubles, and this was Jean Thwait. Often and often at night, when the two young creatures were alone in their cold meagerly furnished bedroom, they sat and whispered in the dark of the time when they should be free from the miserable place they called their home.

"We are alone in the world, Jean," Audrey would say; "there is nothing to stop us. We must leave here when we are seventeen—the rules of the home won't let us remain longer—and then we will go away together, and work for each other, and be happy. We will live in England, Jean, and go abroad—I want to see foreign lands, don't you?"

"But you forget, darling, we—we may go out to service before we are free!" Audrey always shuddered at the word. The parting was a thing that now; it was a reality, a horrible reality. These days before this one that saw Audrey engaged in putting her few coarse clothes into the yellow tin box, the girls had been summoned into the chapel and catechized by a clergyman, who came in place of the ordinary minister. He seemed to find much pleasure in examining Audrey on certain points, and the girl's clear, fresh voice, added to her intelligence and wonderful face, made a great impression on him.

After the girls were dismissed, he had a short chat with Miss Irons, the matron, in the course of which he told her he was anxious to find a young woman as maid for a lady who was one of his parishioners.

"My wife can find no one suitable. Your girls always give great satisfaction; and so, if there is one ready to go out to service, I might arrange this," he said as they talked.

Miss Irons gave a cordial consent, but looked vexed when he suggested Audrey as the one to go. She bore many a grudge and spite against the girl and had determined to put her out into the hardest and least comfortable situation she could find. But fate was evidently against her, for the board accepted the Rev. Mr. Thorngate's proposal and Audrey was given a new black gown, bonnet and cloak, and was bid hold herself in readiness to depart on the morning of the fifth day.

Jean spent the whole of the long night that came before that fifth day in comforting her beloved friend and herself, and at last had the satisfaction of seeing Audrey drop off into a deep, troubled sleep. No rest came to her; her poor young heart was torn and bleeding, and no sleep was at hand to heal it.

The parting between the two girls was very quiet; neither of them could speak the words of farewell, and their eyes were too hot and aching for tears to come.

"Think of me always, Jean, dear. Whatever happens, whatever lies before me, I shall love you, darling, till I die!" Then they kissed each other and Audrey went swiftly down the stairs, seeing nothing, hearing nothing for the passionate beat of her heart and the blur of sorrow before her sight.

Jean stood with her hands pressed to the window, and as the wheels of the cab carried all that was precious to her away from her, perhaps forever, she gave one moan and fell forward on her outstretched arms.

When the assistant matron came in, scolding and grumbling as usual, she received no reply from Jean Thwait, and bending over the prostrate figure, she saw that the girl had fainted.

CHAPTER II.

As Audrey found herself alone in the cab, driving out of the high, iron gates of the asylum, she felt she must be in some extraordinary dream. She had never driven in any sort of vehicle before, and the curious sensation of being carried over the road at a quick pace added to the vagueness that seemed to envelop her; but the keen east wind as it rushed in at the window woke her, and with a sob, she knew it was no dream, but a reality full of excitement, confusion and unexpressed pain. The tears she had repressed rolled down her cheeks as she thought of Jean left alone in that miserable life. Then her young spirit rose above her grief. She was free, and she was very long Jean should be free, too, and they would go away together, as they had dreamed and whispered so often in the night hours. Mr. Thorngate was waiting at the station and spoke kindly to the girl.

"There is your ticket, Maxse," he said, "and when you reach Mountberry you must get out and wait on the platform till a lady speaks to you. She is my wife, and will look after you. I should have taken you down myself, but I cannot leave Broadborough for another week. Now, you must be a good, diligent worker, and never forget your duty to your employers, and to leave."

Audrey thanked the kind-hearted clergyman and accepted his advice gracefully. The train carriage was quite empty, and they were proceeding at a quick, even pace that had the effect of soothing the girl. The rumble of the wheels buzzed in her ears, and she felt as if she were very weary and was soon lost to everything in a deep, dreamless slumber.

She was awakened by a sudden opening of the door, by several voices shouting, and by some person jumping into the carriage and sinking on to the seat, breathless, evidently with having run very fast. It was a young man, Audrey gazed at him in startled amazement through her veil. He was splashed with mud from head to foot, but his clothes were perfect in make and fit. He wore rough riding breeches and boots, and had a hunting crop in his right hand. He laughed and brushed mud from the mud off his sleeve with his crop. He pulled out his watch and consulted it.

"The record, or saddle, used in the west is much the same as in the south, but the copier or smooth pieces of wood to be laid on a blanket behind the horse's withers. Over these several thicknesses of fleece or soft blankets are strapped, a pair of stirrups thrown over the whole and the record is ready for use. This sounder like a crude arrangement and such it often is. Nevertheless, I have heard of a number of Englishmen who have used it claim that the record gives a knee grip in the soft blankets that is more sure than that possible in any saddle of hard leather."

The most inseparable companion of the gaucho of the west is his rebenka, or whip. This has a heavily loaded handle about a foot and a half long, which terminates in a thick single or double thong of rawhide of the same length as the handle. The handle is sometimes covered with hide or, again, heavily inlaid with silver. A blow from the handle of a rebenka will tell a horse and a cut from its lash will tear open a gash in the flank of a tough-skinned mule.

The gaucho of the south fights with his knife in one hand and his folded poncho in the other as a shield. The western gaucho substitutes the rebenka for the poncho and must make a far more formidable opponent. His great facon, or knife, reposes most of the time in his belt; his rebenka never leaves his hand during the day, and at night he sleeps with the thong of it about his wrist.—Fittsburg Dispatch.

He related. Restaurant Proprietor—Here's your wages. I don't want such a careless waiter around my place. Waiter—What's the matter? Restaurant Proprietor—Why, the gentleman ordered sirloin and you served him porterhouse. Waiter—Well, we all make mistakes occasionally. Then the boss relented.—Toledo Blade.

Whipped Cream. "Look here," shouted the irate neighbor over the fence, "your youngest son has been stoning my cats and pilfering my apple trees. He is a scamp!" "Don't talk that way about my son," blurted the fond parent. "Why, he's considered the cream of our family." "The cream, eh? Well, I'd like to see him whipped."

Progress. "Yes," said the old man, "my daughter is still studying French." "But she can't speak the language at all, can she?" remarked the friend. "She couldn't at first but now she can speak it just enough to make herself unintelligible."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Sure Proof. "Sir, the owner of this automobile has run away from the consequences of the smashup. He is above suspicion." "I know that, because he is under the auto."—Baltimore American.

No Empty Joke. First Legislator—Are you going to vote for the charter of this vacuum company? Second Legislator—What's in it?—Baltimore American.

her brow, enhanced the delicate pallor of her skin. Jack Glendurwood thought he had never seen anything so perfectly lovely in his life as the straight, small nose, the red lips, the pale, ivory complexion, and those wonderful deep-blue eyes. He forgot all about his haste, his muddy appearance, or his lone hunter—mation and surprise, till a deep blush, spreading over her throat, cheeks and brow, recalled him.

"Are you going to stay with Mrs. Thorngate, may I ask?" he required almost involuntarily.

Audrey felt strangely shy and childish. He seemed to her like King Arthur, with his tall, strong figure and courteous manner.

"I wish Jean could see him," she thought to herself, and then she glanced at him like a shy, startled bird when he asked her that question.

"I beg your pardon, I—I have no right to ask you such a question," he stammered, hurriedly; "it was only because Mrs. Thorngate is a friend of mine."

"I have never met Mrs. Thorngate," she said in a quiet, respectful manner. "Nor am I ever likely to become her friend. You—you have made a mistake, sir; I am not a lady, I am only a servant maid."

Lord John felt an involuntary confusion in his breast. Audrey's clear, refined voice, her curt, proud words, roused his ire against the fates that condemned so fair, so young a being to a menial life.

"Simple will do everything for you, and there is a train directly," he said hurriedly. "I hope you will reach your destination safely, and—I will say good morning now."

"Good-by, and thank you. Oh, thank you!" Audrey answered him. Now that he was going, she clung to him as to something bright and pleasant such as she had never known before. In a vague sort of way he seemed almost like a friend and protector to her.

Audrey sighed as she felt herself being whirled along to Mountberry. Now that she was alone again, all her nervousness returned, and she was quivering with excitement and fear as they reached her destination.

(To be continued.)

TROUSERS BIG AS A TENT.

Argentine Cowboy's Garb Is Picturesque in the Extreme. Our friend the gaucho is as much in evidence along the line to the west as to the south in Argentina. He still sticks to the inevitable poncho, but he has discarded the chiripa, a blanket-like garment that the southern gaucho wears around his legs, or bombachos, which is the name for absolutely the largest trousers on record.

The bombachos, in the first place, were, I believe, brought to Argentina by the Basques. The things went straight to the heart of the gaucho and he adopted them at once. Only he has steadily insisted on amplifying them, until to-day one leg of a pair of bombachos will house a small family. There is no particular point of utility to be urged for these windbags, but they serve to make their wearer a conspicuous figure when he rides into town, which is reason enough for the gaucho.

The record, or saddle, used in the west is much the same as in the south, but the copier or smooth pieces of wood to be laid on a blanket behind the horse's withers. Over these several thicknesses of fleece or soft blankets are strapped, a pair of stirrups thrown over the whole and the record is ready for use. This sounder like a crude arrangement and such it often is. Nevertheless, I have heard of a number of Englishmen who have used it claim that the record gives a knee grip in the soft blankets that is more sure than that possible in any saddle of hard leather."

The most inseparable companion of the gaucho of the west is his rebenka, or whip. This has a heavily loaded handle about a foot and a half long, which terminates in a thick single or double thong of rawhide of the same length as the handle. The handle is sometimes covered with hide or, again, heavily inlaid with silver. A blow from the handle of a rebenka will tell a horse and a cut from its lash will tear open a gash in the flank of a tough-skinned mule.

The gaucho of the south fights with his knife in one hand and his folded poncho in the other as a shield. The western gaucho substitutes the rebenka for the poncho and must make a far more formidable opponent. His great facon, or knife, reposes most of the time in his belt; his rebenka never leaves his hand during the day, and at night he sleeps with the thong of it about his wrist.—Fittsburg Dispatch.

He related. Restaurant Proprietor—Here's your wages. I don't want such a careless waiter around my place. Waiter—What's the matter? Restaurant Proprietor—Why, the gentleman ordered sirloin and you served him porterhouse. Waiter—Well, we all make mistakes occasionally. Then the boss relented.—Toledo Blade.

Whipped Cream. "Look here," shouted the irate neighbor over the fence, "your youngest son has been stoning my cats and pilfering my apple trees. He is a scamp!" "Don't talk that way about my son," blurted the fond parent. "Why, he's considered the cream of our family." "The cream, eh? Well, I'd like to see him whipped."

Progress. "Yes," said the old man, "my daughter is still studying French." "But she can't speak the language at all, can she?" remarked the friend. "She couldn't at first but now she can speak it just enough to make herself unintelligible."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Sure Proof. "Sir, the owner of this automobile has run away from the consequences of the smashup. He is above suspicion." "I know that, because he is under the auto."—Baltimore American.

No Empty Joke. First Legislator—Are you going to vote for the charter of this vacuum company? Second Legislator—What's in it?—Baltimore American.

EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

MINING FRAUDS.

GREAT many magazines and newspapers contain alluring advertisements of Western mining companies. For the most part, these advertisements make promises that no honest and experienced miner would dare make. As a rule, they describe prospects which only one mine out of every 300 fulfills. In some instances there is behind these advertisements not so much as a hole in the ground; in others old petered-out claims bought for a song, used only in parting hard working people from their surplus cash.

The mines that are valuable are not for sale by their owners. If they should be for sale they would be offered privately and the transaction would not be known to the public until it was closed. The mines that are offered to the public are not worth so much as the price of their stock. They are bought simply to be unloaded on an unsuspecting public. If any holders of such stock do not believe this statement, let them offer to sell back to the companies the stock that they hold, even at a discount.

It might be well for a lot of people to have the rude awakening that such a proposition would result in. It would certainly convince them that when they started on the road to "get rich quick" they made a very big mistake.—Williamport (Pa.) Grit.

OUR NEED OF A GREAT NAVY.

IF the United States is to maintain its position as a world power a great navy is necessary. But a great navy is expensive, and many Americans find themselves wishing now and then that the country had not branched out into world politics.

But it is useless to regret the Spanish war and the acquisition of Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines. We have been forced into a place with other great powers in the hurly-burly of the world, and nothing can ever restore the quiet and security that were ours in the last century. The life of the race is like the figures in a kaleidoscope, continually changing the relative position of its components and never by any chance assuming that shape it showed last week. The United States must hold its position, however much the charge; it must be ready any moment to defend itself wherever the attack may come. So only may we have peace.

We might as well make up our minds now to accept our destiny and prepare to live up to it. Millions of dollars will be necessary and much care, but there is no escaping the necessity. We must build up a great navy as a guarantee of peace. Only by it being equipped for war can we avoid it.—Indianapolis Sun.

THE HABIT OF PROFANITY.

THE common use of profanity is shocking not only to the sense of reverence, which to some extent is a common heritage, but to the sense of refinement. It is possible to hear in public places, along the streets and in the cars language that is unfit for use anywhere, that is disgusting or distressing according to the mental construction of the unwilling hearer.

It is a sad thing to see, added to the profanity, the assertion that the correct themselves. There are many whose ordinary talk when among men is but a line on which to hang a string of oaths, and yet who, knowing themselves to be in the presence of women, never would be guilty of such conduct. They would, in a parlor as a family guest, feel no more impulse to swear than

LIONS IN A FIGHT.

While writing of the nature and disposition of lions in his book, "Behind the Scenes with Wild Animals," Ellen Veale describes a battle between a number of these brutes which took place in a showroom at Richmond, Va. It came off at a rehearsal, so that the public had the chance to see it. Only one man was concerned in the fight. That was Captain Bonavita, who had managed twenty-seven lions at one time. The cause of the fight was the arrival of newcomers from their native jungles.

When the arena was ready for the rehearsal, Bonavita had considerable trouble in getting the animals out, and when the first one finally appeared, it was not in the slow, stately manner in which he usually entered, but in a quick, restless way, which showed that he was in an excited state. He was followed by seventeen others, all in the same nervous condition.

Instead of getting on the pedestals in their usual way, the lions, with one exception, a big, muscular fellow, began to sniff at the corners of the arena, where the newcomers had been exercising, and every moment added to their rage. Their fierce natures were excited by jealousy, and this soon culminated in rage and passion, so that when one lion presumed to go over to a corner and follow up the sniffing of another, the first one turned upon him and bit him savagely. The other promptly retaliated, and in the twinkling of an eye they were fighting fiercely.

The temper of the others flashed up like gunpowder, and almost instantly seventeen lions were engaged in a wild, free fight.

The one big fellow which had climbed on his pedestal when he entered still sat there, but at this moment the remaining nine lions appeared in the arena, followed by Bonavita.

The animals rushed forward into the battle; the big lion with an ugly snarl leaped from his pedestal into the thick of the fray, and in an instant twenty-seven lions were fighting with teeth and claws. In the midst of it all stood one man, calm, self-possessed, but with every nerve and muscle at their highest tension, for he knew better than any one else that his life hung in the balance.

Bonavita vainly tried to regain mastery over the fighting beasts. The lions were no longer the puppets of the show; they were the monarchs of the forest, wild and savage.

Seeing his power gone, Bonavita did his best to save his own life. He succeeded in getting out, thanks to his wonderful nerve—for he had to jump over the backs of the fighting animals, and in doing so he received a deep wound in the shoulder.

There was nothing to be done but to put their feet on the table. Thus, to bring about reform would require nothing but recognition of the decent respect due to men as well as to women.

Of the loafers who cumber the corners, and by talk designed to be widely audible insult everybody near them, no voluntary reformation is to be expected. However, if the individuals who, with reasons generally good, regard themselves as gentlemen, were to abandon the habit of swearing, they would do much to promote the moral average, and save an often indignant public from having its ears assailed.—Philadelphia Ledger.

to put their feet on the table. Thus, to bring about reform would require nothing but recognition of the decent respect due to men as well as to women.

Of the loafers who cumber the corners, and by talk designed to be widely audible insult everybody near them, no voluntary reformation is to be expected. However, if the individuals who, with reasons generally good, regard themselves as gentlemen, were to abandon the habit of swearing, they would do much to promote the moral average, and save an often indignant public from having its ears assailed.—Philadelphia Ledger.

IMPROVING THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

THE upper Mississippi Improvement Association is lobbying in Congress for an appropriation of \$20,000,000 to improve the Mississippi River from Minneapolis to its mouth. It is proposed to make the river freely navigable at all times, and lobbyists say that this will reduce the cost of carriage two cents a bushel on grain, thus saving the people \$30,000,000 a year.

Such an improvement would be of immense advantage to the entire Mississippi Valley. The States along the river raised in 1905 more than two billion bushels of wheat, oats, corn and rye, of which at least two-thirds, or 1,500,000,000 bushels, were shipped. Cheap transportation would enormously increase production, and within a few years the country drained by the Mississippi River, amounting to at least one-sixth of the United States, would dominate the world commercially. Great quantities of products now never leave the farms, and the amount could be added to indefinitely. The farm lands of the Middle West are not cultivated to half of their capacity to-day. With transportation easy and cheap they could be made to yield as much as land in Belgium or Holland, which supports a population vastly greater. Making the Mississippi navigable would give a stimulus to farmers all over the Middle West.—Chicago Journal.

MORE PIETY WANTED.

WHAT America needs more than railway extension and Western irrigation and a low tariff and a bigger wheat crop and a merchant marine and a new navy, is a revival of piety, the kind mother and father used to have—piety that counted it good business to stop for daily family prayer before breakfast, right in the middle of the harvest; that quit field work a half-hour early Thursday night, so as to get the chores done and go to prayer meeting; that borrowed money to pay the preacher's salary and prayed fervently in secret for the salvation of the rich man who looked with scorn on such unbusiness like behavior. That's what we need now to clean this country of the filth of graft and of greed, petty and big; of worship of fine houses and big lands and high office and grand social functions.—Wall Street Journal.

MARRIAGE AT A DISCOUNT.

ALL the conditions of modern life are such as to discourage men and women from marrying, and if they do so to make them dissatisfied. Divorce has rushed from the extreme of being considered a disgrace which never should be mentioned to that of being regarded as a standard joke in the comic papers, a fit subject to be worked up in stage comedy and hilariously received by large audiences.—New York Independent.

MERITS OF THE CAREY ACT.

Settlers Can Acquire Title to Irrigated Land Easily. The people of the east are as a rule familiar only with the different irrigation enterprises undertaken by the United States government, says the World To-Day. But in the west there is not a little difference of opinion as to the practical merits from the settler's point of view of the federal plan of reclamation and settlement and the State plan under the Carey act.

The latter, which is best illustrated in the Twin Falls project, empowers the State to undertake or to contract for huge irrigation enterprises, permits the settler to contract for a quarter section or less, and when the water is ready to be begun in his ditch, he is ready to acquire title to his holdings, provided he clears and cultivates at least one-eighth within a year, when his property becomes taxable and the community can begin public improvements.

Under the Newlands act the Federal government conducts the enterprise and the settler must wait five years before he can acquire his title and must move on when he files his claim, irrespective of the prospects of obtaining water. Taxes cannot be levied, since the property is not taxable. There is no doubt, of course, that the Carey act, allowing of a more flexible method of bringing great areas under cultivation and turning them over to settlers, must be considered as a highly important factor in the development of the great west. Nor is there as yet danger of huge corporate holdings. At present the average holding is ninety acres.

No Contract.

Those who desired to secure Philander Hay's services as a wood-sawyer were obliged to take him on his own terms. "I'll saw an' split all you got here an' tier it up for ye in good shape for \$1.75 a day," said Mr. Hay, after an inspection of the summer resident's shedyard.

"There are just three cords of wood to be sawed and split," said the summer resident, briskly. "How much will you charge for the job?"

"I don't do work that way," said Philander, who surveyed his victim with a relentless gaze.

"If I set out to saw and split by the job, what with the wear an' tear on my saw an' hatchet an' the filth that has to be put on my back nights, when you get it all reckoned out there wouldn't be any money in it, an' I wouldn't have had a minute to set down and see how I was getting on, either."

His Reason.

Parks—I believe he lies when he deserves being seen there. Marks—What makes you think so? Parks—Because that is what I'd do myself.—Boston Transcript.

HONORS UMBRELLA AND SHOES

Their Importance in the Eyes of the Indian Native. India is so vast that different etiquettes prevail in different districts. We have no standard etiquette, no standard dress. We mostly copy European etiquette while with Europeans. Even a Bengali shakes hands with a European, speaks in English for a few minutes, and then breaks forth into the vernacular. We shake hands with a European on parting, but by mistake again touch the hand to the brow in a salaam; so we both shake hands, salaam and do the like; and no sober-minded European ever cared for the anomaly.

The umbrella is the emblem of royalty, the sign of a rajah. So natives generally fold their umbrellas before a rajah, and not before anybody else, however great. It is not a part of the dress, but a protection from the rain or sun, a necessary appendage, just like the watch and chain. You might as well ask a European to take off his water-proof coat. A coolie is not bound to fold his umbrella when a brigadier general rides past. But a menial generally closes down the umbrella on seeing his master, whom he considers his "king." But no Indian, however humble, ought to fold up the umbrella, even before a magistrate, because he is neither the master of the humble passer-by nor his superior officer, nor is he bound to salaam him. But if he does, no harm. In a word, natives generally fold the umbrella before a master or a superior officer, and not any other citizen, however great—and this is no insult.

While going to see a native chief in his palace the native visitor or official takes off his shoes if the reception room has a farash and the rajah is sitting on his musnud. But if he is received in the drawing-room, furnished after the European style, the shoes are allowed. In some states no natives can go to a rajah without a puggie. In others the puggie is taken off and tossed at the feet of a rajah.—Civil and Military Gazette.

Book News and Reviews

"The Heart of Hamlet's Mystery," by Karl Werder, will be published in translation. Werder advances the theory that Hamlet's procrastination was forced upon him by circumstances which were beyond his control. He denies that weakness of will or any subjective cause paralyzed the Prince. Werder has won over to his point of view Furness, Corson and Hudson and his book has an introduction by W. J. Rolfe.

Mary E. Wilkins Freeman's new story is based upon a secret marriage which a young and precipitous minister performs, believing that he is in that way saving from disgrace a young impulsive woman. Despite the humiliation of such a marriage everything goes well until the inevitable takes place in the wife's falling in love with another man, and the husband's falling in love with another woman. This old foursome and its complications are worked out with Mrs. Freeman's customary skill.

Mark Twain's biography is being written by his friend, Albert Bigelow Paine, an author of capital short stories, and of the Life of Thomas Nast, the artist. Mr. Paine resides with Mr. Clemens, is his constant companion, has free access to large stores of letters and memoranda, so that he is certain to produce a work of uncommon interest. In mid-January, Mark Twain in the happiest way entertained Miss Helen Keller, the wonderful deaf and blind woman, who hears with her hands and has been taught to speak distinctly by imitating the motions of the lips and tongue in speech. One evening Mark gathered together a few friends, including Richard Watson Gilder, editor of the Century, and Dorothy F. Dunne, better known as "Mr. Dooley." As Mark told his stories every word was repeated to Miss Keller by the swift and silent fingers of her instructor, Mrs. Macy, formerly Miss Sullivan. Ever and anon Miss Keller's hearty laughter showed how keenly she was enjoying Mark's fun.

The death of Charlotte Bronte's husband does not break the last link with the author. Two of Miss Bronte's old school fellows live still in Brussels, the Misses Wheelwright are still as Bayswater, one of the three curates of "Shirley" lives at Richmond, and Mrs. Nicholls of Banagher remembers Charlotte when she came to the house on her honeymoon. Charlotte Bronte's husband, whom she describes in "Shirley," maintained an unbroken silence about the Bronte story for thirty years, even with his friends. Some years ago he began to read with interest the books which although published for several years, he had ignored, as, for example, Augustine Birrell's little volume on the Brontes. Of this he wrote: "I have read Mr. Birrell's book with much interest. I should wish, however to disabuse his mind of the impression that there ever was any quarrel between Mr. Bronte and myself. An unkind or angry word never passed between us. We parted as friends when I left Haworth; my leaving was solely my own act. I was never driven away by him. I always felt that he was perfectly justified in his objections to my union with his daughter."

Forced to It.

"You ought to stop pitying yourself," declared the doctor to the hysterical patient.

"But, doctor," she cried, "I can't get any sympathy from anybody else!"—Detroit Free Press.

There is admitted into a great many homes every night, with a fire built for it in the parlor, something whose bond father would be afraid to go on down town.

Every time some people accept a favor they lose for the price mark.

The really popular boy always has a "nickname."