

THE CHARITY GIRL

By EFFIE A. ROWLANDS

CHAPTER VI

The news of Mrs. Fraser's sudden illness and the following afternoon, as the vicar's wife was returning from some of her parochial ministrations.

"What is wrong with her?" she asked Dr. Sentance, anxiously, as she met him riding, homeward, on the morning of the 10th.

"I confess she puzzles me," he answered. "I sounded the heart this morning, and, except for extremely weak action, I can trace no definite signs of a malady."

"I think I will go to Dinglewood and see her," Mrs. Thorgate said to her husband, as she was about to start.

"I want to see how that child is getting on, too," she said.

She was just passing her own gate as she thought of this, and was suddenly astonished by being confronted by a young man, who proceeded to fold his arms about her and kiss her cheek most heartily.

"Well, Aunt Agatha, here I am once again, you see," said a soft, singularly pleasant voice.

"Beverly, my dear boy! How you startled me! Oh, dear! and poor Mrs. Thorgate fairly gasped for breath."

"Poor Aunt Agatha! What a shame! I am awfully sorry, dear, I thought you saw me. Come in and sit down, you dear old thing. Where's Uncle Gus?"

Mrs. Thorgate allowed herself to be led up to the rectory by the strong arm. Her surprise was vanishing and only pleasure remained. Beverly came home once again! She could scarcely believe it. Beverly, that dear, handsome, scapegrace son of her dead and gone, yet still beloved sister, Margaret! Mrs. Thorgate's childhood heart clung to this young man with the tenacity of an ivy plant. He was, after her husband, her dearest and most treasured possession on earth. Once inside the cozy dining room she embraced him warmly.

"Let me look at you, darling," she said, holding him off at arm's length and fanning her cheek with her extremely hand some face, with its dark olive skin, clear-cut features and short-cropped beard. "Oh, my dear! I am glad to see you once more. You add creature, never to have written me a line all these months! And now you want something to eat, and there is nothing in the house."

"You will sit down and take your ease. I have already ransacked the larder, and with very good results. Your cold beef was beyond reproach, my fair aunt."

Mrs. Thorgate laughed.

"How good it is to see you in your old chair," she said, tenderly. "How I wish Gus was at home. How I wish you were back in a few days, I suppose?" Beverly Rochford observed casually, after having learned the reason of his uncle being away. To an onlooker it might easily have been perceived that the young man had no very great regret in the rectory's absence; but Mrs. Thorgate did not observe it.

"And now you will make up your mind to stay with us, will you not, my dear? I can assure you we are not very dull down here, now we have the Duchess of Hallowburgh, with the Marquis of Tverne, and Lord John Glendurwood at Craiglands. The Frasers are at Dinglewood; the Everests settled in Glasgow for the hunting; no end of smart people one way and another."

Beverly smiled complacently and stretched his short, silky beard. Since necessity would force him to make the rectory his headquarters for at least a few months, he was not at all averse to hearing his aunt's news.

"I am not surprised they should come here: it is a good country. I don't know a better, and I have traveled through a good many in my time. I suppose I can get a notion of about in either Glasgow or Montberry?"

"No need to go so far," said Mrs. Thorgate. "Your uncle has two hunters in the stables, and he will be infinitely obliged to any one who will give them a little exercise, more especially as he cannot be here to use them himself. Would you like to go and have a look at them, my dear boy? You will find Port still in the stables; in fact, very little is changed in the year and a half you have been away."

"I don't mind if I do. But where are you off to?"

Mrs. Thorgate explained her reasons for going to Dinglewood.

"I think I will leave the horses, and accompany you," he said; "it is just as well to resume acquaintance with the old ground."

And so, chatting languidly in his soft, musical voice, Beverly Rochford walked through the muddy lanes to Dinglewood. He remembered he had made a distinct impression on Sheila Fraser when he met her before, and although he had no definite plans in his mind, he felt he should like to renew the acquaintance with this extremely wealthy young woman.

He let Mrs. Thorgate's cherry tongue run on, and was not very communicative about himself.

"Just back from the Cape," he observed, when his aunt pinned him on this point, "and as comfortable time I have had of it. Gold mines, indeed! Move like treadmill. Never worked so hard in my life, and nothing for it!" He laughed softly. "Aunt Agatha, I have come home with empty pockets."

A slight shade passed over Mrs. Thorgate's face.

"We must not let that last, Beverly," she replied; then a little more hurriedly, "you still have your small income, of course?"

"I am sorry to say, dear aunt, that my income is a thing of the past. I realized the capital when I was in England before. I had about a good deal of the money, and there was nothing else to do. I thought I told you of this."

Mrs. Thorgate uttered a quiet "No, dear, you did not," and somehow the line grew misty before her. She recalled how hard her sister had struggled to keep this small amount of money safe for her boy. Beverly's indifferent tone jarred on her a little, but she was too fond of him to let that last.

him through disagreeable and awkward plans to-morrow, Aunt Agatha. Are those the lights of Dinglewood? I had an idea it was much further away. What a fine property it is! Miss Fraser is a lucky young woman. In soe appropriate way."

"There is no definite answer; but I don't think I am far wrong if I say Sheila's fancy leans toward Lord John Glendurwood. I think you met him when you were here before."

A grim look settled on Beverly Rochford's handsome face; his lips compressed themselves into a tight, ugly line.

"Yes, I know Glendurwood," was all he said; but a keen listener might have detected something hard and strange in his voice. "He is a very decided prig, Aunt Agatha."

Mrs. Thorgate made no reply to this, for, truth to tell, she had a weak spot in her heart for Lord John, and was one of his warmest admirers.

"I hate pigs! I knew one out there"—with a comprehensive nod backward at some unnamed bourne—"to whom I took a fancy," Beverly laughed softly. "He was the earliest chap I ever came across, but what a plucky one! We knocked against each other pretty often. I felt sorry for him, somehow; he reeked always so glum. He gave me a packet to bring home to some lawyers here, and made me swear I would honestly deliver it. He called himself John Marsh, but I am quite sure that was not his name. He must have been a good-looking fellow when he was younger, with eyes as blue as well as your large sapphire ring, Aunt Agatha, and coal-black hair. A strange combination! I never saw it before."

"Why, that's just what that child is like," cried the rectory's wife.

"What child?"

"Miss Fraser's maid, and a protegee of Gus! Such a lovely little creature. I wish you could see her, Beverly."

"I never waste my admiration on servants," he said as they reached the low, white, porch-like entrance of Dinglewood House.

Miss Fraser was dispensing tea to her grace the Duchess of Hallowburgh and one or two other people. She received Mrs. Thorgate in the warm, pretty fashion she always assumed before Jack's mother.

"How good of you to come! Dear mamma will be so pleased to see you! Thanks, she is really better this afternoon—at least I hope so. Oh! she frightened me terribly when she fell down in that fainting fit! I did not want her to go, but she would do it. Mr. Rochford, you will come and sit here? Dear god-mamma, may I introduce Mr. Beverly Rochford to you? He has just come back from foreign parts, and will entertain you, I am sure."

The duchess moved her ample skirts so that Beverly might sit down. Lord John was speaking very plainly and earnestly.

"Sheila," he said, as he lew the girl apart from the rest for a moment, "how come that man here?"

"What man? Oh, Mr. Rochford? Why, he is dear Mrs. Thorgate's nephew, Stupid Jack, as if you did not know that?"

"I did not know it, or I should not have asked the question. I have never seen him down here before, and I have never heard Mrs. Thorgate speak of him."

"Oh, he is her boy and her beloved. I call him handsome, don't you? But, of course, no man ever suaves another; I forgot."

"Whoever he may be, I know him as one of the greatest blackguards it has ever been my lot to meet."

"Good gracious, Jack, how awful! And Mr. Thorgate a clergyman, too?"

"Mr. Thorgate has no objection to do with him. I doubt if he would ever let him inside his house if he knew as much about him as I do."

Beverly was in the best of spirits. He had carefully noted that whispered conference at the fire, just as he had noted that Lord John Glendurwood did not vouchsafe him any greeting. He was much relieved as Sheila came up to them and greeted him with a smile. He did not quite understand her expression, but he studied it well and determined to think it over. He was a most amusing man; he could tell an anecdote with just enough disregard for the truth as to point it well and make it more palatable. His voice was pleasant, his bearing so graceful, and his face so handsome, that he won everybody's heart.

"You must come to Craiglands," cried the duchess, with decision. Meanwhile Jack Glendurwood was straggling through the chill February afternoon, a slight frost and fall of snow had prevented the meet that morning, and he felt a trifle bored.

By this time he was at the stables, and, going in, he examined Sheila's mare Diave and gave a word of praise to the groom. As he was sauntering across the court yard he ran against a man coming in from a side avenue, which was the servant entrance and exit from Dinglewood and the village.

"What, Downs, you here! Is Lord Ivers ill, or what is the matter?" he exclaimed in surprise, as he recognized his own servant.

Downs stammered out some sort of explanation about having left something belonging to him at the house the day before.

Jack looked at the man. He had not had him long, and did not particularly care for him. He felt that Downs was lying at this moment. He whistled to the dogs scattered about, and turned back hurriedly, he had not gone many steps before he came to a standstill. There, just in front of him, a man, dressed in a black coat and veil in which he had first seen her, stood Audrey.

She was perfectly erect, and held her head high and high. The light was fast growing dim, but he could see how white her face was, and how her eyes were glowing.

"What are you doing here alone?" he exclaimed, almost peremptorily, coming close up to her. As he did so he noticed panting sobs, as from some one who had been mortally frightened. "What is it? What is the matter?" he asked, hurriedly.

"Will you not speak to me, little friend?" "I have no friends," she said in a voice that was hoarse with agitation and exertion. "I am all alone in the world. Jack Glendurwood cannot help me now."

But the tears were fast covering one another down her fair, white cheeks.

"I am going away," she said, as well as she could speak. "Miss Fraser won't keep me any longer. She said I was to go on Monday. I know I am stupid, but if she would only give me a chance I should do better—but she won't, and now I must go back to the home and they will scold me and—"

"Sent you away like this—at this time of night? Oh, there must be some mistake! Jack's voice was full of just indignation."

Audrey assured him it was only too true, and eased her sorrowful little heart by peering out her disappointment and misery, until suddenly she remembered, with a start, that she was presuming dreadfully on his kindness, and came to a premature stop.

"I shall never, never forget all you have done for me!" she said in low, broken notes, and then she laid across her forehead and was out of sight.

He stood gazing after her, and then, as though urged by some will, unconquerable impulse, he lifted his hand and kissed the spot her lips had touched.

"I love her!" he said to himself, vaguely, yet with a rush of joy filling his heart. "I love her! My darling! My darling!" (To be continued.)

THE REAL LINCOLN.

He Was Neither Ungainly, Nor Awkward, Nor Ugly.

For many years it has been the fashion to call Abraham Lincoln homely, says a writer. He was very tall and very thin. His eyes were deep-sunken, his skin of a sallow pallor, his hair coarse, black and unruly. Yet he was neither ungainly, nor awkward, nor ugly. His large features fitted his large frame, and his large hands and feet were but right on a body that measured six feet four inches.

His was a sad and thoughtful face, and from boyhood he had carried a load of care. It is small wonder that when alone or absorbed in thought the face should take on deep lines, the eyes appear as if seeing something beyond the vision of other men, and the shoulders stoop, as though they too were bearing a weight. But in a moment all would be changed. The deep eyes could flash, or twinkle merrily with humor, or look out from under overhanging brows, as they did upon the Five Points children, in kindly gentleness.

So, too, in public speaking. When his tall body rose to its full height, with head thrown back and his face transfigured with the fire and earnestness of his thought, he would answer Douglas in the high, clear tenor that came to him in the heat of debate, carrying his ideas so far out over listening crowds.

It has been the fashion, too, to say that he was slovenly and careless in his dress. This also is a mistake. His clothes could not fit smoothly on his gaunt and bony frame. He was no tailor's figure of a man, but from the first he clothed himself as well as his means allowed and in the fashion of the time and place.

In the same way he cared little for the pleasures of the table. He ate most sparingly. He was thankful that food was good and wholesome and enough for daily needs, but he did not more enter into the mood of the epicure for whose palate it is a matter of importance whether he eats roast goose or golden pheasant than he could have counted the grains of sand under the sea.

The Real Attraction.

It is good reprobation fiction or fact that Salid Abdullah, a native Arab brought over by Homer Davidson to tend his Arabian horses, was taken into the New York horse show at Madison Square Garden yesterday. When he saw the horses with docked tails he broke out: "It is a pity. It is wrong. Where is their glory? Where is their tail?" When it was explained to him that the tails were docked because some people thought it improved the horses' appearance, Salid Abdullah muttered a prayer to Allah and cried: "It is not so. The tail, the leg, the head! They are all the horse. If you take one away, why not the other?"

Another he did not think much of the display of horseflesh, but when his attention was called to the women in the boxes he clasped his hands and exclaimed: "Ah! they are the hours of paradise. They are perfection." After all, what is the horse show for?—Springfield Republican.

Unreasonable.

Little Claud Brownback—Gimme some lasses!

Papa Brownback (reprovingly)—Yo' uth be no' grammatic, mah son! Don't say lasses; say molasses.

Little Claud Brownback—How's I gine to say molasses, poppy, when I ain't had none a-tail yit?—Puck.

Looking Ahead.

Footie Lights—I hear your brother is saving his money now.

Miss Sue Brette—Yes, he is.

"He's going on the road with a company very soon and he's discovered that a man is fined for walking on some railroads."—Yonkers Statesman.

Their Brand.

"Did you know that politicians have a particular kind of sweets to which they are partial?"

"I didn't know it about politicians especially. What is the kind?"

"Candied dates, of course."—Baltimore American.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

JUSTICE THE NEED OF THE HOUR.

By Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis.



REV. DR. HILLIS.

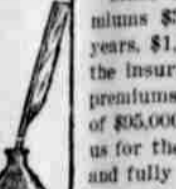
Among the dark problems of life we must make a place for the injustice that noble men sometimes suffer. Long ago Jerusalem crucified its Saviour. Athens poisoned its master, Florence burned its hero, but today every town and village holds at least one martyr to cruel and unjust judgments.

Outs a world in which the clerk suffers in the financial failure of his employer; where the officeholder is ruined by the political mistakes of the party leader; where the child is destroyed by the sins of the father. Employers sometimes suffer grievously by reason of economic events over which they have no control; sometimes the citizen suffers through the sensational press; sometimes the author or editor suffers through cruel criticism over events for whose evil consequences he is in no wise responsible. This problem of unjust judgment and the bearing of injustice in silence is one of the hardest problems that man experiences. Injustice public men have to endure in silence.

The need of the hour is for justice and truth in judgment. The full facts are perhaps never before any of us. But in general men are far better than they are believed to be. The good in the world outweighs the ill. The prophet saw man as part gold and part clay, but the proportion of gold is more and more and the clay is less and less. The world has had too many teachers poisoned unjustly. Too many reformers martyred without cause. Too many heroes who are victims of malignity, jealousy and hate. There is too much good in the worst men and too much bad in the best men to leave any place for injustice, harshness or cruelty.

THE MATTER OF FIRE INSURANCE.

By F. W. Fitzpatrick.



THE MATTER OF FIRE INSURANCE.

Since 1860 we have paid in insurance premiums \$3,622,000,000, or just in the last ten years \$1,610,885,000. In 1905 we carried into the insurance companies, over \$106,000,000 in premiums and got back in paid losses the sum of \$65,000,000, which was supposed to console us for the loss of about \$180,000,000 in smoke and fully that much more for fire departments and other alleged "protection." San Francisco offers the latest illustration of how much insurance really does protect. Property to the value of fully \$250,000,000 was destroyed; the city and country suffered a business loss by the fire in that city of nearly a billion dollars; it will take at least \$12,000,000 to clean up the city, and undoubtedly \$400,000,000 and twenty years' time to rebuild it. For all of that terrific loss and cost the citizens will receive from the insurance

GOLD MINING IN SIBERIA.



SIBERIAN PEASANTS WORKING THEIR OWN MINE.

Siberia is phenomenally rich in the precious metals and has developed a system of mining peculiarly its own. A curious feature is the way the ground is prospected and opened up by the peasant "tributors," as they are called. Permission is readily granted to sink shafts wherever they like, subject to the conditions that they can only go down as far as water-level, usually about sixty feet and that all the quartz extracted must be treated at the mill of the ground landlord, and all gold extracted sold to him at a rate previously decided upon, leaving a fair profit for the peasant and an extra good one for the landlord. There is no philanthropy about the transaction, and the peasant is in no way bound to accept the terms. No charge whatever is made for the use of mill. The field is thus practically developed for nothing—rich reefs which would probably remain undiscovered are opened by up "tributors," who frequently make fortunes out of rich strikes. The mine owner is thus continually in touch with all that is going on, and duly records the results of the operations for his own benefit. In the mining operations women as well as men do their share of the work.

NOVEL CURES FOR SNORING.

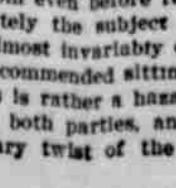
Case of Obnoxious Policeman Suggests Remedies for Disease.

Very many of our readers will be interested in the ultimate fate of the unfortunate snoring policeman who has been banished from his fellow sleepers and caged at night in sound-proof quarters. Perhaps the dreadful infirmity, now that it has the official recognition of his superiors, may call for some suitable scientific treatment. If so the great army of snorers can covertly watch the outcome with all the cunning and complacency of undiscovered transgressors.

We are glad we can make the start with a perfectly fair case, for conviction of the nuisance is always most difficult to obtain. The culprit must be caught with the snore on him and in the presence of reliable eye witnesses. No one has ever been known to acknowledge his fault voluntarily. On the contrary, one of the surest signs of the confirmed malady is his persistent denial of its existence. He is not satisfied to plead lack of premeditation and absence of accountability, but openly impugns the motives of his clamorous accusers. The worst of it is that on all other matters he is perfectly reasonable. This makes it extremely difficult to obtain his consent for treatment of any sort.

We speak now of snorers as a class. The only easy way is to tackle them when they cannot resist. There are various approved methods not only ingenious but effective for temporarily arresting the snorous, rasping and vibrating respiratory spasms. The most popular, perhaps, is the elbow thrust in the ribs. Next comes the gentle pinch of the nose, whereby part of the wind current is shut off. Some have advised that the nose be clasped by a clothstrap even before retiring, but unfortunately the subject of the experiment almost invariably demurs. Others have recommended sitting on the chest, but this is rather a hazardous proceeding for both parties, and so also is a temporary treat of the windpipe, un-

NEW STAR ON THE FLAG.



NEW STAR ON THE FLAG.

The War Department has ordered the alteration of the flag made necessary by the admission of Oklahoma into the Union, now an aggregation of forty-six States. The department has also fixed on the spot for the new star, and now flagmakers are hard at work preparing new banners with an additional star in the lower right-hand corner. It is now in order for every patriotic American either to provide himself with a new flag or to add a star to the old one.

Each Willing to Wed.

Maiden lady (rescued from drowning, to her rescuer)—How can I ever thank you, noble young man? Are you married?

companies \$132,000,000, a goodly portion of which sum they themselves contributed.

It is late in the day, but at last people are beginning to learn that of all "insurance" the best is to build properly in the first place, to construct so that internal fires or conflagrations can inflict but the minimum of damage. And it can be done so easily and at such slight additional cost above that of the most flimsy construction. Why, take for instance, the Board of Underwriters' laboratory in Chicago, the most perfectly fireproof building in the country, with all the "trills" and accessories that we have been clamoring for years to make buildings more thoroughly proof against fire, and, in spite of all that, it has cost but a trifle over 10 per cent more than if it had been built in the usual shoddy way. Considering its longevity, freedom from repairs, and the elimination of insurance, or, at least, the payment of heavy premiums, and that building within a few years of its erection means an actual and great economy to the individual, and from the day of its completion a godsend to the community.

PURE FOOD IS GREAT TRIUMPH.

By P. M. Hanney.



PURE FOOD IS GREAT TRIUMPH.

Well and properly administered, the pure food law cannot fail to work an immense improvement in the condition of the general people, to elevate and dignify the tone of the nation. It is indeed high time for it to come, for serious and pressing is the need of it. If there is one thing in the world that needs looking after and repairing it is the American stomach. It has long been the most abused and outraged of organs, with the result that we have almost become a nation of dyspeptics. It has been the victim of legalized wholesale poisoners before whom the Borgias of Italy and all other infamous toxicologists of history fade into utter insignificance. There is no more ominous and appalling sight in the world than the innumerable red lights that flash from the drug stores of American cities; they are the danger signals that tell every citizen of the continual menace to health and life that lurks in his daily food.

The world keeps moving, and the march of science and civilization goes on over shams, frauds, and humbugs of every kind. Without reviving the days when every man smoked his own bacon and grew his own cabbage, and every man may know what he is eating, even if he be newly married and his wife does the cooking. The era of the wooden nutmeg is gone, the era of the painted strawberry is going. The clouds of gastronomic doubt and danger drift away behind; the sun of health and digestion glows in front; and soon, according to the signs, we may reach the happy period when the food color artists cease from troubling and the adulterators are at rest.

HOME FROM ADAM TILL NOW.

Place Where Painters and Plumbers Meet at Intervals.

The home is supposed to be a place where children can congregate, protected from the ailments of the neighbors, and where parents can quarrel judiciously without too much interruption, says Life. In reality, however, the home is a place where decorators, painters, furniture men and plumbers meet at intervals in order that they may revel in luxury of their own.

Homes have been in vogue for some little time. Adam and Eve started the first one, and it would have been well with them had it not been necessary to send out the washing. Thus the servant question was started and the ruin of man followed.

A home is what is left after you have paid the taxes, the interest on the mortgage and the installment man. To own more than one home is not to have any. Homes were at one time popular in this country. When, by going out in the back yard to milk the cow, one was in danger of being scalped, the home was at the height of its popularity. Owing, however, to the decreasing demand for babies and the increasing demand for alimony, homes are being looked upon with disfavour.

In the suburbs the home still flickers on, kept alive by certain instincts handed down from a past age.

It is impossible at present to say just how long the home will continue to exist. It is hard to raise children and mortgages at the same time.

It is quite evident that cooks and children are gradually disappearing. This greatly simplifies the problem.

In all probability the race of the future will be divided into two classes—those who, having become worn out looking for servants, are now in sanitariums being taken care of by the government, and those who still continue to work for the trusts, unpunished by babies or bank accounts.

Virtues in Various Gears.

There is hardly a precious stone that has not some superstition connected with it. The Neapolitans will wear amulets of coral to avert the evil eye, and perhaps some will remember wearing a string of amber beads about their necks during their childhood to ward off sore throats. A piece of agate worn on the person is supposed to be an infallible guard against lightning and some persons have asserted that it was a cure for thirst—what kind they did not mention.

The beryl was by the ancients supposed to be a sure cure for leprosy and to promote happiness between man and wife. Turquoise is said to be a protection against falls and sudden injuries. The topaz was highly prized by the ancients, who believed that it had magical powers of dispelling enchantments and calming frenzy.

The sapphire was believed by the ancients to be emblematic of chastity. The pagans dedicated it to Apollo. The green emerald is held in highest esteem by the Peruvians and the worshippers of Mantu still believe that the mines whence are extracted all emeralds are guarded by terrible genii and dragons.

Perhaps more superstition attaches itself to the opal nowadays than to any other stone. On the contrary, the ancients considered that this fiery gem had the power of rendering its owner lovable and also of bestowing on him the gift of invisibility.

You can live way off on a lonely farm, but trouble will come to you out there.

A critic is a man who couldn't have done it himself.

HOW DO YOU SAY THEM?

Names of Cities Pronounced Differently as Positions Change.

Prof. Hart, in his interesting article on Oklahoma, admonished his New England readers that it is pronounced Oak, not Oklahoma, says the Boston Transcript. Prof. Hart did well, as an editorial paragraph of the same issue thereby noted. The same paragraph commented on other pronunciations of places, used by their residents that are quite different from our usage. The editorial notes Iowa, Virginia and Oregon among other names not pronounced here as at home. Then there is Ohio, which the native jerks out "Oh-oh," disregarding our solemn "Oh-oh-oh." We and the gazetteers say "New Orleans," accent on the "Or." Down there they stress the last syllable and call it "leens." Omaha is "Omuhaw," not "Omahah." Las Vegas is "Las Yayas." Missouri is "Mizzoura." You are more likely to hear "Colorado" than "Colo-rado" in that State. Spokane is as if there was no "o" in it. Manitoba is accent on the penult, not the ultimate. Quincy (Ill.) is not "Quincy," Galveston stresses the "ves" rather than the "Gal." Terra Hut, the natives call it.

More say "Louisiana" than "Loue-lana." "Tucson" is "Toosoon," accent on the ultimate, and so on. You have perhaps heard of the Frenchman who came to America to see the city of Winona, Minn., attracted by its beautiful name, which he pronounced "Woonah." Landing at New York, he scarcely gave any attention to the metropolis, but pushed on to the west. Chicago was seen only in changing cars, and as the train glided along the Mississippi and approached what is a beautiful city, surrounded by the rich verdure and romantic bluffs of the upper Mississippi, the Frenchman was enchanted. The train slowed up before stopping at the station, the Frenchman half rose from his seat in feverish anticipation, when the brakeman opened the door and yelled "Wenony!" The Frenchman collapsed in his seat heart-broken, and did not leave the train at Winona.

"What queer pronunciations!" exclaim my New England readers. Indeed! Here I let my neighbor, an Iowa man, take his pen in hand and put in type the glowing words he has often emitted in my presence. This is what he says:

"Yes, I am from Iowa and I never heard any other than the pronunciation 'I-o-wa' (accent on the first syllable) until I came east. Oh, yes; occasionally the older and more rural people would call it 'I-o-way,' which is really the original Indian pronunciation. But this 'I-o-ha' was unknown to Lowndes or anybody else in the Hawkeye State. Yet no one here calls it anything else. When I go to register and I am asked where I was born, the solemn clerk puts it down Ireland and asks if I have my naturalization papers. Now, how do you folks get such a pronunciation? It isn't found in any cyclopaedia or gazetteer that I ever saw. Nor do your own pronunciations convince me. Why on earth do you say 'Quincy' when the syllable begins with a 'c' never pronounced other than 'k' or 'q'? Why do you say 'Waltham' and 'Wrentham' and slam out that 'tham' roundly? Used to those pronunciations and the dwelling on the last syllable in Newburyport, etc., I once innocently pronounced the name of that Cape Cod town as it is spelled, 'Barnstable,' thinking stable as good a word as barn and as well worth dwelling on, and the office roared at me. Why say 'Woodburn' when you spell it Woburn? But worst of all is that pretty little Middlesex town, whose name I rather liked until I heard it over and over again blared out 'Bill Ricker.'"

SAVINGS OF THE SOLDIERS.

The Paymaster's Department has \$2,911,737 of Reservoir Money. The American soldier is not highly paid, yet he is a thrifty chap. Last year 54,200 enlisted men saved and deposited with the paymaster's department \$1,495,228. This is a respectable sum and represents about 12 per cent of the total pay of all the enlisted men for that period. Had every enlisted man made a deposit the average saving for the year would have been \$27.50